Racial Reverberations:
Music, Dance, and Disturbance in Oakland after Black Power

by

Alexander L. Werth

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction of the

requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

in

Geography

and the Designated Emphasis

in

Global Metropolitan Studies

in the

Graduate Division

of the

University of California, Berkeley

Committee in charge:

Professor Jake Kosek, Chair

Professor Jovan S. Lewis

Professor Teresa P. R. Caldeira

Professor Donald S. Moore

Spring 2019

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Abstract

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This dissertation explores historical and ongoing contests over the production and policing of the public cultural landscape in Oakland since World War II. Recently, these struggles have surged to the center of local and national concerns about gentrification and displacement through impassioned conflicts over longstanding Black-centered cultural practices like barbecuing, drumming, and dancing in public. Indeed, these attempts to regulate Black collectivity and conviviality resonate with the rapid arrival of privileged residents, companies, and real-estate speculators in the city since the Great Recession, all of which has uprooted working-class communities of color, especially African Americans. As this study reveals, however, this process is at the same time much more complex and entrenched than the notion of gentrification as an emergent mode of urban restructuring suggests.

In this text, then, I argue that the current moment in Oakland resounds with what I call *racial reverberations*—looping patterns of racialized dispossession, cultural (re)production, and resistance that disturb bounded notions of time and space. This consideration of racial reverberations causes me to attune to sound, music, and dance as sites of an emancipatory spatial politics of pleasure, on one side, and a repetitive liberal drive to repress "disturbances" to the raced and classed order of the city, on the other. Further, in contrast to linear narratives of urban change, whether in terms of development or decline, this approach attends to the recursive and looping nature of racial and spatial politics in Oakland and other U.S. cities. I thus trace the politics of racial reverberations in Oakland through a sequence of what I call *socio-sonic arrangements*—or epochal configurations of race and urban space, cultural production and policing, that remix rather than replace the relations that precede them. This, I argue, reveals the enduring ways that attempts to rid the city of "disturbances" serve to perpetuate norms of liberal reason and liberal racism that, while seemingly "race neutral," drive anti-Black dispossession and spirited resistance.

The text is split into three sections. The first section (Chs. 1 and 2) traces changes in Oakland's socio-sonic arrangements before and after Black Power. It argues that, after

World War II, Black migrant youth found themselves mired in geographies of racial segregation and assimilation that resounded in the Oakland Blues. In response, they remixed the call for Black Power into a new sound—what I call, after Rickey Vincent, the Beat—that disturbed the choreographies of public culture administered by Oakland's Jim Crow. Then, in the 1970s and 80s, the Black Power revolt accelerated the rise of the city's Black political and economic elite at the same moment that disinvestment, drug-related violence, and other intersecting crises introduced a deep sense of insecurity. Mayor Lionel Wilson thus implemented new modes of regulation meant to secure the precarious "quality of life" in working-class communities of color. In the process, Oakland underwent a shift in the object of policing from "Negro" to "nuisance," especially "noise," in ways that tended to condemn and control the emancipated youth cultures of the Beat.

In the next two sections, the orientation of the text switches from time to space as it charts the socio-sonic arrangement associated with this apparently race-neutral mode of what I call *governing through nuisance* across a series of interrelated cultural sites. The second section (Chs. 3 and 4) reveals that, in the 1990s, Oakland solidified this new regime of policing through a moral panic about the disturbances of "hyphy" rap and illegal car parties called "sideshows." The anti-sideshow campaign led to a reorganization of the optics/sonics, tactics, and relations of policing in ways that echoed out to surround young people of color—in particular, young Black men—as they circulated across the city's recreational landscape to spaces like cultural festivals. The third section (Chs. 5 and 6) then demonstrates that, as a regional economic resurgence put local reinvestment within reach, Oakland's leaders staked their development aims on the revival of the city's nightlife. At the same time, the rising popularity of rap—linked, in the minds of some club owners and regulators, to the violence of local drug economies and recklessness of sideshows—led to an increased focus on techniques of security. In this context, regulators sought to manage the tension between the drive to attract crowds and the increased securitization of the night through what I call *frequencies of government*, which made Downtown Oakland's "renaissance" a site of racialized dispossession, as well.

For the purveyors of the Beat.

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Preface

On Sunday, April 29th, 2018, Onsayo Abram and Kenzie Smith, African-American men born and raised in Oakland, California, readied for a cookout on the eastern shore of Lake Merritt. Often referred to as the city's "Crown Jewel," the Lake has long served as Oakland's central, even precious, public space—the material and emotional heart of what locals call "The Town."[1] It marks a contested crossroads between the commercial core and the natural amenities of earth, sea, and sky, between the elite neighborhoods that line the hills and the working-class ones that fill the flatlands. It's not much on paper. Unlike Golden Gate Park in San Francisco or Central Park in New York, it doesn't adorn the annals of architectural greatness. But for generation after generation of Oaklander, this 140-acre tidal lagoon—ringed, in most places, by nothing more than a thin ribbon of grass—has served as a landscape of monumental importance. It's where residents come together to celebrate, demonstrate, and mourn. It's where they come in times of widespread homelessness, like today, to seek refuge. And it's where Abram and Smith, like so many Black residents and relatives before them, came on Sunday, the Lord's Day, to have a barbecue.[2]

Their set-up was modest: two camping chairs; two card tables stacked with meat, snacks, and condiments; one cooler; and one charcoal grill. The scene seemed innocuous, innocent, even dull. But not to Jennifer Schulte. No, to Schulte, a White resident of the multiracial but middle-class enclave of apartments to the east, it looked like a violation of the City of Oakland's rules that restricted the use of charcoal grills. So she reported the men to the Oakland Police Department (OPD)—"I'd like to dealt with immediately," she told dispatch—and sat patrol for two unnerving hours to ensure that justice was served.[3] On the outside, Abram and Smith managed to remain cool. But on the inside, they were forced to confront a creeping sense of dread. For Black Americans, especially men, after all, run-ins with the police over minor violations of the law—selling a loose cigarette, for instance, in the case of Eric Garner, or walking in the street in the case of Mike Brown—often turn fatal. "We were scared like we were about to killed," admitted Smith, after the fact.[4]

This act of violence might've gone unnoticed amidst the avalanche of assaults on people of color in the U.S. had Michelle Snider, Smith's wife, not begun to grill Schulte on her camera phone. "[Y]ou don't want Black people being out here?" demanded Snider, who's White. But Schulte refuted this accusation of racism with the assuredness of someone who's convinced they're on the right side of the law. "It has nothing to do with their race," she replied. It was just that charcoal grills were "illegal" in that location. And for good reason, she insisted. For Schulte, an environmental consultant, the law was an equitable means to protect the public. Charcoal grills, she argued, led to the improper removal of coals, which led to the injury of children, which saddled the City of Oakland, and thus its taxpayers, with avoidable expense. Her unrelenting grimace and sunglasses, styled for efficacy over fashion, gave her the appearance of someone who saw herself as a righteous citizen—one working to defend the environment, kids, and Jane Q. Taxpayer from the incivilities of not the *racial*, but the *reckless*, masses. But Snider wasn't having it. "It seems

like a new Jim Crow going on," she replied, "because for some reason, every time I see it, Black people are targeted regarding barbecuing at the Lake."[5]

If, by calling the cops, Schulte had sought to stop "illegal" grilling at the Lake, in practice, it led to just the opposite. Once the video went viral, Black residents responded with a characteristic mix of anti-racist critique, communal love, and collective joy. While there were marches and demonstrations, the actions that ensued tended toward a different sort of "social movement."[6] Drawing upon lived and lineal experiences of caring for community in the face of racial violence and spatial exclusion, residents revived a repertoire of well-rehearsed spatial practices—like barbecues, line dances, and group bike rides—to reclaim the Lake as a sacred, self-determined, and most of all *social* space.[7] On Sunday, May 20th, for instance, thousands of residents descended on the east side of the Lake for an event called "BBQ'n While Black." There, amidst the dense and defiant crowds, the owners of Everett and Jones, a landmark Black-owned barbecue joint, passed out scores of succulent ribs and Angela Davis snapped selfies with admirers.[8]

These events continued through the summer, restoring what Katherine McKittrick calls a "black sense of place"—geographies conditioned by, but in excess of, anti-Black racism—along the shore.[9] At one that I attended in June, the park was decked out with tents, smokers, and, of course, charcoal grills, each hosting a circle of Black residents and their relations. (There was one group of White revelers at the social and spatial margins of the park. It wasn't just skin color that set them apart, however. In contrast to the others, this set sported an impressive gas grill—marking them as *in*, but not *of*, The Town.) The space effervesced with the sound of champagne bottles popping, dominoes slapping card tables, and a DJ spinning past and present rap hits. Suddenly, a cheer arose from amidst the crowd. I turned around to stare in awe as a torrent of young people, most of them men of color, paraded past along Lakeshore Avenue on bikes, scooters, and motorcycles. The procession—led by Oakland-born NFL players Josh Johnson and Marshawn Lynch—was so long that, at one point, the stream of riders stretched all the way from the east to the west side of the Lake.[10] "[I]n a year when people of color have had the police called on them for BBQing, selling water, being a firefighter, checking out of an Airbnb, sleeping in their own dorm," wrote local journalist and cultural commentator Pendarvis Harshaw, who joined the parade, "simply taking up space and celebrating together is an act of liberation."[11]

While, as Harshaw noted, the Oakland Rideout responded to a high-profile string of racist and repressive incidents that occurred across the U.S. that spring, it reactivated choreographies of collective circulation—ones embedded in local histories of lowriders, sideshows, pocket bikes, and so on (see Ch. 3)—passed from generation to generation of Black, Latinx, and Asian youth. Indeed, amidst all of the excitement and media attention over the incident at the Lake, longtime Oaklanders knew that this was nothing new—that both the violence of Schulte's actions and the vibe of the public response resonated with decades of racialized struggle over the city's cultural landscape. These struggles always seemed to recur over the same exact issues, often in the same exact sites and the same exact ways. It was as if local contests over public space were on loop—as if the nation's original sin of racialized dispossession had scarred the record of time, along with every-

thing else, trapping the city in what vinyl record makers call a "locked groove." Critics thus recalled that, in the 1980s and 90s, the east side of Lake Merritt had served as one of the most popular gathering spaces among Black and Brown Oaklanders—that is, until the City labeled it a "No Cruising Zone" and sent the OPD to crash the party (see Ch. 3). The same thing then occurred at Festival at the Lake, a beloved cultural event, located right across the water, as stepped-up surveillance sparked a melee that pit young people of color against the police (see Ch. 4).



Image 1: A vendor selling t-shirts that mock Schulte at BBQ'n While Black, 2018. Credit: Laura A. Oda, Bay Area News Group.

Memories of Festival at the Lake, in particular, reemerged in the repercussions of the "BBQ Becky" incident.[12] These collective recollections involved what Leigh Raiford calls "critical black memory," or a "mode of historical interpretation and political critique that has functioned as an important resource for framing African American social movements and political identities."[13] At BBQ'n While Black, for instance, a Black vendor sold t-shirts that blended the now-ubiquitous image of Schulte—stone-faced, armed with a cell phone—with one of a crowd of revelers from the 1990s (see Image 1). The blurring technique—which dissolved distinctions between these two events across time, if not space—revealed that, for Black Oaklanders, BBQ Becky represented what Amiri Baraka (then Leroi Jones), in his writing on Black music, famously called the "changing same."[14] Like Baraka, however, the t-shirt designer wasn't solely concerned with the looping nature of

anti-Black racism; he seemed rather more interested in how the renewed commitment to gathering at the Lake in resistance to BBQ Becky served to revive the city's longstanding, but precarious, Black public culture. The joke, then, was on Schulte. "Hi police," the t-shirt read, reimagining her attempt to enforce the law in a way that reversed the notion of who was out of line, "I'd like to call on myself. I just brought back Festival at the Lake." This sort of playful critique revealed that, for those who attended BBQ'n While Black, the past reverberated in the present via the recurrence of, and resistance to, the policing of Black collectivity and conviviality. These echoes resounded in the lived experiences of residents like Abram and Smith. They pulsated through the sonic landscape of the Lake. They composed a non-linear repertoire of memories, maps, and imaginaries for making life in Oakland that were at once political and pleasurable. They were deadly serious. But they made for a good joke.

Still, as the struggle over Lake Merritt became a national news item, with outlets from *Newsweek* to the *New York Times* arriving to pick up the scoop, most commentators seemed to miss the scope of both the trauma and the mirth. As noted by Harshaw, the incident and its repercussions received so much attention in part because they were timed with a series of egregious cases of White people calling the cops on Black men, women, and children engaged in mundane activities in public space. These sadly banal rehearsals of a White will to control the spatial coordinates and choreographies of Black bodies revealed, once again, that the use of the police to punish Black Americans for trespassing on White spaces, norms, and entitlements is one of the core rituals of U.S. citizenship.[15] Crucially, however, as this variation on a theme arrived in Oakland, most commentators interpreted Schulte's actions as a matter of not anti-Black racism in general, but rather an emergent crisis of gentrification in particular.[16] As local reporter Sam Levin wrote in the *Guardian*, while the event was one of many to reignite a debate about racism across the U.S., in Oakland, "[it] triggered a more acute pain." Here, he continued, "it was a powerful depiction of the rapid disappearance of black Oakland—a trend that for years has been dramatic in San Francisco, just across the bay. While African Americans in Oakland have been steadily displaced by gentrification, others who remain are treated like criminals in their hometown."[17] This account was by no means limited to pundits and reporters. Rather, it echoed the way that many residents sought to make sense of these spatial struggles. Indeed, in the BBQ Becky video, a young woman of color slams Schulte's actions as "some gentrification shit."[18]

As I watched all of this unfold in impassioned conversations on social media and among friends, I found myself sympathizing with this interpretation. After all, throughout my time in Oakland, I've heard residents and organizers of all stripes condemn such uses of privilege to dispossess Black and Brown communities and cultural practices as one of the most pernicious effects of gentrification. Still, the commonsense treatment of BBQ Becky as a mere reflection of gentrification left me pondering as many questions as it did answers. As discussed in the Intro, this narrative implied that the impulse to police residents like Abram and Smith had only recently arrived in Oakland along with the surge of new residents, companies, and real-estate speculators since the Great Recession. But what, then, was I supposed to make of the memories—the stories of barbecuing, cruising, and dancing at the Lake, and the campaigns to contain them—that resurfaced in the aftermath

of the event? Could the dominant narrative account for the processes of racist and classist social control and spatial exclusion that'd been set in motion *before* the late 1990s, when the Dot Com Boom sent the region careening on its current path of socioeconomic "disruption"? Or would it erase the deep-seated and thoroughly racialized roots and routes of the current crisis? What other racial/spatial imaginaries, sensibilities, and indeed politics could be appreciated if one were to attune to the echoes of the past as they resounded in residents' responses to attacks on their socio-sonic spaces? How might such a mode of listening expand conventional understandings of the drivers and tempos of displacement? And ultimately, how might it incite a more thoroughly emancipatory struggle against the "changing same" of racism and dispossession in Oakland and other U.S. cities?

This study is one attempt to explore these questions.

Acknowledgements

This research has served as a never-ending practice of gratitude—one that started long before, and will resonate long after, this brief overture of acknowledgement. For all jokes about monasticism aside, this journey has been deeply, if intermittently, social. It's not just that I couldn't have arrived at this point without the support of the people listed below (although I couldn't have). It's that I wouldn't have *wanted* to. The sociality of this work has been an immense source of pleasure and purpose. So often, it seems to me, the halo of political value that surrounds an academic idea or text emerges without regard for the political value of the relational process that birthed it. Surely, I'm not immune to such moments of amnesia. But at the outset of this text, at this moment of incipience, I want to recognize the vital collective of people that—through times of grace, times of strain, and times of funk—has midwifed me through this process. I didn't know it when I began. But the embrace of research has inevitably entailed the embrace of being in relationship with innumerable others. These relationships haven't just allowed me create this work (though they've done that, too). They've been the work itself. I only hope that we can continue to build together.

Thanks, first of all, to all of the dancers, DJs, musicians, venue owners, organizers, regulators, and residents who've patiently taken the time to relate their lives, their art, and their city to me since 2009. If this work has taught me anything—and, indeed, it's taught me many things—it's taught me how fraught it is to call Oakland (and now Berkeley) my home. So I won't call it my home. I'll call it the place—one that I'll always treasure—of my cultural and political training. Thank you for the teachings. Thank you for the insights. Thank you for the joy. May this text be worthy of your wisdom. Thank you, in particular, to all of the people who I've had the privilege to think or make in collaboration with over the years, including: Miyuki Baker, Trisha Barua, Roberto Bedoya, Leora Fridman, Jasmine Saavedra Fuego, Camilla Hawthorne, Kaily Heitz, Juan Herrera, Alexis Madrigal, Eli Marienthal, Erin McElroy, Desi Mundo, Liam O'Donoghue, Michael Orange, Rashad Pridgen, PheOnix RuachShaddai, Zoé Samudzi, Steve Snider, Vanessa Whang, Marvin K. White, Spencer Wilkinson, and Theo Aytchan Williams. Thanks, as well, to the librarians who've helped me navigate the city as it lives (or doesn't) in the archives, especially John Christian at the Hayward Area Historical Society, Sean Heyliger at the African American Museum and Library at Oakland, and Dorothy Lazard at the Oakland History Room. In addition, I want to appreciate the countless, but nameless, workers at the City of Oakland who've invested an immense amount of care into responding to my arcane—and at times excessive—requests for records. I argue throughout this text that the liberal notion of "the public"—its rights, responsibilities, and protections—routinely serves to rationalize racist violence in Oakland and other U.S. cities. But this is one of those moments of contradiction, so common under liberalism, in which the designation of something as "public"—in this case, documents—implies at least a potential ethics of collective care. So thank you, sincerely, for your acts of service, however unwitting.

Many thanks are also due to my colleagues and comrades in graduate school. First, to my committee: Jake Kosek, Jovan Lewis, Teresa Caldeira, and Don Moore. Thank you

all so much for trusting and respecting me enough to allow me to animate this work with my personality and politics, while also stepping in to support me whenever—as was often the case—I needed seasoned counsel. Thanks, as well, to the many other teachers who've stewarded me through my time at Berkeley, including: Sharad Chari, Paul Groth, James Holston, Shannon Jackson, Leigh Raiford, Ananya Roy, and Dick Walker. The open secret about graduate school, however, is that the other students are the greatest teachers. My experience has been no different. So much appreciation is due, then, to Alexander Arroyo, Miyuki Baker, Hannah Birnbaum, C.N.E. Corbin, Peter Ekman, Zöe Friedman-Cohen, Camilla Hawthorne, Kaily Heitz, Mukul Kumar, Jeff Martin, Chris Mizes, Jesse Rodenbiker, Nicole Rosner, Gil Rothschild Elyassi, Lana Salman, Divya Sundar, David Thompson, Alessandro Tiberio, Shu-Wei Tsai, Molly Van Gordon, and Leonora Zoninsein. In addition, I want to give especial thanks to the members of my writing group, who've provided invaluable comments and comforts through this last stretch, including: John Elrick, Andrea Marston, Meredith Palmer, Jen Smith, Erin Torkelson, and Ashton Wesner. And I want to thank the members of the "Oakland School" of Urban Studies—with whom I got to extend my education beyond Berkeley, and, indeed, beyond urban studies—including: Trisha Barua, Jeanelle Hope, Savannah Kilner, Allison Logan, Eli Marienthal, Erin McElroy, Andrea Miller, Dorie Perez, Magie Ramírez, Divya Sundar, and Claire Urbanski. I also want to thank Nick Lee for creating the maps that appear in these pages. Lastly, this research wouldn't have been possible without the financial support of the UC Berkeley Graduate Division, Department of Geography, Designated Emphasis in Global Metropolitan Studies, Bancroft Library, UC Humanities Research Institute, and American Council of Learned Societies/Mellon Foundation.

Before Berkeley, of course, there was Brown, which was supported by an entirely separate, but no less marvelous, ensemble teachers, colleagues, and mentors. Still, I want to name just a few people whose cultural and intellectual generosity continues to animate these pages. Thank you to Micah Salkind and Nate Sloan for the constant encouragement, deep thoughts, and deeper cuts. Thank you to Robert Smith III for being ever my teacher, champion, and dearest of friends—the one and only marks to my angles. And thank you to Eli Marienthal—whose warm presence in my life, as evident in this acknowledgement, can't be contained to any neat categories. Thank you, Eli, for making sure that my ethics, politics, scholarship, and (he)art can't either.

Finally, before and after it all, there's my family. All thanks are due to my mom and dad, Kathy and Barry, who've served as a model of curiosity, compassion, and commitment to living not only righteously, but joyfully, with others. You were my first teachers; and now, twenty-four years of school and two degrees later, you're still my best ones. Thank you, also, to my sister Emily—whose path into the world of the city, the law, and, more than that, *justice* has mirrored my own in exciting ways. I so admire the work that you do in the world. And Ellie Malka. Thank you for the abiding and abundant character of your trust, patience, care, and (they all amount to the same thing) love. It's all bigger, brighter, and lighter with you. Let's go play.

Intro / On Loop: Racial Reverberations and the Cultural Politics of Disturbance

"Music is our witness, and our ally. The beat is the confession which recognizes, changes, and conquers time. Then, history becomes a garment we can wear, and share, and not a cloak in which to hide; and time becomes a friend." –James Baldwin, "Of the Sorrow Songs: The Cross of Redemption" (1979)[1]

"Black Noise Matters, Too"

Catch the record. Rewind. Release…

As the winter rains wash over the Oakland Hills, they run down along the *arroyos*, the grooves, that contour the undulating land and collect amidst Lake Merritt. There, they mix and mingle with estuarial tidewaters before continuing to San Francisco Bay. In arid California, this water is sacred—this water is life—attracting throngs of cormorant, geese, egret, and more. For most of the *people* drawn to the Lake, though, the water (which once served as the city's sewer, and still tends to smell a little rank) isn't really the pull; it's the three-mile loop of lawns and trails around its edge that's the allure. Whether one intends to circulate, or sit and watch those who do, to dwell at Lake Merritt is to dwell in the loop.

According to Michael Veal, scholar of Jamaican dub reggae, looping is a means of musical, and thus spiritual, transcendence. Through progression-in-repetition, the loop serves to rupture the socialized synchronization of linear, secular, and colonial-capitalist clock time. Blurring the distinction between start and end, it generates an expansive and emotive atmosphere that's more attuned to embodied experience than measurable product. It opens up a space that vibrates with what Veal calls an Afro-sonic repertoire of "reverb, remembrance, and reverie."[2] This, for Katherine McKitrrick, drawing upon Sylvia Wynter, has long constituted the "subversive quality of black popular music," "its assault on this [colonial] sense of time, its freeing of time from a market process, its insistence on time as a life process."[3] So it is, for me, with the loop around Lake Merritt. Since I moved to Oakland in 2009, I've returned to this routine season after season, year after year, starting my stroll in the same spot, and circulating in the same direction. This ritual of recurrence makes me feel at once oriented to the constant undercurrent of time and free to slip into more improvisational and instinctual realms. It makes me feel, as James Baldwin writes in the epigraph, like "time becomes a friend."

On this Saturday in November 2017, I start my loop, per usual, at the pergola near the Grand Lake Theater. This site is sometimes called Congo Square West, a citation that, crossing time and space, links the Lake to the one spot in antebellum New Orleans where enslaved Africans were allowed to meet, drum, and dance, making it an invaluable site of cultural survival and invention. Indeed, as I approach the water, I'm met by the sound of the Soul Beatz drum circle, where two-dozen musicians synchronize and syncopate their rhythms, and a few dancers arc, dip, and stomp their way around the center. "It's time to start my walk," I think, glancing at my watch. But this sense of itinerary soon dissolves

amidst the allure of the intricate, polyrhythmic loops. I take a seat at the edge of the circle and clap along on the 3-2 clave. The longer I linger, the more I sink into the groove, the more I start to attune to the virtuosic lines of flight that stretch, without tearing asunder, the sonic coherence of the loop. Concentrating on one line (say, the shekere) morphs the entire composition—moving some sounds to the fore, and others to the back—until a new line grabs my attention, rearranging things all over again. The kaleido-sonic effect is sublime.

After what feels like ten minutes, but is probably twice that, I manage to remove myself from the group and start my walk—"clockwise," as always—around the water. At this point, however, my internal rhythms have synced up with the groove. I find myself walking, nodding, even thinking in time with the beat as the sound of the drum trails me down Lakeshore Avenue. Soon, the sound begins to waver in and out—some frequencies amplified, other muted—as I move through a varied environment of trees, traffic, crowds, conversations, and stereos. As I arrive in the amphitheater at the opposite end of the Lake, however, the sound actually seems to swell. At a distance of 4,500 feet from the pergola, the high-pitched frequencies have waned, but the low-pitched rumble of the bass continues to roll across the water, reaching my body like soft thunder.[4]

The Lake is often called the "heart" of Oakland. Well, here is its commanding and contested heartbeat. The sound of the drum rings out across a vast terrain, demarcating a vibrational space with an irrepressible and unrepentant sense of Black cultural resonance.[5] Soaring across the water—with no discernible source, and no determinate limit—it's the telltale heart that proclaims the presence of some of the city's ancestors.[6] No wonder, then, that it inspires such disquiet about acts of forced disappearance.

Indeed, the amphitheater around me resounds with feelings of liveliness and loss. On Sunday, September 27th, 2015, the night of a total lunar eclipse, drummers from a cultural organization called SambaFunk! (SF!) gathered amidst this newly minted commons to celebrate not only this cosmic event, but also the upcoming birthday of artistic director (and ardent Libra) "King" Theo Aytchan Williams.[7] Since its founding in 2009, the group had gained recognition for bringing its infectious mix of Afro-Brazilian samba and Afro-Oakland funk cultures into the city's parks, protests, and public events. So on that night, a group of "Funkquarians"—most, but not all, of them Black and Latinx—packed up their instruments and picnic supplies and struck out, like many residents, for the Lake. At the amphitheater, they circled up and began to drum the celestial energy of the "Blood Moon" down to the earthly plane.

I wasn't there that night. But as a dancer with SF! since 2016, I've participated in many circles like it.[8] While samba, like other carnaval arts, is often linked with the visual, if not spectacular, elements of costume and dance, it's ultimately rooted in the beat. The drum corps, or *bateria*, provides both a collective structure that allows individual bodies to move as one and the sonic and spiritual *energia* needed to endure otherwise enervating periods of performance. I'm often amazed by the way that these ceremonies of sound can take on a pulse of their own—a propulsive and looping drive that, again, tends to disrupt a linear and predominant sense of time. In my experience, the drum circle is a means to

connect to natural and cosmic rhythms in ways that reclaim time from the rigid tempos of secular, colonial, and capitalist cities. I came to appreciate this fact rather comically in 2017—when, during a seemingly endless and tiring samba class, I looked for relief to the wall-mounted clock at the Malonga Casquelourd Center for the Arts only to realize, with despair, that it had stopped moving. The drums, it seemed, had managed to realign the *measure* of time with its *spirit*. Now, with the *bateria* in complete control, the normally long class of two hours stretched on to a grueling three.

On the night of the eclipse, however, the neighbors decided to reassert the rule of not just the clock, but the law. Around 9pm, residents of 1200 Lakeshore Avenue, a high-rise apartment tower to the east, began to beg the Oakland Police Department (OPD) for reprieve. Rising like a citadel above the flatlands, or "flats," of this low-slung city, 1200 Lakeshore is a local landmark (see Image 2). In the 1970s, Huey P. Newton, cofounder of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense (BPP), and renowned comrade of the "brothers on the block," took up residence in the penthouse. From there, he could stare across the water at the Alameda County Court House, where he'd been jailed and tried three times between 1967 and 1971 on charges of killing OPD officer John Frey.[9] During the trial, the elegant apartments of 1200 Lakeshore surely echoed with cries of "Free Huey!" and "Off the Pigs!" But on the night of the eclipse, the call went out not to eliminate the police so much as unleash them. "Somebody's got to come over and shut it [the drumming] down," said one resident, with irritation, to 911. "It's impossible to sleep." The scene, he reported, had devolved to the point that the music was now interspersed with the sounds of another man "screaming" at the musicians. "We're to the point where we want to go too," he said. "But it's Oakland, you know, and everybody here's got a gun." In light of the news about the confrontation, if not all the talk of violence, the dispatcher elevated the situation to a "disturbance" and dispatched officers to the scene.[10]

Indeed, a little after 9pm, another resident named Sean McDonald, who's White, left his apartment at 1200 Lakeshore, like Jennifer Schulte (see Preface), to lay down the law among the drummers. At first, he demanded to see a permit for their gathering. When they ignored his order, he attempted to silence them by snatching King Theo's drumsticks. After the other musicians swooped in to deescalate the situation, McDonald retreated and called the police to report that he'd been "attacked." "Do you need an ambulance, sir?" asked the dispatcher. "I don't need an ambulance. I need police response—and preferably more than one unit," he replied. "There's like ten people down there, and they're aggressive and violent and getting in my face, when all I did was tell them to stop banging on their drums."[11]

Soon, a dozen officers arrived at the scene, where, based on McDonald's account, they cited King Theo and two other *bateristas*—all of them Black, despite the multiracial nature of the group—for battery.[12] As in countless times in the past, and in anticipation of those, like BBQ Becky, to come, residents of color and their allies reacted in a way that was swift and righteous. Oakland, after all, was where the now-viral assertion that "Black Lives Matter" was first articulated in 2013.[13] But to McDonald, like Schulte, the incident had nothing to do with White privilege or anti-Black policing. It was rather a race-neutral clash between civil conduct and "bad behavior," between neighborliness and "nuisance."

"This is only about being a good neighbor, and nothing more," he wrote in response to an online report on the event. "I'm your neighbor and I promise that my lifestyle will never negatively impact that of my neighbors or community."[14] According to this liberal code of conduct, then, it seemed as though calling the cops on local musicians of color wasn't a violation, so much as the restoration, of the norms of reason and respect.



Image 2: 1200 Lakeshore Avenue as seen from the Lake Merritt Amphitheater, 2016. Credit: Alex Werth.

But SF! refused to behave as though all rights are "civil." The group led a musical march to City Hall, where they disrupted the grave routines of government with a lively drum circle. At a City Council meeting later that week, Paul Cobb, editor and publisher of the Black-owned *Oakland Post*, linked the SF! incident to a series of noise complaints made against Pleasant Grove Baptist Church in West Oakland—once a stronghold of the BPP, and now a front line in the struggle against gentrification. Both, said Cobb, were an attack on the rights of Black Oaklanders to make, in the Black Christian tradition, a "joyful noise." "When we're talking about Black lives," he said, "it's good to remember that Black noise matters, too."[15]

In response to this controversy and contestation, members of the City's Parks and Recreation Advisory Commission (PRAC) conducted a review of the Parks Code, which included regulations that limited the use of musical instruments (see Ch. 2). Forming a three-member Task Force, the Commissioners proposed a series of changes—around 17 pages, in fact—to make the rules more equitable.[16] At the PRAC meeting that I attended in September 2016, when their recommendations were released, however, almost all of the sentiments expressed among those in attendance looped around sound at Lake Merritt.

Crammed into a conference room at the Lakeside Park Garden Center, King Theo and other members of SF! called on the City to create a special ordinance that recognized drumming as a "right." But the liberal language of rights was used to contest their request as much as support it. "They say drumming is a 'right,'" replied an older White man who lived on the east side of the Lake. "But it's not my right to go in front of your house…and go [*boom*, *boom*, *boom*, *boom*]!" he said, slamming his fist on the lectern. "That's all we hear up on the hill for eight hours straight!" This, he claimed, was a curse of topography, as the slope along the water's edge created a "natural amphitheater." "You have to realize that the acoustics are such that you can walk two blocks one way and not even hear it. And you can walk five or six blocks the other way, straight up the hill, and it's like it's in your living room."

One resident after another testified to the unsettling geographies and phenomenologies of sound around the Lake. It was neither the music nor the musicians that were the issue, they claimed, but rather the seemingly irrational ways that the music traveled, thus disturbing conventional systems of socio-spatial separation and control. For instance, one tenant of 1200 Lakeshore asserted that, at their vertical height, he and his neighbors only heard a "limited part of the sound spectrum—and it isn't the good part." Another reported that, even on the 23rd floor, he had to seal the windows and wear earplugs to guard against the noise. Yet another, however, insisted that such defenses were insufficient because low frequencies can cut through walls. "I can feel it in my chest," she said, echoing protests that compared the experience to "assault and battery." "It has nothing to do with inconvenience or not liking someone's culture," added an older White woman. "It's physically an issue of survival!" It's a "living hell," agreed her husband, in a tone that, considering the catastrophic tide of displacement tugging at Black and Brown residents of the Town, was insensitive at best. "We're being driven out of our homes."[17]

I don't dwell on these statements out of mere contempt for those who made them, or to stake my critique on the simple fact that most of the residents who spoke out against drumming were older, middle-class Whites. For one, while the people quoted above were all White, some of the residents who petitioned the City of Oakland to mitigate the noise, including at 1200 Lakeshore, were middle-class people of color. Moreover, as this dissertation will reveal, the city's sonic politics can only rarely be summarized as Black versus White. Rather, communities of color—at times, riven by divisions of gender, generation, and class—have long been represented on all sides of contests over public culture in Oakland, including at the Lake. This shouldn't be surprising. True, as we'll see, Black and Brown residents are repeatedly condemned, if not criminalized, for their sonic practices. But to deny them the right to experience irritation and distress over "noise," or petition for redress, is to continue to strip them of what Avery Gordon calls the "right to complex personhood."[18]

I thus dwell on these statements to introduce two points about the entanglement of sound, urban space, race, and regulation that recur throughout this text. The first is that sound, as a material of urban cultural production and policing, tends to incite intense individual reactions in part because its territorialities seem to distort dominant notions of time, space, and sovereignty. The movement of sound across seemingly vast distances and hard boundaries—including, most vexingly, the skin ("I can feel it in my chest.")—engenders a *cultural politics of disturbance* that, in Oakland, repeatedly coalesces into campaigns to reassert a more orderly regime of publicity, property, and propriety. The second point is that these cultural politics are historically and resoundingly racialized—again, not in the sense of a mere demographic division, but rather in the sense that these struggles resonate with and reproduce a notion of Whiteness as normal, and normality as "right," in liberal urban government. In particular, the repeated recourse to the authority of law, reason, and even rights (e.g. the right to the "quiet enjoyment" of one's property under nuisance law) allows people like Schulte, McDonald, and other residents of 1200 Lakeshore, including people of color, to sincerely disavow that their actions are racially or culturally motivated. Instead, in their accounts, the attempt to control certain sounds—in this case, importantly, African and Afro-Latin drumming—is rendered as a commonsense and race-neutral issue of civility and safety ("It's physically an issue of survival."). This reiterates Whiteness—as a particular set of social, spatial, and sonic norms—as the dominant but inaudible logic of urban regulation, one that can be reproduced by White people and people of color alike. At the same time, it renders residents like the drummers—those who, according to Cobb (and Tricia Rose), make "Black noise"—repeatedly vulnerable to policing as "excessive," "deviant," or "out of place."[19]

This issue didn't go ignored at the PRAC meeting. For sound, it seemed, wasn't the only thing to trace a haunting arc, warping a linear and continuous model of time and space. Rather, like the ring of the drum that ricocheted across the water, histories of anti-Black and anti-Indigenous violence also reverberated in the debate. At one point, Ashlee George, a Black dancer and steelpanist, turned to address the crowd rather than the commissioners. "My drums were taken away," she said, to a round of applause, referring to a colonial strategy to suppress Black and Indigenous communities across the Americas.[20] "I say 'sorry, not sorry' about my culture if it annoys you," she continued, invoking an alter-

native conception of "Black noise." "It may not be at the frequency of love that you can hear." "But I challenge you to hear that frequency," she finished, contesting McDonald's equation of isolation and separation with neighborliness. "Let the drums, the singing, the clapping, the dancing, and the movement fill your spirit, fill your soul, so that you can connect with your neighbors."[21]

"The Ghost of Gentrification Present"

The BBQ Becky and SF! incidents both occurred amidst a tense moment of social, cultural, and political-economic rupture in Oakland. In the wake of World War II, when African-American migrants arrived in the city en masse, White real-estate developers, corporate executives, and political elites stripped public and private resources from working-class communities of color across the flats, consolidating them in racially restrictive neighborhoods and suburbs. "Racial capitalist devalorization of the city," writes Magie Ramírez, of this process, "produced what would come to be known as the 'ghetto.'"[22] This pattern of racial and spatial inequality was rendered even more acute—and cutting—in the 1980s and 90s as the meteoric rise of the high-tech sector caused the other central and emerging edge cities of the Bay Area to surge to the vanguard of U.S. economic empire.[23] As San Francisco, San Jose, and Silicon Valley became the darlings of the new urban-economic doctrine of "creativity," Oakland was denied both the capital and the accolades heaped upon its neighbors.[24]

Since the Great Recession of 2008 and 2009, however—when a devastating wave of foreclosure, eviction, and speculation washed over areas that had once been redlined—decades-old visions of redevelopment have begun to remake the city at an alarming rate.[25] Over the last decade, the cost of not only residential, but also commercial and industrial, space has spiraled out of control, making it all but impossible for residents who suffered but survived the cruelties of disinvestment to stay put. The city has become, shockingly, one of the most expensive housing markets in the U.S. In 2014 and 2015, it received the dubious distinction of experiencing the largest year-over-year rent increase of any city in the country.[26] Between 2011 and 2015, so-called "fair-market rents" nearly doubled. But the median income only increased by 11.3 percent—to say nothing of disparities by race. So in December 2015, after a long and contentious year of contests over spaces like Lake Merritt, Oakland was named the least affordable city in the U.S. for its current residents.[27] The mounting gap between what people had and what they were expected to pay, mixed with the ongoing predation of real-estate marketeers, drove the displacement of more and more inhabitants—many of whom were pushed to the outer limits of the region, if not out of the state entirely.[28] The number of Black residents—who, at their peak, made up nearly 50 percent of the population—had begun to drop in the 1990s as a result of early rounds of redevelopment, mass incarceration, and the search for more secure and well-resourced neighborhoods on the outskirts of the region. But amidst the post-recession plunder, what had been a trickle and then a stream became a torrent. According to one recent estimate, if these trends continue, then the number of Black Oaklanders—once the vanguard of the Black Power Movement—could dwindle to just 70,000, or 16 percent of the population, by 2030.[29]

In this context, struggles over Oakland's cultural landscape like the ones that open this dissertation have become the center of widespread attention and heated contestation. Amidst a surge in critical acclaim for cultural representations of racism and gentrification made by local artists—including Ryan Coogler's *Fruitvale Station* (2013), Boots Riley's *Sorry to Bother You* (2018), Daveed Diggs and Rafael Casal's *Blindspotting* (2018), and Fantastic Negrito's *Last Days of Oakland* (2016)—the city has come to circulate in the national imagination as a paradigmatic case of what Brandi Summers calls a "post-chocolate city."[30] It's not just the media and academia that've become preoccupied with gentrification in Oakland, however. The talk of gentrification has rather become a vital way for local residents and activists to make sense of the often staggering and upsetting changes in their everyday lives and landscapes.[31]

This colloquial mode of urban analysis can be at once critical and comical. Most recently, in 2019, I experienced it at a session of Diaspora Dance—a class led by Alicia Langlais (aka "The Dance Dragon Slayer") that mixes social dances from the Caribbean, West Africa, and United States. After warming up to "Open & Close" (2018) by Nigerian Afrobeats artist Mr Eazi and American record producer Diplo, the studio at the Malonga Center—where the windows are routinely closed, at times with screws, due to neighbor complaints about "noise"—started to feel uncomfortably hot. Finding, happily, that the screws had been removed, one of the students threw open the windows for relief. Later in the class, however, a gust of wind forced them closed again with a loud thud. "What was that?" asked Alicia, with a start. "The Ghost of Gentrification Present?"[32]

With this off-the-cuff comment, Alicia seamlessly articulated multiple aspects of the cultural and spatial politics of gentrification in Oakland. First, she cited/sited recent incidents in which noise complaints have been used to regulate geographies of Black joy, including at the Malonga Center, marking these windows—and windows in general—as a deeply politicized surface. Second, by referencing Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, she critiqued such actions as characteristic of a Scrooge-like sensibility—one, that is, that valued space in terms of its potential for revenue rather than conviviality. This, in turn, marked us—the ones working up a sweat and a smile by engaging in social dance from around the African Diaspora, under the leadership of a Black artist and businesswoman—as the antithesis to this misanthropic (and White) urban imaginary. (This, of course, was complex. Diaspora Dance, like most dance classes that I've attended in Oakland, was a Black-led but multiracial space. Whereas in most situations, as a White Jewish man who moved to Oakland in 2009, I'd be read as a gentrifier on account of my newcomer status, not to mention privilege, in this moment, I was read as *resisting* gentrification by supporting Alicia and the Malonga Center as a beloved, but now besieged, site of Afro-Diasporic culture. In this sense, the sonic spaces that I engage in this study are vexed in that, while they can serve to soften some of the rigid divisions of identity that contour the landscapes of gentrification, they can, at times, serve to conceal the realities of inequality, as well.) Third, through her invocation of the "gentrification *present*," versus the past or the future, Alicia depicted this anti-social spatial politic as synonymous with the current moment in Oakland. And fourth, somewhat more spectrally, she spoke to a prevailing *mood*—that is, the sense of gentrification as not only a set of exclusionary policies and practices, but also

a haunting, a pall, a dark and miasmatic cloud suspended over the city (especially around the Malonga Center in Downtown, where several new market-rate housing developments were then under construction).

What does it mean to see the current moment in Oakland in terms of "The Ghost of Gentrification Present"? What, in other words, does it mean to orient to the present as principally the time of gentrification? And how might this moment be not only haunting, but haunted, by other processes and politics, memories and temporalities? Gentrification,[33] as shown above, is without a doubt transforming the city's population, political economy, and public culture in a rapid and inequitable manner. Further, as a category of analysis, it gives longtime residents and those at risk of displacement a meaningful way to interpret, revise, and resist these changes. Indeed, as I write these words, residents of color and the groups that represent them are organizing in valiant and effective ways to build collective power in opposition to gentrification and displacement. (Their efforts deserve a dissertation all their own, one that someone else is sure to write.) To be clear, then, I don't raise these questions to in any way dismiss or undermine the struggle against gentrification in Oakland. I do so, rather, to take seriously the echoes of other histories and geographies of racial violence and resistance that seem, repeatedly, to reverberate in the present. It is my hope that—by reckoning with these ghosts, as Ramírez has recently encouraged—a more robust spatial politics of reparation and racial justice can emerge within, and against, the time of gentrification.[34]

Racial Reverberations

In this dissertation, I argue that we can't understand the production, policing, and pleasure of collective life in Oakland's communities of color without consideration of the ways that longstanding structures and lived experiences of racism and resistance continue to loop in the present. I thus aim to expand on existing work to comprehend and contest displacement in Oakland and other U.S. cities—in particular, in terms of how it plays out in struggles over the cultural landscape—by attuning to what I call *racial reverberations*. Racial reverberations, in other words, is as a core analytic around which my arguments, empirics, and methods revolve. In this section, I define this concept in conversation with its inspirations across the fields of Black, critical race, and postcolonial studies. I then use it to outline a series of arguments that recur throughout the remainder of the text.

I define racial reverberations as looping forms of racialized dispossession, cultural (re)production, and resistance that disturb bounded notions of time and space. This idea emerges out of the material, cultural, and experiential qualities of the soundscape at Lake Merritt. As discussed above, the historical and acoustical resonances of this landscape are as enigmatic as they are evocative. Residents and regulators often insist that, whether due to the atmospheric effects of the water, or the slope of the surrounding terrain, the sounds of looping drums, thumping bass, and other vibrations that violate what Jennifer Lynn Stoever calls the "sonic color line" seem to travel further and linger longer in this otherwise serene environment.[35] For many, these irrepressible sensations are disturbing in that they disrupt taken-for-granted notions of urban space-time—the fabric of which seems to

fold over on itself, pulling the far near and the past present, with every echo of the bass, or every complaint to the police about an "uncivil" gathering at the Lake. The decay time, as it's called in music, of social, spatial, and sonic arrangements in this city is long and looping. Rather than move in a straight line from signal to silence, these arrangements return and resurge, not unlike those in Michael Veal's dub, in a manner that's deeply haunting.[36] "In the wake," writes Christina Sharpe, "the past that is not past reappears, always, to rupture the present."[37] So it is with a reverberation; when a sound wave hits a reflective surface—returning, perhaps, to its source—its past becomes its future, only in refracted form.[38]

The notion of racial reverberations is itself resonant with ideas from several lineages of thought—in particular, enduring conceptions of time in Black studies and Black geographies. For Saidiya Hartman, the present is resonant with the "afterlife of slavery."[39] Sharpe, in turn, defines this ontological condition as "being in the wake" of trans-Atlantic slavery's originary negation of Black personhood. The wake, for Sharpe, is a disturbance that ripples through historical and present "dimensions of Black non/being" and "modes of resistance."[40] This undermines the dominant notion of slavery as a "singular event"—one interred, inertly, in the past. The institution of chattel slavery might've ended; but the "total climate" of anti-Blackness did not, as "slave law transformed into lynch law, into Jim and Jane Crow, and other administrative logics that remember the brutal conditions of enslavement after the event of slavery has supposedly come to an end." Slavery, then, "was not singular; it was, rather, a singularity…a point or region of infinite mass density *at which space and time are infinitely distorted*" (italics added).[41] In her work on "demonic," or uncertain, grounds, Katherine McKittrick links these notions of time to geography through her discussion of Octavia Butler's *Kindred*—in which Dana, the protagonist, is trapped in a cycle of "time-space compression" that connects the time of ancestral slavery and that of its supposed end. "Present and past geographies, while distinguishable and particular," argues McKittrick, "are also enmeshed vis-à-vis Dana's bodily and psychic experiences…Butler presents us with landscapes shaped by selves and experiences that are extraordinary in that they are not comfortably situated in the past, present, or future."[42]

To be clear, while I deal, at times, with "Jim and Jane Crow" and other "administrative logics that remember the brutal conditions of enslavement," this study isn't about slavery, nor even solely about Blackness (see below). Still, I find it useful to think with these scholars, and their conceptions of space and time as "infinitely distorted," because of the ways that memories of repressive policing and expressive resistance reemerge in the experiences of Black Oaklanders through struggles over the city's cultural landscape. As Hartman notes: "If the ghost of slavery still haunts our present, it is because we are still looking for an exit from the prison."[43] In other words, for many residents, their experience of the present moment—their experience of gentrification—as a crisis in Black (and not only Black) life summons up anachronic sensations that ought to be taken seriously as urban knowledge. The meaning of urban space, after all, can't be taken for granted. Just as sound has no social meaning independent of the ways that it's encoded and received, so too does the meaning of the city depend on the ways that urban events reverberate in the bodies and imaginations of residents in relation to divergent arrangements of identity and power. I don't attune to these at times muted vibrations and narratives, however, to

make urban studies "more inclusive." I do so rather to attend to the ways that they convey the continuous improvisation of what Robin D. G. Kelley calls Black "freedom dreams."[44] After all, for McKittrick, Dana's "dismembered body" doesn't just represent the incessant violence of White supremacy; it also "invokes a new sense of place, and a new kind of historical present, which 'others wouldn't think was sane.'"[45]

This discontinuous sense of time and space isn't limited to academic theorizations of Black life in the Americas, however; it's also woven into the sonic textures and semiotic contents of Black Diasporic music—which has long served as a vital site of recording and recalling self-determined histories, on one side, and reimagining emancipated futures, on the other. Fred Moten, for instance, argues for a "musico-political tradition" in Black performance that communicates at once "the knowledge of slavery and the knowledge of freedom."[46] Likewise, for Clyde Woods, Black music is not merely a source of pleasure—though, crucially, it's that too—but also the source of a *sui generis* "blues epistemology," an African-American "tradition of investigation and interpretation" that's repeatedly been used to "organize communities of consciousness."[47] As Woods reveals through his remarkable study of Black oppression and opposition in the Mississippi Delta, the sound of the blues, like the social arrangements it critically rearticulates, reverberates over the *longue durée* of U.S. racial capitalism.[48] The blues as an enduring music thus mirrors the blues as a nagging, even haunting, feeling. "The blues," explains Bob Geddins, a record producer who, after World War II, put the definitive stamp on what came to be called the "Oakland Blues" (see Ch. 1), "is when you're all down and out and your woman or something done treated you wrong, and the next day you just got that certain feeling…And it laggers and lingers on your mind. So I figure, that's a blues on your mind."[49]

Misery, of course, isn't the only aspect of African-American history that "laggers and lingers." As seen above, the BBQ Becky and SF! incidents didn't just reprise traumatic memories of anti-Black violence and exclusion; they also reactivated lived and lineal histories of space-making, communal care, and celebration. Again, this sort of collective and corporeal rehearsal of life-affirming spatial practices is embedded in many forms of Afro-Diasporic music and movement. In his gorgeous essay on the lifeworld of the Black gay club, for instance, Jafari Allen connects the use of baby powder to "consecrate the space" of the dance floor to the use of cornmeal to construct ceremonial *veves* in Vodoun. "We lay claim to this understanding of dynamic, continuous time and space," he writes, "which brings together bembe, lime, ring shout, and the club. Each of these collective practices of love reach toward spiritual connection to each other and to the Divine, while simultaneously constituting a utopia—that is, a *no place*." To emancipate space from the fetters of anti-Blackness, he thus concludes, "[p]lace must be reimagined, but also temporally recalibrated."[50]

Indeed, the notion of racial reverberations is meant to reorient the temporality of not only place, but also the *writing of place*, or geography. This study, then, aims to think with these conceptions of time—many of which are rooted in the reading of literature and other cultural texts—while also attending to the ways in which they "take place" in terms of social, spatial, and sonic arrangements that are historically and geographically specific. How, in other words, does this long and looping sense of time come to matter through the

geographies of cultural production, policing, and pleasure in Oakland? This consideration calls for an archival, ethnographic, and sensorial engagement with what Ann Laura Stoler calls "imperial debris." For Stoler, this entails a detailed accounting of how the "ruination" of racialized empire continues to reverberate long after colonialism has apparently ended. At the same time, she warns against the simple claim that "every injustice of the contemporary world has imperial roots." Rather, she argues, the task of empirical analysis is to "delineate the specific ways in which waste accumulates, where debris falls, and what constitutes 'the rot that remains.'"[51] The task, in other words, is to attend to the long decay time.

In this text, then, I trace the effects and affects of racial reverberations in Oakland through a series of what I call *socio-sonic arrangements*—or epochal configurations of race and urban space, cultural production and policing, that remix rather than replace the relations that precede them. I discuss these arrangements in more detail in the outline of the work below. But for now, suffice it to say that this analytic is meant to attend to the elements of both continuity and change, both long-distance connection and local nuance, in struggles over the cultural landscape in Oakland since World War II. Here, again, the musical metaphor of the "arrangement" is intentional. Whereas the composition serves as the original and regulatory plan for a piece of music, precise in its prescriptions, that plan can be *rearranged* to suit changing conditions of instrumentation, medium, and audience. If compositions, in other words, tend to be pure, then arrangements tend to be provisional, a remix, a version. In Oakland, these arrangements instigate new social, spatial, and sonic relations, even as they contain the audible "debris" of the "past that is not past."

Core Arguments

Now, having outlined the definition and derivation of racial reverberations, I turn to three of its core conceptual and political entailments in Oakland. These arguments loop through the remainder of the text. So I outline them here in order to reference (or sample) them as they reemerge to animate the material in the coming chapters.

The Racial/Spatial Politics of Sound

First, this focus on racial reverberations entails a focus on sound as both a site and a method of study. I thus center popular music and dance as vibrant but everyday spatial practices that are entangled with contested cultural landscapes and economies, regimes of government, and social movements, each one rife with racialized histories and hierarchies. My interest in sound as a means of making, thinking, and—indeed—*disturbing* the city is inspired by authors who, working in the broad arena of sound studies, tune in to the world of/as the sonic in order to critique and complement what Kara Keeling and Josh Kun call the "nagging dominance of the visual" in Western thought. "Vision has traditionally been linked to reason, knowledge, science, truth and rationality," they write. "[S]ound is 'seen' as fleeting and ephemeral, mystical, subjective and contingent. The former gives you evidence, the latter only hearsay."[52] But while mainstream academic interest in the sonic may be on the rise, many scholars (including Keeling and Kun) note that the study of sound,

music, and voice as political matters is nothing new. This is especially the case in Black studies, as the historical and cultural conditions of life in the African Diaspora have made orality and aurality core to the mediation of Blackness around what Paul Gilroy calls the "Black Atlantic."[53] Indeed, it's precisely this connection between sound and Blackness—as one of the monsters invented by modernity, marking inside from out—that's contributed to the devaluation of sound vis-à-vis vision and language in prevailing regimes of truth.[54] Clyde Woods, for one, notes that academics have long dismissed the sophisticated (and syncopated) social commentaries of the blues as "folklore," "while simultaneously designating hyper-fantastic and mythological constructions of African American life as 'social science.'"[55]

It's not enough, then, as many authors have noted, to simply turn toward sound as something "new." Nor is it enough to examine its material essence—that is, as sound for sound's sake—at the expense of its social or historical resonances. "Sound can be studied scientifically," writes Kun, "but it also needs to be addressed humanistically…precisely because there is no sound without a mind and a body to create it."[56] Sound, then, always implies a terrain of individual and collective bodies that make, react, and move to it. And this requires consideration of race, gender, and other socially constructed and unequally empowered corporeal identities. Indeed, according to Derek Vaillant, sonic difference has long served to delimit the conditions of personhood and norms of citizenship in the U.S., giving racial and gendered capitalism an unmistakable tone.[57] "The sonic color line," adds Jennifer Lynn Stoever, "produces, codes, and polices racial difference through the ear, enabling us to hear race as well as see it."[58]

The method of this study is thus indebted to the work of scholars in Black studies, American studies, and cultural geography who critically engage sound as a way to understand the vibratory architectures of oppression and emancipation. At the same time, it incorporates enduring insights from urban studies to consider the ways that the landscapes of popular music and dance serve as vital sites around which raced and classed forms of identity, collectivity, economy, pleasure, and policing are forged. This, I argue, calls for building upon certain cultural studies approaches by treating music, and especially dance music, as more than just an expressive or musicological text. Instead, it calls for treating it as a dense node of conviviality and government within place-based political economies of urban space. While many of the seminal texts in sound studies make a convincing case that sound is inherently spatial, their methodological emphasis on historical, literary, and musical archives means that the "spaces" invoked are often idealized or metaphorical.[59] In his evocative discussion of "audiotopias," for instance, Kun rightly argues that "[t]hrough music, space is constructed and de-constructed, shaped and shattered, filled up and hollowed out."[60] True. But not through music alone. In practice, it's precisely the spatializing effects/affects of music—its capacities to disturb the rhythms, divisions, and hierarchies that govern normative space—that give rise to campaigns to contain it. The spatialities of popular music, I thus argue, exist somewhere in the constant crossfading of emancipatory practice and governmental control.

Emancipatory Spatial Practices

The next two entailments of racial reverberations stem from this final point. First, the matter of reverb allows me to explore the ways that popular music and dance serve as means to transform urban space-time toward emancipatory ends. By reverb, here, I mean an audio technology that lets a musician or music producer make a sound recorded in one space, like a studio, seem as though it were created in another, like a concert hall. It often works to dissolve the rigid bounds of musical sounds, cultivating a more evocative, even transcendental, mood. Returning to dub, Alexander Weheliye notes that reverb, echo, and delay serve to "[insert] spatiality into the musical track." "[T]he spatial effect of echo is achieved via the stuttering and dispersion of the music's time." These sonic mediations, in other words, take the received structure of musical time and turn it against itself, "opening it out to the cosmos."[61]

The use of spiritual and pleasurable sounds to remediate time as a structure of oppression—or, as James Baldwin writes in the epigraph, the use of "the beat" so that "time becomes a friend"—has long been central to cultural politics around the Black Atlantic. Paul Gilroy, remixing Zygmunt Bauman, sees this blend of "[p]oeisis and politics" as key to a Black "counterculture of modernity," in which expressive practices serve to promote "individual self-fashioning and communal liberation" within and against racial capitalism. And music, he argues, has formed the beating heart of this "politics of transfiguration"—not as mere compensation for those long "denied access to particular cultural forms," like literacy, but rather as a "favoured vehicle for communal self-development" in Diaspora.[62] In this context, pleasure is resuscitated from its status as a debased category in the West; it's turned from a sign of the failure of the self-sovereign subject (the *failure* to work, the *failure* to control one's corporeal cravings) into precisely its opposite: the realization of a sovereignty not so much miscarried, but stolen. Returning, again, to Jafari Allen's writing on the Black gay club, the pleasure of dancing serves as a "reminder of selfhood for those whose historical (and paradigmatic) experience is precisely and uniquely marked by expropriated labor in chattel slavery, in which Black bodies were (are) not owned by those who inhabit them."[63] Of course, in tuning in to this aspect of racial reverberations, there's a risk of overestimating the power of pleasure to enact structural change. But while music and dance alone aren't enough to achieve Gilroy's "transfiguration," they're nevertheless vital to maintaining the social and spiritual life of communities in struggle. "Music can't topple regimes, break chains, or stop bullets," Kun concedes. "But it can keep us alive." "Music gives us the feelings we need to get where we want to go."[64]

Music gives us the space, too. As critical urban geographers (and Black Panthers, for that matter) have long noted, emancipatory struggles require self-determined spaces in which anti-oppressive social relations can be imagined, enacted, and disseminated.[65] In this study, then, I attend to what Gaye Theresa Johnson calls practices of "spatial entitlement" and Cristina Zanfagna calls "geographies of conversion."[66] These terms point to the ways that marginalized groups use practices of performance to support new collectivities that aren't just a reaction to "eviction and exclusion" from mainstream spaces, according to Johnson, but also a realization of other modes of choreographing the social. At times, these spaces are ephemeral, offering short-lived, but still important, moments of catharsis

or communion. At others, however, they gather momentum, "creat[ing] the conditions for future success in organized collective movements."[67]

In Oakland, as we'll see, these movements to reclaim space and activate its emancipatory potential have long emerged in relation to violent state and market processes, like disinvestment and "quality-of-life" policing, that limit the spaces of collective life in working-class communities of color. "When faced with relentless containment and serial eviction," writes Johnson, "[the] creation of meaningful spaces is a radical affirmation of the right to exist, to take up space, and to make new spaces of freedom."[68] One core aspect of racial reverberations in Oakland, then, is the way that local residents, especially young people of color, generate new forms of music and movement as an energetic response to legislative, discursive, and material attacks on their spaces of recreation and connection. Often dismissed as marginal or apolitical, the resulting practices in fact resound in local political processes. Power, in this sense, is far from one-directional or supreme; it's rather enmeshed in complex, recursive, and open-ended forms of noisy contestation over norms of occupation and order in public space.

The Cultural Politics of Disturbance

Of course, local residents and regulators rarely appreciate the expansive effects/affects of popular music and dance, especially when they're enjoyed at loud volumes or late at night. For sound, at every level, is a *disturbance*. Let's return, for a moment, to the issue of drumming at Lake Merritt. At the molecular scale, a sound wave is nothing more than disturbed air. When a drummer standing in the amphitheater strikes the taut surface of a *repique*, for instance, the vibration of the skin agitates the particles around the drum, sending new vibrations soaring across the water. These disturbances then become sound, for humans, when they're decoded in the ears and/or felt in the body. The experience of sound, as we've seen, is deeply visceral and emotional; for better or worse, it's felt in the preconscious, even ancestral, reaches of the body and soul, often provoking impassioned reactions among those impacted. In the private space of one's headphones, these sonic experiences tend to be intimate and individual. In the public space of the city, however, sound cuts across corporeal and geographical boundaries—uniting bodies in a vibrational web that reworks dominant notions of self, space, and sovereignty. For this is something that happens *to* bodies, whether or not the subjects that supposedly possess them want it to. "[S]ound," notes Alexander Weheliye, "cannot be ignored or screened out as can visual objects; instead, it forces subjects to bear witness to its occurrence and duration." This, he argues, "makes the sonic at once more communal…and more personal, as it manages to engulf the subject in a way that visual items do not."[69]

As sound registers at the level of consciousness, it thus tends to disturb routinized choreographies of conduct—creating new affects, pleasurable or not, that encourage new movements across our permeable bodies politic. In terms of drumming, for instance, the rhythmic sound waves can remove people from their mundane activities, like working or walking around the Lake, and incorporate them into synchronized and syncopated forms of being in/a public. To other listeners, however, the very same vibrations can shake them out of their own endeavors, like eating dinner or taking a nap, causing them to coalesce

into an antagonistic form of social organization—one that often involves calling the cops, or, in the case of Sean McDonald, simply trying to be them. Indeed, the way that sound disregards conventional architectures of social separation and spatial control tends to engender a sense of violation that's experienced as a disturbance on a psycho-spiritual level. And these moods can circulate throughout the collective—the neighborhood, city, social group, and so on—spreading a common sense of social dis-ease. Thus, what starts out as a cultural, psychic, or moral drive can become a political one as residents with status call upon the state or some other form of authority to resolve the sense of crisis by restoring the norms of order.[70] In contexts riven by hierarchies of race and class, like Oakland, these calls repeatedly give rise to campaigns to manage sounds, bodies, and, indeed, *ensonified bodies* deemed "out of control" or "out of place" in ways that reproduce those very same inequalities.

This relay of percussions and repercussions across scales, from the molecular to the municipal, reveals that sound is central what I call a *cultural politics of disturbance*—one that, in Oakland, results in recurring attempts to instate more orderly arrangements of publicity, property, and propriety. This, then, is the third aspect of racial reverberations on rotation in this study. My concern with the cultural politics of disturbance leads me to examine the ways that matters of conduct and style, in particular vis-à-vis sound, are enmeshed with governmental bids to manage specific socio-sonic insecurities—especially through nuisance regulation, quality-of-life policing, and crowd control. In Chapter 3, I discuss these issues in relation to theories of style and moral panic from the Birmingham Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies in more detail. For now, however, suffice it to say that Dick Hebdige argues in his work on "subculture" that antagonistic expressions of style "represent 'noise' (as opposed to sound)"—that is, they represent interruptions of the normative social order. "[V]iolations of the authorized codes through which the social world is organized and experienced," he adds, "have considerable power to provoke or disturb."[71] In the mode of authors like Paul Gilroy and Stuart Hall, as well as Hebdige, I attend in particular to the way that this ideal of order, and the imperative to maintain it, reproduces longstanding inequalities of race, class, gender, and age.[72] It reproduces, that is, what George Lipsitz calls the "White spatial imaginary"—which, as seen throughout this study, attempts to govern the city through the segregation of allegedly incompatible uses and users, regulation of "disorderly" conduct, and removal of "others deemed different, deficient, and nonnormative."[73]

I build on this work to argue that, in Oakland, the cultural politics of disturbance is a process of ongoing struggle over legitimate expressions of publicity, property, and propriety, one waged amidst the decay time of White supremacy. While these expressions are contested, the government of urban space encodes a set of norms that are Eurocentric in both their origins and their everyday cultural logics. Since the European Enlightenment, these norms have been codified through modern systems of social organization wrought through trans-oceanic circuits of racial capitalism and colonial rule. As anti-racist writers like James Baldwin, Aimé Césaire, and Frantz Fanon have long since noted, the figure of the liberal citizen/subject has been constructed and legitimated through the devaluation of its imagined antitheses: the "savage" and the "nigger."[74] Throughout colonial modernity, then, the line between the civil and the criminal, the reasonable and the reckless, has been

delimited in terms of intersecting formations of race, class, gender, sexuality, culture, and so on—creating what Uday Mehta calls a contradictory but enduring (il)logic of "liberal exclusion."[75] "The history of modernity," argues Achille Mbembe, "is not so much about the progress of reason as it is about *the history of reason's unreason*" (italics in original). This, he argues, produces Blackness as irretrievably unruly. In other words, it produces "Black reason"—and, we might add, Black music and movement—as precisely the "reason of unreason."[76]

This history, I argue, has cemented a tie between liberal reason and liberal racism, the echoes of which continue to resound in struggles over the cultural landscapes in cities like Oakland. For as we'll see, sound repeatedly serves as a key site of contestation over the limits of urban citizenship. Of course, these struggles are mapped out along the "sonic color line"—which, according to Jennifer Lynn Stoever, categorizes and controls sounds (and those who make and move to them) in terms of the dichotomies of proper/improper, sound/noise, and quiet/loud.[77] I argue, however, that it's important to understand the ways that these moral/racial schema become codified in the norms of occupation and order that govern urban space such that not only Whites, but also people of color, can participate in the reproduction of White supremacy. In Oakland, as I discuss in the next section, the increased reliance on noise ordinances and other modes of spatial control to reassert order amidst conditions of disinvestment and impoverishment during the post–Civil Rights Era occurred under Black political rule. Indeed, the fact that liberal reason/racism is dominant means that it governs the cultural politics of disturbance no matter who sits in City Hall. But while all residents can participate in its performance, regardless of identity, Black and Brown Oaklanders bear the overwhelming brunt of its everyday and administrative violence. Still, time and again, it's proven exceptionally difficult—even nonsensical—to contest these practices. For while racist and classist in both their origins and effects, these forms of socio-sonic control repeatedly displace blame for issues of urban disorder from systems of oppressions to the "deviant" acts of individuals, especially young men of color. The management of youth culture, conduct, and style as "uncivil" and "irresponsible"—terms long synonymous with "savage" and "nigger"—thus serves to police the cultural landscape, while, at the same time, rendering charges of discrimination unintelligible. In Oakland, then, the racial/spatial politics of dispossession reverberates with the long and looping echoes of liberal reason and liberal racism.

The Mix

This returns us to the current moment in Oakland, to what I've called the "time of gentrification." For while my attunement to racial reverberations means that this study is mainly historical, it's my hope that such an account of socio-sonic arrangements serves to support contemporary movements to conceptualize and resist the resurgence of racialized dispossession in Oakland. "To think with the ruins of empire," writes Ann Stoler, "[is] to attend to their reappropriations and strategic and active positioning within the politics of the present."[78] Indeed, it's moments like the BBQ Becky and SF! incidents that incite me to and guide me through the archives in the first place. For it's in these moments that the interrelated crises of racialized policing and displacement reactivate not only traumatic

memories of other times and other places, but also emancipatory spatial practices that recycle what Alexander Weheliye, in his work on Black (re)mixing practices, calls "usable and audible African American future-pasts."[79]

While entangled with the time of gentrification, however, this account of the *longue durée* of struggle over Oakland's cultural landscape is meant to grapple with some of the more myopic tendencies in urban and gentrification studies. This nearsightedness—which tends to focus on recent discontinuities in the composition of urban real-estate and labor markets, rather than enduring *continuities* in the geographies of racialized control—assimilates divergent spatial struggles into a metanarrative of global capitalist expansion. This, I argue, stems from the core tenets of gentrification studies, ideas that now circulate well beyond their academic and Anglo-American sites of origin.[80]

The notion of gentrification emerged in the 1960s, when British sociologist Ruth Glass noted that members of the U.K.'s landed elite—the "gentry"—were moving to and remodeling déclassé areas of London.[81] But as this classed mode of urban renewal came to be seen across the Atlantic by David Harvey and Neil Smith, British Marxist geographers in the U.S., it moved from a local curiosity to a general theory of uneven capitalist development in an era of "urban crisis." These authors redefined gentrification as a campaign by real-estate developers, companies, and municipalities to recapitalize disinvested areas of U.S. cities in response to the retreat of industries, investors, and central-state support for urban services.[82] In this context, the "gentry" came to be seen as the growing class of White service-sector workers managing the "control and command" and "creative" economies of emerging global cities.[83] These scholars argued that—as the center of corporate, cultural, and financial networks—cities like New York and San Francisco would become the leading edge of residential turnover. Only later, once a certain level of saturation had been reached, would such populations and rental pressures slide into cities located "down the urban hierarchy"—cities, that is, like Oakland.[84] In sum, this seminal research sought to interpret the restructuring of Western cities through an historical-materialist and anti-capitalist, but not necessarily anti–*racial* capitalist, lens that framed gentrification as the ruling-class response to patterns of urban disinvestment and social disorder that appeared to peak in the 1960s and 70s. It thus constructed a narrative that aligned neatly with a set of "neos" and "posts"—neoliberal, postmodern, post-industrial, post-Fordist, and so on—created by Western academics to map the world at the turn of the millennium.

This spatio-temporal imaginary is clearly evident in several recent accounts of the transformation of Oakland in urban studies. Here, commentators have repeatedly framed the city's spatial politics in terms of the campaigns of recent mayors—in particular, Jerry Brown (1999-2007)—to capture the spillover of workers, companies, and capital fleeing excessive rents in the "tech" meccas of San Francisco and Silicon Valley.[85] Indeed, the discursive link between redevelopment and communal displacement under Brown is so strong that, for years, residents referred to the forced out-migration of people of color as "Jerryfication."[86] But while the Brown Administration oversaw significant and destructive changes—ones that I tease out in Chapters 3 and 5—the notion that the raced and classed struggles that define the current moment didn't arrive until the Dot Com Boom is, as I'll show, problematic, as it mutes the city's racial reverberations. In making this argument,

I'm in agreement with other scholars from The "Oakland School" of Urban Studies[87] that the city's geographies of redevelopment and displacement can't be understood apart from longer histories of what Cedric Robinson, born and raised in West Oakland, calls "racial capitalism" and Ananya Roy calls "racial banishment."[88] As my colleague Magie Ramírez writes: "Gentrification alone does not allow for a thorough analysis of the historical and geographic role of racial capitalism, white supremacy, and coloniality in the vast dispossession of people of color in Oakland."[89] I thus attend to Oakland's racial reverberations as a means to center its ongoing and particular modes of racialized dispossession, cultural (re)production, and resistance. This approach, I argue, adds to anti-displacement praxis by insisting that gentrification in Oakland is nothing "neo"; it exists, rather, à la Christina Sharpe, in the sweeping wake of both White and Black Power.

This study, or mix, thus begins in the first section by tracing changes in Oakland's socio-sonic arrangements before and after Black Power. Drawing upon secondary sources, oral histories, and original interviews with cultural elders, I argue in Chapter 1 that, after World War II, Black migrant youth found themselves mired in geographies of racial segregation and assimilation that resounded in the Oakland Blues. In response, they remixed the call for Black Power into a new sonic ethos—what I call, after music historian and DJ Rickey Vincent, the Beat—that disturbed the routine choreographies of public conduct at the core of Oakland's Jim Crow. In this context, not only militant activists, but also funk musicians, street dancers, drummers, radio DJs, nightclub owners, and others radically retuned the city's public culture in ways that resonated with power, pleasure, and play. I thus argue that—in addition to the guns, rallies, and survival programs often recorded in visual and textual archives—Oakland's Black Power revolt was animated by an exciting and everyday vibrational politics that made self-determination a sonic, as well as political and economic, project.

Then, in Chapter 2, I introduce another expression of Black Power in Oakland by charting the rise of Lionel Wilson, its first Black mayor, amidst a set of compounding crises. In the 1970s and 80s, Oakland was rocked by the impact of public and private disinvestment, structural unemployment, and crack cocaine. In response, Wilson introduced new modes of policing meant to stem the widespread sense of insecurity and restore the precarious "quality of life" in working-class communities of color across the flats. In the process, I argue, using secondary sources, news reports, and municipal archives, Oakland underwent a shift in the object of policing from "Negro" to "nuisance," especially "noise," in ways that tended to condemn and control the emancipated youth cultures of the Beat. I situate these changes vis-à-vis a new socio-sonic arrangement marked by desegregation, disinvestment, criminalization, and post–Civil Rights Era discourses of colorblindness. This reveals that many of the practices of social, spatial, and sonic control that resonate in struggles over Oakland's cultural landscape today were consolidated during this period—albeit under conditions of racial capitalist abandonment and liberal reason/racism—thus complicating the temporalities of gentrification.

In the next two sections, the orientation of the text switches from time to space as I trace the impacts of this socio-sonic arrangement—one organized around an apparently post-racial politics of nuisance control and "problem-oriented" policing—across a series

of constellated cultural sites. In Chapter 3, I argue that, under Mayors Elihu Harris (1991-1999) and Jerry Brown (1999-2007), Oakland expressed and expanded this new regime of regulation through its vigorous campaign against the disturbances of "hyphy" rap and renegade car parties called "sideshows." Using archival news reports, municipal records, and interviews with residents and regulators, I argue that widespread anxieties around a creeping sense of lawlessness became ordered through a "moral panic" that targeted the automotive and sonic pleasures of young people of color. The anti-sideshow crusade, as I show in Chapter 4, reworked the optics/sonics, tactics, and relations of policing in ways that echoed out to surround young people of color, especially young Black men, as they circulated across the city's more legitimate recreational landscapes, including Festival at the Lake and the Carijama Caribbean Festival. In this way, the anti-sideshow campaign rippled outward, amping up the racial reverberations of Oakland's cultural politics of disturbance.

The third section extends this analysis through a focus on nightlife. In Chapter 5, I map out changes in the geographies and political economies of social dancing in Oakland in relation to post–Civil Rights Era patterns of desegregation and disinvestment. Using secondary sources, archival records, oral histories, and original interviews with cultural elders, I argue that, from the 1960s to the 1990s, the city saw the decline of live dance bands and the rise of new styles of recorded dance music—especially rap—which came to be associated among many club owners and regulators with the violence of local drug economies and recklessness of sideshows. This, in turn, drove a basic shift in the political economy of nightlife from live musicians who laid down the Beat to new modes of security that were anti-poor, anti-youth, and—quite often—anti-Black. At the same time, as a regional economic resurgence put long-awaited reinvestment within reach, civic leaders became convinced that the revitalization of nightlife in Downtown Oakland was critical to the city's survival. This, I argue, set up a troubling tension between the drive to attract crowds to the area, on one side, and the raced and classed securitization of the night, on the other. Finally, in Chapter 6, I examine how regulators have attempted to manage this contradiction since the 1990s amidst the restructuring of the Bay Area. Using municipal records, legal documents, and interviews and ethnographic encounters with local cultural producers, club owners, and regulators, I discuss the experiences of a series of nightclubs to illustrate what I call five corresponding *frequencies of government*. This reveals that the reverberating logics of liberal reason and liberal racism have made Downtown Oakland's celebrated "renaissance" a site of racialized dispossession, as well.

…

Oakland is a vastly multiracial, multiethnic, and multisonic city. With only around 420,000 residents, it's considerably smaller than New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles—the darling metropolises of U.S. urban studies. Still, Oakland is taken—at least by its own residents—as the apotheosis of the urban keyword of ethnic, racial, religious, and cultural "diversity" (see Ch. 4). The reader will note, however, that my discussion of racial reverberations tends to operate on the axis of Whiteness and Blackness. First, it's important to note that, as discursive constructs, these categories are themselves internally diverse, unsettled, and liable to change over time. This is certainly true in Oakland—which, as many

Black interlocutors have told me, is a city worth loving and protecting precisely because there are so many ways to be Black and still in community. (Incidentally, as a White Jew, I've come to love it for similar reasons.) Through my focus on socio-sonic arrangements, then, I try to attend to the intersectionality of racial identities with diverse experiences of gender, sexuality, age, and class. I also try to attend to the ways that these formations change over time and space, while, at the same time, noting what remains disturbingly repetitive about systems of oppression. Still, my focus in this text on not only Blackness, but Black heteromasculinity, warrants further explanation. I center these subjectivities for three empirical reasons—ones historical, geographical, and political.

Historically, in the U.S., the police powers of the local state have been created and expanded in large part through campaigns to control the Black body, especially the Black masculine body, as wayward property. Whether mandated to protect "law and order," defend White womanhood, or exploit a disposable source of labor, these powers—including the modes of government, like nuisance control and policing, that are vital to the cultural politics of disturbance in Oakland—have long been intertwined with what Khalil Gibran Muhammad calls the "condemnation of blackness" as threat.[90] And in Oakland, as I show, this representation of Black men as especially prone to unruliness or violence continues to reverberate, centrally, in struggles over the cultural landscape today.

Geographically, my concern with the cultural landscape—in particular, spaces of music, dance, and congregation—leads me to focus on spaces that are coded as "public," which, as many feminists have argued, have long served as a privileged realm of (White) heteromasculine power, profit, and pleasure.[91] Under colonial modernity, as argued above, public space and public culture tend to be ruled according to White supremacist norms. But that doesn't mean that public space—or publicity, as a mode of being in/a public—doesn't matter to marginalized groups. Indeed, among African Diasporic communities, in particular, there's a certain priority toward public life that's emerged at the crossroads of external processes that produce incessant eviction and insecurity and internal ones that value conviviality and communion. Fred Moten, for instance, connects the reclamation of publicness to conditions of "fugitivity" from anti-Blackness. "Fugitivity," he writes, "is a desire for and a spirit of escape and transgression of the proper and the proposed. It's a desire for the outside, for a playing or being outside, an outlaw edge proper to the now always already improper voice or instrument."[92] Still, across racial identifications, men tend to be overrepresented in public as the main owners, users, and regulators of public space. Thus, given my focus on contests over cultural production and policing across Oakland's public cultural landscape, this research has led me to engage primarily with people who identify as men. But I try to point out, wherever possible, when other genderings come to matter in the empirics.

Politically, two points are in order. First, due to the immense cultural and political impact of Black residents amidst the struggle for Black Power, if not mere demographics, Oakland became, by the late 20th Century, one of the country's foremost "chocolate cities" (see Ch. 1). Today, even as it becomes increasingly diversified and gentrified, the city's spatial politics continue to reverberate, in both emancipatory and oppressive ways, with the imaginary of Oakland as a space of Black rebellion. Blackness, in other words, looms

large in the city—its reputation, its representational politics, its archives—in ways that, in my experience, are significant for struggles over the cultural landscape. One can't tell the whole story of Oakland since World War II in terms of Blackness. But neither can one do so without it. Second, when it comes to the sonic politics at the center of this study, I've found that modes of music, dance, comportment, and style that are marked as Black and masculine are regulated with much more severity than others by the City of Oakland and the OPD. It's important to note, however, that it's an *imagined Blackness*, in addition to Black people, that's the subject of excessive control. In Oakland, where youth culture has long been multiracial but Black-centered, young people of color tend to be policed according to their perceived proximity to this stigmatized Blackness. In the process, as I show in later chapters, sonic and stylistic markers, especially those linked to rap music, come to serve as a sign of deviance and danger—the latest spin on modernity's "savage." Thus, while I address, at various points, the city's extensive Latinx, Asian, and Pacific Islander communities, I do so primarily in terms of how they become enrolled in processes of cultural policing that are historically and overwhelmingly anti-Black.

Why, then, is this a study of *racial*, rather than Black, reverberations? I think it's important to preserve the analytic of race, in general, for three reasons. First, race allows me to think about Whiteness as a recursive force in the production of urban space. Racial reverberations, in other words, is a means to examine the ways that White supremacy—in particular, in terms of liberal reason/racism—continues to constitute urban spatial politics centuries after its core tenets were elaborated. Next, given my concern with liberal racism, it's important to recognize that racialization in this mode often works through apparently race-neutral dichotomies like civil and uncivil, reputable and irresponsible, that resonate throughout the cultural politics of disturbance in Oakland. These categories have come to assign value through specific racial and colonial histories. But they're also apt to become unmoored from them in ways that can detach from and reattach to various marginalized groups, thus (re)positioning them within White supremacist hierarchies of value and rule. I thus agree with authors like Lisa Marie Cacho, Nikhil Pal Singh, and Jodi Melamed that liberal modalities of government tend to produce what Melamed calls "[r]acialization beyond color lines," even while more corporeal racisms continue to operate.[23] And finally, I maintain the analytic of race alongside Blackness because it's my hope that readers from other identities and locations will sense, in the notion of racial reverberations, something of their own experience. In other words, I hope that this detailed but partial study, which centers Blackness and Whiteness, allows me to engage in conversation with others who can retune these ideas according to their own encounters with these processes along other social and sonic frequencies.

…

The practice of listening for racial reverberations across socio-sonic arrangements in Oakland has driven the research methods and rhythms of this dissertation. Indeed, this study is primarily historical, as history allows me to appreciate the processes of repetition, but also rupture, that have long structured the city's racial and spatial politics. In terms of methods and sources, I draw upon extensive original research at local archives, including: the municipal records of the Oakland City Clerk; the news reports of the *Oakland Post,*

Oakland Tribune, and *East Bay Express* at the Oakland Public Library and Hayward Area Historical Society; the collections of the Oakland History Room and African-American Museum and Library at the Oakland Public Library; and the collections of the Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley. I use these news articles, legal cases, municipal ordinances, and administrative reports to analyze the city's changing geographies of cultural production and policing. At the same time, I use archival oral histories and original interviews with elder musicians, music writers, radio DJs, and other residents and cultural producers to learn more about the socio-sonic "vibe" of these geographies than the archives care to record. In addition, I augment these sources with selections from Oakland's discography and historiography, where I read the secondary literature for at times muted references to local music, dance, and soundscapes. Using these sources, I organize the text in ways that accentuate the patterns of recurrence at the heart of Oakland's racial reverberations. As in this Intro, for instance, most chapters return to Lake Merritt to demonstrate the ways that raced and classed struggles over public culture tend to echo across epochs—often in the same exact sites and the same exact ways (see Map 2). This repetition isn't just a poetic technique; it's an instantiation of the argument. It's an attempt, in other words, to write the city in accordance with the ways that it's governed and lived.

At the same time, this study isn't an all-encompassing or linear history of Oakland. I thus draw upon ethnographic insights that emerged over the course of 18 months of full-time research in 2016-2017 to consider the ways that racial reverberations resonate in the memories, governmental logics, and spatial practices of local residents and regulators.[94] In particular, I draw upon interviews and participant observation among the vast network of actors—including state and local regulators, police officers, club owners, event producers, dancers, and DJs—involved in making and administering Oakland's landscapes of music and dance.[95] This method has entailed mixing it up across at times divergent social spaces for ethical and empirical, but also personal, reasons. For one, while, as I argue, the racial reverberations of government are of grave importance to Oakland's cultural spaces and communities of color, they're only one part of the picture—only one channel in the mixer. To attune to matters of control at the expense of those of experience would be to diminish what I've called the emancipatory dimensions of music and movement—the energetics of connection, commotion, catharsis, transcendence, sensuality, joy, and all that dances at the limits of language. I've thus aimed to remain in a constant movement between culture as it's governed and culture as it's lived and loved. This isn't just a matter of respecting the ethics and empirics of this research; it's also a matter of embracing the polyrhythmic nature of my being as not only a geographer, but also an artist. Alongside this research, I've poured sweat (literally) into Oakland's cultural milieux as a DJ, event producer, and resident of its dance floors and studio classes.[96] I thus attempt to animate this study, when appropriate, with sensorial insights that stem from sounding, listening, moving, and feeling in urban spaces with other(ed) bodies—while, at the same time, respecting the limits of my lived experience as a White, over-educated cisman.

Thus, the historical narratives on rotation in this text are at times punctuated with ruptures form the ethnographic and ethnosonic present. The text, in other words, is meant to perform the non-linear rhythms and anachronic irruptions characteristic of racial reverberations. As a geographer and DJ, I aim to connect what otherwise appears disconnected

through what Weheliye calls "the mix" and Josh Kun calls the "art of the crossfade."[97] For me, crossfading entails an ethical and aesthetic praxis of listening for patterns and resonances across a vast archive of songs, often from different times and places, and mixing them into a new narrative that, at best, expands collective consciousness. So in this study, the crossfade serves as a means to explore the circulation of cultural and political forms across apparently disjointed times and spaces. It also serves as a means to sample ideas from across academic disciplines and intellectual divides in a manner that's responsive to the empirical issues themselves. I seek, in other words, to remix ideas from urban studies, cultural studies, and critical race and Black studies to attend to Oakland's racial reverberations. This, according to Weheliye, is the way of the DJ, who "juxtaposes…(supposedly) disparate artifacts and methodological approaches to yield new meanings, intensities, and textures."[98] This interdisciplinarity entails the inevitable risk of being an interloper. But as both a scholar and an artist, I'm drawn, magnetically, into the city by my curiosity about and commitment to spaces of just conviviality and social movement. I approach this work not as an expert on, but as a student of, the pulsating world—one committed, above all, to an ethics of listening. In the process, I'm sure to miss a cue, make a mess of a sample, or create a dissonant mix. I thus thank the reader in advance for their willingness to engage with me in this process of creative, but imperfect, experimentation.



Map 1.1: Points of Significance in Oakland and Berkeley. Credit: Nick Lee.



Map 1.2: Detail of Downtown Oakland. Credit: Nick Lee.



Map 2: Racial Reverberations at Lake Merritt, 1967-2018. Credit: Nick Lee.

1 // The Blues and the Beat: Sounding the Call for Black Power

"The inclination in formal politics toward the quantifiable and the bordered, the structured, ordered, policeable, and disciplined is in fundamental tension with popular culture's willingness to embrace disturbance, to engage the apparently mad and maddening…and to acknowledge meaning in those spaces where speechlessness is the common currency." –Richard Iton, *In Search of the Black Fantastic* (2008)[1]

On Slaps and Archival Silences

Oakland has a *sound*. One sparse, spacious, and tense, like the city. It resonates with struggle, but moves bodies to release. It's the sickness and the cure. Low in tone and high in tempo, it's like a temple erected to the aesthetics of bass: it's simple, but capable of awe. Built from deep and driving bass lines, big drums, and vocals that express, well, expressiveness as much semiotic content ("Yadadamean?"[2]), it's made to deliver maximal feeling with minimal input. It's scrappy, like the economies—affective and otherwise—of the city's low-lying and low-income flatlands. Chicago has house. Detroit has techno. And Oakland has "slaps"—a signature style of party music that signifies an action and an affect (as in, "that track *hit* me!") more than a standard musical form. No, you won't see a section labeled "slaps" in the record store.

Oakland has slaps, and slaps are a sound. A sound that resonates across time and genre. A sound perfected in the 1960s by Larry Graham of Sly and the Family Stone and Graham Central Station. Born in Beaumont, Texas but raised in Oakland, Graham was instilled with rhythm at a young age as a tap dancer and then drummer for the school band. Only later, at 15, did he pick up a bass guitar while gigging around town with his mother Dell, a vocalist and pianist, and Ruben Kerr, a drummer, as the Dell Graham Trio. At that point, Dell decided to drop the drummer and make it a duo. In order to compensate, Larry started to slap the strings with his thumb and pluck them with his index finger to mimic the rhythmic conversation, now missing, between the kick and the snare.[3] *Scrappy*. Heard on indelible tracks like Sly and the Family Stone's "Thank You (Falletinme Be Mice Elf Agin)" (1969) and Graham Central Station's "The Jam" (1975), he stamped the emerging sound of the funk with a bottom-heavy and irresistibly danceable West Coast style.[4]

The echoes have endured. By creating songs that centered on the bass line, rather than the melody, Graham paved the way for the low-end sounds of Southern California's gangster rap and Northern California's Hyphy Movement (see Ch. 3). Indeed, East Bay rappers like Digital Underground—whose anthem "The Humpty Dance" (1989) is driven by a mix of samples from Sly and the Family Stone and Parliament—have long gone to Graham to give their beats what Rickey Vincent, host of *The History of Funk* on radio station KPFA, calls "that slap."[5] Vincent told me this as we sat to talk music in 2017. At this point in our conversation, however, vibrations began to exceed language. Rather than attempt to *explain* the feeling of the music, he *personified* it, using his mouth and torso to

mimic the tonal and percussive power of the slap bass. "It wiggles—like you do," he said, completing his virtuosic solo.[6]

Graham's sound didn't just slap; it slapped *back*. In the late 1960s, young Black Oaklanders like Graham rallied to launch a world-shaking assault on racism, capitalism, and colonialism, from West Oakland to West Africa and beyond. Oakland, of course, was the birthplace and "base of operations" of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense (BPP). Indeed, since 1966, when Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale formed the BPP, the city has become inextricably linked to the visual iconography of Black Power. Graham's sound might've vibrated with the energy of the revolution, and vice versa. But it's the *images* of the 1960s and 70s—the leather jackets and dark glasses, the natural and berets, the fists, clenched and raised—that've come to memorialize, ironically, "the movement." Thus, in 2016, when local cultural spaces and political collectives mobilized to commemorate the BPP's 50th Anniversary, I attended three visual art and photography shows dedicated to Black Power, and failed to make it to at least three more.

One of the most well-attended commemorative events of that season—"All Power to the People: Black Panthers at 50"—took place at the Oakland Museum of California (OMCA). A mammoth, but attractive, monument to architectural modernism, the OMCA is emplaced—almost geologically—at the southern end of Lake Merritt, right next to the amphitheater. On one side is the Alameda County Court House, where Newton was jailed and tried in the late 1960s. On the other side is the Oakland Auditorium, where, in 1968, Black radicals from H. Rap Brown to Stokely Carmichael rallied an estimated 5,000 supporters to call for his release. These and other iconic scenes from Oakland's Black Power Era were, of course, captured in the exhibit. When I visited on a Sunday in October 2016, people circulated between the mostly visual installations, whispering in the hushed tones typical of a museum. They paused to read the BPP's 10 Point Plan, appreciate the graphic illustrations of Minister of Culture Emory Douglas, and examine the documents, heavily redacted, that evidenced the FBI's surveillance and counterintelligence program (COINTELPRO). They peered at the images of speeches and survival programs taken by the legions of photographers who, authorized or not, flocked to BPP rallies. And they posed for photos in a replica of the iconic rattan chair, where, in 1967, Newton was pictured in full Panther regalia, bearing a rifle and a spear. (Interestingly, this image—which, reproduced in newspapers and posters, became central to BPP publicity and recruitment—was staged in the apartment of White lawyer Beverly Axelrod. The symbols of Africanism that gave it its power and appeal—the shields, spear, and zebra-skin rug—all belonged to Axelrod. The gun, on the other hand, belonged to the Party.[7])

"The reproduction of this photograph [at the time]," notes Leigh Raiford, "reveals that the Panthers understood that their ideas, their image, as well as their physical persons were under attack. As such, they staged their opposition not only through rhetoric, through their programming, and through public actions, but through spectacle as well."[8] If the BPP's politics were intensely *visual*, in other words, it wasn't a matter of novelty or vanity; it was a matter of *strategy*. For Raiford, this approach emerged as an intentional response to the ways that the BPP became entangled in a complex and multidirectional politics of seeing that extended to Black residents and recruits in cities like Oakland and

Richmond; an international network of supporters, allies, and funders; a mass media that treated Black radicals with an alternating mix of ridicule and alarm; and state campaigns, like COINTELPRO, that sought to control Black activism through constant surveillance. The BPP, in turn, engaged in an insurgent politic of visibility meant to counter images of Black Americans as passive or criminal in the media, render Black resistance tangible and attractive in Black communities, and, in general, redefine Blackness—the meaning of which was inseparable from technologies of vision—on their own revolutionary terms.[9]

It's thus unsurprising that the exhibit at OMCA was by and large an exhibition of images. With the exception of a "Black Power Playlist" loaded up with songs like "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud" (1968) by James Brown and "Inner City Blues (Make Me Wanna Holler)" (1971) by Marvin Gaye, the sound of revolt in Oakland in the 1960s and 70s, it seemed, was elided in the archives.[10] What, then, did Black Power *sound like* in Oakland? How did it register in not only the musical recordings of the time, but also the city's streets, parks, and public vibes? And how did the authorities react to this attack on the public culture of White Power? I ruminated on these questions as I left the museum and set out, on foot, for samba class. Somewhere along Fourteenth Street, however, I was snapped from this reverie by the slap of the bass rattling from the trunk of a scraper (see Ch. 3) as it rumbled past. Then, I noticed the distant din of the *bateria* warming up at the Malonga Center. I paused, allowing the late-summer sun to warm my skin and the sounds to wash over me, and gave thanks for the fact that I was able to walk this sacred ground, still quivering, decades later, with the polyrhythmic echoes of the Black Power Beat. The sonic record of revolt might not live in the museum; but it reverberated in the street.[11]

…

In this chapter, I listen for the often-silenced ways that Oakland's young people of color responded to the open-ended "call" for Black Power in the late 1960s and early 70s. At times, the undercurrent of anti-Black violence in the Americas—what Cristina Sharpe calls "the wake"—coalesces into a wave. And in Oakland, that wave, the swell of Black Power, was both a social and a sonic movement. Here, that wave crested, sending cultural and political repercussions rippling across the local, national, and international landscape. In attuning to this vibrational politics, I add to the now expansive literature on this period of U.S. history. Much of this work addresses the currents of Black Power at the national level. As the epicenter of the BPP, however, Oakland has become the focus of a small but rich body of scholarship that situates the rise and arc of the Black Panthers in the concrete spatial politics of the city. Calling attention to a range of political experiments in a milieu of urban transformation, these authors have enlarged the view of Black Power in Oakland to attend to modes of anti-poverty intervention, urban renewal activism, and BPP survival programs.[12] But they've paid less attention to the connections between the city's role in the Black Power Movement and its role in Black cultural production, from high-minded cultural nationalism to low-down funk.[13] One vital exception, however, is Rickey Vincent. "Black power," he writes, "was a resistance culture, a means of reclaiming one's identity through the events and actions of one's daily life…The music and other cultural productions of the times played a significant role in this process. People heard the speeches and went to the rallies, but they also danced to the music and felt the fire of revolution flow

through their bodies in motion. The cultural politics of black power were crucial to the times." Oakland, then, wasn't just the hotbed of a rebellion. It was a space that mobilized a generation of "revolutionar[ies] who can dance."[14] And while Gil Scott-Heron was right, the revolution might not be televised, it would be *amplified*—with at least 1,000 watts.[15]

In this vein, I draw inspiration from Robin D. G. Kelley and Richard Iton, each of whom treats "play" as central to Black culture and politics in the U.S. In terms of culture, Kelley critiques politicians and social scientists for overlooking the importance of what he calls, after P-Funk spin-off Parlet, the "pleasure principle" in Black cultural practices.[16] Rather, he argues, most accounts "reduce [these practices] to expressions of pathology, compensatory behavior, or creative 'coping mechanisms' to deal with racism and poverty. While some aspects of Black expressive cultures certainly help inner city residents deal with and even resist ghetto conditions…[f]ew scholars acknowledge that what also might be at stake here are aesthetics, style, and pleasure."[17] In terms of politics, Iton, too, centers the "field of play practices and ritual spaces that are often cast as beyond the reasonable and the relevant—to the point, indeed, of being unrecognizable of politics." For Iton, this attunement to the "black fantastic" counters the elisions of "conventional notions of the political, the public sphere, and civil society"—which, as I argue in this dissertation, are structured by the twin pillars of liberal reason and liberal racism.[18]

In this chapter, then, I seek to turn up the volume on the sonic politics of play that animated Black Power in Oakland. As they agitated against the ravages of urban renewal, organized survival programs, and "policed the police," I argue, residents of color remixed the public culture of the city's streets, parks, rec centers, radio stations, and nightclubs, as well. In order to understand the advent and impact of what I call, after Vincent, the Beat, however, I argue that we need to see this socio-sonic arrangement as a localized response to the Blues—that is, the everyday geographies, political economies, and public cultures of White Power that were consolidated during World War II. Given widespread anxieties regarding the social practices and sonic sensibilities of Black wartime migrants, this prior arrangement involved the intensification of policing, especially in commercial areas; the expansion of youth control practices; and the roll out of recreational programs meant to normalize Black youth according to White supremacist standards. The latter, in particular, became critical spaces of contestation during the 1960s, as young people of color revolted against the geographies and choreographies of the Blues—converting oppressive spaces like parks and rec centers into sites of Black power, pleasure, and play. In what follows, then, I trace the city's socio-sonic movement from the Blues to the Beat.

White Power

For the first century of U.S. colonization in Alta California, White—not Black—Power contoured Oakland's geography, political economy, and public culture. African Americans, in fact, didn't arrive en masse until World War II, when the Bay Area became what the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce called in 1943, with only a bit of bluster, the "greatest ship-building center the world has ever seen."[19] Soon, under the direction of the Moore Dry Dock in Oakland, the Kaiser Shipyards in Richmond, and the U.S. War

Manpower Commission, recruiters swept out across depressed areas of the U.S. in search of labor. They discovered their most ardent takers among African Americans in the South, who, given the entrenched conditions of economic collapse and racial terrorism, were so eager to seek a more secure life that three quarters of the Black migrants who came to the Bay Area at the start of the war did so without any contact with recruiters.[20] Instead, once the word of decent work and a moderated color line made its way to places like Palestine, Texas and Monroe, Louisiana, African-American men, women, and children loaded into cars, busses, and trains and set out for the West Coast. Those who took to the rails would arrive first in Downtown Oakland at the Southern Pacific's (SP) central passenger station at Seventh Street and Broadway. Here, along the main corridor of this middling city, they might peer out the window at the modest grandeur of the area's hotels, restaurants, and services. To the north, along Broadway and Telegraph, were magnificent art deco movie theaters. To the north were department stores. To the north, spreading out along streetcar lines, like a fan, were tidy rows of single-family bungalows that, according to local boosters, were bound to anchor the ideal/idyll of Oakland as an "industrial garden."[21] But Black migrants wouldn't be going north. They'd be going west.

Once the doors slammed shut, the train would continue to rumble down Seventh Street into West Oakland. This was one of the oldest parts of the city—settled with a mix of Victorian homes and proletarian rooming houses a century earlier, when Oakland was staked on land twice stolen, from Ohlone natives and Mexican *rancheros*, soon after the U.S.-Mexico War. Close to the commercial core, the neighborhood was originally home to patrician elites seeking refuge from the apparent immorality, crime, and grime of San Francisco amidst the more racially and environmentally pure landscape across the water. But that changed once the city's leaders convinced the Central Pacific (CP) to select Oakland, specifically West Oakland, as the western terminus of the transcontinental railroad: the spectacular, if temporary, end of Manifest Destiny. At the intersection of agricultural expansion in California's Central Valley, continent-spanning railroads, and a nascent port that pointed out toward the Pacific, the next edge of empire, West Oakland became an irresistable location for industrial operations, from shipyards to slaughterhouses.[22] This, in turn, drove the emigration of workers, many of whom settled within walking distance of West Oakland's factories and warehouses. Unlike in San Francisco and industrial cities in the Eastern U.S., however, Oakland's emerging working class consisted mainly of Euro-Americans, many of them Anglo, Nordic, or "native born."[23]

But the railroad soon became a conduit for African-American migration, as well. For at same time that Oakland was selected as the end of the line, the Pullman Company rolled out sleeping cars for long-distance travel. In the immediate aftermath of the Civil War—when millions of Black people became "free" to sell their labor as one of the most devalued segments of the waged working class—Pullman mandated that all sleeping cars were to be waited on by a Black male porter.[24] Porters soon came to reside in Oakland in between trips. But in order to ensure that they were available for duty on short notice, the CP required that railroad workers live close to the yards, carving out a de facto system of corporate-driven confinement. As a result, most African Americans lived west of Adeline Street.[25] The racialized hiring practices of local hotels, which limited African Americans to the roles of waiters and stewards, further entrenched their position in low-wage service

work.[26] At the end of the 19th Century, then, as in other U.S. cities, Black Oaklanders entered the era of emancipation under renewed conditions of segregation and servitude.

Disembarking amidst the bustle along Seventh Street, or at the beaux-arts Central Station at Sixteenth Street, wartime migrants would step into a West Oakland that'd been made, in part, by these earlier communities of Black residents. This West Oakland was as multiethnic as it was working class. It was Mexican, Italian, Greek, and—until the war—Japanese. (By this time, European Protestants, including workers, had moved to racially restrictive districts in East Oakland, thus consolidating Whiteness—as an architecture of property, privilege, and power—in and through the landscape.[27]) Oral histories reveal that, for African Americans, the interwar years were a time of relatively fluid residential, if not social, mixing with other ethno-racial and national groups.[28] Still, a mix of formal and informal arrangements ensured that Black residence, religion, culture, and commerce were rigidly restricted to the west of Downtown. In the late 1930s, for instance, the U.S. Home Owners Loan Corporation redlined almost all of the land west of Grove Street—later renamed, appropriately enough, Martin Luther King, Jr. Way—thus guaranteeing that local real-estate interests contained Black, Mexican, and Asian residents to the most marginal areas on the water. So alongside their multiethnic neighbors, early Black residents—there were only 1,000 in 1900—created a segregated set of social, civic, and religious institutions to fashion a separate, but aspirationally equal, form of the good life in the Golden West. Groups like the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—the first Black labor union in the U.S., founded, in 1925, by economic agitators and civil-rights activists A. Phillip Randolph and C. L. Dellums—served as a launching pad for African-American political activity and professional development. These organizations supported the rise of a small Black middle class that sought to escape West Oakland. Given the geography of redlining, however, African Americans looking for more comfort and security were forced to move north along the waterfront to North Oakland and South Berkeley—where, by the 1920s, a higher rate of Black residents owned their homes than did Whites.[29]

This arrangement—violent, but stable—was disturbed by the onset of World War II. Indeed, the declaration of open military conflict in the Pacific Theater introduced new forms of racial capital, labor, and government that restructured the economic, social, and cultural geographies of the East Bay.[30] During the Depression, Joseph R. Knowland—one-time U.S. congressman, owner of the *Oakland Tribune*, and de facto leader of the city's Republican Machine—leveraged his connections to the nation's capital to court massive investments in state infrastructure, including military installations like the Oakland Army Base, Oakland Naval Supply Center, and Alameda Naval Air Station.[31] So in 1941, when combat started in the Pacific, the East Bay's military outposts and shipbuilders were well poised to reap the windfalls of the new economic geography of war. In 1930, the federal budget totaled around $3 billion; but between 1940 and 1946, the U.S. spent $35 billion in California alone.[32] Much of that went to Bay Area shipbuilders, which, during the war, cranked out an astounding 1,400 military vessels.[33] With the draft, however, the renewed abundance of capital outpaced the availability of labor, thus sparking the rush to recruit workers from across the country. The Bay Area population surged with the influx of over 500,000 migrants—the most visible (and audible) of whom were Southerners, Black and White, from Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana. And many of them landed in the

East Bay, where, in 1943, an estimated 40 percent of the region's industrial army labored at one of a dozen shipyards that dotted the bayshore between Alameda and Richmond. In Oakland, which received a third of all Black migrants to the region, the Black population tripled to around 22,000 in 1944.[34]

Stepping off the train and wandering out into West Oakland, then, Black migrants would inexorably remake the world that they were entering. Perhaps they'd track down a parent or a second cousin who'd already made the trip. Or perhaps they'd look for a room or line up at the employment office at Moore Dry Dock. In the process, however, they'd encounter an increasingly aggressive architecture of color lines and confinement that, for many, would be disturbingly reminiscent of what they'd known down South. For instance, while most would manage to find work, Black migrants were relegated to the least-valued and most-dangerous jobs or—for the ones able to find skilled positions—segregated work units.[35] Likewise, to the extent that they were able to secure space in war-worker housing, Blacks were restricted to the units closest to the train tracks. Those who weren't "lucky" enough to receive such accommodations were forced to compete for increasingly scarce, crowded, and rundown apartments in West Oakland. This increase in both settlement and segregation meant that, by the middle of the 20th Century, Oakland's Black neighborhoods no longer looked like the multiethnic "melting pot" of yore. Instead, now marked in both common parlance and official discourse as "the ghetto," they came to resemble the apartheid pattern of cities like New York and Chicago. In 1940, Blacks made up 16.2 percent of the population of West Oakland. By 1950, however, that number had jumped to 61.5 percent.[36] Jim Crow too, it seemed, had hitched its way out to California.

The intensification of anti-Black oppression was certainly expressed through such forms of discrimination. It also extended, however, to deepening forms of state and civil violence that enforced White supremacist norms of conduct in Oakland's changing public spaces. The mass migration of White Southerners, along with Blacks, led to what locals of all colors saw as a sudden increase in forceful, versus once polite, enactments of racial hierarchy and conflict. In 1944, for instance, a race riot erupted after an estimated 5,000 African Americans were turned away from a sold-out Cab Calloway swing dance at the Oakland Auditorium. Upset, some got into a scuffle with White sailors on a nearby streetcar. The conflict soon spread to an estimated 2,000 military personnel and civilians. The "disturbance," however, according to the now-defunct *Oakland Observer*, stemmed from a "new race problem, brought about by the influx of what might be called socially liberated or uninhibited Negroes who are not bound by the old peaceful understanding between the Negro and the white in Oakland."[37]

This commonsense interpretation implies that the war altered the demographic—and, therefore, cultural and *sonic*—character of the city in ways that were as swift as they were unsettling. The *Observer*, for instance, railed against the changes as a reversion to a "mining-camp civilization"—a notion that indexed raced, classed, and gendered anxieties about a carnivalesque capitalism in which the relative wealth of workers and people of color threatened settled regimes of publicity, property, and propriety. Indeed, the exigencies of war created extraordinary economic opportunities among otherwise marginalized groups, thus increasing the visibility (and audibility) of women, youth, and Southerners

in the public culture of the city. Civic leaders, however, reserved their strictest resentment for Black migrants—especially those who, determined to ditch Jim Crow once and for all, transgressed the de facto geographies of segregation and choreographies of subordination that maintained the city as a space of White Power. The *Observer*, again, decried Black migrants for violating "their place" in the socio-spatial order—for "butting into the white civilization instead of keeping in the perfectly orderly and convenient Negro civilization of Oakland."[38] But these sorts of sentiments weren't just limited to Whites. Prewar Black residents, too, condemned migrants in ways that concentrated on their accents, patterns of speech, and penchant for the blues as not merely different, but deviant—even criminal—sensibilities. The tension between Black "oldtimers" and "newcomers," in particular, resonated with longstanding struggles over "respectability" along lines of region, religion, gender, generation, and class.[39] The latter, according to some prewar residents, evidently required training in "civil pride and social responsibility by the better element of their own race."[40] And these struggles over race, class, and culture played out, in large part, in the commercial and recreational landscapes of Downtown and West Oakland.

…

In 1951, the authors of a redevelopment plan to create a new entertainment district in what's now called Jack London Square, at the foot of Broadway, lamented the status of Oakland's nightlife. "Legend has it," they wrote, "that…when the Palace Theater in New York was the national capital of vaudeville, there was a sign backstage that read, 'The worst three weeks in the years are Christmas, Easter, and Oakland.'"[41] Clearly, the Palace Theater crowd had never been to Sweet's Ballroom a little further up Broadway, let alone Seventh Street in West Oakland. Indeed, by World War II, Oakland had become home to an exciting, if segregated, nightlife. Downtown, in particular, had become the East Bay's premier entertainment district. There, streetcar lines from across the region converged on Broadway—twisting together, like a braid—and deposited a steady a stream of pleasure seekers into the city's historic commercial core. Earl Watkins, for instance, drummer for the groundbreaking jazz pianist Earl "Fatha" Hines, who resided off-and-on in Oakland, remembered the city as "one of the greatest dance towns in the country."[42] At the southern end of Lake Merritt, the Oakland Auditorium, opened in 1914, routinely drew thousands of revelers to dance the jitterbug, black bottom, and other swing styles to the big bands of Lionel Hampton and Cab Calloway. On a smaller scale, the Sweet Brothers, William and Eugene, built their first of four ballrooms in 1920 at Broadway and Twentieth Street. For under a dollar, patrons could dance to the sounds of Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, and Frank Sinatra; take a low-cost lesson; and stare down upon the mass of twirling bodies from the ornate mezzanine.[43]

While people of color were permitted, within limits, to work and consume in this otherwise lively space of social intersection, they did so under rigid regimes of separation and rituals of subordination—backed by the billy clubs of the Oakland Police Department (OPD)—that reinforced the city's White supremacist social order. The Sweet Brothers, for instance, routinely hosted performances by well-known Black musicians from Harlem, Chicago, and Los Angeles. But they upheld a rigidly segregated dance floor, reserving weekends for Whites only. People of color might get a chance to lindy hop to the likes of

Ellington or a local talent put on by the eminent Black promoter Johnny A. Burton—but only on Mondays, the least popular night of the week.[44] Like dancers, musicians of color were also marginalized Downtown by a mix of venue owners and union bosses from the American Federation of Musicians (AFM) Local 6. Founded in San Francisco in 1855, the AFM confined musicians of color to the second-class status of "associate members," which, while required to pay dues, were nevertheless denied voting privileges and other rights. In 1945, after their bid for full membership was rebuffed, Black musicians came together with Asian and some White ones to establish a parallel Local 669.[45] Under Local 6, White union leader could limit access to work among musicians of color by excluding them from union-controlled contracts. Once the latter formed Local 669, however, Local 6 moved to maintain the privileges of White members by retaliating against White venue owners who hired musicians of color—often with the backing of the OPD, which could drum up trouble for any race traitor of a restaurateur who broke ranks.[46] According to Earl Watkins, this prevented local musicians of color—as opposed to the out-of-towners with marquis appeal—from performing anywhere Downtown or along East Fourteenth Street in East Oakland, where there were several Italian- and Portuguese-owned restaurants and nightclubs.[47] Local 669, on the other hand, struggled courageously to promote and support its members. But the economic consequences of being confined to a "colored local" were dramatic. As late as 1959, there were no Black musicians in the employ of local theaters, radio stations, or the San Francisco Symphony.[48]

This was the environment that Black migrants encountered when they arrived in Oakland. The onset of war, however, sent the city's nightlife—and municipal campaigns to contain it—into overdrive. Amidst a torrent of federal contracts, shipbuilders and other military industries began to run around the clock. The growing ranks of workers thus left the line after the daytime, swing, or graveyard shifts with pockets that, in contrast to the Depression, were now laden with the wages of war. At the same time, price controls and rations on durable goods meant that those wages increasingly served to procure diverting experiences, rather than tangible wares. All of this fueled an explosion of entertainment. "There were no more weekends or nights," recalled Stanley Nystrom, a longtime resident of Richmond. "It was just twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week."[49] In this context, workers, soldiers, and other socially dislocated migrants sought short-term solace amidst the landscape of dive bars, poolrooms, and low-end movie theaters that spread across the East Bay. In turn, prewar residents and elites decried these changes, and those associated with them, for "ruining" the region. In an early case of what I call the *cultural politics of disturbance*, cities like Oakland and Richmond rolled out a series of law-and-order campaigns meant to quell an alleged migrant-fueled "crime wave."[50]

In the 1940s, local press, police, and city officials attributed the supposed increase in crime and disorder to what they saw, in stereotypic fashion, as the cultural deficiencies and criminal dispositions of migrants from the rural South. The issue, reasoned one OPD lieutenant, was the "quality rather than the quantity" of the newcomers.[51] A strident series of newspaper editorials, government reports, and grand jury investigations thus served to convert social dis-ease into administrative discourse. In response, the federal government increased funding for law enforcement around military bases and shipbuilding operations in the Bay Area. The intensification of policing was most acute around commercial and

entertainment districts, where business and property owners were desperate to reassert an image of social control now eroding amidst the disturbances of war. Richmond, for one, authorized its Merchants Committee to arm its private security patrols. Oakland, on the other hand, welcomed over 2,300 auxiliary officers into the ranks of the OPD.[52] Between 1940 and 1950, the number of full-time cops ballooned from 400 to 600.[53]

While the editors of local newspapers might rail on occasion against the depravations of "Okies" and "White trash," Black men bore the brunt of this crackdown. During the war, the OPD ran continuous sweeps of West Oakland—which, with its concentration of itinerant military men, migrant workers, and African Americans, became indissolubly linked to the cartographic imagination of crime. Using draft-card checks as a means of "systemic harassment," the OPD arrested hundreds of Black residents on charges of draft evasion and vagrancy.[54] Again, many residents saw this as a moment in which the city's racial regime was "Southernized." Walter Green, a migrant from Mississippi, for instance, remembered that, as the OPD increased its ranks, it recruited Southern Crackers under the assumption that such avowed White supremacists were well versed in policing the social and sexual color line.[55] Congressman and Mayor Ron Dellums, nephew of C. L. Dellums, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, thus recounted a climate of "extreme fear" of the police among Black West Oaklanders during the war.[56] Mexican and Chinese residents lived with the terror of racial profiling and police violence, as well. Hadwick Thompson, one of the first Black patrolmen in Oakland, recalled that the OPD promised officers a $25 bonus for every "illegal" they hauled in on criminal charges.[57]

The OPD's escalating violence against Black migrants soon became too great to ignore. According to Green, the city's civil-rights organizations, like the NAACP, could be counted on to prosecute anti-discrimination cases that impacted educated and middle-class African Americans. But the same groups were often reluctant to represent working-class Blacks impacted by police brutality. In their stead, the Communist Party served as one of the staunchest opponents of police violence.[58] Thus, in 1950, under pressure from the Communist-affiliated East Bay Civil Rights Congress, the State Legislature appointed a committee run by Vernon Kilpatrick of Los Angeles to investigate the Oakland Police. (A year later, under the leadership of William Patterson, an uncle of Oakland club owner Geoffrey Pete [see Ch. 5], the Civil Rights Congress petitioned the United Nations to find the United States responsible for genocide against African Americans.[59])

The Kilpatrick Committee, which was tasked with examining what critics decried as a practice of "legal lynching," was one of the first of its kind in the U.S.[60] According to Emerson Street, a reporter for *The New Republic*, the Committee heard testimony from a parade of residents and "race relations" experts, who argued that "local officials seemed to be making no attempt to reduce the interracial tension with any method more advanced than the law of the nightstick."[61] The stories of Black residents in particular pointed to the egregious but routine violence of the OPD—which Robert Powers, an undercover investigator, called "evil," "sadistic," and "extreme."[62] These testimonies included the stories of Annie Lee Harris, who was arrested and jailed for three days while the OPD administered venereal tests, and Andrew L. Hines, who, after being detained on "suspicion of loitering" in front of his own home, was taken inside and shot to death. Still, the Committee found

that local officials had refused to rein in either the officers or the practices involved.[63] This caused Powers, who was White, to conclude that Mayor Clifford Rishell was the "most bigoted racist [he'd] ever seen." "I had plumbed the depths of degradation, not only in the police department, but in the political atmosphere," he recalled. "But that was Oakland. And I regarded it as one of the most difficult, torturous things in my life." In the end, the Mayor, City Manager, and *Tribune* made sure that the results were muted in the press and dismissed by the police.[64]

Blues City

"Oakland is Blues City…[h]usky and brawling…"
–Ishmael Reed, *Blues City: A Walk in Oakland* (2003)[65]

These geographies of White Power made Downtown Oakland a degrading, if not dangerous, place for Black oldtimers and newcomers alike. In response, as in other cities policed by Jim Crow, Black residents created a segregated social world—one replete with their own cultural institutions, customs, and economies.[66] West Oakland was the body and soul of this apartheid terrain, and Seventh Street was its dancing, swinging, striving heart. Here, segregation was lopsided, like a peep show; for while Black residents were by and large precluded from leaving West Oakland, outsiders were allowed to come in—often in copious numbers. All along the strip, residents of the area's apartments, rooming houses, and hotels mingled with visitors who came to work in the shipyards and bases that lined the water, catch a ferry to San Francisco, or "slum it" among the neighborhood's racially eroticized attractions.[67] This situation, however unjust, nevertheless laid the foundation for limited forms of Black entrepreneurship—especially in services and entertainment, which, at times, amounted to the same thing. By 1929, Oakland was home to over 100 Black-owned businesses, half of them barbershops, beauty parlors, restaurants, and pool halls.[68] And by the 1950s, Seventh Street would come to house dozens of Black-owned bars and nightclubs.[69] This separate cultural (and sometimes carnal) economy emerged at the intersection of rich traditions of professional ambition and communal care, on one side, and rigid hierarchies of racial capitalism, on the other. The spatial and economic inequities of White Power—which, as discussed, excluded artists and audiences of color from the most well-resourced entertainment opportunities in Downtown Oakland—catalyzed the growth of Seventh Street as an arena in which Black residents could reap the expressive and economic rewards of creating their own nightlife. And as African Americans were generally consigned to marginal work—prior to the war, most Black Oaklanders worked as porters, cleaners, and maids—stigmatized activities like prostitution, gambling, and entertainment often presented the most lucrative, if not the most legitimate, paths out of poverty.[70]

Here, then, we have the elements of this study's first socio-sonic arrangement: the Blues. As a reminder, a socio-sonic arrangement is an epochal configuration of race and urban space, cultural production and policing, that remixes rather than replaces the relations that precede it. As we've seen, during World War II, the racial and spatial formation in Oakland amplified a preexisting, but muted, anti-Black color line. African Americans surpassed Chinese Americans as the largest and most conspicuously "other" community

of color, disrupting the overwhelmingly White, if multiethnic, character of the population. In particular, Southern Blacks—who were met with cruel and dehumanizing stereotypes, including from some prewar Black residents—became increasingly visible and audible in the cultural landscape. Amidst widespread residential redlining, and increasingly vitriolic oppression and violent policing in the public realm, Black migrants became concentrated in West Oakland, which went from a multiethnic enclave to a majority-Black "ghetto." This segregation sequestered West Oaklanders from most economic opportunities, thus exacerbating racialized poverty, and rendered them vulnerable to a monolithic form of repressive policing that gave little regard to intraracial distinctions, like region of origin and class. Residents themselves, however, found ways to reassert these differences, especially through programs meant to "socialize" poor migrant youth. At the same time, segregation concentrated resources and constituents in ways that supported the advancement of Black politicians, professionals, and entrepreneurs. The entertainment venues on Seventh Street, in particular, provided an expressive and economic outlet for Black workers, dancers, and musicians. The latter lent the neighborhood a new sound, one that reworked the musical/epistemic traditions of the South to reframe and refashion life under Jim Crow in Oakland. One that record producer Bob Geddins called the "Oakland Blues."

Black migrants, of course, carried blues music to the Bay Area as surely as their cuisine, spirituality, and suitcases. According to the seminal work of Clyde Woods, the blues is both a musical form—one that resonates with the sounds of struggle, spirit, and sensuality from communities around the Black Atlantic—and a "tradition of investigation and interpretation" that's repeatedly served to "organize communities of consciousness" against anti-Black violence.[71] It thus forms a *sui generis* "blues epistemology" that, while derided or dismissed by White regimes of "expertise," nevertheless "informs their [Black people's] daily life, organizational activity, culture, religion, and social movements."[72] In this sense, the blues serves as a means of socio-spatial diagnosis as well as poesis—one that simultaneously evaluates, critiques, and creatively reworks the geographies of racial capitalism. Katherine McKittrick thus situates the blues and other Afro-Diasporic sounds as creative responses to coloniality and plantation slavery in the Americas. "These inventions were, largely, musical inventions that, in their waveform and lyrical enunciations, expressed new forms of what it means to be human." Sonic pleasure and political struggle are therefore inseparable, as Black musical practices inform the "collective rebellions against plantation colonial capitalist structures and their attendant modes of knowing."[73] "The blues," then, for Woods, "are the cries of a new society being."[74] And as anti-Black racial violence travels and transmutes, so do the racial reverberations of the blues and its musical derivatives reach for an emancipatory ride on what singers like Lead Belly call, with audible longing, "The Midnight Special."[75]

The sound of the Oakland Blues is often traced to Bob Geddins. Born on a large plantation near Marlin, Texas, Geddins migrated first to Los Angeles and then to Oakland when, while visiting his mother, he became enamored with the crowds, and opportunities, along Seventh Street. "I never seen so many people in all my life," he remembered. "The streets was so crowded you couldn't hardly walk down the street unless you bumped into somebody…I said to myself, 'This could be a record heaven,' because there was no blues records to be heard here in the Bay Area." After finding work as a burner and welder at

the Kaiser Shipyards in Richmond, Geddins moved to West Oakland and began to scout talent at churches and nightclubs all around the burgeoning Black East Bay. Before long, he built a roster of local blues musicians—many of whom, like him, were recent arrivals. Unlike its more famous cousin from Chicago, created by migrants from the Mississippi Delta, the Oakland Blues was grounded in the country sounds of Black folk music from Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. Geddins consolidated this sound while adding his own Texas-born twist—namely, a slow, drawn-out style of speech and a doleful tone. "I try to make everything I record sound as sad as possible," he explained.[76]

From the mid 1940s to the mid 1960s, Geddins made hundreds of "race records" by local artists like Lowell Fulson (b. Atoka, Oklahoma), Johnny Heartsman (b. Houston, Texas), and L. C. "Good Rockin'" Robinson (b. Brenham, Texas). Geddins was a tireless, if not always successful, entrepreneur. In the late 1940s, he opened Big Town Records—the first Black-owned recording studio and record plant in the region, near Seventh and Center Streets—and began to market his songs by hand delivering them to radio stations and records stores during regular road trips back to the South.[77] These spatial relationships between Big Town, Seventh Street, and the South instilled the Oakland Blues with a mix of sounds from the city and the country, creating a medium in which the two could audibly mingle. The Oakland Blues thus became a site of racial reverberations—one in which artists remixed a range of sonic sensibilities to convey truths that cut across time, space, and individual alienation. "There's no West Coast Blues, no Arkansas Blues, no Southern Blues," claimed Arkansas-born and Richmond-based Jimmy McCracklin, who recorded with Geddins. "Blues is a feeling. It's all in what happened in my life or…someone else's life…When you've been mistreated, you're not the only one. Someone else in the world has been mistreated…[T]hat's the blues. It's all in your feeling, and the feeling is a true part of life."[78] In equating "feeling" and "truth," McCracklin thus countered the European Enlightenment's separation and ranking of reason over emotion (and, relatedly, sight over sound). Rather, for McCracklin, the blues and its related cultural expressions—like work songs and spirituals—were ones in which the sonic content served to stimulate sensations and memories in the listener that, in connecting them to a collective experience, affirmed common social truths. "Whatever you put into music is nothing but a feeling," he added. "If you got the right feeling, you can get across with it…but without the right felling you can't. What I feel, I gotta make you feel it…[I]f you don't feel it and I don't feel it, I ain't doing nothing. Just making noise."[79] In contrast to liberal notions, then, from aesthetics to government, noise wasn't a disorderly or unintelligible sound; it was simply a sound that failed to elicit a sense of pathos in and with others.

It's hard not to feel something when listening to "Three O'Clock Blues," which, arranged for Lowell Fulson, became Geddins's first national hit—reaching number six on *Billboard's* "Most-Played Juke Box Race Records" chart—in 1948.[80] Singing in a dismal tone, Fulson tells of the insomnia, the *disturbance*, induced by the departure of his "little baby." His lyrical lamentations engage in a call-and-response with his equally mournful guitar licks, all laid down over sparse, polyrhythmic chords played by his brother Martin. The despondent singer warns that, if his missing lover doesn't return within the day, then he's "gonna jump overboard and drown."[81]

In the 1940s and 50s, Geddins-backed artists like Fulson and Sugar Pie DeSanto, who was raised in San Francisco's Fillmore District by Black and Filipino parents, spread the Oakland Blues through a growing landscape of low-cost juke joints in West Oakland, North Richmond, and other parts of the Black East Bay. On Seventh Street, the swinging music scene dated back to the Creole Café—an interracial "black-and-tan," where, in the early 1920s, jazzmen Kid Ory and Jelly Roll Morton brought the sounds of New Orleans to the East Bay.[82] While the Creole Café was short-lived—like many nightspots, it dried up during Prohibition—the repeal of the 21st Amendment sparked the proliferation of jazz clubs around Seventh Street. Soon, the names of venues like the Continental Club, Swing Club, and Slim Jenkins' Place illuminated signs throughout the neighborhood—as well as the landscape of Black pleasure articulated by McCracklin in his rollicking "Where I Got My Start."[83]

Harold "Slim" Jenkins, a migrant from Monroe, Louisiana, opened his venue as a liquor store right next to the remains of the Creole Café on the day that Prohibition ended in 1933. He eventually expanded to a full-service restaurant and cabaret, which—with its white tablecloths, uniformed wait staff, and performances by the Ink Spots, Miles Davis, and "Fatha" Hines—earned a reputation as the classiest venue in the Black East Bay. In the process, Jenkins himself earned the status as the de facto "Mayor of West Oakland." Catering to elites like Joseph Knowland and Mayor Clifford Rishell, he came to occupy a position of relative importance within the city's Republican Machine.[84] His drive to attract ruling-class Whites, however, governed the sound that defined his dance floor long after the arrival of the Oakland Blues. "He didn't want any of that down home blues," recalled drummer Earl Watkins. "If you had a jazz band, he would have a singer…[because] he wanted more of a cabaret style."[85] While venerated as the height of entertainment in West Oakland, then, Slim Jenkins' was in fact more of an outlier—similar to the White tourist–serving jazz venues in San Francisco—than a model of the musical vibrations embraced by most Black Oaklanders. Esther's Orbit Room, on the other hand, which opened across from Slim Jenkins' Place in 1950, served up chittlins and popular sounds from a mix of local and national acts, including Al Green, Etta James, and sometimes-Oakland-resident Big Mama Thornton.[86]

As Cristina Zanfagna notes, however, racialized dispossession operates in part by preventing communities of color from owning and maintaining permanent and legitimate sites of collectivity. "[A] superficial or surface-level mapping of black musical locations," she thus argues, "does not account for the multiple uses and conversions of urban space that (have had to) occur behind walls, after hours, and therefore, out of sight."[87] Indeed, in West Oakland, Black-owned clubs were only one of many geographies in which residents came together under conditions of Jim Crow to connect with one another through musical pleasure and somatic release. For adults, the area was replete with voluntary associations and social clubs, which held dances at local social halls, military dances, and rent parties, all of which generated a wealth of paid opportunities for local musicians.[88] For youth, as discussed below, there were municipal parks, rec centers, and school dances. This diffuse geography of sonic pleasure, however invisible, meant that Black dance music was woven into the landscape of everyday life in West Oakland. Not only bodies, but vibrations,

enlivened the atmosphere of Seventh Street as they poured out of cabarets, record stores, car stereos, and juke boxes.

Not everyone, of course, was pleased. Given the interracial moral crusade against Black migrant socialities and sensibilities, and the increasing racial violence of policing in the aftermath of World War II, the OPD concentrated its nighttime activities in West Oakland. Here, for the first time, Black officers, as well as White ones, worked the streets. The OPD admitted its first Black officers to temporary, low-rank positions during the war. By the end of the 1940s, there were six Black men (and no other men or women of color) on the force, all of whom were assigned to the same walking beat from 7pm to 3am along Seventh Street. "That was the only foreseeable assignment," stated Odell Sylvester, one of the first men to desegregate the department, "because you didn't work in other areas of the city."[89] This was true in cities around the U.S., where, according to James Forman Jr., Black officers were assigned to segregated Black neighborhoods to "remind them of their second-class status" and "reassure whites that the racial order remained fundamentally intact."[90] Indeed, it'd be years before men like Sylvester would be allowed to drive a police cruiser to patrol West Oakland, let alone another neighborhood.

White cops, then, remained a fixture of policing in West Oakland. According to Watkins, these men were "cold blooded." "They'd beat your butt…within an inch of your life back in the late '30s and all through the '40s."[91] This aggression, he stated, was comparable to "law enforcement in the South"—not only in terms of its brutality, but also in terms of its obsession with policing social liaisons along the racial and sexual color line.[92] In his work on Chicago, Rashad Shabazz argues that patrolling interracial sex at the city's otherwise marginal black-and-tans was in fact central to the expansion and consolidation of "carceral power" amidst the Black-migrant South Side.[93] In Oakland, the police might avoid well-connected interracial venues like Slim Jenkins' Place—where, otherwise, they might catch their boss on a tryst—but they routinely harassed more déclassé cabarets that attracted a mixed clientele. Watkins, for instance, remembered a gig with vocalist Connie Jordan at the Wolf Club in the 1950s that drew White women ("slummers") from across the city. Waiting near the entrance, White officers would intercept the women, issue them a citation, and call their parents or spouses to report that "these girls were coming over to this colored club and associating with Black men." (Watkins notes, with laughter, that the cops didn't seem nearly as concerned when they spotted a Black woman consorting with a White man.) But the harassment didn't stop there. The OPD went even further to punish the venue for fostering such a disturbance in the first place. They raided the club, interrogating and intimidating the patrons. Needless to say, that was it for Watkins and Jordan's engagement at the Wolf.[94]

…

Young people, too, experienced West Oakland as a site of both cultural expansion and social repression during the Blues Era. But relative to their parents, the regulation of Black migrant youth became even more deeply entrenched in the geography of everyday life as the OPD extended its reach into the realms of education and recreation. Once again, the transformations of war—which unsettled the structure and meaning of youth—were a

prime catalyst for the growing moral crusade against "juvenile delinquency."[95] First, war-related migration reversed a statewide trend toward an aging population. In contrast to the male-dominated migration of the Gold Rush Era, wartime recruiters attracted an agrarian population accustomed to working together in family units, thus increasing the number of children on the West Coast. Second, in search of workers who weren't captured by the draft, local employers lobbied for youth-work programs that tempered the legal education requirements to allow for the recruitment of minors.[96] As a result, adolescents assumed an increasingly prominent role in the workforce, public culture, and political discourse of the East Bay.

Starting in 1943, wartime crusaders for law and order lobbied to reinvigorate anti-delinquency ordinances across Alameda County. At the time, Oakland's youth curfew—which, passed in 1881, made it illegal for people under 16 to be out after 9pm—was one of the oldest laws on record.[97] Still, a special committee of the City Council decided that, while the city's conversion into a military-industrial center had caused an "alarming" increase in juvenile delinquency, a curfew was unlikely to solve the problem.[98] For a time, at least, the law remained unchanged. But at the level of police practice, the crusaders had a significant impact. In 1944, under public pressure, the OPD more than doubled the size of its juvenile detail and started to assign specially trained officers to dance halls, movie theaters, and other leisure spaces that were popular among young people.[99] Creating park patrols and contracts with entertainment operators, like movie-theater managers, to keep teens away from late-night amusements, the OPD created new methods of youth control that would endure for decades to come.[100] Specifically, through liaisons between the OPD and the California Youth Authority (CYA), Oakland paved the way for the coordination of law enforcement and youth-service agencies, thus creating a template for what Donna Murch calls "the nation's most comprehensive system of youth incarceration."[101]

Indeed, in 1948, the CYA conducted a study of the OPD's youth-control practices, which it found to be lacking. The CYA thus made a recommendation that would come to define struggles over local government during the 1950s and 60s: it encouraged the OPD to form alliances with non-police agencies—including private ones, like the Boy Scouts and YMCA—to extend youth surveillance and control into the realm of recreation. This proposal also included a re-gendering of policing. In response to the wartime increases in youth as a target of public concern, the CYA pushed the OPD to involve more women in governing a group seen as in need of not only punishment, but care. While women might not be up to the rigorous intellectual task of crime *solving*, the CYA argued that, in terms of crime *prevention*, "their services are invaluable." The CYA thus encouraged the OPD to use feminized labor to develop "community programs" meant to "give or secure social treatment calculated to result in reform."[102]

In Oakland, then, the postwar period witnessed a shift in the government of youth from a focus on strict discipline to the inculcation of "responsible" conduct in a manner consistent with what Jodi Melamed, revising Michel Foucault, calls a postwar shift from an overt regime of racial violence to a more covert one of "normative power."[103] The latter, I argue, à la George Lipsitz, serves to reassert the White spatial imaginary while, at the same time, disavowing White supremacy.[104] Hence, when advocates in Oakland revived

their struggle against delinquency in 1954, they abandoned the notion of a "curfew"—which would've applied to all minors out after a certain time—and adopted that of an "anti-loitering" law instead. Advanced at the request of the West Oakland Improvement Club, the latter was meant, according to the *Tribune*, to avoid "molest[ing] those [youth] who have lawful business or pleasure" after dark.[105] By asserting lawfulness as the norm, and loitering as its aberration, the measure allowed for certain nighttime mobilities and socialities so long as young people conducted themselves in a manner deemed legitimate. The new law passed with ease.

With the increasing importance of normalization as well as discipline, the City of Oakland sought new means to socialize and separate the "good" youth from the "bad." At the heart of West Oakland, the DeFremery Recreation Center (DRC), run by the Oakland Recreation Department (ORD), soon became its main site of experimentation. The DRC sat amidst the spacious estate of local capitalist James DeFremery, which, sold to the City in 1907, became one of Oakland's first public playgrounds during the Progressive Era.[106] By the 1930s, the ten-acre park, one of few open spaces in this increasingly overcrowded and working-class part of the city, had become one of the main gathering places among African Americans of all ages. Earl Watkins recalled that, as a teenager at that time, he'd go to DeFremery Park to picnic with relatives. Then, he'd take a streetcar up to San Pablo Park in South Berkeley, where Black musicians would jam into the evening.[107] The very same things he loved about this scene, however, reform-minded elites saw as evidence of unstructured and unsupervised activity, and thus sources of delinquency.[108] This made DeFremery, situated in the middle of the city's emerging Black "ghetto," the ideal test site for Oakland's new model of youth control.

According to the original DRC Director, Dorothy Pitts (formerly Seel), this model remixed two established socio-spatial types: the settlement house and the military base. From the former, it took the idea of a resident director who, living on site, could "minister" to young people and their families. From the latter, it took the idea that cultural and recreational programming could serve as a "tool" to ease "hostilities and frustrations" and engender "good social behavior." (Indeed, during the war, the USO rented the DRC from the City and, installing and auditorium and a stage, held dances and other diversions for servicemembers.) In the postwar period, then, the ORD adopted the prevailing techniques of socialization in order to use recreation, according to Pitts, as a means of "alleviating delinquency" and teaching teenagers "acceptable social standards."[109] Many young people came to see the DRC as a sanctuary. Still, the value of this new geography of recreation was intimately tied to the growing terrain of youth incarceration. Fritz Pointer—brother of the Pointer Sisters, who, as children of a pastor, grew up singing in the Church of God in Christ in West Oakland—noted: "The juvenile detention center was down there across the street [from the DRC]. It was kind of like a choice, a very objective choice…[Y]ou could go one way or another…being bad like those we saw entering the jail or like the athletes we saw over in the park playing."[110]

Residing on site during the 1940s and 50s, Pitts launched a series of programs for local youth—most but not all of whom, like her, were Black. She started with the basics. Setting an example for the BPP—which, decades later, would use the DRC for a similar

purpose—she created a program to stem endemic hunger among neighborhood kids. But this soon gave way to more entertaining activities like teen clubs, which, attracting Black youth from across the East Bay, organized everything from dances to moonlight picnics, athletic competitions, and donation drives.[111] Like the settlement model, however, these programs reproduced a cultural racism and assimilationism meant to convert "backwards" migrants into "well-mannered" urbanites. The DRC thus centered on raced, classed, and gendered activities—charm classes for girls, escort classes for boys, debutante balls, and so on—that, in the words of a former participant, were meant to make the "country kids" more "city civilized."[112]

Despite their at times missionary approach, these programs were deeply popular, and indeed prized, among the DRC's young wards. The dance program, in particular, left a lasting imprint on local youth. But it too emerged to mold the comportment of young people of color whose modes of embodiment were seen as lacking in civility. According to Pitts, at the start of her tenure, she attended a dance with Johnny Moore and the Three Blazers at the Oakland Auditorium to "observe the youth's behavior." In the end, she was appalled by the ways that the young men rubbed up on the women, touched them in impolite places, and abandoned them at the end of a song. Upon leaving, she decided that, in order to attend popular dances at the DRC, young people would have to receive dance instruction that inculcated the development of proper "social graces."[113]

Thus, in 1947, Pitts hired Ruth Beckford to run what would become the first recreational program dedicated to modern dance in the U.S. Born and raised in middle-class North Oakland, Beckford began to dance at age three, studying everything from ballet to flamenco at the studio of Florelle Batsford in Downtown Oakland. During the Depression, however, private lessons became an extravagance that few families could afford. So her mother began to clean the studio at night so that Ruth could continue as Batsford's only Black student. Beckford went on to become one of the only Black dance students at UC Berkeley and, after rapidly outgrowing the instruction there, the first Black dancer in the company of San Francisco choreographer Anna Halprin. Her main teacher, however, was Katherine Dunham, the mother of Black dance and performance studies in the U.S. Under Dunham's guidance, Beckford went to study dance in Haiti, staying at her mentor's 30-acre estate, the former home of Pauline Bonaparte. Upon returning to the U.S., she started the Ruth Beckford African-Haitian Dance Company—one of the original programs, à la Dunham, to introduce African and Afro-Diasporic movement into a space dominated by European forms.[114] Dance instructor, scholar, and choreographer Halifu Osumare, for one, recalls that Beckford's classes were a radical—and moving—departure from the norm as they were based around live drummers rather than a "pianist playing Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart." "The 6/8 and 4/4 rhythms of Afro-Haitian music were riveting," she writes. "[They] began to open an inner cultural ear that I didn't even know existed."[115] The DRC dance program thus became a means to not only make dance education more accessible, but also introduce Afro-Diasporic accents into the cultural and corporeal training of an entire generation of Black and other working-class youth.

With this training in place, the DRC became a hub of social dances, too. As with the adult venues in West Oakland, however, these events became dense nodes of policing.

The city's educators and social workers tended to be wary of Black cultural events due to the racist idea that such crowds were likely to devolve into an unruly disturbance. A local principal, for instance, admitted to limiting school assemblies—like musical and dramatic performances—because, in his words, "Negro students" were liable to catch "the fever."[116] The concerts and cotillions at the DRC were thus regulated by a bevy of rules. There was a cover charge of a quarter under the assumption that collecting a fee would, according to Pitts, "encourage participants to protect their investment by exhibiting good behavior." In addition, smoking, drinking, and readmission were all strictly forbidden. It wasn't just the ORD staff who had their eyes on attendees, however. The OPD also took notice. Indeed, as with the Wolf Club, the police would stop and turn back cars of young White women to, according to Pitts, "prevent trouble." In this context, Black teens often looked to ORD staff to defend them from being criminalized by the OPD. At one Sadie Hawkins Dance, for instance, the police "charged into the Center" in search of a "colored man" wanted on suspicion of mugging. The staff resisted, however, when the officers ordered them to line all of the Black men against the wall to be searched. Ultimately, this act of defiance was in vain. The officers continued to round up all of the "suspects" and parade them in front of the White victim for identification.[117] This incident indicates that, while the ORD staff might've sought to "socialize" young people of color in ways that reproduced the racist and classist tenets of the culture of poverty thesis, they also aimed to protect them against criminalization.[118] It wasn't discipline that was the problem, then, so much as the way that the OPD administered it with wanton violence. In this view, socialization programs like Ruth Beckford's dance classes might serve to instill "respectable" norms of comportment among young people, and thus, it was hoped, avoid encounters with the police altogether.

As the 1950s progressed, however, this mode of resistance became increasingly vexing to police officers, who, in seeking to intervene among youth, were at times denied access to schools and rec centers by educators and social workers. In order to regain control, City Manager Wayne Thompson organized a group called the Associated Agencies (AA), which increased coordination between law-enforcement and social-service workers as a means to strengthen the management of individual "delinquents." This model soon became so successful that youth workers relinquished their resistance to cooperating with the OPD. The AA thus served to overcome barriers to policing by using allied agents of youth socialization to increase surveillance in spaces of education and recreation. "What one [member of the AA] didn't hear or see," boasted Thompson, "the other did."[119] By the early 1960s, the methods of youth control that'd been consolidated at the DRC began to spread through increasing municipal involvement. The City Council, for instance, passed a law that turned ORD employees like Pitts into "public officers" who were responsible for enforcing anti-delinquency measures. In addition, the OPD mandated new rules that increased the lighting and installed probation officers at recreational dances. In time, the ORD became so involved in processes of youth surveillance and control that—when, in 1963, the AA became the basis of the Ford Foundation's Gray Areas Program, itself a forerunner of the U.S. War on Poverty—ORD employees Evelio Grillo and Alvin Taylor became the city's first two "Juvenile Control Coordinators."[120]

But this creeping extension of policing into sites of education, leisure, and culture wasn't lost on Black migrant youth. "These places where they encountered state power,"

writes Murch, "schools, police, youth authorities, and even parks and recreation—became essential to their growing racial and class consciousness." Huey P. Newton, for one, was illiterate when he graduated from Oakland Technical High School, having been "taught" to read since childhood with books like *The Story of Little Black Sambo*. But still, he felt that he'd learned some essential lessons nonetheless. "They [the schools] never realized how much they had actually educated me," he wrote in his memoir, "by teaching me the necessity of resistance and the dignity of defiance."[121] It's thus no wonder that, in the late 1960s, young activists and residents of color like Newton converted those same spaces—including, iconically, DeFremery Park—from sites of repression, or spaces of the Blues, into ones of Black power, pleasure, and play.

The Black Power Beat

In Oakland, the Black Power Movement emerged from and animated this postwar generation of African-American youth—who, caught between the legal advances of Civil Rights and the material limits of liberal incrementalism and assimilationism, sought new modes of collective action and expression to emancipate a Black future. By the late 1960s, African Americans had won nominal citizenship. But Black youth living in Northern and Western cities remained, in the words of Joshua Bloom and Waldo Martin, "ghettoized, impoverished, and politically subordinated, with few channels for redress." In this setting, the call for "Black Power"—"[m]ore a question than an answer," according to Bloom and Martin—reverberated throughout the schools, streets, and parks of Oakland's segregated cityscape.[122] In response, young people remixed the geographies and choreographies of the Blues in ways that resonated with the emergent socio-sonic arrangement of the Beat.

While the cultural politics of the Beat have received less attention than the more overtly (and visually) recognizable expressions of militancy of the time, they were in fact central to the anti-racist and anti-colonial politics of Black Power in Oakland. Here, activists and everyday residents of color launched an assault on the full range of policies and practices that oppressed them. This oppression could be molecular as well as spectacular; indeed, the movement for Black Power was at times mundane because, under conditions of the Blues, White Power was just that—ordinary and ubiquitous. Every move to instill the city's cultural landscape with Blackness thus became an act of revolt. The sights and sounds of Black Power—dashikis, hand drums, Afro-Haitian dances, Harley Davidsons, stereos, and so on—became as militant an affront to the social, spatial, and sonic order of the city as the rallies and rifles taken up to tackle the "power structure." These small acts revealed that, in Oakland, the aesthetic and choreographic dictates of Whiteness were in fact constitutive of that structure in the first place. For a generation of residents raised in anti-Black institutions designed to maintain the dominance of the city's prewar elites, the movement for self-determination was manifestly *cultural* as much as it was economic and political. "Indeed," writes Leigh Raiford, "perhaps the Panthers' greatest and most lasting achievement lay in cultural transformation, most especially the ways in which African Americans viewed themselves and perceived their power and powerlessness vis-à-vis the state."[123]

This movement emerged at the intersection of multiple cultural-political currents. For one, as discussed above, the drive to fashion self-affirming forms of expression out of the spaces of what Orlando Patterson calls "social death" has long been central to cultural politics around the African Diaspora, including the Blues.[124] In the 1960s, these traditions were reinvigorated through the engagement of African-American radicals with the rising tide of anti-colonial thought and practice from Algeria to Cuba. In the writings of authors like Frantz Fanon—who, born in Martinique, would circulate between freedom struggles in Algeria and Ghana—the revolt against the psychic power of White supremacy took on increasing significance.[125] As anti-colonial authors and artists working in the tradition of *Négritude* made their way into the canon of revolutionary thought in Oakland—Fanon, of course, was a mainstay of the BPP's reading list—they lent renewed impetus to efforts to overturn the symbolic hierarchies of White supremacy as if through a Manichean reversal. And this placed an especial emphasis on oppositional expressions of *style*. In his work on youth subcultures during the same period in the U.K., Dick Hebdige argues that Jamaican migrants to cities like London resisted the enforced drive to assimilate into mainstream English culture through a revalorization of the very same Africanist cultural accents that served to mark the outside of the (White) English nation. Thus, he writes, the Rastaman "reassessed the stigmata," turning Africanity into a "declaration of alien intent, a sign of his Otherness."[126] In this way, the stylistic politics of Black Power—whether in Oakland, London, or Accra—worked to transform signs of cultural "difference" from a marker of collective inferiority to a potent source of collective identification.

Image 3, for instance, shows a group of residents—young and old, White, Black, and Brown—waiting for the bus in Downtown Oakland in 1969. Most of the figures are dressed in formal clothing: suits, ties, overcoats, and hats. But the sole young Black man in the picture resists these codes. Leaning casually against a railing, he wears sunglasses, a skullcap, and a military-style jacket (he might be a G.I. returned from Vietnam). Clearly, his assertive self-presentation is an issue of not only race, but also generation, as the older people of color in the image are indistinguishable in dress from their White counterparts. Moreover, his defiant look is doubled by the fact that, while the others all glance toward the coming bus, he stares right at the camera—indicating an acute awareness of the ways that his style is constituted through a relation of rebellion vis-à-vis the governmental gaze (indeed, the photo was taken by the Oakland Redevelopment Authority).



Image 3: Residents wait for a bus in Downtown Oakland, 1969. Credit: Oakland Redevelopment Authority.

Oakland turned out to be an ideal place for this sort of stylistic experimentation in the 1960s and 70s. Here, Black Power emerged amidst a *sui generis* milieu of radicalism fed by multiple forms of social, cultural, and political revolution. These currents made the area of the East Bay that runs from West Oakland to UC Berkeley—where Black youth, radicalized by the intellectual ferment at North Oakland's Merritt College, crossed paths with White anti-war activists and members of the Third World Liberation Front at Cal—into what Robert Self calls "one of the most vibrant political landscapes" in the country at that time.[127] This, according to Rickey Vincent, who came up in this scene, was a time in which young people, regardless of race, were seeking new modes of cultural and political expression to surpass the apparent limitations of their parent's generation. "That's how I felt," he told me, matter-of-factly, during our conversation in 2017. He gestured for me to turn around, so I complied. His office—located in the Department of African American Studies, high atop Barrows Hall, at UC Berkeley—offered a clear view out to the Golden Gate Bridge, which divides San Francisco Bay from the Pacific Ocean. Here, at the edge of "infinity," he told me, his generation took the incrementalist politics of Civil Rights and turned that mother out.[128]

In the process, according to Vincent, the sound of the Bay Area came to resonate with the emancipatory imagination of Black Power, thus sparking a seismic shift in Black popular music that continues to activate bodies and dance floors around the world today. "I was tired of that old, slow moan," he told me, recalling his adolescent disenchantment

with the Oakland Blues. "I wanted the *beat*."[129] Whereas the blues, as we've seen, was instilled with the collective trauma and longing that arose from slavery and the miscarriage of "emancipation," the beat, he stated, with its uptempo and compelling sounds, vibrated with a sense of empowerment needed to mobilize a new era. It reinvigorated commercial dance music, like soul and R&B, investing it with not only a message, but also a *feeling*, that was unapologetically pro-Black.[130] And as a crossroads of Black consciousness and countercultural revolt, the Bay Area led the charge to craft a sound that both reflected and produced this renewed wave of freedom dreams.[131] Here, according to Vincent, artists traversed social and sonic boundaries—drawing on everything from Miles Davis to James Brown, the acid-fueled rock of the Grateful Dead to the Latin *ritmos* of Carlos Santana—to create something expressive, expansive, and unforgivingly funky.[132]

The musical politics of the Beat operated on two frequencies. The first, captured in the concept of "message music," was explicit, audible, linguistic. According to Greg Bridges, another DJ on local stations KPFA and KCSM, who grew up in Oakland during the Black Power Era, songs like "Respect Yourself" (1971) by the Staple Singers were more than just dance tunes; they were "blueprints and guidelines." "[The music] became instructional," he told me, his deep, sonorous radio voice resonating over the phone as we talked in 2018.[133] The second frequency, more instinctive than instructional, was implicit, affective, rhythmic. The medium—in this case, the beat—was the message. For Katherine McKittrick, it's this second dimension—this realm of "black waveforms" and "rebellious enthusiasms"—that allows for the recoding of (anti-)Blackness at a vibrational level. "[I]t is in the waveforms of music—beats, rhythms, acoustics, notational moods, and frequencies that intersect with racial economies and histories," she states, "that rebelliousness is annunciated as an energetic…*affection for* black culture as life."[134] There is thus, as Avery Gordon reminds us, in her writing on the work of Toni Cade Bambara, a "sensuality of social movement" as a "day-to-day practice of instantiating an instinct for freedom."[135]

Indeed, in the context of the Black Power Movement, the dance floor served as an arena in which those instincts could be developed. Vincent writes: "The live black music show was one site at which people from all walks of life were given a communal space—a radical concept at the time—to behave with abandon…[M]any of the movement's goals and ideals were formed, focused, and quite literally brought to life there."[136] By mending "broken" bodies and relations through collective movement, then, the dance floor became a space in which young people of color performed what Naomi Bragin calls funk music's "(kin)aesthetic politics." In contrast to the lindy hop and other partner dances from a previous era, funk liberated dancers to explore a more individually expressive form of movement. The Beat, in other words, reworked the relationship between the individual and the collective, or what Bragin calls "moving" and "grooving." In the process, it supported the production of a new repertoire of social dances that taught young people to move at once apart and together through a process of what she calls "*Soul Train*-ing."[137]

In Oakland, the overt and covert frequencies that conveyed the cultural politics of the Beat could be sensed in the distinct sounds of two local acts: the Lumpen and Sly and the Family Stone. The Lumpen—a tongue-in-cheek reference to the Marxian concept of the *lumpenproletariat*, or underclass—was a short-lived band comprised of rank-and-file

Black Panthers. BPP Minister of Culture Emory Douglas first conceived of the group as a compelling, but still pedagogic, means to communicate the Party's message at rallies and other political events. (Indeed, their backing band was called the Freedom *Messengers*.) Storming the stage at the Showcase Club, Oakland Auditorium, and Merritt College, the Lumpen enlivened the soundscape of the city across the diverse constellation of spaces—some educational, others commercial—that were central to the emerging culture of Black consciousness at that time. As Vincent reveals, the band created a range of revolutionary songs, many of which were covers of popular soul and funk tunes, to mix the sounds that moved the "brothers on the block" with an explicitly militant message. At a performance at Merritt College in November 1970, for example, the Freedom Messengers revved up the crowd with a sonically faithful rendition of "Dance to the Music" (1967) by Sly and the Family Stone that replaced the infectious chorus of the original with the incantation of "Make Re-vo-lu-tion!" Similarly, while members of the Lumpen were decked out in the dazzling costumes typical of soul groups like the Temptations, they put a rebellious "spin" on the conventional "song-and-dance" routine. As singer Michael Torrence stated: "[O]ur choreography was not just about spinning, the choreography was part of the story. So with our steps you would see us throw grenades, you would see us pump shotguns…[W]e did all that with dance."[138]

The aesthetics of Sly and the Family Stone could be explicit, too. But more often, their politics, which tended to accentuate the liberatory potential of pleasure and playful self-expression, resonated in the music itself and the ways that diverse bodies moved and grooved to it.[139] The band embodied the intersecting social and cultural currents that made the Bay Area such a potent milieu in the 1960s. In contrast to most R&B acts at the time (as well as the separatist aspirations of many Black nationalists), it consisted of a mixed-race and mixed-gender roster of musicians, all led by a free-spirited Black man from the East Bay town of Vallejo. Blending sounds from the Black church (Sylvester "Sly Stone" Stewart had grown up singing, like the Pointer Sisters, in the Church of God in Christ), Oakland's soul clubs, San Francisco's Latin scene, and psychedelic rock from around the region, the band invented and popularized what Vincent describes as "musical fusions not imagined or attempted anywhere else." On "Dance to the Music," their breakout hit, they bucked the conventions of soul music, in which the musicians formed a nameless mass behind a star singer, by each presenting and expressing themselves with a funky solo.[140] In this way, they too orchestrated a new relationship between moving and grooving, leading and following, that resonated with the emerging communalism of the dance floor as a site of emancipatory social practice. As discussed in the opening, however, the group's sound crossed over into a new cosmos, taking decades of dance music with it, through the work of Larry Graham's slap bass. If James Brown became the Godfather of not only Soul, but also Funk, by ordering all of his musicians to play their instruments as if they were drums, then Graham really showed cats how it was done.[141] The song "Thank You for Talkin' to Me, Africa" (1971), for instance, starts with a simple, slowed-down mix of slap bass and drums that's both sparse and engrossing. Soon, the electric guitar and the organ enter the scene, hitting syncopated notes that accent the space in between the driving 4/4 beat. It's nearly two minutes before the reverb-heavy vocals emerge. But by that time, the listener has already become transported by the spacious, looping groove.[142]

Dance music, as Imani Kai Johnson writes, works through the "aural-kinesthetic," or a mode of moving-as-listening, in which the meaning of a song materializes not in the minds, but in the embodied movements, of those who dance to it.[143] In Oakland, the sonic innovations of funk thus inspired an explosion of new party dances that came to be called the boogaloo. Local teens adopted the name of a 1960s soul (and later Latin) dance craze. But they swapped the smooth movements that mirrored the mellifluous sound of soul for more forceful, staccato ones that matched the percussive power of funk—some of which, like poppin', in which the dancer contracts their muscles in time with the beat of the song, went on to inspire the better-known canon of breakdancing in New York.[144] In the mode of many Black and other working-class performance traditions, Oakland's boogaloo dancers transformed the spaces that were available to them—including street corners, rec-center socials, and school talent shows—into sites in which they could invent, learn, and remix an exciting repertoire of new moves. But in the context of increasing police involvement in recreational spaces like the DRC, their strategies of what Gaye Theresa Johnson calls "spatial entitlement" often led them to avoid institutional spaces altogether.[145] Converging after dark on sites like Sobrante Park in East Oakland, young people of color from around the region would arrange their cars and use their headlights to illuminate the basketball court—where, armed with a portable radio, dancers would reveal their latest innovations in a "face off."[146] These moves reinterpreted a range of pop-cultural references—including cartoons, comic books, and stop-motion animations seen in sci-fi films—to communicate an optimistic sense of pleasure, play, and futurity.[147]

As one expression of Black Power in Oakland, then, the music and movement of the Beat became vehicles for the exploration of other worlds—at times, literally. Oakland, after all, was the setting for *Space Is the Place* (1974), a musical sci-fi film written and scored by experimental-jazz visionary Sun Ra. The intrepid captain of the Philadelphia-based Arkestra arrived in Oakland in 1970 at the invitation of Bobby Seale—who, seeing the cultural futurism of Sun Ra's music as aligned with the political futurism of the BPP, offered the musician residence in a house owned by the Party. While on the West Coast, Sun Ra taught a course in the Music Department at UC Berkeley—which, entitled "The Black Man in the Cosmos," attracted more residents than it did students with its at times alien(ating) ideas—and gave free concerts in local parks. (Apparently, this was enough to land him and his entourage under the surveillance of the FBI and the OPD.)[148] The most lasting legacy of his visitation to the East Bay, however, was *Space Is the Place*. In this modernist remix of the Underground Railroad, Sun Ra travels from outer space to Oakland in order to transport Black people out of the oppressive ghettos of White America to a "planet all their own." "It would affect their vibrations," he muses, from out among the stars. "For the better, of course."[149] The movie thus reinforced the image of Oakland in the popular imagination as an exceptional site of Black self-determination and what Paul Gilroy calls "outernational" cultural diasporization.[150] "[Sun Ra] agreed that black people should have their own culture," writes John Szwed, noting the resonance of his ideas with the emerging Black Arts Movement. "[H]e favored cultural centers for blacks…and later even urged emigration to space, thus solving the nationalists' 'land question' (what [Amiri] Baraka called the 'space question') at an intergalactic level."[151]

Sun Ra was one of many luminaries of the Black Arts Movement to spend time in or emigrate to the Bay Area. As images of Black Panthers storming the State Capitol and rallying at DeFremery Park circulated around the country, Oakland, in particular, came to attract progressive artists of color from all over the U.S., and indeed the world. The Bay Area became a hotbed of cultural nationalism, incorporating artists and intellectuals into the struggle to promote self-determination among local communities of color. In 1968—inspired in part by the presence of not only Newton and Seale, but also Baraka and Sonia Sanchez, on campus—this anti-colonial movement erupted in the Third World Liberation Front student strike at San Francisco State University. (It carried over to UC Berkeley the subsequent year.) The battle was long and bloody. Comparing it to "Vietnam," Governor Ronald Reagan moved to suppress the strike by sending in state troopers, who brutalized and arrested students of all races. In the end, however, it turned out to be successful as the campus agreed to the creation of a College of Ethnic Studies, including a Department of Black Studies, which would go on to instill a sense of cultural value and struggle among countless young people of color from across the region.[152]

Halifu Osumare—who was a student at San Francisco State at that time, and went on to become one of the founders of Oakland's Malonga Casquelourd Center for the Arts (see Intro)—argues that young Black Oaklanders were primed to ride this wave of cultural nationalism due to the longstanding influence of local dance instructor Ruth Beckford. Learning how to listen to 6/8 polyrhythms and maintain a low stance, one connected to the earth, as they moved across the floor in Afro-Haitian class, students of the legendary "Ms. B" became ready adherents and advocates of the Black Arts Movement West. This, in turn, made Oakland an attractive site in the decades to come for drum and dance masters from Africa, Latin America, and the Caribbean—activating a virtuous circle that, for Osumare, continues to make the city one of the most important sites of Black dance in the U.S.[153] Increasingly, then, with the spread of drum circles from Lake Merritt in Oakland to Sproul Plaza in Berkeley, the local soundscape came to be invigorated with the vibrations of live drums—those most powerful, and thus vilified and reviled, instruments of cultural reproduction and anti-colonial rebellion in the African Diaspora. And while the divisions between Black cultural nationalists and the BPP are well known, there was often room for reciprocity, as well. Osumare, for one, used to perform at an arts showcase located at the BPP's Community Learning Center in East Oakland.[154] Even Ms. B—whose student, LaVerne Williams, dated Newton—helped to run the inaugural free-breakfast program at her own St. Augustine's Episcopal Church in North Oakland.[155]

These stories reveal that the cultural wave of Black Power in Oakland wasn't just compelled by outside or elite currents; rather, it was driven by the widespread integration of music and dance—some of it social, some of it instructional—into the geographies of youth carved out of the postwar landscape of segregation and socialization. The postwar period, for instance, saw an unprecedented increase in musical education in local schools. "Music class was a part of our everyday thing," recalled Bridges, who told me that, when he was a child, students were encouraged to select and instrument and enroll in lessons as early as elementary school.[156] Then, as students got older, the schools continued to nurture their musical growth through dances and talent shows, which provided a means to build a following and make some cash. This fact was impressed upon me on a rainy afternoon in

Berkeley in 2017, when I had lunch with Edward Hawthorne and Carl Greene, the former drummer and saxophonist for a local band called the Soul Messengers. Formed in the late 1960s, the Soul Messengers built a stellar reputation among local audiences by serving as the go-to backing band for traveling acts like Etta James and Rufus Thomas at the Showcase and the Sportsman, clubs owned by local icon Don Barksdale.[157] (They also released a few singles of their own, including a tune called "We People in the Ghetto" on Watts U.S.A. in 1970.) As teens, however, they got their start by taking lessons and performing in school. "I never went to a sophomore hop, junior prom, senior prom, none of that," recalled Hawthorne, "because we were always playing at one of those things for somebody." "That's how we got known," added Greene.[158]

The abundance of teen-serving gigs thus provided local acts like the Soul Messengers with access to exposure and income. Those who made it would then graduate to the growing crop of Black-owned nightclubs. Of course, there was division within the Black Power Movement—just as there'd been division within earlier versions of the movement, going back at least to Reconstruction Era–leaders like Booker T. Washington—over the rightful role of business in the African-American freedom struggle. Certainly, economic survival and advancement was an indispensible aspect of the call for self-determination. But many Black radicals reserved an especial scorn for those who equated Black Power with Black Capitalism.[159] I don't seek to settle that dichotomy in this study. Instead, I treat cultural businesses like nightclubs as important aspects of what Jodi Melamed sees as the "materialist" cultural politics of anti-racist social movements during this period. In other words, I see these enterprises as spaces for the development of capital, employment, and communicative power and pleasure among communities of color, or what Melamed calls "new powers for new collectivities," albeit in ways that can become enrolled in processes of socio-spatial control.[160]

In Oakland, as discussed, there'd long been a legacy of Black business on Seventh Street. But as the world of the Blues was coming undone through a mix of desegregation and urban renewal (see Ch. 5), a new generation of Black entrepreneurs fashioned a geography of entertainment venues and other ventures that extended to parts of the city that'd long remained off-limits. Bars like the Serenader and the Fifth Amendment, for instance, opened amidst Lake Merritt's historically exclusive commercial districts. In stark contrast to the early-to-mid 20th Century, then, when Black musicians were barred from playing in Downtown and East Oakland, the new range and reach of Black-owned venues meant a vast increase in opportunities for musicians of color. "If you had a band, you could get a gig," Bridges told me, matter-of-factly, as we discussed this period.[161] At the same time, a parallel process occurred in local radio, as African-American DJs, program directors, and eventually station owners began to take command of airwaves that'd long excluded Black artists, especially if they were local. In the 1960s and 70s, the two most popular Black-serving stations were San Francisco's KSOL and Oakland's KDIA. During the era of the Blues, KDIA had done little to cater to the region's growing Black listenership. But this was turned on its head when a furniture store in West Oakland, which sold "race records" on the side, bought a 15-minute timeslot and asked DJ Jumping George Oxford, who was White, to spin some of their tunes. This segment, however short, quickly exploded among Black listeners who were eager to break through the White noise of radio programming.[162]

Then, in the 1970s, during the tenure of John Anthony Hardy, the first Black DJ to work on-air at a Top 40 radio station in the region, KDIA (now "The Boss of the Bay") began to devote airtime to empowerment groups like the NAACP and the BPP.[163]

Conclusion

In the late 1960s, the Black Panthers transformed DeFremery Park—a space well known among the postwar generation Black migrant youth as a site of social and cultural instruction—into a space for rallies, political conventions, and survival programs. Here, supporters would come to listen to the latest from local and national leaders of the Black Power Movement; rank-and-file activists would come to receive training in revolutionary ideas, drills, and chants; and neighborhood residents would come to obtain free breakfast, groceries, and medical treatment. In the process, they converted the DRC from an ambivalent site of youth sociality and surveillance, one carved from amidst the geographies of the Blues, into one of rebellion and self-determination—even renaming it Lil' Bobby Hutton Memorial Park after the first person to join the Party and, tragically, the first to be killed by the police, all before he turned 18. (Oaklanders still refer to the Park in this way today.) In this and other landscapes of education and recreation, young activists and residents of color politicized the spaces that'd been constructed to instill them with middle-class and White supremacist norms of conduct, comportment, and respectability through a resistive set of social, spatial, and particularly sonic practices that reverberated in what I've called the Beat.

In Oakland, the presence of the BPP in public is venerated in visual archives like those presented at the OMCA in 2016. But what's often omitted in these recollections of the BPP's insurgent visibility and Black-Is-Beautiful sartorial politics is the *vibe* of these gatherings. Black residents from around the region—or Chicanx, Asian, and White ones, for that matter—didn't just come to the rallies at the DRC out of raw need or revolutionary fervor. They came because these events were *fun*. They came to see and be seen in a liberated space. They came to groove to the funky sounds pumped over the loudspeakers. They came to feel the excitement of their collective desire to fashion a different world.

Still, as I've argued, this vibrational politics is often literally overlooked. So when I saw a pair of headphones perched on the wall of the gallery at the OMCA, I perked up and ran to the screen where the museum was presenting *Black Panthers* (1968), a short documentary made by French filmmaker Agnès Varda. Here, I hoped, I might get a sense of what Émile Durkheim called "collective effervescence" inside the archive.[164] I was soon disappointed, however, to find that the film focuses on the same familiar visual tropes. It actually opens with a sense of sonic excitement at a rally at the DRC, where the Lumpen leads the crowd in a musical chant, and women and children clap along, smiles spreading across their faces (see Image 4). But the narrator soon redirects the viewer's attention away from these expressions of delight. "This is no picnic in Oakland," she states, grimly. "It is a political rally organized by the Black Panthers." The documentary then moves to focus unwaveringly on the visual. In one scene, recruits demonstrate military marches on the basketball court as Stokely Carmichael and Bobby Seale look on in review. In another,

a lieutenant recites the BPP's Ten-Point Program. But rather than attend to his utterances, the camera drifts away to focus on his dress, zooming in on his large, Africanist necklace. Indeed, the camera can't seem to resist emphasizing the black uniforms, black glasses, black naturals, blue flags, red books, and other colorful displays of militancy. There are several shots of the West Oakland streetscape, too. But rather than attune to its everyday vibrations, these scenes convert the street into an inert backdrop for other, more "political" discussions. In the process, the sonic lifeworld of the street is flattened—compressed into a silent surface for the display of BPP posters and other visual propaganda.[165]



Image 4: Still from Black Panthers*, which shows women and children dancing along to the Lumpen at DeFremery Park, 1968. Credit: Agnès Varda.*

I don't insist upon the importance of the sonic alongside the visual as a gesture of either correction or inclusion. I do so because sonic matters animate not only movements for emancipation, but also matrixes of urban government, in unique ways. Indeed, while they might've been lost on Varda, the vibrational politics of Black Power weren't lost on the authorities in Oakland, who experienced them as a disturbance to the city's prevailing regimes of public culture and socio-spatial control. In the next chapter, then, I investigate the ways that young people of color's practices of "spatial entitlement" were met with new modes of regulation as the wave of excitement in the 1960s gave way to an emerging sense of crisis in the 1970s and 80s—one governed, increasingly, through quality-of-life policing and nuisance law.

2 // From Negro to Nuisance: Governing Quality of Life in the Post–Civil Rights Era

"Silence or The Supremes"

In the late 1960s and early 70s, as the call for Black Power echoed throughout the visual and vibrational culture of everyday life in Oakland, Lake Merritt—the city's most iconic, and thus contested, public space—became a central site in the emerging struggle for self-determination. At times, this conflict over the city's "Crown Jewel" was enacted through expressions of militancy. For the Black Panthers (BPP), the Lake—which is right next to the Alameda County Court House, the site of countless rallies to "Free Huey" (see Intro)—became a strategic extension of their public demonstrations of resistance. Agnès Varda's *Black Panthers* (1968), for instance, reveals several shots along the shores of the Lake, including ones of rank-and-file members doing push-ups, standing at attention, and rehearsing a chant with the refrain "Off the Pigs!" (see Image 5).[1] These demonstrations reached not only the crowds of local residents and reporters, but also the captive eyes and ears of BPP Chairman Huey P. Newton, who was incarcerated in the Court House, on the water's edge, while awaiting trial.[2]



Image 5: Still from Black Panthers*, which shows members of the Black Panther Party training along the edge of Lake Merritt near the Alameda County Court House, 1968. Credit: Agnès Varda.*

At other times, however, this struggle in and over public space was invested with an infectious sense of pleasure. On weekends, Lakeside Park came to attract thousands of residents and revelers from working-class communities across the East Bay, constituting a Black and Brown alternative to the White-dominated countercultural meccas of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco and People's Park in Berkeley. In the summer, the lawns and

trails were transformed with the sights, sounds, and smells of residents barbecuing, roller-skating, and rocking out. Lakeside Park, like DeFremery (see Ch. 1), thus became one of the main sites in Oakland where the counterculture of Black Power came to life. It's no surprise, then, that in 1968, the same year that members of the BPP were doing push-ups by the Court House, Sly and the Family Stone selected Lakeside Park as the site for the cover photo of their breakout *Dance to the Music* (see Image 6). Perched atop the "Mid-Century Monster" (1952), a sculpture by artist Robert Winston, the musicians—the short-cropped naturals of the 1960s becoming the more ample afros of the 1970s—personified the free-spirited vibe of the city at that time.



Image 6: Cover photo of Sly and the Family Stone, Dance to the Music*, 1968. Credit: Epic Records.*

What was exciting and liberating to some, however, was nothing more than a nuisance to others. Indeed, the spatial practices that congealed at Lakeside Park disturbed the sensibilities of old-guard residents and elites—who worried that their city, and now their Lake, were being overrun by a generation of young people of color whose modes of comportment unsettled Oakland as a terrain of law and order. These racialized contests over public culture and conduct thus reverberated with the reaction of White elites and prewar residents to the arrival of Black migrants during World War II (not to mention countless incidents to come in what Alexander Weheliye might call the city's "future-pasts").[3] But over two decades of struggle for Civil Rights had reworked the discourse of racial hatred. So whereas, during the war, newspapers had called for an increase in policing in response to the apparent transgressions of "socially liberated or uninhibited Negroes" (see Ch. 1), the *Tribune* of the more-polite 1970s did the same in response to the apparent problem of discordant "lifestyles." "Ah, for yesteryear in Lakeside Park," lamented the paper in 1979, with self-conscious nostalgia. "Where quiet families picnicked…where the putting green off Harrison Street was caressed by white-capped duffers—where the most serious crime was the failure to relax." It went on to report that V. Hap Smith—Director of the Oakland Park and Recreation Department (OPR – formerly ORD), and sounding more than a little like Sean McDonald (see Intro)—attested to the City Council that the "lifestyles" of the people who congregated at Lakeside Park were, according to the reporter, "neither quiet nor peaceful." They were, rather, a "noisy disruption to other more passive park users and nearby dwellers that [was] destroying…the park for almost everyone."[4]

In a moment of racial reverberation, then, this liberal narrative of a "culture clash" insisted that, while everyone had the right to use public space, marginalized residents had violated the social contract—and thus relinquished their right to enjoy Lakeside Park—by disturbing the raced and classed norms of publicity, property, and propriety inscribed in local law. As Smith testified to the City Council, the drum circles, roller discos, and other forms of play popular among young people of color posed a "serious and often dangerous problem" in which "undisciplined users run roughshod over [the] rights of others."[5] This conflict was often coded in terms of racialized notions of the ways that social differences are organized along what Jennifer Lynn Stoever calls the "sonic color line."[6] The *Tribune*, for instance, framed the struggle at the Lake in terms of divided musical tastes. "It comes down to this: Silence or The Supremes? Pastoral peace and quiet or The Parliament Funkadelic?" Smith, however, was less reserved when it came to the racialized nature of such sensibilities. "A lot of young black people like loud soul music," he stated, bluntly, "and that doesn't appeal very much to a lot of older white people."[7]

In 1976, in response to incessant complaints from local residents about the sound of bongos and congas emanating from the park, the City Council passed an ordinance that outlawed playing sports and musical instruments at the Lake without a permit. In addition, it created new, if not entirely neutral, means to control noise—prohibiting any sound that, according to the *Tribune*, "endangers or injures [a] person or real property" or "annoys or disturbs a reasonable person of normal sensitivities." The law, in turn, initiated a drive to circumscribe a wide range of pleasurable activities at the Lake, including roller-skating, gambling, and using homemade barbecue pits.[8] The City of Oakland thus instated some of its earliest "quality-of-life" measures—policies that, as discussed in this chapter, came to

redefine local government in the city after Black Power—as part of a campaign to contain the activities, aesthetics, and affects associated with Black-centered social gatherings at Lake Merritt (and all of this several decades before the onset of gentrification in Oakland; see Preface and Intro). These regulations were normatively White in the sense that they reinforced White, middle-class cultural priorities like hitting the putting green or listening to music in private. But that didn't mean that they were always enacted by White people. OPR Director Smith, for instance, who was Black, got involved in the politics of cultural normalization while working at the DeFremery Recreation Center under Dorothy Pitts (see Ch. 1). Indeed, as discussed below, quality-of-life laws became increasingly central to efforts to secure reinvestment under African-American Mayors Lionel Wilson (1977-1991) and Elihu Harris (1991-1999), indicating the deep entanglement of liberal reason and liberal racism in practices of U.S. urban government.

In the late 1970s, the Oakland Police Department (OPD) introduced mounted and aerial patrols to enforce the new regime of laws at the Lake. According to Raymond Eng, who represented the area on the City Council at the time, a police helicopter soon circled Lakeside Park "all day and night."[9] This raised serious concerns about racial profiling. At a City Council meeting in 1976, local activist Gene Hazzard reported that visitors to the Bellevue Avenue area of the park, where African Americans congregated, were cited for barbecuing, while those in other areas continued to grill without complaint. This sort of selective enforcement, he warned, was bound to erupt in a confrontation between revelers and the police.[10] (Indeed, that same summer, the repressive policing of Black West Indians in Britain led to a series of "riots" at the similarly festive Notting Hill Carnival that'd last the rest of the decade.[11])

Hazzard's admonition turned out, predictably, to be correct. In August 1977, only two months after Lionel Wilson took over City Hall, the OPD arrested Allan Mayeux of Richmond for allegedly driving around Lakeside Park with a passenger on the roof of his car. Then, when his brother approached the cops to complain about Allan's arrest, Angelo Mayeux was thrown to the ground and charged with "inciting a riot." In the process, one of the officers drew his weapon. This overzealous reaction ignited the anger of some 400 onlookers, some of whom threw rocks and bottles at the cops, causing the OPD to send in reinforcements to quell the "disturbance."[12] The next week, indignant residents descended on the City Council to indict not just the incident, but also the structural conditions that'd enabled it. Attorney Leon Rountree, who took up the case, argued that what happened to the Mayeux Brothers wasn't an isolated event so much as the latest one in which African Americans were "intimidated, harassed, and made to feel less than human" by the OPD.[13] Other residents demanded significant reforms, calling on the City Council to overturn the quality-of-life regulations that'd increased racial profiling and antagonism at Lake Merritt and create an oversight commission to review cases of police misconduct. Mayor Wilson demurred, however, revealing his unwillingness to restructure, rather than just remix, the city's racialized regime of policing. Setting the tone for the tensions that would come to mark local struggles over two decades of Black political rule, he called on the City to hire an ombudsman to investigate complaints against *all* municipal agencies, rather than the police in particular.[14]

In the last chapter, I outlined the emergence of the socio-sonic arrangement of the Beat in the context of Oakland's Black Power Movement. In the 1960s and 70s, members of the city's mounting African-American population revolted against the geographies and choreographies of racial capitalism that resulted in the Oakland Blues. Residents of color and the organizations that represented them led a far-reaching assault on the city's social and spatial structure—dismantling its color lines, including its red ones, to gain access to improved political, economic, and residential opportunities. But not everyone was served by the politics of Civil Rights. Black migrant youth, in particular, raised amidst White supremacist institutions of socialization and surveillance, channelled the countercultural currents sweeping the Bay Area to animate the emergent movement for Black Power with an insurgent sound. In addition to more overt forms of revolutionary organizing, then, the Beat reverberated in new styles of funk music, street dance, and other forms of cultural self-determination. Geographically, it transcended the segregated world of Seventh Street in West Oakland, spilling over into the city's recreational spaces, and seeding a new crop of Black-owned cultural venues, like nightclubs and radio stations, in areas that'd once been off-limits. The city's cultural landscape, in other words, became conspicuously, but contentiously, Black. This change—as we'll see in this chapter—generated new lines of antagonism in terms of generation, political ideology, and class. In particular, the Beat gave rise to a Black political and economic establishment that soon took over the reins of city government. But this reoriented, rather than replaced, the prevailing method of social control from a monolithic mode of policing imposed as part of the White Power structure to a more internally differentiated and culturally inflected one administered, increasingly, by middle-class people of color.

Indeed, there have long been multiple expressions of Black Power in Oakland, not all of them harmonious. In this chapter, I explore the dissonance between the rebellion of young people of color against the racism of Oakland's public cultural norms, on one side, and the efforts of Black elites to stem disinvestment by remediating its image as lawless, on the other. Continuing the account from this last chapter, I start out by charting the rise of the Wilson Administration, what Adolph Reed calls the "Black urban regime," during the post–Civil Rights Era.[15] This was a time—as many critical race scholars have argued, and as I discuss below—in which the crude mechanisms of White supremacist rule in the U.S. were rendered more insidious through the incorporation of the actors and scripts of the Civil Rights Movement (e.g. "colorblindness") into the government of the nation's political, economic, and cultural institutions.[16] In Oakland, this process was contoured in the 1970s and 80s by a set of severe and compounding crises, such as public and private disinvestment, structural unemployment, and crack cocaine. In response, I argue, Wilson introduced new modes of policing that—like those piloted at Lake Merritt—were meant to stem the increasing sense of insecurity and restore the precarious "quality of life" in working-class communities of color across the flats. In the process, the city experienced a fundamental shift in the target of policing from "Negro" to "nuisance," especially "noise," in ways that tended to condemn and control the emancipated youth cultures of the Beat.[17] This, in turn, sparked a new socio-sonic arrangement in which the Black-centered sounds and styles of working-class young people of color emerged as a central object of what was now called "problem-oriented" policing. In particular, it incited new forms of what I call *governing through nuisance*, which conscripted middle-class and otherwise respect-

able residents of all races in an avowedly "race-neutral" campaign to regulate bodies and spaces deemed out of control. And this tended to re-entrench the logics of liberal reason and liberal racism in ways that limited the spaces of pleasure available to working-class Oaklanders of color, whether at the Lake or beyond. Finally, I argue that this timeline suggests that many of the practices of social, spatial, and sonic control that reverberate in struggles over the city's cultural landscape today were in fact consolidated in the wake of Black Power, albeit under conditions of racial capitalist abandonment and liberal reason/racism, thus complicating the temporalities of gentrification.

The Rise of the Black Urban Regime

During the Black Power Era, as the sound of street chants and car stereos echoed across Oakland, they were all the more conspicuous in the context of an industrial city in which the sound of clanging metal and waterfront banter had, in the decades since World War II, quieted to a murmur. The war might've remade the city in ways that ripple into the present. But the actual expansion of military-industrial activity that set those changes in motion was exceedingly brief. The shipyards, one of the main employers, began to lay off workers as early as 1944, and between August 1945 and February 1946, manufacturing employment plummeted by 70 percent. By the end of 1946, the number of industrial jobs had returned to prewar levels; only now, there were tens of thousands of additional residents in need of work.[18] African-American migrants felt this contraction most acutely. Given the segregation of most military industries, along with union rules ("last hired, first fired"), many of the Black laborers who'd managed to locate jobs on the waterfront lost them before the war was even over.[19] "Blacks," wrote Huey P. Newton, "were once again kicked off 'the plantation' and left stranded with no place to go in an industrial society."[20]

Further, in contrast to other migrant communities, many of which relocated again after the war, 85 percent of African Americans remained on the West Coast—becoming, like the sleeping car porters before them, agents in an ongoing process of chain migration. Between 1944 and 1950, then, as Oakland's economic boom turned out to be a bubble, its Black population swelled by 118 percent.[21] This economic crisis soon became a racial and spatial one, too, as not only residential, but also industrial, capital began to retreat behind the increasingly stark color line dividing the East Bay's cities and suburbs. Between 1951 and 1964, for instance, industrial investment in Alameda County created 41,000 new jobs in manufacturing. But given the campaigns of newly incorporated suburbs to court capital, as well as the relocation of White workers, most of these opportunities skipped right over Oakland.[22] By the 1970s, the city's portion of industrial jobs had dropped from 50 to 30 percent of the county total.[23] This "demarcated devaluation," as Nathan McClintock puts it, meant that more and more working-class people of color were confined to overcrowded and underserviced areas of Oakland that were being abandoned by capital for suburbs that were de facto Whites-only.[24] By 1960, two thirds of the city's residents of color were living under conditions of "deprivation" or worse.[25]

The other third, however, were doing better than ever before. For while the ranks of the industrial working class were eroding among Oakland's communities of color, the

middle and corporate classes were expanding at an unprecedented rate. This rising intra-racial inequality stemmed from the class-stratified character of the postwar welfare state. Certainly, state-led forms of socio-spatial intervention like public housing, urban renewal, and recreation were used to contain, uproot, and discipline poor communities of color as much as "improve" them (see Chs. 1 and 5). But in Oakland, the expansion of public education and employment also paved the way for the political and economic empowerment of the Black, Latinx, and Asian middle classes. Policies like the G.I. Bill (1944) and the California Master Plan for Higher Education (1960) increased the number of residents of color with advanced degrees. UC Berkeley—while quite restrictive in its admissions, and racist in both climate and curriculum—still became a site of advancement for local Black leaders like Tarea Hall Pittman, Byron Rumford, Ron Dellums, and Lionel Wilson. (This increase in access to education wasn't just limited to elites; as discussed in Ch. 1, Merritt College, the community college then located on Grove Street in North Oakland, became a site of radicalization among a new generation of Black working-class students, including, most iconically, Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale.[26]) Armed with college degrees, more and more residents of color secured work amidst the short-lived expansion of the welfare state. During the war, the East Bay became inundated with state investments in massive military outposts like the Oakland Army Base, Oak Knoll Naval Hospital, and Alameda Naval Air Station. In contrast to private shipbuilding, however, this process continued on after the armistice, thus strengthening Oakland's position as a center for local, state, and federal administration. From 1958 to 1966, local governmental employment increased by 30 percent. And given the ingrained nature of corporate racism, in tandem with NAACP-led campaigns to desegregate Oakland's civil service, government work became the main means of ascent open to aspiring members of the Black middle class. By the late 1960s, around a third of Black workers in Oakland were employed by a public agency—securing wages far in excess of the earlier generations of porters and servants, or even waterfront welders.[27]

The growth of this multiracial middle class added momentum to the courageous struggles of Oakland's communities of color to abolish the city's longstanding system of residential segregation. The U.S. Supreme Court had struck down racially restrictive covenants, which encircled most of the city's single-family residences, like an invisible wall, in *Shelley v. Kraemer* in 1948. But residents of color were still barred from most neighborhoods by owners who refused to sell, bankers who refused to lend, and brokers who administered the whole process by steering buyers toward separate but decidedly unequal spaces by race. According to Edith Hill, a Black realtor during the postwar period, the Oakland Real Estate Board informally required its members to get all of the residents of a given block to approve before selling a home to a person of color (unless there were three or more non-White residences, in which case, the area was already considered "gone"). If the realtors didn't go along, then they risked being kicked out of the organization.[28]

Things started to change, however, during the era that's commonly referred to as "White Flight." Like the industries that employed them, White households began to abandon Oakland for racially restrictive suburbs after World War II. But rather than the result of some innate racial animus, this process of resegregation was the product of a state-led, racial-capitalist program to give low-cost, low-risk mortgages to households moving to Whites-only suburbs like San Leandro. (Indeed, receiving and accepting this form of the

state's munificence was one of the main ways that Oakland's Jews, Portuguese, and so on became "White" in the first place.) Between 1955 and 1966, an estimated 163,000 White residents left Oakland (the city's total population barely topped 367,000 in 1960).[29] Soon, White sellers couldn't find White buyers. So they began to sell their homes to residents of color who worked in government agencies, medical centers, and the liberal professions.[30] What began as a rare transgression, one punished by social and economic sanction, soon became an extractive industry called "blockbusting." Drumming up anxieties of a racial "transition," real-estate brokers would scare White families into selling their homes at reduced rates and then re-sell them to families of color, which, barred from homeownership in most parts of the city, were often compelled to pay twice the market price. In turn, the movement of people of color into formerly White spaces only accelerated this process of transition and transaction. Still, however exploitative, the will, courage, and concerted action of the new middle class meant that more and more Black residents left overcrowded and rundown apartments in West Oakland for homes in East Oakland, North Oakland, and South Berkeley—where, according to a 1968 survey, as many as 86 percent of Black households had come to own their own residences.[31] This too, then, was Black Power.

It was also the milieu in which Lionel Wilson emerged as a mainstay of African-American social and political life in the East Bay. Born in 1915 in New Orleans, Wilson soon moved to Oakland, where his uncle had landed a job in the shipyards during World War I. Growing up in West Oakland when it was still largely Portuguese and Italian, he went on to become, in the 1930s, one of the only Black students at UC Berkeley.[32] He put himself through school, where he earned a degree in economics, in part by working as a Pullman Porter. But his real love was baseball. Given the nascent nature of Oakland's Jim Crow, however, "Lefty" Wilson was confined to "Negro League" teams like the Oakland Larks, where he played with Mel Reid, owner of Reid's Records in South Berkeley (see Ch. 5).[33] "While there was far more discrimination and far more segregation in the South," Wilson recalled, "there was an awful lot of it here [too]." When he and his wife bought a home in Berkeley, for instance, they had to use a White go-between to avoid the barriers discussed above (even though, as a self-described "Creole," he was light-skinned enough to be mistaken for White when he entered the Army).[34] So after returning from a tour in Europe during World War II, Wilson received a law degree from UC Hastings and, with the onset of the Civil Rights Movement, went to work for the NAACP and the East Bay Democratic Club to dismantle the legal modalities of racial discrimination. Then, in 1960, appointed by Democratic Governor Pat Brown, he became the first Black Superior Court Judge in Alameda County. From the bench, he got more involved in the trenches of local politics when, during the War on Poverty, he came to direct the Oakland Economic Development Commission. A right-of-center liberal, then, he navigated the wave of Black Power by promoting capital investment in the city's Black neighborhoods. In 1977, when Mayor John Reading announced that he wouldn't seek reelection, a rare alliance of Black elites and radicals—including then BPP Chairwoman Elaine Brown—implored Wilson to run.[35]

Indeed, the BPP was pivotal in paving the way for Wilson's election. In the 1970s, there were severe limits on the electoral power of marginalized communities in Oakland. The City Council, for instance, was selected through "at-large" elections that diluted the

votes of residents of color, causing apathy and disengagement, and rendered candidates dependent on the *Oakland Tribune*—and thus the Republican Machine run by its owners, the Knowlands—to reach voters all the way from the Hills to the Bottoms.[36] But in 1973, as the BPP recalled its rank-and-file to Oakland—naming the city its "base of operations" in a strategy to build Black Power, from the local to the global—Bobby Seale and Elaine Brown ran for Mayor and City Council. Neither of them won. But activists turned out in droves to register voters in communities of color across the city—35,000 in 1973 alone—thus seeding the momentum needed to elect Wilson, at last, in 1977.[37]

But Wilson was no Black Panther, nor even Leftist. Instead, he inaugurated a new political—but not necessarily economic—era that Adolph Reed calls a "Black urban regime." Like Chicago, Detroit, and Washington, D.C., Oakland thus entered the post–Civil Rights Era with a Black-led and Black-dominated city government.[38] ("We didn't get our 40 acres and a mule," rapped George Clinton on "Chocolate City" [1975], Parliament's ode to D.C. "But we did get you, CC."[39]) In Oakland, the rise of the Black urban regime entailed an attempt to increase political and corporate power among communities of color by taking over city government, reversing disinvestment by courting new sources capital, and creating new opportunities for businesspeople and professionals (less so for workers), in particular via the redevelopment process. Indeed, by 1980, Black, Latinx, and Asian residents held most of the seats on the Port, Civil Service, and Planning Commissions. At the same time, voters passed a law that moved the city from at-large to district elections; so within three years, Black Oaklanders made up a majority on the City Council, too.[40]

There was only so much material change that could come from this long-awaited and hard-won takeover, however. This wasn't exclusive to Oakland. Rather, according to Reed, all across the U.S., regimes like Wilson's encountered the contradictions of trying to promote economic improvement among their electoral constituencies through the sorts of pro-development, "trickle down" policies that, in U.S. racial capitalism, dispossessed Black and Brown communities in the first place. These regimes thus operated, says Reed, succinctly, "in a local political culture and system dominated…by the imperatives of the very 'growth machine' that is the engine of black marginalization."[41] Indeed, in the face of accelerating disinvestment, Wilson committed his administration not to redistribution—which, according to Reed, would've alienated the corporate components of his governing coalition—but rather an all-out campaign to attract capital back Downtown (see Ch. 5). Sadly, this often occurred at the expense of communities of color that were on the verge of destitution and desperation. In this way, the Black urban regime inherited not only the prerogatives, but also the policies and priorities, instituted by its predecessors during the age of White Power.

"The system, in fact, destroys us through neglect much more often than by the police revolver." –Huey P. Newton, *Revolutionary Suicide* (1973)[42]

Wilson's *problems*, however, were unique to the 1970s. To many local residents, it seemed as though Oakland was experiencing a concerted campaign of retribution—one orchestrated at the top levels of government—for the insubordination of its Black Power, Third World, and anti-war revolts. Private capital had started to desert the city as early as the 1940s. But the massive increase in public spending that occurred during the War on Poverty—as of 1968, Oakland received some $100 million, almost double the city budget, in federal funds—collapsed in the 1970s during a time that scholars have come to identify as the onset of "roll-back" neoliberalism and the rise of the carceral state.[43] According to Ruth W. Gilmore, for instance, the late 20th Century wasn't a time of simple governmental retreat from the issues of poverty intrinsic to U.S. racial capitalism; rather, it was one in which state resources were redirected from social support—in particular, empowerment programs like those that'd turned into a catalyst for uprising in Oakland—to punishment.[44] (Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale had written the BPP Ten-Point Program, after all, in the office of the War on Poverty–funded North Oakland Service Center, where both Seale and Bobby Hutton worked in 1966.[45])

This process would be led by California Republicans like Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and Edwin Meese—who, after serving as a Deputy District Attorney in Alameda County, went on to run the National Drug Policy Board as Reagan's Attorney General—all of whom advance their careers by leading the conservative reaction to Black Power. In 1968, for instance, Nixon took the White House by tying his opponents to divisive issues like the Civil Rights and anti-war movements through the racialized discourse of "law and order." He then redirected the country's law enforcement agencies to target the actors and communities struggling against racist state violence. Under Nixon, the FBI sought to disrupt Black radical organizations in cities like Oakland through its counterintelligence program (COINTELPRO). The Black Panthers—and the neighborhoods, like West Oakland, to which they belonged—bore the brunt of this repression. Indeed, of the countless COINTELPRO actions taken against Black radicals, almost 80 percent targeted the BPP, which FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover called the "greatest threat to the internal security of the country."[46] At the same time, Nixon dismantled the 1960s anti-poverty programs and replaced them with the Community Development Block Grant (CDBG). The CDBG program enlarged the target area to include middle-class communities in its scope of funding and eliminated the troublesome mandate for citizen participation—which, during the War on Poverty, had seeded the ascent of a new crop of political leaders like Wilson.[47]

The roll back of public resources at the national level was soon echoed at the state level through Proposition 13 (1978). Driven by White, anti-tax suburbanites, the measure capped taxes on real estate at one percent of assessed value, limited the rate at which that value could be reassessed, and imposed cumbersome requirements on the creation of any new and potentially compensatory sources of revenue. Given that cities, especially cities with eroding economies, tend to depend on property taxes to pay for municipal services,

Prop 13—which was predicted to lead to a $7-billion drop in property-tax revenue across the state—promised to deprive Oakland and other cities that'd been abandoned by White companies, consumers, and capital. Paul Cobb, part of Wilson's coterie, and publisher of the *Oakland Post*, called it "white folks' message to us that we are going to have to do it ourselves."[48] Indeed, Black voters, who opposed the measure more than any other group, could read the writing on the wall (or the signs that read "Notice of Possible Closure" that appeared on the side of rec centers and libraries throughout Oakland that election season). It read that people of color had "stolen" the central cities; so now, as punishment, Whites were going to take their wealth and wall it off behind the sub/urban color line. Across the state, voters approved Prop 13 by a margin of two to one. But the numbers were inverted in the flats, where voters of color rejected it by the same amount. In the end, Oakland was one of the only cities in the state to vote no on the measure.[49]

Wilson barely had time to set foot in City Hall before facing the fallout of Prop 13, which led to an immediate loss of $14 million in public expenditures (14 percent of total) or 227 public employees (6 percent of total).[50] These administrative abstractions translated into everyday forms of deprivation. In the late 1970s, this entailed cuts in gardeners, park rangers, and recreation staff; cuts in street sweeping and weed abatement; cuts in library hours and services; the closure of a public arts center in East Oakland; and much, much more.[51] In the long term, however, this coerced fiscal crisis engendered a number of far-reaching changes that've come to be seen as typical of neoliberal urban government. For one, it pushed the costs of municipal services from the state to residents—often the most marginalized, who were more dependent on the City for basic resources like recreation—through an increase in "user fees." In 1978, the City Council upped the cost of hundreds of local services—some by as much as 400 percent—across almost all public agencies. In addition, the crisis-induced layoffs forced divisions like City Planning to switch from a proactive to a reactive stance. Rather than conduct more resource-intensive activities, like long-term planning and site inspection, they began to address matters of land-use regulation and nuisance control in response to *complaints*.[52] And this tended to make regulation more uneven, raising the question of what—or who—comprised a "problem" worthy of protest and correction. Indeed, returning to the struggle over Lakeside Park at the start of this chapter, some commentators noted that, as Prop 13 resulted in a 50 percent reduction in park rangers, the City now relied on residents of tony districts like Adam Points calling the cops to direct the management of activities at the Lake.[53]

But these were just the tremors, the unsettling overtures, of one of the most tragic and traumatic chapters in the city's history—one often summed up, despite its complexity, with a single word: *Crack*. Indeed, it did, opening up million-dollar markets, breaking bodies, uprooting communities, and seismically remaking the terrain of local politics. *Crack*. For longtime residents, the word echoes in a chasm in the heart that statistics can neither explain nor repair. It stands in for an experience too vast to comprehend, a loss too large to calculate, a pain too active to tell. *Crack*. In Oakland, it's often invoked to summarize an entire era, an entire generation, the enormity of an unresolved, unrepaired moral crisis. It's sutured with the BPP in the collective memory, forming a commonsense narrative arc from resistant call to repressive response. It's remembered, tragically, as the unmaking of Black Power. In many accounts, the span from the 1960s to the 1990s is condensed into

these two Manichean moments in the saga of Black urban life (and death). And not without good reason; Newton, after all, who noted that "neglect" "destroys us…much more often than the police revolver" (see epigraph), managed to avoid death at the hands of the state through decades of struggle with the OPD only to be murdered in 1989 by a West Oakland drug dealer. *Crack*. This narrative is audible in the first ten seconds of *The Last Days of Oakland* (2016), the Grammy Award–winning revamp of the Oakland Blues by Somali-American musician Fantastic Negrito. In the title track, the singer's voice is interspersed with those of people on the street (and somber blues guitar) to weave a simple but stirring history of the present:

> Fantastic Negrito: The last days of Oakland.
> Character #1: The Black Panthers.
> FN: The end of something.
> Character #2: Crack cocaine.
> FN: And the beginning of something.[54]

But of what exactly? In the Reagan Era, more and more of aspects of life in Oakland—its policies, its priorities, its repute—slipped into the rift, tumbled into the crack.

While the story of the crack epidemic in Oakland is important, it's not exceptional. In the 1980s, U.S. cities became inundated with powerful cocaine from Latin America—much of it with the awareness, if not outright assistance, of Reagan's CIA.[55] This caused the price to drop, making it possible to create a mass market for a drug that had, until that time, been a luxury of the elite. Further, the market for cocaine surged with the advent of a process to crystallize it into a substance that could be smoked, making the high stronger, more immediate, and devastatingly addictive. In contrast to heroine—which, in Oakland, tended to be used among the poor—crack tended to entrap people who were teetering on the edge of the security. It thus spread rapidly among people of color who'd only recently gained a toehold in the city's multiracial middle class. "Finally, having done all the right things," explained Dr. Isaac Slaughter, founder of the West Oakland Mental Health Center, at the time, "they get introduced to crack, and right down the hill they go, like they're riding a bobsled."[56]

The consumers of crack might've come from many backgrounds, many neighborhoods. But the racial and spatial contours of "demarcated devaluation" in Oakland pretty much guaranteed that most all of the dealers—certainly, most all of the people who were criminalized during the emergent War on Drugs—were Black. For while Wilson's arrival in City Hall might've opened the doors to government work for some residents of color, access to the city's office towers and executive suites remained severely restricted. So in 1980, the unemployment rate for Black and Latinx residents was 13.5 and 11.7 percent, respectively, more than twice that for Whites; 60 percent of jobless residents were thus Black. And this structural unemployment hit young people the hardest. At the time, Black youth age 16 to 19—who faced more discrimination in the job market, even compared to teenagers with identical levels of education—suffered a 33.7 percent unemployment rate, the highest in the city.[57] In this context, drug dealing was one of the few means of survival available to young, working-class Black men.[58]

Moreover, at the exact moment that crack hit the streets, the makeup of Oakland's illegal drug economy was in the midst of a radical overhaul. The simultaneous takedown of its three largest heroine-selling organizations by the U.S. Attorney's Office opened up the city's drug market to new operatives and approaches.[59] And given the cheap and copious nature of crack, versus heroine, anyone with a little bit of start-up capital and the courage (or desperation) to face not only the violence of the state, but also rival dealers, could take over a street corner and go into business. But this new system sparked a vast increase in the amount of competition, and thus violent struggle, over territorial markets.[60] "You had people fighting over blocks where they didn't even own the homes they were living in," DJ Greg Bridges told me, with audible regret.[61] Theo Williams agreed: "When crack came on the scene, the city became a lot more violent. The experience became a lot more violent. And then things became a lot more volatile."[62]

For many White residents, who looked down on the East Oakland "killing fields" from their redoubts in the hills (or perhaps their BMWs while making a discrete buy), the discourse of violence reverberated with longstanding racist ideas that linked Blackness to criminality. "Negroes have a different set of moral values," claimed one in response to a 1985 survey of local views on Oakland's quality of life. "[T]hey don't think it's wrong to steal." "The colored don't care," declared another, as if it were 1946, echoing the reaction of local elites to Southern Black migrants during the war. "They grow up like animals."[63] These racist reverberations disavowed the fact that, with crack, it all came back to (racial) economics in a time of state and capital restructuring. "These are not your criminal kids," said Judge Wilmont Sweeney, who estimated that, in 1989, 80 percent of the cases in the Alameda County Juvenile Court were drug-related, most of them due to crack. "These are not your murderers and rapists and thieves. Most of their families are on welfare…[W]e often see kids who are helping out their families by selling cocaine."[64]

Nevertheless, by 1991, at the height of a crack-fueled wave of crime and violence that rocked cities around the country, Oakland had the fourth-highest murder rate in the U.S. Not all of these murders stemmed from the drug trade. But the dynamics of the market, along with the sudden increase in guns as tools of the trade, spurred deadly rounds of street-level corporate conquest and retaliation—or what local residents called, in a tragic twist on the uplifting spirit of the Black Power Beat, "fonk."[65] And given the racialization of poverty, and thus the drug trade, this devastation was visited overwhelmingly on Black youth. Between 1982 and 1992, the murder rate for Black youth, ages 10 to 24, increased by a terrifying 165 percent, while it dropped by 50 percent for Whites.[66]

But as the national consciousness became saturated with bipartisan discourses that dehumanized young people of color as "wild animals" and "superpredators," the epidemic tearing through the flatlands was treated as a moral panic that required more police and prisons, rather than a moral crisis that required all-out collective support.[67] This call for a crackdown didn't merely issue from White racists like the ones cited above. It also came, increasingly, from homeowners of color who, given their exposure to drug-related crime and violence, became more and more frightened and fed up. "No one has the right to kill our children," stated Reverend Jesse Jackson, an avowed "General" in the War on Drugs,

in 1988. "I won't take it from the Klan with a rope; I won't take it from a neighbor with dope."[68] Arguing that law-abiding residents of neighborhoods like East and West Oakland had been abandoned by the state, homeowners of color began to demand protection from the epidemic. Given the national move from anti-poverty intervention and rehabilitation to punishment, however, more protection really amounted to one thing: more policing. In Oakland, as across the U.S., then, the War on Drugs compelled the roll out of new modes of criminalization and control—including mandatory minimums, severe sentencing, and "warrior" policing of working-class communities of color—that were racialized to their core. While, across the U.S., according to Michelle Alexander, most users *and dealers* of illegal drugs during this period were White, 75 percent of the people imprisoned for drug offenses were Black and Latinx. Indeed, between 1983 and 2000, the incarceration rates for Black and Latinx drug offenders increased by 26 and 22 times, respectively.[69] In Oakland, in particular, between 1984 and 1994, the arrest rate among local youth increased by 35 percent. But this masked the fact that, for Black youth, it actually increased by 48 percent, while, for White ones, it fell by 27 percent. As of 1995, then, over 90 percent of young people booked at the local Juvenile Hall on drug-related charges were Black.[70] And all together, the crack epidemic, its lived ordeals and media embellishments, introduced an intense sense of disturbance that came to reverberate in local politics.

From "Negro" to "Nuisance"

In 1984, representatives of ten governmental agencies met, at the behest of Mayor Wilson, at the Lake Merritt Sailboat House to discuss ways to contain the spiraling drug trade. "Oakland's problems are not unique," insisted Joseph Kreuger, Special Agent with the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, to the crowd of attorneys, prison administrators, and probation managers. But, he admitted, "[it's] difficult, if not impossible, to sell the constituency and the media on this reality." Still, he said, given the city's stepped-up campaign to control crack and heroine, Oakland had a "very positive story to tell." "[I]t should give thought to ways of capitalizing on its successes."[71] Indeed, by that time, Wilson had identified the need to stem the deterioration of neighborhood-level quality of life—related, as it seemed, to the drug trade—as his number one concern.[72] Oakland, after all, was in the midst of a cascade of crises, each one compounded by the next. And given the vindictive evacuation of the city by the state and capital alike, nothing imperiled his redevelopment goals more than the raced and classed narrative of neighborhoods out of control. By 1983, the City had spent $133 million on Downtown-centric renewal schemes. But this outpouring of public resources had done little to either attract private investment or improve unemployment—the worst in the region at that time.[73] It thus seemed as though the city's "image problem"—its inability to "sell the constituency and the media" on the fact that it wasn't just a drug- and violence-ridden ghetto—reigned supreme.

Along with redevelopment, then, Wilson doubled down on a law-and-order mode of government that sought to amend, rather than abolish, the OPD. This, argues Adolph Reed, was typical of Black urban regimes, which, in an attempt to manage the tensions of promoting community improvement via racial capitalist development, often constructed a "cordon sanitaire" to protect revenue-creating consumers from the "indigenous rabble."

"The script for this scene was written," he notes, "when Great Britain marched into Calcutta and France sailed into Algiers."[74] The colonial resonances notwithstanding, however, the roll out of this new regime of policing occurred amidst an epochal shift in Oakland's racial and spatial formation. In the 1970s and 80s, I thus argue, Wilson enacted a basic switch in the target of policing from "Negro" to "nuisance," and especially "noise." This aligned with a national trend that, as Robin D. G. Kelley states, involved the move from an overtly racist approach to policing U.S. cities to one that, incorporating the anti-racist discourses of the Civil Rights Era, presented as "race neutral." The only thing that was neutralized, however, was the rebellion against the naturalization of White Power. As one component of the post-1960s myth of the end of racism, then, the shift from "Negro" to "nuisance" served as a vehicle for what Kelley calls "color-blind violence."[75]

Here, it's important to introduce this study's third socio-sonic arrangement. In the post–Civil Rights Era, Oakland became a "majority-minority" city—not only in terms of population, but also in terms of political representation. With desegregation, residents of color came to predominate in working- and middle-class districts throughout the flats as well as some areas of the upper-class hills. At the same time, after a prolonged period of Black/White residential conversion, the city's demographics became much more multiracial. With the relative loosening of U.S. immigration restrictions in 1965, Oakland saw a dramatic increase in migrants from Africa, Latin America, East and Southeast Asia, and the Pacific Islands. As of 1990, when the number of Black Oaklanders peaked and then began to drop, the number of residents who identified as Latinx or Asian/Pacific Islander reached 13 and 15 percent, respectively (and these percentages have only since continued to grow).[76] Moreover, given the trend toward economic stratification discussed above, this diversification of the city's ethno-racial composition *across* communities intersected with increasing divisions of age and class *within* them. By the 1980s and 90s, then, second-generation children of immigrants were intermingling in the public schools with African-American and, to a lesser extent, White ones—thus engendering a multiracial, but Black-centered, youth culture that was increasingly alien(ating) to older residents. "Youth" thus became, according to Jennifer Tilton, an "almost racial category."[77] Black residents continued to bear the brunt of policing as a steady drumbeat of state violence; but increasingly, youth of color—especially, argues Victor Rios, those who displayed a stylistic proximity to Black youth culture, rather than normative Whiteness—became targets of concern and control through their classification as "thugs," "gangbangers," and so on.[78]

In this context, notions of deviance and danger, and thus policing, could no longer be tied as simplistically to Blackness. Amidst a national move toward more "race-neutral" markers of risk, or what Jodi Melamed calls "[r]acialization beyond color lines," Oakland introduced raced, classed, and age-based modes of regulation that treated particular urban spaces and styles as indexical of "problems" to be policed.[79] Given the prevailing sense of decline due to crack and drug-related violence, disinvested public spaces like streets and parks—and the sonic and aesthetic expressions connected to them—became the targets of intervention through techniques like "broken-windows" and "problem-oriented" policing. For youth—especially those whose style, conduct, and comportment were seen as lacking respectability—simply being in public rendered them exposed to what I call the *cultural politics of disturbance*. Whereas, in the 1960s and 70s, the emancipated youth cultures of

the Beat had activated the city's public cultural landscape with the vibration of self-determination, in the 1980s and 90s, the rise of quality-of-life policing now treated them as sites of censure and control. Increasingly, then, the sound of Black Power was remixed as reckless and excessive "noise."

As discussed in Ch. 1, the OPD had a long history of maintaining White Power in Oakland. In the 1940s, in response to the wartime arrival of African Americans, the OPD recruited Southern Crackers to shore up the local racial order through Jim Crow–style—meaning terroristic—enforcement. In the 1950s and 60s, however, in line with national trends in urban policing, the top brass began to enact a series of reforms meant to turn the department into a more "professional" organization.[80] These changes were documented in 1968 by James Q. Wilson—the neoconservative urbanist, and co-author of the (in)famous "broken-windows" theory of policing—in *Varieties of Police Behavior*, which compared policing practices in eight U.S. cities, including Oakland. Visiting the city in the midst of the Black Power Era, Wilson determined that it was on the cutting edge of what he called a "legalistic" style of policing, which involved new modes of organization and operation. Organizationally, the OPD instituted more training, introduced a data-driven research and planning division, and consolidated its various precincts into a new, central headquarters in Downtown Oakland. (This new complex was located at Seventh Street and Broadway, right in the middle of skid row, and a short ride from the still-thriving commercial core of West Oakland.) Operationally, the legalistic style of policing called on officers to enforce the letter of the law—even, or especially, in cases of minor violation—without discretion or prejudice. This, then, translated into increased rates of citation and arrest. According to Wilson: "A legalistic department will act, on the whole, as if there were a single standard of community conduct—that which the law prescribes—rather than different standards for juveniles, Negroes, drunks, and the like. Indeed, because such persons are more likely than certain others to commit crimes, the law will fall heavily on them and be experienced as 'harassment.'"[81] In Oakland, then, Wilson encountered the sort of "zero-tolerance" policies that he'd come to promote under the idea of broken-windows policing.[82] Indeed, marginalized residents experienced these practices as harassment and worse. For however "zealous," in Wilson's words, were these legalistic standards, OPD officers continued to crack down on young people, poor people, and people of color for smalltime offenses like drinking, gambling, and loitering in public.

To make matters worse, the move toward legalistic reform served to secure White control of the OPD at the exact moment that White people were leaving the city en masse. In line with the new imperative to enforce the letter of the law, the OPD began to select for more educated and middle-class candidates. But in the midst of postwar shifts in the structure of the region, these "good men," as the leadership called them, seemed to reside increasingly in the suburbs. The City thus removed its residency requirement to allow the OPD to recruit, even favor, candidates from outside of Oakland's communities of color.[83] This, according to Donna Murch, only served to move the culture of the department from the crude loathing of Southern Crackers to the more polite racism of White suburbanites.[84] In addition, by increasing the importance of the supposedly "meritocratic" civil-service review, this process of hiring reform served to forestall the integration of the department for another two decades. But this wasn't because there weren't "good men" to be found

among Oakland's African-American population; it was rather because the OPD used the exam process to screen out high-scoring Black applicants in favor of less-educated ones who were "easier to control."[85] According to Hadwick Thompson, who helped to integrate the department in the 1940s, the OPD used the *oral exam*, in particular, to weed out well-educated men who might rise through the ranks to take over management. The raced and classed timbre of the Black voice was thus inserted into the hiring process to ensure that the OPD was only accessible, in Thompson's words, to a "certain class of Negro"—one who would "go down and whip heads" among other Black residents.[86] As of 1970, then, when Oakland was 35 percent Black, only 36 of the OPD's 711 cops, or 5 percent, were African American.[87]

The legalistic approach thus became more and more at odds with the politics of Black Power in Oakland. For while James Wilson argued that it was more impartial with regard to race, White cops admitted that the legalistic mode involved an informal system of quotas for tickets and arrests that encouraged "more aggressive policing," in particular among vulnerable residents. In the early 1970s, then, amidst ongoing calls to "police the police," the OPD underwent another revision—this time toward what Chief Charles Gain called, contra Wilson, a more "humanistic" or "service-style" of policing. In an interview at the time, Congressman Ron Dellums conceptualized it as a move from the old method of "head-knocking" to a more "sensitive, liberal approach to modern law enforcement."[88] The legalistic mode operated through a strict opposition of lawbreakers and law enforcers. But the humanistic one was meant to reframe residents as human beings with basic wants, needs, and problems and officers as empathetic and strategic "problem solvers." Indeed, until recently, the OPD had a dedicated staff of "problem-solving officers." (They're now called "community resource officers.") But this idea has become so intrinsic to the logic of policing in Oakland that—when I interviewed a former problem-solving officer who now oversees bars and liquor stores in 2017—he used the term "problem" or "problems" 45 times over the course of our one-hour conversation to describe alcohol-related issues.

In the 1970s, as concerns about police violence began to give way to ones about rising disinvestment and insecurity, these "problems" came to be seen as "nuisances" that threatened the "quality of life" of (law-abiding) residents. Under Lionel Wilson, then, securing neighborhood quality of life came to be seen as a central concern that united his constituents across racial and, to a certain extent, class lines. Certainly, historic demands for better education, employment, and housing remained vital. Increasingly, however, for advocates engaged in what James Forman Jr. calls the "politics of responsibility" around communal uplift, a reorganized service-style police came to be seen as essential to safeguarding the city's communities of color, as well.[89] Indeed, according to Jennifer Tilton, given increasing anxieties about unemployed and undisciplined youth, many middle-class residents of color, especially homeowners, came to define adequate police protection as a "civil right." After Jonathan Simon, she calls this "governing through crime"—or a mode of government that, in line with the national trends discussed above, tends to view crime suppression, rather than social protection, as the prime role of the state. In Oakland, the increasing importance of the police in day-to-day government was conditioned by the fact that—due to massive fiscal retrenchment at the federal, state, and local levels—the OPD was often, for better or worse, the agency that was most responsive to the calls of flatland

residents. But governing through crime recentered the relationship between residents and the police on what Tilton calls "*problem people* or *problem places*" (italics in original)—encouraging residents to articulate their claims in terms of small-scale, site-specific nuisances, rather than the structural critiques of the geographies and choreographies of U.S. racial capitalism that'd resounded in the Black Power Beat.[90] By the late 1980s, the city's insurgent homeowner groups were described as the "new urban guerillas"—not, like the BPP, for their willingness to fight capitalism and colonialism, but rather their willingness to combat conduct and environmental conditions that gave rise to "crime and grime."[91]

Of course, some residents had long known what it meant to be seen as a problem. For W.E.B. Du Bois, to be Black and American was always already to know how it felt to "be a problem."[92] Still, in Oakland, governing through crime—and, more specifically, what I call *governing through nuisance*—animated a unique socio-sonic arrangement in that, amidst increasing social variations and post-racial imperatives, the problematization of Blackness became recoded through a more fine-grained attunement to particular urban spaces and expressions of conduct. As George Lipsitz notes, the "racialization of space" allows for race-specific logics to masquerade as place-specific, and thus race-neutral.[93] In other words, by targeting "drug hotspots" and "high-crime areas," rather than entire communities of color, problem-oriented policing reconfigured the geographies of racist state violence in a manner consistent with the post-segregation era. In the process, it reoriented policing from a focus on crude social categories ("Negro") to more targeted forms of conduct deemed dangerous or undesirable ("nuisance"). According to the latter, it wasn't so much racialized bodies as racialized bodies-out-of-control that warranted regulation. And this placed a renewed emphasis on raced, classed, and age-based markers of recklessness and respectability in ways that tended to criminalize the spaces and practices associated with working-class, and especially Black, youth cultures.

The problematization of style involved in governing through nuisance tended to focus, literally, on visual signs of orderliness in ways typical of broken-windows policing. (The broken window, after all, is a visual trope; it's the sight of broken glass, not the sound of glass breaking, that supposedly incites the criminal to act.) In Oakland, however, where the vibration of the Beat tends to resist silencing, the sounds that young people of color made and consumed soon entered the political mix, as well—only now as "noise." In 2005, for instance, a resident named Margurite Fuller wrote a letter to the *Tribune* in which she sounded off about a range of nuisances in the Fruitvale neighborhood. "[I] am surrounded by crime and lots of drug dealing," she stated, "but the most intrusive and offensive activity throughout the area is loud car (and sometimes home) stereos…If I could change just one thing in my neighborhood above all else, I would eliminate the excruciating noise from boom boxes. The noise has robbed us of any good quality of life. I can close the blinds and not see the marauding teens and the drug dealing, but there is no way to shut out the boom box cacophony."[94]

Noise as Nuisance

"Noise," writes Lilian Radovac, "is the final verdict in a process of aesthetic judgment that is always and necessarily social."[95] Indeed, the City of Oakland's own Noise Element, the segment of the General Plan dedicated to regulating the city's soundscape, defines it as "unwanted sound."[96] This means that noise is constituted and controlled as a *disturbance*; it's precisely that sound that crosses the threshold from appealing, or at least acceptable, to unaesthetic and unnerving that incites control as "noise." But despite constant attempts to set a standard, often numerical, measure to govern this limit, there's no universal means to separate "good" sounds from "bad." Rather, as discussed in the Intro, the evaluation of sound as noise is contingent on social and cultural sensibilities forged, historically, in the crucible of racial capitalism and colonialism. It's contextual, as well. Indeed, people can experience the same sound as either desirable or disturbing depending on their circumstances—the time of day, their intended activity, their mood, and so on—in ways that cut across more rigid demarcations of racial and cultural identity. Moreover, at the collective level, these aesthetic/affective assessments tend to change over time in relation to broad socio-technological conditions. The question, therefore, is not: What is noise? But rather: When and where is noise, and to whom? How do particular notions of good and bad sounds come to be normatively defined and enforced in a given historical-geographical moment? The latter—which is wrapped up with intersecting formations of race, class, gender, and generation—is a matter of politics, not metrics.

The same is true for nuisance, as well. Carried over from English common law, the precursor to the police powers of local government in the U.S., nuisance law is meant to control urban activities and affects by containing them within the legal, cultural, and of course spatial bounds of property and propriety. Derived from the Latin *nocere*, meaning "to harm," the notion of nuisance implies that—in a dense space of cohabitation, like the city—one person's actions can injure another person's "right to enjoy" space over which they're presumed sovereign. And since it doesn't respect property lines and other socio-political distinctions, sound—converted, discursively, into "noise"—is seen as a nuisance par excellence. "Noise…is a true nuisance," said Chris Candell, zoning inspector for the City of Oakland, when we met to discuss the regulation of sound outside of City Hall. "I think it's because of the effect it has on people, physiologically and psychologically. If you get disturbed two or three nights a week and it's not your fault—it has nothing to do with you; *it's someone else doing this to you*—you take it rather personally…You want to come down here to City Hall with torches and pitchforks."[97] In this way, Candell sketched out the cultural politics of disturbance that, as I discussed in the Intro, creates a relay of percussions and repercussions connecting the individual experience of noise to collective calls for redress to governmental action. But while he spoke in the second person ("you") in a manner that normatively assumed how I, or anyone else, should feel about sound, the experience of nuisance—like noise—isn't universal. Rather, given its origins in England, the government of nuisance in cities like Oakland encodes a set of spatial norms that are Eurocentric and bourgeois in their roots and present-day reverberations. (In this sense, the feudal imagery of torches and pitchforks invoked by Candell was fitting.) It encodes what George Lipsitz calls the "White spatial imaginary," which, as argued throughout this text, can be adopted and administered by White people and people of color alike. In a spin on

the legal discourse, however, one person's "nuisance" might not be so much the violation as the *instantiation* of another person's "right to enjoy." Here, again, the government of noise as nuisance is resoundingly political.

In Oakland, the regulation of noise wasn't unique to the late 20th Century; as early as 1912, the OPD called upon its officers to cite a person who "maliciously and willfully disturbs the peace and quiet of any neighborhood or person by loud or unusual noise" for "disturbing the peace."[98] Still, the City turned up the volume on anti-noise measures in the 1970s. In 1971, amidst the rebellious rides of the Hell's Angels and East Bay Dragons, Mayor John Reading pushed the City Council to take action against loud motorcycles—which, according to the *Tribune*, were "shattering the night-time peace of the citizens." In response, Joshua Rose, Oakland's first Black City Councilmember, introduced a law that outlawed "unnecessary, excessive, and annoying noises from all sources subject to…[the] police power."[99] Soon, these "sources" would come to include the bongos and congas at Lakeside Park, as well. This anti-noise campaign emerged in relation to an increasing national concern with the adverse impacts of excessive sounds. In 1972, in the context of the nascent environmental movement, the U.S. passed the Federal Noise Control Act—which, introduced by Senator John Tunney of California, recast urban noise as a form of "pollution" that could be not only disturbing, but dangerous. It also called upon state and local governments to incorporate noise controls into their planning and development activities. So in 1974, Oakland created its first-ever Noise Element of the City's General Plan. In the aftermath of grassroots revolts against urban renewal, the authors focused on the noxious effects of the large-scale infrastructures of modernist and industrial development like factories and the Oakland Airport.[100] By the end of the 1970s, however, as the crisis of disinvestment continued to set in, this critique of developmentalism was drowned out by the resurgent outcry against the unsettling sounds—in particular, music—associated with racialized and impoverished bodies and spaces.

In 1978, for instance, the *Tribune* ran an editorial that railed against the trouble of residents with portable radios. "[S]omewhere along the way," grumbled the editors, "they failed to learn that everyone has a right to his own peculiarities—including the right not to listen to someone else's radio." In reasserting the sovereign right of lawful individuals to freedom from the "noises" of others, this discourse resonated with the racial reverberations of nuisance law. It thus denounced those who disrespected this right as outside the norms of liberal reason, and thus unfit for the privileges of citizenship. "Why don't they understand it?" begged the editors, equating sonic sensibilities with moral and intellectual worth. "Lack of education? Lack of proper upbringing? Simple stupidity? It's probably a little of all three." "After all," they concluded, as if the liberal-racist tenor of their critique wasn't loud and clear, "did you ever hear anybody with a transistor radio listening to Mozart?"[101] In 1981, then, amidst ongoing struggles over the gatherings at Lakeside Park, the City Council revised the existing noise ordinance to outlaw the use of a stereo in public without a permit. In 1990, as the city was on the rise as a West Coast mecca of rap music (see Ch. 5), it amended the law again to curb the use of "boomboxes" in particular. These revisions reinscribed the dominant logic of noise as nuisance. For it didn't matter whether the stereo was positioned indoors or outdoors, in a private space or a public one; it only

mattered whether the sound that it emitted traveled from one sovereign space to another, and thus transgressed the lines of property and propriety.[102]

In addition to home stereos and boomboxes, the City soon became concerned with car stereos, too, especially in relation to popular practices of automotive cruising (see Ch. 3). The 1981 amendment, for instance, prohibited sound amplification wherever it would "impede the flow of pedestrian or vehicular traffic to such an extent that it would create a dangerous traffic situation."[103] Then, in the 1990s, still in search of a means to suppress the apparent scourge of cruising, Oakland attempted to replicate New York City's "operation soundtrap." This tactic, a remix of the more-common "speedtrap," involved sending cops to cruising zones, where they'd screen for violations of the noise ordinance and impound the cars of violators until they paid a fine. It thus typified the spatial politics of governing through nuisance; by targeting cruising "hotspots," which tended to be sites of pleasure among Black and Brown youth, rather than all spaces in which car stereos were enjoyed, it authorized a punitive form of racial-cum-spatial discrimination. Still, the City Council was undeterred. In 1996, it spent $4,500 on sound-monitoring devices so that the OPD could pursue a similar strategy, and sought another $13,500 to purchase nine more. Then, on the revenue side, it declared that violations of the noise ordinance were punishable as "public nuisances" and instated per diem fines of $100 (up to $5,000 per year) to discipline repeat offenders.[104]

Despite recurring calls to make it standardized and scientific, and thus equitable, however, the regulation of noise in Oakland, like most governmental activities after Prop 13, is driven by the complaints of residents and business owners in ways that result in a random and uneven array of violations. "We rely on complaints," explained Candell, who, at the time that we spoke, was the sole zoning inspector for a city of 78 square miles. "If I were to take a systematic approach," he stated, "I'd start in one part of the city and retire before I reached the other end. I could never get it done. There's just not enough of us."[105] I confirmed this in 2015, when, reviewing the records of noise-based nuisance-abatement actions since 2005, I discovered that the City of Oakland tends to issue sporadic penalties for a mishmash of sounds—from a barking dog to a band practice, from moving garbage cans late at night to music leaking out of nightclubs. These actions tend to serve as a mere warning, rather than a means of repression. But complaint-driven noise regulations serve to place certain people and spaces under the oversight of governmental agencies in ways that can lead to penalties for totally unrelated issues. In 2011, for instance, the Nuisance Abatement Division sent a letter to North Oakland's Higher Ground Pentecostal Church in response to resident concerns about loud music during religious services. In addition to this relatively minor and intermittent issue, however, the City noted that, upon review, it appeared as though the church lacked the proper "zoning clearance." It thus directed this small, storefront operation to correct the zoning issue or risk the consequences of a much more serious offense. Indeed, in reviewing over 550 pages of documents, I found noise-related notices that cited recipients for problems with their business, health, and public-assembly permits, as well. This, as we'll see again in Chapters 3 and 6, points to the systematic way in which the problematization of "noise" in Oakland, along with other small quality-of-life violations, serves as a racist and classist, but seemingly race-neutral, pretext for more severe forms of policing and punishment.

Conclusion

Ishmael Reed—celebrated poet, novelist, and musician—wasn't born in Oakland. Rather, this son of Buffalo, New York moved to Berkeley in 1967, making him a member of the mass migration of Black artistic luminaries to the East Bay during the Black Power Era (see Ch. 1). Indeed, by the time that he and his wife, Carla, bought a large Victorian in North Oakland in 1979, Reed had become a de facto representative of the city's robust Black Arts Movement. But he wasn't a strict cultural nationalist; he was rather, above all, a trenchant critic of Anglo-American cultural dominance and assimilationism. He was, in other words, a champion of the growing movement for multiculturalism. And Oakland—which, with increasing immigration, now vibrated with not only the Blues and the Beat, but also cumbias and Cambodian pop tunes—was one of his models and muses. So in the early 2000s, he turned his attention to the Town in *Blues City: A Walk in Oakland* (2003). Written amidst the onset of the Jerry Brown Administration (1999-2007), which marked the end of the Black urban regime (see Ch. 3), Reed celebrated and defended Oakland in the face of what he called "Jerryfication" through an ethnographic account of precisely its public (multi)culture. "Oakland is a city where identities blur," he wrote, reflecting on his travels across the city's cultural landscape. "Where one encounters hip-hop dancers at a festival in Chinatown; where the mistress of ceremonies at a Kwanzaa celebration is a white woman in Yoruba dress; where…about a fifth of the audience at a Native American powwow is black." Oakland, for Reed, was thus a rich and resistive "cultural stew." But even with all of this creolization, it was still, indelibly, a Black Town, one synonymous with the sound of its Southern Black migrations. "Oakland is Blues City," he concluded, "[h]usky and brawling."[106]

For Reed, then, resisting the cultural erasures of "Jerryfication" meant preserving the racial—and especially Black—reverberations of Oakland's varied cultural landscapes. (This is unsurprising given that, since the 1980s, Reed—a jazz pianist—has worked with a wide range of artists, from Gregory Porter to Taj Mahal, to set his words to music.) But apparently, his appetite for Black sounds ran aground when it came to the next generation of Oakland's bass-driven "slaps" (see Ch. 1). In 2004-2005, he penned a series of op-eds in the *Tribune* that inveighed against the invasion of his neighborhood by "sound bandits," "young men whose chief purpose in life seems to be competing in some strange contest to determine who can play the stereos in…their cars the loudest." These men, he declared, appealing to ongoing anxieties about drug use among local youth, were "addicted to The Beat." "My neighbors and I have done more than any citizen should be required to do to bring this crisis to the attention of those in charge of our safety," he wrote. "We have attended meetings, written e-mails, made phone calls and written letters." But to little avail. "[M]y neighborhood," he concluded, with irritation, "has been ceded to lawbreakers."[107]

In this chapter, I've argued that the late 20th Century was a time of massive transformations in Oakland. It saw the rise of a multiracial middle class and the Black urban regime, on one side, but also increasing disinvestment and volatility, on the other. As the modus operandi of the OPD moved from a legalistic to humanistic approach, so too did it switch from a monolithic mode of racialized control targeting "Negroes" to a seemingly race-neutral one targeting "nuisances." The latter led to new forms of governing through

nuisance that enrolled middle-class residents and homeowners of all races in a campaign to secure the deteriorating quality of life in flatlands neighborhoods through the policing of spaces and activities deemed "problematic." Certainly, these practices were meant to mitigate the fallout from the drug trade and its attendant civil and state violence. But they reverberated well beyond the crack epidemic, targeting modes of conduct and comportment—much of which resonated with the emancipatory cultural politics of the Beat—that disturbed residents already wracked with what Jordan T. Camp and Christina Heatherton call a sense of "economic and even existential insecurity."[108] Clearly, this anxiety-driven impulse toward control—what I call the cultural politics of disturbance—wasn't limited to White racists. It also spread to ostensive advocates of the city's Black population and public culture like Reed. Indeed, in a manner consistent with Jennifer Tilton's account of homeowner-led policing of "problem people or problem places" (italics removed), Reed and his neighbors lobbied strenuously to get the OPD to control the local "sound bandits" and "lawbreakers." This, then, indicated the increasing importance of intraracial divisions of class and age in struggles over Oakland's cultural landscape amidst the rise of a more rebellious, but also multiracial, youth culture. For while Reed and other communal elders wanted, dearly, to sustain a city in which the public culture was resoundingly Black, they also demanded governmental action to ensure that it didn't become Black *like that*.

One last point is in order; namely, the modes of governing through nuisance that were consolidated during this period—the park rules, noise ordinances, and practices of "hotspot" policing—were the same legal and cultural logics that would be reactivated two decades later to silence the barbecues and drum circles at Lake Merritt (see Preface and Intro). As argued above, these events have come to serve as the examples par excellence of gentrification in Oakland. This has occurred through a discourse that ties the racialized, and especially anti-Black, policing of the cultural landscape to the increasing presence of White residents, sensibilities, and privileges amidst the region's tech-driven restructuring. But as the last two chapters have demonstrated, this policing has evolved over a *longue durée* of socio-sonic control in Oakland that—since World War II, through the era of not only White Power, but also the Black urban regime—has been anti-poor, anti-youth, and anti-Black. This, I argue, points to the ways that, in times of widespread social insecurity and disturbance, the logics of liberal reason and liberal racism have only come to be more and more entrenched. This attunement to the racial reverberations of struggles over the cultural landscape thus complicates the temporalities of gentrification in Oakland, calling critical attention to commonsense, but White supremacist, modes of governing the city's sounds and spaces.

3 // "Now Let Me Direct Traffic for a Minute": The Moral Panic of/as the Sideshow

"Oakland is, and will always be, synonymous with loud pipes and speed…"
–Ralph "Sonny" Barger, foreword to *Soul on Bikes* (2003)[1]

"Oakland police officers not only take the joy out of the joyride; they take the ride too."
–Pendarvis Harshaw, *OG Told Me* (2017)[2]

Introduction

Looping back, back to the loop, to the Sunday in November 2017, when—on my walk around Lake Merritt—I stop to contemplate the SambaFunk! incident at the amphitheater where it occurred (see Intro). Eventually, I'm aroused from my meditation by the rising saw-like whine of motorcycle engines. I turn around toward Twelfth Street to see a group of around 40 young men, almost all of them Black, pull up to the stoplight in front of the Alameda County Court House on stylish sport bikes, pocket bikes, and even a few ATVs. It's like the Oakland Rideout (see Preface), only a lot more motorized. The group "stops" at the light. But in a way that expertly dances at the edge of legality. The riders skirt between cars, sliding to the front of the line, and some skid out into the intersection, where they rev their engines and drive in circles, albeit without interfering with oncoming traffic. In this vein, they reveal a careful awareness, but also a self-conscious refusal, of the rules of the road. After what feels like a long and tense minute, the light turns green. The riders hit the gas, roaring toward Downtown with an energetic eruption of wheelies and burnt rubber. As speedily as they emerged, they're now gone, the dwindling whine of their engines the only vestige of this entrancing break in the ordinariness of another loop around the Lake.[3]

Around me, I notice a wide range of reactions among other parkgoers; some gawk, snap photos, and swap looks of surprise, while others go right on with their picnics and domino games. For newer residents and visitors, it seems, this group ride is something of a novelty, even a spectacle. But for others, it's not so much a revelation as a reverberation. Indeed, like any spectacle, this event masks the circumstances of its own historical emergence. For in Oakland, this sort of ride—which occurs regularly on the weekends in the warmer months—arises out of a long tradition of (fugitive) mobilities that, since World War II, has come to include motorcycle clubs, car cruises, "sideshows," and more. In this sense, Sonny Barger, founder of the city's notorious chapter of the Hell's Angels, is right: "Oakland is…synonymous with loud pipes and speed" (see epigraph). But he misses the other side of the coin—namely, that it's also synonymous with aggressive and racialized efforts to control automotive recreation and culture among working-class communities of color. The motorized parade that cruised past me at the Lake thus emerged at the crossroads of racial and racist reverberations—the love of mobility and publicity, on one side, and the state and market intervention into spaces of recreation in ways that push working-class people of color, especially Black people, into the street, on the other.

In Chapter 1, I argued that the latter occurred in West Oakland surrounding World War II through the segregation and policing of the cultural spaces available to African-American migrants and youth. Campaigns to control sites like the DeFremery Recreation Center, I noted, contributed to a politics of Black Power that targeted and retuned the vibrations of the city's public cultural landscape. In Chapter 2, however, I argued that this critical geography of Black identity and community soon came under attack amidst public and private disinvestment during the post–Civil Rights Era. The restrictions on roller-skating at Lake Merritt in the late 1970s, for instance, were passed around the same time that North Oakland's Rollerland closed down after 50 years in operation.[4] Over time, the city's once-revered movie theaters, commercial amusements, and other sites of recreation and leisure would meet a similar fate. This displaced social activity among working-class communities of color into informal spaces, like parks and streets, where it was rendered even more vulnerable through not only the corrosion of the public realm, but also the roll out of new modes of policing that took the mere fact of being in public as a measure of disturbance. In the 1980s and 90s, then, stuck between the dangers of the crack epidemic and the War on Drugs, many Black and Brown Oaklanders—who were the most likely to experience victimization through either drug-related or state violence—simply began to stay inside.[5] For others, however, the desire for some amount of collectivity, excitement, and catharsis was strong enough to brave the street, driving new and increasingly contentious modes of circulation. And the main site of this itinerant politics was the car.

In this chapter, I argue that, in the post–Civil Rights Era, the curtailment of public and private landscapes of recreation intersected with the historical importance of the car as a space of emancipation and expression among Oakland's working-class communities of color, especially African Americans, to produce new geographies of public circulation: namely, the "sideshow" and the "cruise." In turn, amidst the rise of what I call *governing through nuisance* (see Ch. 2), these roving spatialities of fugitive pleasure were met with increasingly extreme forms of police repression. Sideshows, in particular, which came to be seen as the spatial expression of Oakland's "hyphy" rap culture, became the target of a moral panic that policed the automotive and sonic pleasures of young people of color.[6] In this context, the commonsense concern with the apparent recklessness of young people's conduct served itself as a sideshow that distracted from structural inequalities of race and space, thus echoing earlier articulations of liberal reason and liberal racism. In addition, this process drove the growth and restructuring of the Oakland Police Department (OPD) in ways that, as I show in Chapters 4 and 6, led to violent reverberations across the city's more legitimate, but no less precarious, cultural landscapes.

Finally, it's important for me to note two things that this chapter is *not*. First, it's not an endorsement of sideshows—which, as I'll discuss, tend to be dangerous—as either inherently emancipatory or worthy of protection. Second, it's not an ethnography; I don't claim to have access to the inner workings or meanings of sideshows and their associated practices for participants. Rather, as I discuss below, this chapter is largely an archival study of the roots and branches of a moral panic. In other words, it's an examination of the cultural and political causes and consequences of an intense, and still ongoing, contest over the government of public culture and conduct in Oakland, with a particular concern

for the ways in which it led to changes in the policing of cultural spaces that cater(ed) to young people of color.

Joyriding and Cruise Control

"We used to drive. Drive for hours. Till we ran out of gas and had to fill up again…My friends and I repeated our route as often as we could, as slow as we could, playing music out of car speakers as loud as we could. Never taking freeways because all the stuff that freeways tried to avoid were the things we wanted to run into, get lost in: other cars with people in them; red lights that might have you stop on a corner where everybody was gathered, allowing you to run into friends you hadn't seen since the last time you passed, pulling over to get the latest news about somebody, get a girl's phone number. Anything to fight the boredom and fill the ride, fill our lives, with details. Details felt like action and excitement, made the place we called "the town" feel more like a city. We wanted to feel like this place was important—which would make us more powerful, relevant."
–Boots Riley (2018)[7]

Where do you go when you're too young to get into bars, too poor or too policed to mingle in commercial districts, and too late (historically speaking) to take advantage of the public recreational programs—however segregated or normalizing—that emerged during the New Deal and War on Poverty? For generation after generation of young people, especially in California, the answer has been the same: you jump in the car. Indeed, since World War II, the car has been a normative site of urban citizenship in U.S. cities—an essential unit of individual sovereignty—and the racialized site of its continual unmaking. For African Americans, in particular, for whom movement was routinely regulated, either by law or custom, under both slavery and emancipation, the car came to represent a literal vehicle for fugitive freedom. George Lipsitz thus sees expressions of mobility as core to what he calls the "Black spatial imaginary." "Blacks in every city, town, and hamlet," he notes, "created cultural forms that celebrated movement in defiance of segregationist constraints and confinement."[8] Amidst the cruelties of anti-Blackness in the U.S., however, displacement and enforced homelessness were (are) as common as confinement. In this context, the car might be the only space of privacy, independence, and capital ownership available to many working-class African Americans. In Oakland, for instance, drummer Earl Watkins recalled that, amidst the postwar geographies of Jim Crow, it was common for White businesses to sell Black residents cars but not homes.[9] In this sense, car culture among Black Oaklanders, like many of the city's blues geographies, emerged in part as a pleasurable response to racial capitalist systems of segregation and exploitation.[10]

Oakland thus entered the postwar era with a need for speed. After wartime limits on car manufacturing were lifted, war workers, especially men, poured their accumulated wages into purchasing automobiles. This nascent car culture often took shape through the creation of racialized and gendered car and motorcycle clubs. In the 1950s, for instance, Tobie Gene Levingston formed the East Bay Dragons—soon one of the nation's first all-Black, all–Harley Davidson motorcycle clubs—as a car club to cultivate a sense of order and community among Black migrant youth. "With so much action on the streets," he re-

called in his memoir, "these boys needed an outlet, a brotherhood, a club, something that could keep them busy and out of the jailhouse." The Dragons would thus work on their cars, throw (and crash) dances, and meet up at night amidst the city's increasingly vacant industrial spaces to race with other car enthusiasts. But clearly, these clubs weren't just about keeping young people "out of the jailhouse." They were also a site of generational solidarity, self-fashioning, and joy. "For the first time," according to Levingston, "black kids had a lifestyle all their own, different from their folks, their teachers, and especially the cops…[W]e might have been under the bosses' thumb on the job, but once the factory whistle blew or the school bell rung, we had our own music and our own thing going."[11] In the 1960s and 70s, then, as more and more Black, Latinx, and Asian residents moved into the flatlands of East Oakland (see Ch. 2), this proto-suburban landscape became the perfect space for young people of color to form automotive identities and communities. Emptied, in 1948, of the streetcars that'd once carried working- and middle-class Whites to and from their racially restrictive enclaves, corridors like Foothill Boulevard and East Fourteenth Street were soon transformed into popular "strips" in which to see and be seen (or sound and be heard). Here, members of the city's car clubs—often organized by race and neighborhood, but also dedication to particular makes and models—would parade up and down the street, posting up at the 76 Station or San Antonio Park to demonstrate their prowess, creativity, and value. It was like a caravan of charismatic animals, with Cougars, Mustangs, Falcons, and more.

The world of the "cruise" challenged socio-spatial norms in three important ways. First, while the system of "planned obsolescence" that drives capitalist consumer culture was developed in the auto industry, local car clubs like the Falcon Boys forged a sense of collective identity through the caring and creative revival of cars seen as outmoded by the regulators of reputable taste. Roberto Bedoya calls this *"rasquachismo*," a creative praxis that—"structured by resourcefulness, and prompted by poverty"—counteracts the White spatial imaginary.[12] Indeed, club members often drew upon bits and pieces of experience working in machine shops or the branch plants of companies like Chevrolet, which, until they began to close amidst the suburbanization of industry after the war, earned Oakland that nickname the "Detroit of the West."[13] The car clubs thus resisted the planned obsolescence of not only their Mustangs or Camaros, but also their communities—their place in the racial capitalist order of the deindustrializing city. Second, as an icon of consumerism, the car was a sign of individual value. But in Oakland, the organized cruising of car clubs became a way of coordinating automobilities—like the "(kin)aesthetic politics" of funk music and dance (see Ch. 1)—so as to encourage individuals to act in concert. And third, the goal was to ride *slow* (and, in the case of some Latinx drivers, ride *low*, which amounted to the same thing).[14] If cities in Southern California came to be known for car racing, then Oakland was a terrain for car *cruising*—for reveling in the act of taking up time and space in a system that drives working-class people of color to labor at punishing rates, or else stay out of the way.

The cruise also became a means to cross the legal and political lines that divided different neighborhoods and cities into raced and classed enclaves (see Chs. 1 and 2). The city's car clubs would thus cruise throughout the region, meeting and mingling with other drivers from San Jose to Walnut Creek. It wasn't long, however, before suburban cities

decided that the roving crowds, big sounds, and alcohol- and hormone-fueled excitement associated with the cruise were "nuisances" not worth tolerating. In the mid-1980s, then, amidst campaigns to repress the raced and classed activities, aesthetics, and affects that were deemed to imperil the "quality of life" (see Ch. 2), the culture of the cruise crashed headlong into resistance as one city after another ensnared young drivers in a new net of regulations. It was like a game of whack-a-mole: hit the cruise in Fremont, and it returns in Walnut Creek; knock it out in Danville, and it's back in Dublin next week. The more remote the suburb—the wealthier, the Whiter—the faster it was to nip these "disturbances" in the bud. And as more and more doors slammed shut, the parade of partiers found themselves funneled to the strip in Oakland—where, building upon the spatial practices of the Black Power Beat discussed in the last chapter, they cruised to the shores of Lake Merritt. Lakeshore Avenue, in particular, which runs along the east side of the water, across from Lakeside Park, soon came to draw residents from throughout the city and region. With its afternoon sun and attractive view of the middling skyline, Lakeshore became a site where Oakland's lively public cultures of cruising and picnicking intersected and intensified one another. By 1985, an estimated 60,000 people, most of them Black and Brown, socialized around the Lake on any given summer Sunday (see Image 7).[15]



Image 7: The cruising scene along Lakeshore Avenue, March 1994. Credit: Reginald Pearman, Oakland Tribune, courtesy of the Hayward Area Historical Society.

As in the 1970s at Lakeside Park, however, tenants of the multiracial but middle-class area along the east side of the Lake started to make noise about what they saw as a noxious incursion into "their" neighborhood. According to local residents, cruisers inundated the area with "bumper-to-bumper traffic congestion" and "nerve-shattering" stereos. "Neighbors feel they are prisoners in their own homes," reported resident Awele Makeba. "We can't open [our] windows because of boom boxes, and polite requests to turn down the music or move cars blocking our driveways are met with violence or verbal abuse."[16]

So in 1985, under the leadership of the Lake Merritt Business Association, local residents pressured the City Council to take action against the cruise. The Council, in turn, called upon the discourses and practices developed over the previous decade through struggles over Lakeside Park and the city's other public spaces to mitigate this apparent nuisance (see Ch. 2). Indeed, its condemnation of the cruise read like a recital of quality-of-life violations: "public drinking, drug dealing, panhandling, littering, loud radios, harassment of women, barbecuing, and bicycles and skateboards on the sidewalks—all violations of city ordinances." In order to discourage cruisers from congregating, then, the City banned parking along Lakeshore on holidays and weekends.[17]

Still, the "problem" refused to abate. So in 1993, the neighbors complained again, this time registering their outrage over what a reporter compared to a "hostage" situation. Eager to appear responsive, the City moved to preclude cruising over the Memorial Day weekend by taking the exceptional step of shutting down streets throughout the area. The OPD thus sent 50 officers to set up a series of 17 checkpoints to limit access to not only Lakeshore, but also all of the streets that led to it (see Image 8). Checking IDs, the cops allowed "legitimate" residents to continue on to their apartments, while turning everyone else away for the entire long weekend. This prompted an outpouring of complaints from people who were prevented from visiting their friends and relatives in the neighborhood, to say nothing of those who were simply expelled via this extraordinary act of exclusion. Still, the OPD decided to continue this controversial tactic into June to maintain control over the space in advance of the anticipated crowds at Festival at the Lake (see Ch. 4).[18]

At the same time, the City enacted new legal measures to strengthen its campaign against the apparent scourge of the cruise. In 1992, for instance, at the encouragement of Nate Miley, an African-American Councilmember from Central East Oakland, it passed a no-cruising law, which made it illegal to drive down a given street three or more times in under four hours. In accordance with the move toward spatial versus racial targeting (see Ch. 2), the law mapped a series of cruising "hotspots" like Lakeshore and Grand Avenues by Lake Merritt and Foothill Boulevard by the Eastmont Mall. Still, it was written in such a way as to be applicable to any area "affected by traffic congestion."[19] Clearly, however, not all streets that were congested were seen as problematic through the lens of the cruise. (Otherwise, commuters stuck on the region's slow-moving freeways would be in constant violation.) The law thus allowed the OPD to use alternative signs to stigmatize and police otherwise normal traffic congestion as illegal activity. Miley, for one, made it clear what sort of signs *he* thought the cops should consider. "All too often those cruising the streets," he stated to the *Tribune*, "are looking for drugs, selling drugs, and often armed…It's associated with a bigger sort of problem with violence and drug trafficking and youth out of control."[20] At the apex of the crack epidemic, and amidst extensive anxieties about spaces and bodies "out of control," then, Miley reiterated the dominant logic of broken-windows theory (see Ch. 2). In particular, he tied minor forms of misconduct like cruising to more serious offences like violence in ways that tended to criminalize young people of color's spatial practices.

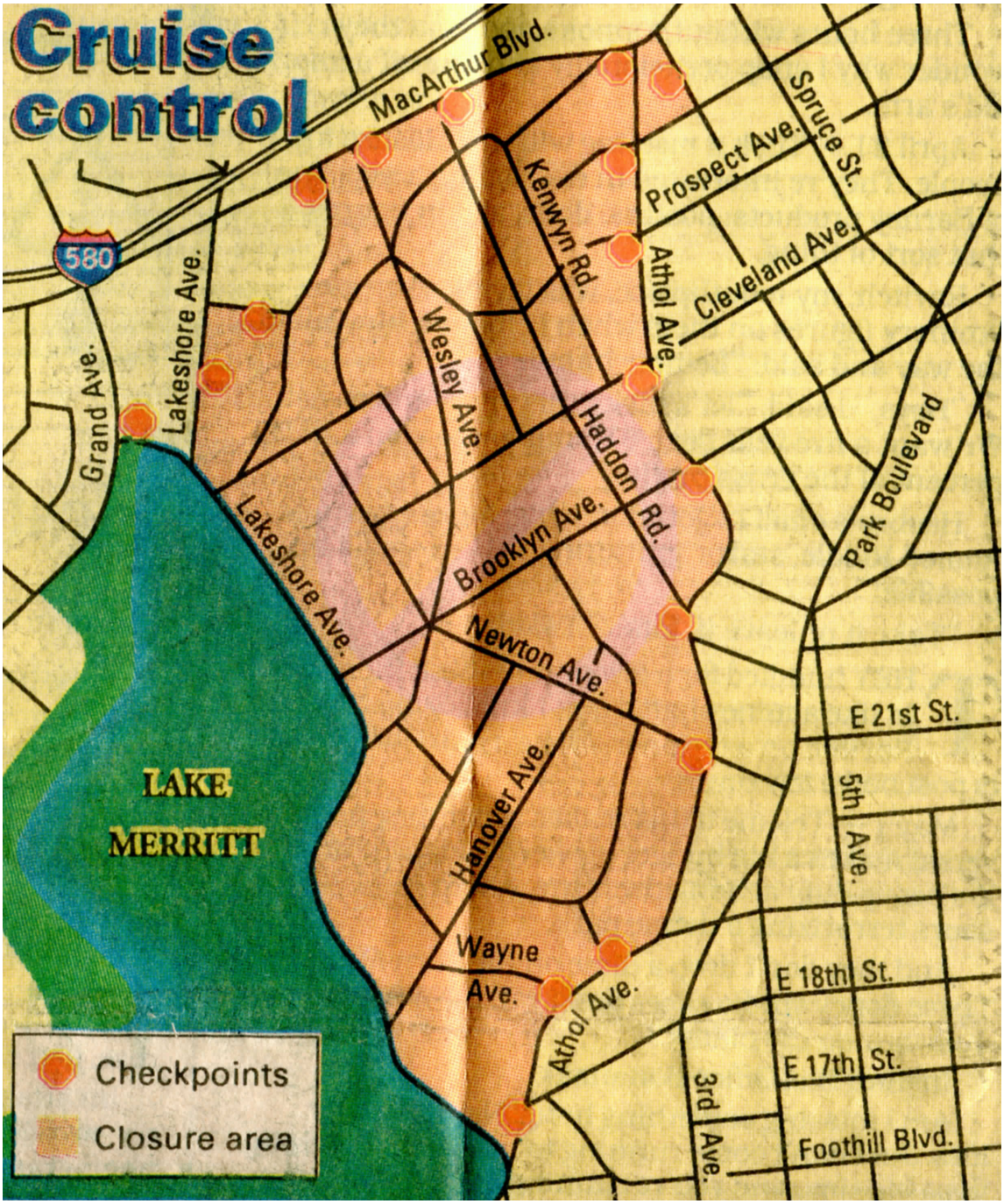


Image 8: Map of the OPD checkpoints created around Lakeshore Avenue, Memorial Day weekend, 1993. Credit: Jeff Quan, Oakland Tribune, courtesy of the Hayward Area Historical Society.

The anti-cruising law was revised in 1995, this time as an "emergency measure" to strengthen enforcement in advance of the summer crowds. This amendment was motivated, in part, by the crisis of crowd control at Festival at the Lake the previous year (see Ch. 4). But it was also meant to address the OPD's concern that the initial measure had

been so lenient as to be impractical. The problem, it seemed, was one of surveillance; it was too complex and labor-intensive to track thousands of vehicles through a checkpoint over the course of several hours. So the revised law reduced the threshold of a violation to looping past the same point *more than once in four hours*. The bill passed. But with the exception of Miley, it did so without the support of the other two Black Councilmembers and Mayor Elihu Harris—who worried that the new rules were so severe as to encourage racial profiling and harassment. "There's legitimate reasons to be out there two times in four hours," Harris stated.[21] Still, his concerns were overruled. Around that time, the OPD installed signs that declared Lakeshore a "No Cruising Zone" (the sign near the pergola is still there today). Given popular perceptions of the east side of the Lake as a Black social space, this proclamation received an indignant response among those who it targeted. In 2015, for instance, when the OPD again swept through the east side of the Lake—issuing citations for barbecuing and public drinking—local DJ, reporter, and activist "Davey D" Cook linked this revival of racialized policing to the anti-cruising campaign of the 1990s. The message in 2015, wrote Cook, was the same as the message in 1995, each of which was the same as the message in 1945: "No Negroes Allowed."[22] For Oaklanders of color, especially African Americans, then, the declaration of Lakeshore as a "No Cruising" zone reverberated backward and forward in their ancestral memories and lived experiences in ways that connected the trauma of Jim Crow to its loitering afterlives.[23]

The OPD started to enforce the new law in earnest during the summer of 1996. At least six times between March and June, officers erected checkpoints around the edge of Lake Merritt and stopped every car that passed through. There, one officer issued a flyer that informed the driver that they were entering a "No Cruising Zone," while another recorded their license plate number using new computers that were purchased for just this purpose. If the car returned again within four hours, then the cops took the names and ID numbers of all the occupants. If it returned *again* after that, then everyone in the car was subject to $100 citation or arrest.[24] Looping, it seemed, was now off-limits (see Intro).

In the end, the OPD rarely enforced the no-cruising law. Instead, in a practice that recurs throughout this and other chapters, the police used the crackdown on cruising as a pretext to increase the number of legally and politically acceptable interactions with residents—especially poor people, young people, and people of color—in ways that led them to charge the latter for unrelated issues, like stolen goods and loud radios. This, according to James Forman Jr., aligned with the increasing reliance on stop-and-frisk and other pretextual strategies advanced by criminologists like James Q. Wilson (see Ch. 2) during the War on Crime and the War on Drugs.[25] In Oakland, it resonated with a longstanding practice of excessive, but ostensibly "preventative," policing. In 1948, for instance, amidst the postwar panic about "juvenile delinquency" (see Ch. 1), the California Youth Authority praised the OPD for arresting young people for "minor violations of the law" because this allowed the government to "initiate programs for those youths who indicate anti-social or asocial attitudes."[26] Then, in the 1950s, recalled Levingston, the same approach was used, only now with the aim of repression rather than reform. The OPD would stop and ticket members of the East Bay Dragons for "bullshit violations like high handlebars, broken taillights, or no front breaks."[27] Incredibly, during the first several months of enforcing the no-cruising law, *the OPD didn't issue a single citation for cruising*. Instead, they charged

motorists, by their own admission, with "other types of violations," like stolen goods and loud radios.[28] The anti-cruising campaign thus endowed the OPD with the rights and the resources needed to create a dragnet that, although it didn't stop cruising, dredged up a range of criminal charges—especially against those most likely to be profiled due to the color of their skin, tint of their windows, and sound of their slaps.

Soon, though, some of the residents who were ensnared in this dragnet organized to rip their way through it. That same summer, a group called the Young Comrades—led by Boots Riley, the musician, activist, and now film director from the city's anti-capitalist rap troupe The Coup—threw an event at Lakeside Park called "Fuck the Police Day." In response to the resurgent attack on the presence of Black and Brown residents at the Lake, the group encouraged young people of color to reclaim their right to barbecue, picnic, and listen to music in public. (In this sense, this event anticipated BBQ'n While Black [see Preface] by two decades.) In addition, the Comrades stormed the City Council to contest the anti-cruising law, which they condemned as racist in both design and implementation. Staging an occupation of Council Chambers, the group managed to get their concerns on the agenda for a coming meeting, where 60 young people turned out to demand an end to racial profiling. "As a precaution," reported the *Tribune*, some 20 cops were "on hand" in case things turned uncivil. The cops, however, weren't the only impediment confronting the Comrades. The activists also ran headlong into the reverberating discourses of liberal reason and liberal racism, which rendered their complaints about racial oppression silent. Indeed, according to the *Tribune*, their accusations of racism "disturbed some Lakeside residents who said the real issue is inconsiderate young people who party at the lake." "Perhaps the Young Comrades are a little too young to remember what discrimination was all about," said resident Kieran Manjarrez at the meeting, rendering "discrimination" in the past tense in a manner characteristic of post–Civil Rights Era racial discourse (see Ch. 2). "I find it offensive…to have the banner of discrimination waved as a cover for what is just anti-social behavior."[29] Like at Lakeside Park in the 1970s and along Seventh Street in the 1940s, then, the Young Comrades were told that the problem didn't lie in the racial/spatial politics of government, but rather the "inconsiderate" actions of individuals who ignored the norms of civility. In the sonic terrain of liberal reason and liberal racism, all other narratives were moot/mute.

The Sideshow as Spatial Entitlement

The cruise would continue to rise and recede along the shores of the Lake for the rest of the 1990s. But the anti-cruising campaign came to be yet another way in which the socio-sonic spaces available to young people of color in Oakland were foreclosed. At the same time, then, the increase in policing at the Lake—long a central site of public investment, both in terms of economic capital and an emotional longing among many residents and regulators for a renewed urban landscape—fueled the rise of a newer, and somewhat riskier, scene on the margins of this center of fortified valorization in East Oakland. This scene, which came to be called the "sideshow," started in the 1980s as an evolution of the cruise in the context of anti-Black geographies. In relation of the cruise, the name derived, in part, from the practice of "sidin'" or "high sidin'," which referred to the fact that when

a driver, having invested a lot of capital and care into their car, cruised by to show it off, they were only visible from the side. But it also derived from the recreational spaces that residents created alongside, but in distinction to, more sanctioned but hostile ones. In the 1980s, rather than go through the rigmarole of admission and security, residents began to gather at the outskirts of large-scale commercial events like Raiders games, circuses, and carnivals. This periphery offered a space of freedom and fun to Black people who wanted to be in on the action but were too poor, young, or tired of surveillance and mistreatment by venue owners and property managers to participate in the main event. The sideshow thus designated a space of social and spatial marginalization—but also self-determination, and a self-conscious refusal of incorporation—through what Gaye Theresa Johnson terms "spatial entitlement."[30] It reversed the logic of participation, becoming, for some, the main event. In the 1990s, then, no longer always at the edge of some other attraction, it came to stand alone at East Oakland's most prominent site of capital flight: the Eastmont Mall.

In cavernous spaces, silence has a peculiar sound. The sporadic irruption of noise sends airwaves ricocheting off of hard surfaces that are far apart. This lends the echoes a long decay time—infusing the space with an ambient din that, oddly, signifies absence. Originally built according to the specifications of mid-century American malls, Eastmont consists of over 600,000 square feet of commercial space. On the afternoon that I visited in May 2017, though, it felt more like a mausoleum than a mall. It had all of the trappings of a typical shopping center: atria, spacious corridors, spotless tile floors. But rather than advertise clothing or video games, the stark typographies of government that adorned the walls announced the services of the Oakland Head Start Program, Alameda County Self-Sufficiency Center, and Social Security Administration—services for children, families, and elders, that is, but not for youth.

Eastmont was built in the 1960s on the 30-acre site of a Chevrolet assembly plant, which had been shuttered amidst the exodus of industrial capital. This ensured that, as the neighborhood became more Black and Brown, residents would still be able to purchase Chevys—perhaps turning them out for the cruise—but they'd no longer be paid to make them. Regardless, the mall soon became a source of pride, commodities, and employment in East Oakland—a convenience that marked the area as something other than perennially outside the circuits of economic and human value that comprised this post-industrial city. But disinvestment eventually took its toll on the mall, too, causing a slow but steady decline that culminated in 1993, when the desertion of the Mervyn's department store left the mall without an anchor tenant. That same year, it was purchased by Jack Sumski and Bob Bridwell. Confronted with an enormous space, a vacancy rate of 30 percent, and retailers who saw the mall as dead or dying, the owners decided to pursue a new strategy, courting public agencies and social-service organizations to replace the clothing stores and movie theaters that'd abandoned the neighborhood. In 1996, they rebranded the mall as the Eastmont Town Center—no longer a commercial space so much as a node of administration. In the process, writes Cristina Cielo, Eastmont turned into a space that, from its tenants to its name, was "unmistakably marked by the departure of capital."[31]

Most shoppers got the message and followed suit. But among East Oakland youth, the opposite was true. This, as outlined above, was a precarious time for young people of

color in the flats. On one side, the curtailment of public and private sites of recreation and leisure rendered them more dependent on historically important, but increasingly criminalized, gathering spaces like the street. In the 1980s, for instance, East Oakland residents recalled the pleasures of gathering near the Oakland Coliseum at Malibu Grand Prix—an entertainment complex that included not only a go-cart track, a safe and contained site for stunt driving, but also a video arcade and a mini-golf course. In 1994, however, after the arena lost access to some of its parking due to nearby development, the Oakland A's and Golden State Warriors pressured the Coliseum to procure an alternative lot. In response, the City of Oakland, Alameda County, and the Coliseum Authority purchased and demolished Malibu to appease the teams. But this converted a popular youth- and car-oriented entertainment complex into a static and intermittent parking lot for well-to-do consumers of professional sports—a form of entertainment that, while popular among local residents, was nevertheless too expensive for many of them to access.[32] On the other side, the rise of crack cocaine, drug-related violence, and systemic police harassment linked to governing through nuisance made the streets even more chaotic and dangerous for youth (see Ch. 2). In this context, the parking lot of the Eastmont Mall became one of the few places where young Black East Oaklanders could enjoy themselves with a sense—however small—of sovereignty and security.

Indeed, as the mall slid into decline, Black youth saw the increased vacancy as an opening rather than a curse. They began to congregate on weekends to socialize with one another, show off their cars and soundsystems, and dance to the city's latest slaps. In fact, as Eric Arnold notes, the mall was central to the emergence of Oakland's rap culture (see Ch. 5). In the 1980s and 90s, when local rappers were by and large barred from the radio airwaves, artists like E-40 and Too Short built an audience among local listeners by selling tapes on consignment at a store called T's Wauzi, while others like Boots Riley and Keak Da Sneak cut their teeth in concerts at the mall.[33] The city's rap culture, community, and economy thus coalesced in the sonic relays between live performances, independent recordings, and youth-driven sideshows at the Eastmont Mall—the last of which became a central theme among local artists. Here, it seemed, the sideshow had arrived at a permanent, even venerated, home—instantiating a form of spatial entitlement, or what Johnson describes as a way in which "working-class communities and individuals secure or create social membership, even when the neighborhoods and meaningful spaces of congregation around them are destroyed."[34]

Today, longtime residents routinely remember the early days of the sideshow as a time of relatively tame and creative expression among young people of color. According to these supporters, the events—at which drivers, mostly men, would demonstrate their mettle and skill by performing automotive stunts like donuts—might've gotten a little too wild from time to time. But given that they were created by and for youth in an otherwise hostile landscape, participants tended to care for the sideshow in a way that reflected the fact that the mall parking lot was one of the few spaces over which they had some, albeit informal, control. "You used to see people stop fights at a car show," recalled Yakpasua Zazaboi, a prominent supporter of the scene, "because that was almost like the sanctuary out there—the place you used to go to have fun, and not have to worry about the day-to-day struggles you'd be going through…People didn't want to see that messed up."[35]

The youth, perhaps. But the mall management had other ideas. In their attempts to revive the "Town Center," Sumski and Bridwell recruited Leopold Ray-Lynch to serve as Eastmont's general manager. Ray-Lynch had earned a reputation for turning retail centers in disinvested Black neighborhoods into islands of profitability. Prior to moving to Oakland, he ran the Baldwin Hills-Crenshaw Plaza in South Los Angeles—which, according to Mike Davis in *City of Quartz*, was turned around through its "security-oriented design and management strategy." For older and well-to-do Angelenos, however, this shopping center wasn't, à la Davis, a "mall-as-panopticon-prison"; it was rather the place that Ray-Lynch—a West Indian immigrant to the U.S.—made "safe and pleasant" for middle-class consumers.[36] So Sumski and Bridwell enlisted him to do the same for Eastmont. To them, of course, the sideshow wasn't a sanctuary of community and expression. Instead, it was yet another racialized nuisance that threatened to keep middle-class shoppers, now rare, ensconced in the suburbs. "We want the mall to be for everyone," announced Ray-Lynch upon arrival, "but we don't want anyone to be uncomfortable. We will be asking young people to leave."[37] Once again, then, participation in a Black, working-class youth culture like the sideshow marked young people of color as antithetical to the allegedly universal category of the public whose "comfort" was worthy of protection.

Indeed, any sense of the sideshow as a safe space for youth was undermined when the OPD moved in—literally. In the 80s, when the sideshow began, East Oakland's beat cops were still based out of the centralized headquarters in Downtown Oakland (see Ch. 2). Since the city sprawls for 10 miles east of Lake Merritt, however, these officers spent a lot of time driving back and forth for assignments, meetings, and other forms of routine police work. So in the 1990s, the OPD began to rent a space at Eastmont vacated by a J.C. Penney's Tire Shop. Soon, it expanded its footprint by moving into the former Mervyn's. At 64,000 square feet, the OPD's Eastmont Precinct became not only the Town Center's new anchor tenant, but also one of the largest police stations in the state. Whereas young people had seen the massive parking lot as an opportune spot to post up and spin donuts, the OPD—which, crucially, made Eastmont the home of its Traffic Division—saw it as a perfect place to stash row after row of police cruisers. By 2002, when the renovation was complete, the OPD had moved 140 officers and sergeants—half of its total patrol force—out to the mall.[38]

During the 1990s, then, as the City Council went on the offensive against cruising at Lake Merritt, the OPD evicted the sideshow from the parking lot at the Eastmont Mall. Today, this act of displacement is often recalled as a decisive turning point in the spatial politics of the sideshow. For once the OPD pushed the gathering from the mall, where it was relatively contained, to the neighborhoods, it set off a two-decades-long game of cat-and-mouse that continues to the present. In other words, it reproduced the sideshow as a fugitive practice, scattering young people to scour the streets and highways in search of a new place to call their own. By turning revelers into renegades, this increased the sense of antagonism with law enforcement. Soon, the emphasis among sideshow participants moved from partying with peers to flouting the police. In practice, the two became one and the same.

Hyphy Movements…

"The moon is full / Look at the dark clouds / Sittin' in my scraper / Watchin' Oakland goin' wild / Tadow!" –E-40, "Tell Me When to Go" (2006)[39]

The sound of screeching tires, sudden and startling, sent me speeding toward the kitchen windows. Outside, in the intersection of Fifty-Ninth and Adeline Streets in North Oakland, in the midday sun, I saw a car—modest and unremarkable, but for the fact that it was sliding sideways across the asphalt—spinning donuts. Its front tires remained more or less in place, while its back ones swung out in wild circles, sending the weight of the vehicle careening toward the edge of the street like a centrifuge. I was riveted, captivated by something in between the excitement of this astonishing sight and the concern that the driver, losing control, would crash into my Prius. (Indeed, over the last year, there'd been several instances in which speeding drivers had spun out, running into cars, gardens, and street signs around our corner home.) Who was this person? Maybe it was one of the men who cruised around the area in their visually (and sonically) striking muscle cars. Maybe it was the guy who, the previous weekend, circled the block for the better part of an hour, bumping "Fire" by the Ohio Players (1974) on repeat (to my delight and, presumably, to his).[40] Or maybe it was one of the young Black men who I'd been warned to watch out for by White and Black residents alike when I moved to the neighborhood in 2009—the ones who either nodded or ignored me from their spot on the porch or around the smoker when I strolled past en route to the convenient store from time to time. Adeline, it seemed, was the ideal site for such stunts. Until the mid 20th Century, it carried large numbers of laborers—including economically secure African-American workers, like longshoremen, from North Oakland and South Berkeley—to work along the West Oakland waterfront (see Ch. 1). With the deindustrialization and containerization of the Port, however, the wide corridor, now emptied of commuters, became something of an anachronism. Recently, in 2015, city planners had sought to revamp the streetscape for the post-industrial era by removing car lanes in favor of bike lanes—revisions that, according to John Stehlin, served as both a sign and a vehicle of the city's gentrification.[41] It was the wideness and the emptiness of Adeline, however, that made it so attractive for spinning donuts. So now, just weeks after the street had been repaved and restriped, this adept driver slipped into the middle of the intersection and started to spin. Then he was gone. When it was over, all that remained was the stench of smoldering rubber, the heart-racing sense of uncertain excitement, and the tire marks that, like graffiti, redecorated the immaculate asphalt.[42]

These sorts of marks adhere all over the city. Intersections. Parking lots. Freeways. Anywhere that an act of architectural hubris or an accident of urban design leaves a space that's large enough for cars to gather and spin. The circulatory landscape of East Oakland, in particular, is knotted with lots of oversized intersections. Here, the piecemeal development process of the early 20th Century left multiple and mismatched street grids—crosscut by meandering corridors like MacArthur and Foothill Boulevards—in ways that resulted in capacious intersections where several streets converge or cross at diagonals. It created, in other words, open spaces in a neighborhood that, through disinvestment or disregard, is otherwise lacking. Unsurprisingly, then, when I drive through the neighborhood, it seems

as though these scissor-like intersections and tire marks go together with geometrical precision (see Image 9).

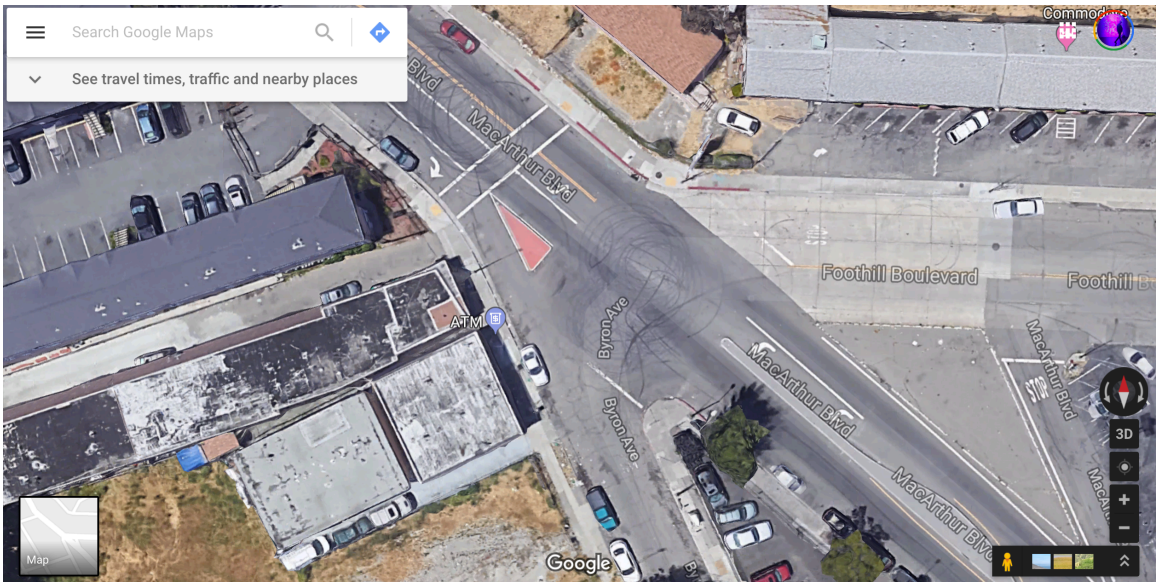


Image 9: Intersection of MacArthur Boulevard, Foothill Boulevard, and Byron Avenue in Deep East Oakland, 2019. Credit: Google Maps.

The linear, of course, is the ordering logic of urban space-time—one of the central geographies of Euro-American, and thus colonial, modernity. In terms of the streetscape, the logic of linearity is imposed through the inscription of circulatory space with straight lines that striate currents of bodies, cars, and more into segregated and directional travel lanes. Within this regime, turns, reversals, crossings, and occupations are strictly circumscribed. When viewed from above, though, the marks of a donut-spinning car read like a residual record of not linear, but looping, time (see Intro) in which the accretion of circles archive the accumulation of life energies reclaimed from the law, the clock, the grid. Like the cruise, then, the sideshow resists the space-time compulsions of public space—which command users to move along, at prescribed rates, rather than loiter and congregate. Thus, for the sideshow, the intersection isn't a passage; it's a place to dwell, linger, and play—a place to circle, not circulate, in ways that etch a contravening geometry of urban cohabitation upon the asphalt (see Image 10). Further, unlike the solo driver who marked up the street in front of my house in North Oakland, most sideshows occur(red) in the middle of the night, thus disrupting the normative order of the post-industrial nighttime. Whereas, during World War II, Oakland's factories and dance halls might've run around the clock (see Ch. 1), its transition from an industrial to a service economy meant that most (legal) work came to be limited to the work *day*. And this created new moral, cultural, and legal codings that delineated deserving versus disturbing uses of the night—ones that the sideshow, with its midnight soundscape of screeching tires and rattling bass, seemed destined to scorn.

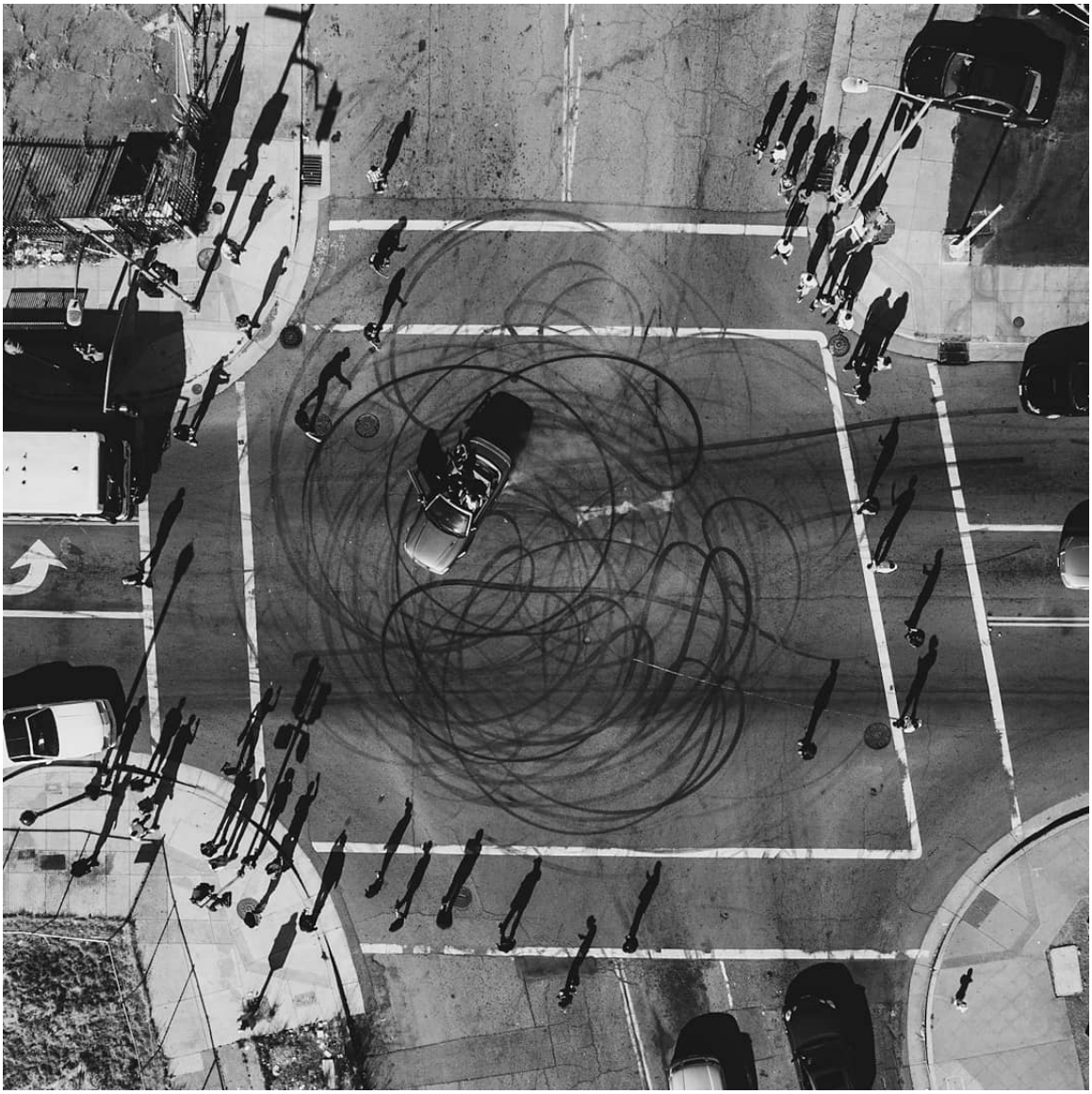


Image 10: A sideshow in East Oakland, 2018. Credit: Stephen Loewinsohn.

But again, it didn't start that way. Rather, the expulsion of the sideshow from the Eastmont Mall—only the latest in a series of displacements from recreational spaces that were popular among young people of color—sent participants to reappropriate space and time in ways that became increasingly precarious. As Boots Riley recalled in the epigraph above, it sent them out to "fight the boredom and fill the ride, fill our lives, with details," ones that would "make us more powerful, relevant." In this way, cruising around the city at night—perhaps converging on a sideshow—became a means to reassert one's value, in particular heteromasculine value, within and against a cityscape that was routinely hostile toward working-class youth of color. Besides, for many, it was fun. Pendarvis Harshaw, a local journalist, evoked this sense of joy in his memoir:

> "We rode up and down the strip, following after the folks that flowed out of the clubs in downtown, as they ended their partying and raced through East Oakland…It was organized vehicular chaos. And out of that chaos came the sideshow. After zigzagging across both lanes throughout the eastern portion of the Town, the crowd would commandeer an intersection and an automobile that weighs thousands of pounds would begin to dance."[43]

Indeed, sideshow drivers developed a movement repertoire, a mode of automotive dance, that went well beyond spinning donuts to include individual and collective choreographies such as "zigzagging," "three-man weaving," and "ghost riding the whip." Ghost riding, in particular, was rendered (in)famous across the nation through visual and sonic references in music videos like E-40's "Tell Me When to Go" (2006). To ghost ride, a driver would put their car in neutral, causing it to coast. Then, all of the occupants would get out and dance alongside or on top of the vehicle while it cruised along without anyone to steer it. Ghost riding, like most stunts, derived its performative pleasure from reveling in the tension between the evident threat of danger and the skill to avert (at least, most of the time) its realization. Pascal Menoret, in his work on joyriding in Riyadh, calls this a "dialectical movement" between mastery and its surrender: "driving to the edge to prove one's freedom and courage, losing control to regain control."[44]

In addition to this movement repertoire, the sideshow involved a set of automotive styles. In contrast to the well-maintained and masculine, if antiquated, muscle cars of the cruise, the sideshow was synonymous with the "scraper"—a middle-of-the road, four-door sedan, like a Buick Regal or LeSabre, with oversized rims. The name itself refers to the fact that the rims—a symbol of mock elegance—were so large that the wheels would "scrape" against the underside of the car when they turned. Indeed, in addition to looking different, scrapers intended to sound it, as well, using souped-up sound systems and little devices called "whistle tips" that, welded to the exhaust pipe, made the car scream like a locomotive. In this way, the scraper entailed a self-conscious refusal of "good" (meaning White middle-class) taste. It took the elements of normative consumer style (e.g. GM cars, after-market accessories) and remixed them to render them conspicuous, excessive, even monstrous. The monster, in Euro-American culture, is that which is opposed to "nature."[45] Moreover, according to Dick Hebdige, "mainstream culture" is defined by its "tendency to masquerade as nature." Thus, for Hebdige, "subcultural style" operates through the re-appropriation of mainstream consumer items, like cars and rims, as a "form of stigmata, tokens of self-imposed exile," by using them in "bad," i.e. unnatural, taste. "[F]or those who erect them into icons," he writes, in ways that I extend to the scraper, "these objects become signs of forbidden identity, sources of value."[46]

In the 1990s and 2000s, the various elements of the sideshow as an oppositional youth culture came to animate a new genre of rap music, and vice versa, that local artists and audiences called the Hyphy Movement. Amplified by artists like Mistah F.A.B., E-40, and Mac Dre from all around the East Bay, hyphy took the sparse, uptempo, and low-end sound of Oakland's slaps and fused it with young people's desires for playfulness, self-expression, and fun. It thus reverberated with the affect of Oakland's Black Power Beat

(see Ch. 1).[47] The name itself referred to a Black vernacular twist on "hyper," pointing to a sense of unbridled energy, from excitement to anger.[48] While, in the 1990s, it came to be used by Keak Da Sneak to refer to local rap music, the word didn't derive from the music industry. Rather, argues Andrea Moore, "it was simply a slang term to express a style, a feeling, an energy…known to Bay Area hip hop."[49] In that sense, hyphy started as a mode of expression common among Black youth—one refined, in Oakland, at the sideshow and other sites of sociality—that was later recoded as a musical aesthetic. Like the funk, then, hyphy resonated with visceral pleasure and cathartic release more than intellectual ideals; its pleasures and its politics were inseparable. At the same time, however, it emerged at a unique moment of oppression and resistance for Black Oaklanders—one that, as stated in the previous chapter, involved revamping longstanding racist ideas of racial inferiority to condemn and control young people's modes of conduct and comportment. Indeed, in the post–Civil Rights Era, young residents of color became increasingly criminalized by local institutions, from schools to police, that saw them—like earlier generations of migrants—as lacking reason and responsibility, the prerequisites for liberal citizenship. In that sense, "getting hyphy" or "going dumb," in local parlance, served as a means of reclaiming a wild form of affect that was ascribed to young people of color and redirecting it toward pleasurable and self-determined, but no less criminalized, ends.[50]

Indeed, most of the artists interviewed for the documentary *Ghostride the Whip* (2008) agreed that "going dumb" was the essence of the Hyphy Movement. This referred to a range of actions, from spinning donuts to jumping around, that allowed young people to reclaim spaces in which they were policed by dancing at the margins of normal(ized) choreographies of conduct. In addition to the sideshow, for instance, participants created a new style of street dance called turfing ("Taking Up Room on the Floor"), which built upon the narrative and pantomime aesthetics of the Oakland boogaloo (see Ch. 1). But in addition to these more lighthearted forms, turf dancers added increasingly acrobatic, even extreme, forms of corporeal disarticulation that, according to Naomi Bragin, re-mediated the visceral violence of anti-Blackness as a mode of "redress."[51] "You expressin' yourself," explained a member of The Architeckz, an early turf dance crew, in *Ghostride the Whip*. "[W]hen you feel something, you just do what you do." "Lettin' your body go," another member added. "You just doin' you. You ain't worried about nobody else. It's like you in your own world."[52] For those who were less technical in their movements, however, going dumb involved throwing their bodies around in ways that were meant to release and recirculate energy among the collective. It meant overcoming inhibition, even gravity. "The act of going dumb was like having a tantrum on beat," wrote Harshaw. "When more than one person joined in, it looked half mosh-pit [and] half football-huddle."[53]

As a cultural-political "movement," then, hyphy entailed a repertoire of individual, collective, and even automotive choreographies that activated the public realm—from the streetscape to the dance floor—in ways that critiqued, but also entrenched, the criminalization of young people of color in the post–Civil Rights Era. Songs like "Ghost Ride It" (2006) by Mistah F.A.B. routinely addressed the violence of the police, or "ghostbustas," and identified the sideshow—which he called a "town politic"—as a means to resist it.[54] This, then, brings me to the title of this chapter, which refers to E-40's anthemic "Tell Me When to Go," one of the few hyphy songs to gain mainstream recognition outside of the

Bay Area. Its music video—filmed, primarily, in the long vacant Southern Pacific Station in West Oakland (see Ch. 1)—serves as a classic archive of hyphy's movement repertoire, with crowds of Black residents, most of them young men, turfing, moshing, and spinning donuts. After E-40 and Keak Da Sneak trade high-octane verses, the song turns toward an embodied call-and-response in which the emcee calls out popular moves for the dancers to imitate. "Now let me direct traffic for a minute," says E-40, before instructing listeners to enact a series of hyphy movements, including "ghost ride the whip," "go stupid," and "go dumb." With this line, he reiterates the role of the rap emcee, or MC, as "master of ceremonies" and "mover of the crowd" (among other acronyms). He asserts the song, in other words, as a temporary disruption of normative choreographies of control that allows the dancer or driver to swerve embodied or automotive intensities in ways that contest the state's power to "direct traffic." Indeed, as we'll see in the next section, the government of traffic against attempts to direct it otherwise became increasingly central to racial and spatial politics in Oakland as a moral panic about hyphy rap and the sideshow drove the emergence of new regimes of policing.

…And Countermovements

> "For most of us, they are but scenes on the evening news, terrifyingly real yet compellingly surreal. Cars whirling in madness as if living beasts. Smoke rising like hell's fires, as if from the tortured streets themselves. Dark hordes writhing and swaying in the foreground. The images call up the stuff of literature and legend, visions out of Euro-America's worst nightmares: savages, drunk and dancing, natives rising in the jungle, a frenzy that must surely end with the burning of homes and the murder of sleeping settlers. God help us; it's the Oakland sideshows." –J. Douglas Allen-Taylor, "Showing Their Side" (2003)[55]

In Chapter 2, I argued that, during the post–Civil Rights Era, Oakland saw the rise of a new socio-sonic arrangement in which—amidst a widespread sense of social, economic, and even spiritual insecurity—Mayors Lionel Wilson and Elihu Harris implemented new modes of governing through nuisance. And this intersected with the depredations of disinvestment and the crack epidemic in ways that, according to Jennifer Tilton, caused authorities to see young people of color as increasingly *dangerous* and *endangered* all at once.[56] When viewed through these ambivalent lenses, however, social, spatial, and sonic practices linked to the city's now multiracial, but Black-centered, youth culture came to be seen as responsible for the structural changes that rendered young people's lives more and more precarious and policed. These modes of governing through nuisance tended to be anti-Black. But through their targeting of conduct and comportment, they also enrolled young people from the city's expanding Latinx, Asian, and Pacific Islander communities who united around Black youth cultures like hyphy. Over time, for instance, the sideshow moved from a predominantly Black spatial practice to one that allowed other marginalized youth, especially heterosexual men, to identify with Black masculinity as what Dick Hebdige sees as a paradigmatic site of cultural refusal.[57] Today, sideshow drivers—who converge on Oakland from all across the Bay Area, and other parts of California—are as likely to be Latino or Asian-American as African-American men. In addition to the polic-

ing of Black bodies, then, certain Black styles and sounds have come be a capacious lens through which other young people of color are targeted for normalization and control.

Here, I loop back to these points to add that, in the 1990s and 2000s, the stylistic practices tied to hyphy rap and the sideshow—in particular, various enactments of "going dumb"—came to attract a range of social anxieties and cultural antipathies, or what I call the *cultural politics of disturbance*, from older, more affluent, or simply more respectable Oaklanders. For middle-class residents, business owners, and regulators, the sideshow represented an intolerable threat to their dogged but delicate attempts to renovate the city's reputation as a space that was "safe" for redevelopment. The mandalas of tire tracks that marred the streetscape, writes Tilton, "literally marked" the city as too poor, too wild, and too lawless to receive an infusion of anything but more police.[58] To the City, they signaled a slide toward a spectacle of rowdiness and recklessness that ran the risk of drowning any hope of reinvestment in a cloud of screeching tires, burning rubber, and rattling bass. If Oakland had an "image problem," as it was said, with concern, time and time again, then here was its archetype.

At the turn of the millennium, then, hyphy rap and the sideshow became the focus of what Stuart Hall and his co-authors call, after Stanley Cohen, a "moral panic." In the 1970s, members of the Birmingham Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies in the U.K. elaborated the idea of the moral panic to explore the cultural-political logics and impacts of campaigns by the mass media, government, and other institutions to control sources of apparent "deviance." In these studies, authors like Dick Hebdige, Paul Gilroy, and others denaturalized the idea of deviance as not an innate trait of marginalized groups, but rather a social discourse that reinforced the identities and institutions of the White capitalist nation via the construction and control of its constitutive others. In *Policing the Crisis*, Hall and his co-authors write that an understanding of a moral panic calls for a fundamental shift in the analysis of law and order away from a focus on the "deviant act," which tends to reproduce stigma, to the relation between this act and the "reaction" it incites from the agents of social control.[59] In this last section, then, I turn from a focus on the sideshow and other hyphy movements to the governmental countermovements that arose in response. In Oakland, I argue, as the moral panic drove an increase in more intense and indiscriminate forms of policing, the prevailing distress with the alleged recklessness of young people's conduct served as a sideshow that distracted from new and recurrent forms of racial and spatial dispossession.

A moral panic doesn't exactly manufacture villains. It reacts to existing sources of social anxiety—some of which, like the sideshow, might be disturbing to a wide range of residents. But it warps them in the process, amping up the sense of threat by associating stigmatized people and groups with perceived social ills in ways that make the former the commonsense targets of policing and control. In Oakland, the anti-sideshow campaign—which was led by local officials, news outlets, and homeowner associations—used coded language to locate a wide range of hyphy movements beyond the bounds of liberal reason, and thus rights. As the above satirical quote from African-American journalist J. Douglas Allen-Taylor implies, the sideshow gave rise to a widespread but nightmarish view of its participants as what Cohen calls "folk devils."[60] But clearly, in Oakland, some were more

susceptible than others to the racialization embedded in such forms of demonization. For the supporters of the anti-sideshow crusade, including many middle-class people of color, didn't call upon any old discourses of danger and disorder; rather, in the manner of racial reverberations, they invoked what Allen-Taylor calls "Euro-America's worst nightmares: savages, drunk and dancing, natives rising in the jungle." Indeed, while, for Allen-Taylor, these allusions to discursive hauntings were tongue-in-cheek, others routinely stigmatized the sideshow as violent, monstrous, and insane in ways that marked it as unintelligible via what Christina Sharpe calls the "grammar that cohere[s] in and around the human."[61] The moral panic thus articulated recurrent discourses of difference with conjunctural concerns about order, safety, and economic renewal in ways that encouraged the criminalization of these events and those who attended them. "[S]omething has to be done," insisted Brenda Payton, an African-American columnist. "Oakland cannot allow itself to be taken over by lawlessness that grows more life threatening with each weekend."[62]

Like the anti-cruising crusade and other forms of governing through nuisance in Oakland, the anti-sideshow campaign began under the oversight of the city's Black urban regime (see Ch. 2). But it accelerated in the late 1990s and early 2000s with the election of Mayor Jerry Brown. According to Robert Oden, after decades of rule under the Wilson and Harris Administrations, the political incorporation of people of color into the regime had failed to deliver significant improvements on critical questions of poverty, education, and crime. So Brown—who, as an ex-governor and eminent liberal icon, had more clout at the state and national levels to kick-start new endeavors—courted disenchanted voters with visions of job, business, and affordable-housing development in the city's working-class communities of color.[63] In addition, over the course of the 1980s and 90s, a mix of incipient African-American displacement and increasing international immigration attenuated the electoral support for the Black urban regime. Brown, who's White, managed to navigate this molten landscape—marshaling a mix of political vision, cultural pandering, and personal celebrity to rally a multiracial coalition to his side. The Black urban regime, it seemed, had given up the ghost.[64]

…

In December 2017, I drove to the Peet's Coffee right off MacArthur Boulevard in the Dimond District of Central East Oakland to meet a law enforcement officer named David Kozicki. At the turn of the millennium, the Dimond District was the sort of neighborhood in which—perched, indeterminately, between the fortified hills and the perilous flats—residents and business owners struggled against the "crime and grime" that seemed to impede its economic comeback. By 2017, however, back it had come. At mid-morning, the popular café thrummed with activity. All around me, residents and shoppers, most of them people of color, convened to work, meet, or seek refreshment. In this scene, me and my interlocutor stood out. Kozicki—tall, White, and wearing plainclothes—now worked for the Alameda County Sherriff's Office on its Sex Offender Task Force. Up until 2009, however, this son of Oakland (but citizen of the leafy town of Moraga) had served on the OPD as lieutenant of the Traffic Division and later Deputy Chief. According to my archival research, he'd played a role in regulating all of the sites—the sideshows, events, and nightclubs—at the center of this study. And now, to my surprise, he'd agreed to meet.

In the late 1990s, at the same time that it was moving out to the Eastmont Precinct, the Traffic Division was rising in status within the OPD. And these spatial and structural moves were inseparable from the increasing imperative to stamp out the sideshow. While the OPD was organized into areas of operation, the Traffic Division—with its large stock of cruisers and motorcycles, and citywide scope—was charged with leading the response to events that transcended spatial divisions, whether in terms of the routes of the incidents themselves or the resources required to police them. It thus came to oversee what Kozicki called "all special events, good and bad, everything from Raiders games to riots out at the Port."[65] Under his direction, then, it developed strategies to manage large crowds, whether permitted or unprompted, orderly or rebellious. And given this mandate, as the sideshow grew in size and significance, the Traffic Division did, as well.

As mentioned above, in the 1990s, the OPD and mall management evicted young people of color from the Eastmont parking lot. This made the geographies of not only the sideshow, but also efforts to contain it, much more complex. As lieutenant of the Traffic Division, then, Kozicki led the OPD through several stages of anti-sideshow activity. The first, he recalled, was to shut it down through an overwhelming show of force.[66] Adopting a strategy of "zero tolerance," the OPD began to crack down on any gathering of bodies, cars, and sounds that might, in their view, turn into a sideshow. "We don't give them [the drivers] an opportunity to do anything," explained Officer George Phillips, tellingly, in a news report at the time. "Anytime an officer sees a group starting to gather, he radios up, gives their location, and everybody responds to chase them away."[67] "No crowd is too small to break up. And no ticket is too small to hand out," confirmed a reporter who went out on a police ride-along. "People were pulled over for every imaginable offense, from a booming stereo, to standing up through their sunroof, to a broken break light."[68] Thus, as the OPD remixed the campaign against the cruise to tackle the sideshow, it reinforced the dragnet-style approach to policing minor violations of the law—or simply non-normative actions—that served to ensnare drivers at Lake Merritt.

But maintaining this dragnet demanded a significant increase in staffing over the normal levels for the middle of the night. So the OPD sought to increase its personnel via two means: mandatory overtime and mutual aid. In 2002, for instance, when the OPD had already allocated 60 cops to patrol the sideshow on a recurring basis, Chief Richard Word released a plan that required another 60 to serve on mandatory overtime during sideshows and holidays.[69] In this way, the sideshow served as a pretext to saturate the city with cops during high-activity periods. At times, however, the OPD couldn't source enough officers from within its own ranks to meet its elevated staffing goals. So it turned to neighboring law enforcement agencies for assistance—at times involving as many as 100 additional cops from Hayward, San Leandro, and Alameda via mutual aid agreements.[70] These cities, according to Kozicki, were initially reluctant to partake. But they came around once the OPD began to push drivers from local streets onto regional highways. "We'd block them in and then put them on the freeway," he told me. "And we'd block the exits down [Interstate] 880, as far as we could go." This routed drivers into nearby cities—provoking the attention, and ire, of law enforcement agencies across the County. At a resulting meeting, Kozicki made his colleagues an offer they couldn't refuse. "If you don't want us to send

our sideshow into Hayward," he recalled telling them, "then send us a few police officers on Friday and Saturday night. We're not paying 'em. You pay 'em. But we'll do our best to keep 'em [sideshow drivers] off the freeway and out of your city!"[71]

In the end, the first stage of the anti-sideshow campaign proved as expensive as it was inefficient. The gatherings continued to grow, attracting over a thousand participants, often from all across the region. Meanwhile, the OPD's "zero-tolerance" strategy started to cost an estimated $25,000 to $30,000 per night. Between 2000 and 2005, the City of Oakland spent an estimated $2 million on overtime—almost all of which came out of the cash-strapped General Fund, despite persistent shortfalls (see Ch. 6)—to police the sideshow.[72] In the early 2000s, then, it turned to long-term and punitive strategies in search of more cost-effective means to control the street.

This new approach involved legislating more severe penalties for participating in a sideshow, whether as a driver or spectator. At the time, a new state law allowed law enforcement agencies to impose a 30-day impound on cars seized from street racers. But at the sideshow—where the aim was to reclaim space through energetic use, rather than race through it—the OPD was limited to towing vehicles. This meant that the cars were back on the street as soon as their drivers were able to scrounge up the money to retrieve them. The new law, on the other hand, would raise the temporal and financial stakes of having one's car seized at the sideshow. So local police and politicians set out to incorporate the sideshow into its scope. State Senator Don Perata, representing most of Alameda County, introduced the bill into the State House in 2002. But local officials didn't sit by and wait for their colleagues to debate the matter. Rather, Kozicki and African-American Councilmember Larry Reid rounded up residents from Reid's district in Deep East Oakland and took them to testify in Sacramento.[73] This, it seemed, was critical to convincing legislators that the law was meant to protect deserving and sleep-deprived residents of color, rather than increase the power of the police. This strategy thus built upon the new relationships between middle-class residents of color, especially African-American homeowners, and the OPD that—as discussed in the last chapter—were central to the politics of governing through nuisance in the post–Civil Rights Era. Indeed, in a manner that was typical of the time, Perata, who's White, pushed the bill over the finish line by positioning it as a means to protect respectable residents from being "terrorize[d]," their communities "ravaged."[74]

In the end, however, as with the case of the no-cruising measure, the impound law wasn't used that much in Oakland. "We didn't get a lot of mileage out of that," admitted Kozicki. The problem, he said, didn't lie in the law so much as the amount of "paperwork" required to enforce it. The OPD thus pushed the City Attorney to approve "an aggressive tow policy," only this time for "loud music." Since the latter involved less administrative labor—a ticket and a tow tag, instead of a two-page crime report, according to Kozicki—the OPD wound up towing as many as 120 cars in a weekend.[75] In practice, then, the OPD built upon the now routine use of musical consumption as a proxy, and apparently easier, means to profile and punish marginalized residents (see Ch. 2). In the process, the logic of intervention moved from the reckless and criminal acts touted at the State House to the sonic disturbances that were, once again, taken as a sign of resistance to normalization.

Still, the sideshow refused to abate. So Brown sought to crack down on its participants as if their actions were a personal affront. In many ways, they were. On more than one occasion, the Mayor—who lived, at the time, in a loft in Jack London Square—was woken up in the middle of the night by sideshow drivers in the area. In addition, nearing the end of his second term, he sought to return to Sacramento (where he'd regain the governorship in 2011) as State Attorney General. Surely, demonstrating that he could stamp out the sideshow menace—which, according to the OPD, had resulted in eight driving- or shooting-related deaths and thousands of arrests—would play well among law-and-order types on the campaign trail. "We've got to use every legitimate tool to prevent this invasion of Oakland's neighborhoods," he told the press. So in 2005, when the OPD noted a record-breaking 700 sideshow-related incidents and calls for service, Brown considered a series of means to ramp up the penalties for participants, including charging them with a felony for reckless driving and banning them from driving at night while on probation or parole.[76] In the end, however, he settled on a new ordinance that'd allow the City to saddle not only drivers, but *spectators*, with a misdemeanor offense by declaring the sideshow—or, at least, that which looked or sounded like one to the OPD—a "public nuisance."

In Oakland, as in other U.S. cities, the text of an ordinance opens with a recital of empirical representations and ethico-legal precepts that articulate the reason for the law's enactment ("whereas…"). While these recitals are often routine, in the case of the 2005 anti-sideshow law, they reveal a lot about the ways that the logic of nuisance control lent renewed force to the reverberations of liberal reason and liberal racism during this period. As I argue throughout this study, in Oakland, the cultural politics of disturbance entails a struggle over legitimate expressions of publicity, property, and propriety—one waged in the midst of the seemingly limitless decay time of White supremacy. Here, I examine the text of the law to draw out each of these liberal logics.

> "WHEREAS, the operators of vehicles involved in sideshows disturb the tranquility of Oakland residents and threaten their safety by screeching their tires, revving their engines, playing loud music, engaging in reckless stunts and maneuvers, driving over sidewalks and at times crashing into other vehicles, private and public property, and innocent persons; and…
>
> WHEREAS, these activities are injurious to the health and offensive to the senses; interfere with the peace and quiet of Oakland residents and with their right to enjoy their homes; interfere with the right of business owners to enjoy their property; and interfere with the comfortable enjoyment of life and property of entire communities and neighborhoods in Oakland and, as such, constitute a public nuisance."[77]

In these recitals, the ordinance linked three otherwise distinct notions of nuisance as *harm* (see Ch. 2): corporeal ("injurious to the health"), aesthetic ("offensive to the senses"), and economic ("interfere with the right of business owners to enjoy their property"). These representations of recklessness, which occluded other logics for participating in the sideshow, painted a picture of impropriety. Indeed, although aesthetic sensibilities—that which is "enjoyable" or "offensive" to the senses—are specific to socio-cultural groups,

the law elided such differences in favor of aesthetic norms that, while poised as universal, are in fact peculiar to an experience of property ownership historically limited to White, bourgeois men. For liberal urban government, then, what's proper is what's proper*tied*. The anti-sideshow law thus aimed to expunge precisely those sounds ("screeching…tires," "revving…engines," "loud music") that "interfere with the comfortable enjoyment of life and property." Lastly, as a declaration of *public* rather than private nuisance, the law used the language of "the public"—another form of liberal universalism—to, in effect, refer to and protect the rights of property owners as a class. In equating publicness with property, however, it limited legitimate expressions of publicity to those that maintained the sovereign control of private space. This, once again, disregarded the self-determined logics of publicity—its pleasures and its politics—enacted by sideshow participants. Instead, it reasserted a proper form of publicity, one tied to the respect for property, in order to quell a counterpublic practice that appeared to threaten all three.[78]

The law went on to introduce another discourse into the debate over the sideshow: that of spectator "responsibility." Those on the sidelines, it stated, "aid and abet in these activities by standing in the streets, blocking sidewalks, shouting, playing loud music and engaging in unruly behavior." Moreover, pointing to the marketing of sideshow videos—which, it noted, portray the city in a "negative light"—it argued that, armed with cameras, spectators "encourage the proliferation of the activity and allow the promoters to…profit" from the events. The ordinance thus inculpated spectators, or all people within 100 feet of a police-designated sideshow, in the crimes of drivers—rendering them "responsible for creating a public nuisance," a misdemeanor offense.[79]

As with the anti-cruising campaign at Lake Merritt, Mayor Brown's proposal was met with immediate resistance from residents of color, who recognized that criminalizing spectators would only increase the OPD's engrained practices of racial profiling and outright abuse. So when the anti-sideshow law came before the City Council, a middle-aged, African-American athletic coach (his named wasn't reported) testified that, while taking young members of his team home to East Oakland, the OPD accused him of contributing to a sideshow, and thus impounded his car, because his music was too loud. But again, as in times (not yet) past, the concerns of opponents were dismissed on the grounds that the irresponsible acts of sideshow participants rendered them beyond both reason and rights. After reading the account of the athletic coach in the newspaper, a White woman named Greta Dutcher from Alameda—an island city that's spatially intimate with, but insulated from, East Oakland—penned a letter to the editor. "While I don't think that they should have been punished for something they were not part of," she opened, with a short-lived note of sympathy, "I find it interesting that their music was so loud it caught the attention of police officers." Here, the source of her disturbance became apparent. "I have the same problem with some inconsiderate, disrespectful neighbors. They play their car stereos so loud that the bass literally shakes the windows in my house and drowns out the sound of my television…My heart goes out to the folks in those neighborhoods who have to suffer through such a blatant disregard of their peace and property." Given this experience, then, her sympathies swerved from the coach to his ostensive victims—victims like her. Operating within the commonsense logic of liberal reason/racism, she reinterpreted the issue in terms of uncivil "young people" (ignoring the fact that coach was 40), who "rudely force

their invasive noise on everyone."[80] She thus read right through an account of how a Black man had been criminalized to argue that problem was the way he made sound, rather than the way he was racially, spatially, and sonically profiled. In this way, liberal sympathies and aesthetic sensibilities turned into a sideshow that drowned out the operations of sonic racism and state violence.

But not everyone could be swayed. Around the same time, the *Tribune* published part of another letter to the editor, this time from a young Black woman (her name wasn't reported). "Before I was 21 and legally able to go to a nightclub," she wrote, "there was virtually nothing in Oakland for young people to do on weekends." Here, then, she linked the disturbance of the sideshow to not the cultural pathologies of youth people, but rather the racial and spatial dispossessions that'd made the events so attractive in the first place. "[T]he sideshows are a haven for…youth in a city where you are constantly being harassed by police that don't understand you and there is a mayor who does everything in his power to make your life miserable. The result is youth rebellion."[81] Apparently, some on the City Council agreed. Brown's initial proposal was shot down at a contentious, seven-hour meeting—when four Councilmembers, all of them women, refused to go along with a measure that would continue to criminalize young people of color and exacerbate their relations with the police. Upset, Larry Reid returned fire by positioning their refusal as a sign of privilege rather than pro-youth politics. "I wish I could divert the sideshows into their neighborhoods to let them know what my residents go through every weekend," he retorted.[82] The law eventually passed in modified form. But the pushback of residents and their representatives ensured that spectators wouldn't be charged for aiding and abetting the sideshow until their third offense.[83]

Conclusion

Today, the sideshow remains an ambivalent node of cultural politics in Oakland—one situated between multiple articulations of race and urban space, pleasure and policing. The events continue, as mentioned, driven more and more by Latinx and Asian-American participants from all over the region and even state, who remain drawn to Oakland as the mecca of these hyphy movements. After two decades of roaming the streets, this cat-and-mouse has turned into something of an arms race between participants and police. As the drivers seek out increasingly spectacular stunts—for example, throwing a sideshow in the middle of the Bay Bridge—to leave their generation's (literal) mark on the landscape, law enforcement agencies invest in more and more intense technologies of policing like car-mounted license-plate readers and aerial drones. In this constant reverberation, the image of the sideshow—indeed, the image of Oakland—as a site of (Black masculine) rebellion is indelible. It takes center stage, for instance, in the music video for Los Angeles rapper Kendrick Lamar's "Alright" (2015), an acclaimed song and informal anthem of the era of Black Lives Matter. As soon as the beat drops, we see Lamar in a 1968 Camaro, spinning donuts around a cop car-cum-dance floor not in LA, but on Treasure Island, in the center of San Francisco Bay (see Image 11). This links the city (West Oakland rises in the background), the sideshow, and the Black freedom struggle against state violence into a single

and resounding imaginary—one that consistently attracts drivers, motorcyclists, and more into Oakland's contested streets.[84]



Image 11: Kendrick Lamar spinning donuts around a cop car, with West Oakland in the background, in the music video for "Alright," 2015. Credit: Universal Music Group.

At the same time, however, since Oakland has transitioned into an intense process of gentrification and redevelopment (see Intro), the meaning of the sideshow has become entangled in another set of imagistic politics. Indeed, the media-driven vision of the city as a dark (i.e. Black) and dangerous place now contends with another "image problem"—one consistent with what Magie Ramírez calls the "white millennial imaginary"—of it as, predictably, no longer Black enough.[85] Brandi Summers calls this the politics of the "post-Chocolate City," in which processes of "Black aesthetic emplacement" mediate urban re-development once viable Black communities have been displaced.[86] Thus, while working in the City of Oakland's Cultural Affairs Division in 2017, a colleague of mine told me that Lamar's team initially wanted to film a scene in front of the Fox Theater—where the illuminated marquis, which reads "Oakland," has become a conventional, but ambivalent, landmark in the renovated cityscape (see Chs. 5 and 6). Reportedly, the scene was going to center on a crowd of young people, fists up, chanting "we gon' be alright"—the chorus of the song, and now a social movement. But it never occurred because the police refused the filming permit. Apparently, a recent protest in the area had left properties vandalized and authorities nervous. But my colleague—a young, White, progressive woman—de-rided this decision as tragically out-of-date. For her, it seemed, it was the relic of an old but tenacious conservatism in local government that wasn't hip to the fact that, in 2017, such images would drive the growth of the businesses that the authorities sought to "pro-tect." The video, she lamented, without a hint of irony, would've provided her office with invaluable "marketing material."[87] In this context, the cultural politics of the sideshow in Oakland now waver somewhere between an entrenched notion of Blackness as dangerous,

an emergent one of Blackness as vestigial, and thus, under certain conditions of control, a resurgent one of Blackness as marketable.

Clearly, then, the City's two-decades-long campaign hasn't managed to stamp out the sideshow. But that doesn't mean that it hasn't been productive. Rather, as I've argued in this chapter, in the 1990s and 2000s, the moral panic about hyphy rap and the sideshow generated new modalities and relations of policing in Oakland. Specifically, the anti-sideshow campaign involved: 1. The resourcing and relocation of the Traffic Division, now a more central part of the organization of the OPD, to the middle of a Black social space in East Oakland; 2. The enactment of zero-tolerance practices that reinforced the strategy of pretextual policing, or the dragnet, typical of the era; 3. The rise of lucrative opportunities for overtime work (see Ch. 6) among officers in both Oakland and surrounding cities; and 4. The roll out of stricter laws and penalties, like the power to impound cars and punish spectators, through the designation of the sideshow as a public nuisance. In the remaining chapters, I reveal how these practices of policing came to reshape other less renegade, but still criminalized, sites of cultural communion and expression among the city's working-class communities of color.

Lastly, I've argued that the moral panic *of* the sideshow also *was* a sideshow. The local media, running countless stories that sensationalized these events, demonized some young people of color's cultural practices in ways that distracted from the conditions of racial and spatial dispossession that fueled the sideshow in the first place. But not everyone could be fooled. Today, young people and their supporters continue to contest these narratives—calling for a "safe and sanctioned" sideshow venue that'd serve as not only a safeguard against criminalization, but also a remedy for the systemic eradication of social spaces for Black and Brown residents. In a recent news interview, for instance, longtime sideshow advocate Yakpasua Zazaboi countered the spectacle of revelers as gun-toting rowdies by attending to the historical forces that've rendered Oakland youth as "violent." "Let's be honest," he said. "Monkey see, monkey do…[Young people] didn't create the gun. They didn't create the violence. They *definitely* didn't bring the guns to Oakland. So if we're gonna' go down this rabbit hole, let's go all the way. Let's not just stop at the easiest target."[88]

4 // Pull Up: Sideshow Echoes at Festival at the Lake and Carijama

Like It Was Yesterday

Close your eyes. What do you see when you think about growing up in Oakland? I'm walking, walking and listening, and Liam O'Donoghue—creator of the podcast *East Bay Yesterday*—asks his guest, Pendarvis Harshaw, to reach into the recesses of his mind. The invitation is open-ended—a summoning for something, anything really, to see what shimmers through. "I'll start with Grand Avenue, by the Lake," responds Harshaw, local journalist and author, without missing a beat. "The place was totally different." It's 2017. But he starts to travel back in time. First, 10 years, to riding moped-like "pocket bikes" around Lake Merritt. "All the homies had those," he says. Then, another 10, to circulation without motors: to rollerblades. The method might've changed with age. But the desire to loop around the water, to dwell in the very heart of things, remained the same.

Still, these itineraries are the overtures to the main event. "The greatest memory, the greatest image in my head," continues Harshaw, "is Festival by the Lake. It's just like *people*. It's just jam-packed. It's thick." Soon, other events emerge into this reverie. The Carijama Caribbean Festival at Mosswood Park. Fourth of July at Jack London Square. This collage of memories maps an archipelago of joy. But not *just* that. Other recollections appear, complicating the picture. "Every event that you would go to in Oakland. It'd be live. It'd be culture. It'd be good," he recounts. "When sunset hit—get out of there… [S]tuff would turn bad. People would start fighting…It was just known." Memory, then, has its light and its dark, when daydream turns to nightmare, elation to alarm. The institutional memory of the authorities tends to inscribe the latter: the menace, the risk. But for others, like Harshaw, the risks of the city aren't remembered to demand their suppression so much as tell a story of survival. "You dealt with it," he says.[1]

These wavering memories of Festival at the Lake (FAL) are common and recurring among longtime residents. In 2018, for instance, the lived and lineal recollection of the struggle over FAL reverberated in the emotional and political response of Black Oaklanders when Jennifer Schulte, or "BBQ Becky," called the police on Ansayo Abram and Kenzie Smith for barbecuing at Lake Merritt (see Preface). The reassertion of the right to collective gatherings, like "BBQ'n While Black," in particular, seemed to many to reprise the social world that'd once taken root at FAL. "It [BBQ'n While Black] was the closest feeling to Festival at the Lake I have gotten since then," praised Travis Watts, producer of an annual party at the Lake Merritt Amphitheater called Fam Bam. "That denseness of, and that variety of, black."[2] Thus, in this most recent moment of the "changing same" of racialized dispossession and resistance in Oakland, memories of FAL echoed in ways that reactivated not only old wounds, but also longstanding practices of spatial appropriation, sovereign pleasure, and communal care.

Over the course of this research, I often encountered theories of these echoes—the echoes, that is, of the risk (Harshaw: "It was just known.") and its repressive mitigation—among my interlocutors. I saw in these interpretations attempts—not unlike my own—to

make sense of the apparently repetitive rhythms of Oakland's socio-spatial reproduction. I saw in them, too, a moral (and sometimes moralistic) concern for how a change might come, how a new song might emerge. And like most matters in Oakland, sonic or otherwise, these notes were often quite discordant.

In my interview with David Kozicki, former Deputy Chief of the Oakland Police Department (OPD), for instance, our conversation weaved in and out between sideshows and large-scale cultural events—sites that, for him, appeared interchangeable (see Ch. 3). In Oakland, he argued, the latter were doomed to fail due to the recurrent "misconduct" of a small but malignant group of "troublemakers"—who, in his view, were specifically young Black men:

> "Most special events in *regular* communities—I shouldn't say 'regular,' *other* communities—are really only traffic problems…I don't want to get all into White versus Black. Because I've been to predominantly African-American events in other cities. There's no problems. There's no issues. People are just having barbecues and picnics and getting along. I've been to Philadelphia. I've been to Detroit…So what is it about *Oakland* that prevents these things from happening well? Without violence? Without a bunch of cops getting involved? I know that other cities struggle with downtown entertainment districts, particularly when they're largely African American. And I don't know why. You'd probably have to ask an African-American person why they think that is. I would venture to say that some of them would say: 'Because of the police! Or because of our society! Or our culture! Or go back 300 years!' I don't know. But I do know that it exists…[T]he level of violence in that community, Black on Black, is well documented, right? They shoot each other! They assault each other! And they do it at public events. And that particular problem doesn't exist in other cultures. Or maybe it does, and I just don't know it…It's unique to Oakland…I've had people call me from other cities across the country and say: 'Oh, we have this sideshow problem.' 'How'd it start?' 'Some guys moved here from Oakland.'"[3]

In this remix of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Kozicki raised the ripples of slavery in order to then dismiss them with a discourse that rooted violence deep in the soil of a *sui generis* Black "culture."[4] At the same time, he sought repeatedly to paint his views as race-neutral through the displacement of race into space. Thus, according to his account, race wasn't predictive of disorder ("I don't want to get all into White versus Black."). Space, on the other hand, *was*. Comparing Oakland to other cities with African American, but allegedly amicable, populations like Detroit, then, he implied that the problem wasn't Black *people* so much as Black *Oaklanders*. Oakland, in other words, was essentially and exceptionally deviant. Place, in this sense, served as a means to evade, while reproducing, race. Kozicki didn't stop there, however. Rather, à la Moynihan, he located this lineage of deviance in the apparent failure of Oakland's Black institutions to normalize conduct among African-American youth. "At some point," he said, "the community has to make it clear to their young people: 'You're messing up all our efforts to try to have something!'…Someone's

gotta' check 'em. And it shouldn't always be the police, right? Because we end up being the bad guy. How 'bout you check this shit before. Like we always used to say: 'Check yourself before you wreck yourself.'"[5] For Kozicki, then, the repeated ruin of Oakland's large-scale events and cultural landscapes stemmed not from the afterlives of slavery's relations of government, and certainly not from the OPD, but rather an intergenerational crisis in Black social reproduction.

Indeed, as we'll see, some middle-aged Black Oaklanders endorsed this view, too. But others contested this discourse as one of the many re-versions of racism that were, for them, the real source of the crisis. "King" Theo Aytchan Williams, the artistic director of SambaFunk! (SF!) (see Intro), was one. In 2017, I met Williams at a café, as well, only this time in Downtown, around the corner from the Malonga Casquelourd Center for the Arts, where I regularly attended "Samba Church," two-plus-hour ceremonies of sweat, on Sundays. Williams—who, like but also not like Kozicki, was born and raised in Oakland after Black Power—was introduced to Afro-Brazilian culture by his friend Regina Calloway, co-director of carnival arts group Fogo Na Roupa (Regina, in turn, is the older sister of Sway Calloway, rapper, radio DJ, and former reporter for MTV). From there, Williams got involved in organizing the Carijama Caribbean Festival, too, since he had experience producing events while a student at Clark Atlanta University and San Diego State. What, I asked him, was it like organizing in Oakland compared to those other cities? "The City of Oakland is a racist-ass city," he responded, bluntly. "So if you're doing anything Black that represents any type of resistance or resilience, they're gonna' be there in opposition. Just period. That's just the history." Interestingly, then, Williams saw Oakland as exceptional, too. But for him, it was Oakland as an apparatus of government that started trouble on repeat—not, like Kozicki, Oakland as a spatial representation of Blackness. Moreover, for Williams, time was a series of loops, a sort of locked groove. But this stemmed from the routinely racialized ways that actors like Kozicki governed spaces of collectivity and conviviality, especially vis-à-vis Blackness. "That's the *history*, the history of Oakland," he continued. "They [the authorities] think it's a Black event, they gon' fuck with it. They think it's a White event, they won't."[6]

In this chapter, I start from these divergent explanations of time's apparent repetition, its relentless recursivity, that coalesce around Oakland's large-scale public events to examine the dynamics of the city's racial reverberations in more detail. Building upon the account in the last chapter, which covers the same time period, I trace the echoes of the campaigns to repress the cruise and the sideshow into other more legitimate, but no less precarious, cultural spaces: Festival at the Lake (1982-1997) and the Carijama Caribbean Festival (1984-2004). In particular, I argue that the optics/sonics, tactics, and relations of policing developed to control these spaces of fugitive mobility and sociality echoed out to stalk young people, especially young Black men, into other sites of social gathering. And this enrolled the latter in more intensive forms of government that led, ultimately, to their demise. After Victor Rios, I see this process as an aspect of Oakland's capacious "youth control complex." For Rios, this mode of policing entails a pattern of "hypercriminalization," in which young people of color's "everyday behaviors and styles become…treated as deviant, risky, threatening, or criminal, across social contexts." In this sense, the youth control complex is consistent with the manner of policing multiracial, but Black-centered,

youth cultural practices that I've called *governing through nuisance* (see Ch. 2). For Rios, however, the critical issue is the way that this process operates "across social contexts"—including home, school, work, recreation, and more—through the systematic treatment of youth conduct as "criminal."[7] I thus argue that, since the 1990s, the sideshow in particular came to be seen as an ever-expanding site of disturbance—one no longer contained to the Eastmont Mall, an intersection, or the middle of the night. Indeed, the anti-sideshow campaign consolidated a set of stigmata—large rims, loud sound systems, hyphy movements, and so on—that framed arrangements of young people of color's bodies, cars, and sounds as outlaw gatherings in some stage of degeneration. Reading these signs with increasing latitude, the OPD started to refer to more and more gatherings as "sideshow activities"—thus rendering them, and their associated spaces, subject to new and more severe regimes of regulation (see Ch. 3). In this sense, the government of the sideshow became a powerful means through which Oakland's racial reverberations were amplified and wired into a wider set of spaces.

Endangering Diversity: Festival at the Lake

In 1982, the Lake Merritt Garden Society started FAL to spotlight the floral diversity around Lakeside Park. Soon, however, the event grew to include local artists, artisans, food, and other diversions for residents and visitors alike. With these attractions, the Garden Society sought to dispel the sense of decay that'd settled amidst Oakland's parks and public spaces. On one side, the post–Civil Rights Era saw massive disinvestment from its spaces of recreation and a media-driven panic about their alleged danger and depravity at the onset of the crack epidemic. On the other, it saw the attenuation of the vibrant public cultures that'd taken root in areas like Lakeside Park through the creation of a new mode of governing through nuisance (see Ch. 2). The latter, in fact, led to its own campaigns to improve conduct around the Lake. In 1979, for instance, following several years of raced and classed struggle over social gatherings, Black-serving radio station KDIA sponsored a series of events called Project Pride that—with free concerts by pop artists like Patrice Rushen—were meant to discourage youth from littering and other forms of lawlessness at Lakeside Park.[8] In the early 1980s, then, FAL built upon these earlier events—these interventions into the park as a largely Black, but contested, social space—to remake the Lake and Oakland at large into a space of desire among (law-abiding) residents, visitors, and investors. This occurred, in particular, through the discourse of "diversity."

At the time—indeed, to this day—many supporters saw Lake Merritt as a mecca of liberal multiculturalism. According to Jodi Melamed, this movement—which emerged as a "counterinsurgency" against the anti-racist revolts of the 1960s—diverted these campaigns to dismantle racialized structures into the consumption of racialized aesthetics in ways that reinforced White power and privilege through not a distaste, but rather a *desire*, for difference.[9] In Oakland, some residents worried that the discourse of diversity was a way to remediate the image of Blackness. Others, however, saw in it the potential that the city's working-class communities of color (or *culture*) could serve as a source of value, rather than its perennial inverse. Lake Merritt—named, in 1869, the first wildlife refuge in North America—thus came to serve as a popular sign of an urban space that thrived

through cohabitation rather than exclusion. It was, according to the romantic musings of a reporter in 1985, "Oakland as Oakland would like to be," a miniature model of the "urban dream working."

> "It serves the yuppies in running shoes; its east shore serves as a social promenade for inner city teenagers…[H]omeless people find refuge in the morning sun on the grass…[S]omehow it all works, in the way that a fully integrated, tolerant, culturally diverse and forward-looking city dreams of working…There are no second class citizens at the lake."[10]

In this liberal multicultural reverie, FAL—with its original emphasis on floral *diversity*—came to represent the dream within the dream. It thus flowered at the literal and passional heart of the city. Not only urban economies, but emotions, were at stake.

Indeed, in the 1980s, these emergent desires found in FAL a site for their expression that middle-class residents of surrounding cities—long accustomed to seeing Oakland with a mix of fear and loathing—could recognize. For at least one weekend per year, the media would marvel at the exciting (of not exotified) mélange of sites, smells, and sounds. In 1985, for instance, when it drew an estimated 15,000 attendees, the *Tribune* celebrated the event not for its bougainvilleas, but rather its barbecue, blues, and breakdance.[11] While most residents of the region might resist living amidst so much difference—in particular, Blackness—it made for an exhilarating excursion from time to time. For Oaklanders, on the other hand, many of whom were exhausted by the constant need to explain that their city was more than just a "ghetto," the positive coverage provided a welcome change in the conversation. Still, the racialized registers of Oakland's recalcitrant "image problem" were never far from view. "For a few days each year," wrote a reporter for the *East Bay Express*, reflecting on FAL in the 1980s, "pictures of smiling fairgoers and stories about the good time they were having replaced the standard-issue prattle about Oakland's drugs, guns, and crime. Maybe it was just too good to last."[12]

The turning point, unsurprisingly, arrived when FAL became a destination for not only suburban tourists, but also working-class residents of color from across the flats. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, the barbecue and cruising scene that'd become established on the east side of the Lake (see Ch. 3) simply extended to include the area along Grand Avenue during FAL. It was like the early days of the sideshow in East Oakland; the more regulated activities inside the event were doubled by the crowds that staked out their own sovereign space on the margins. Some visitors went to FAL to scope out the vendors and the music, which, by this time, was heavy on the elders of the Oakland Blues (see Ch. 1). Others went to post up outside and scope out the captivating cross-section of people who paraded up and down the street. Still others moved in between these two scenes. But for many young people of color, FAL didn't begin and end at the gated entrance to Lakeside Park; it unfurled, instead, like a picnic blanket, or a curl of blunt smoke, throughout the surrounding area. "I never even went to the festival," admitted Travis Watts, who extoled the event, in 2018. "It wasn't even about the festival for me."[13]

Of course, I never attended FAL. It ended more than a decade before I moved to Oakland. But I encountered its social world in 2018 when I came across two montages of home videos made in 1995 and 1996.[14] In the videos, the inside of the event is thick with bodies. Visitors stroll among the food stands and sprawl along the lawn to picnic, lounge, and listen to music. It's the outside of the event, however, that commands the most camera time. Here, the atmosphere runs a little looser. Groups of men and women, from their teens to their thirties, mingle on the grass and meander along the sidewalk. Some mug for the camera, calling out their sets and their cities. It's like the cruise, only on foot. For me, in 2018, the landscape along Grand Avenue appears surprisingly familiar. But there's one difference that I find especially striking: nearly everyone is Black. Living amidst the time of gentrification (see Intro), it's difficult for me to imagine that this is what Grand—now the site of upscale restaurants and twee retailers—once looked like. This archival image lends additional context to the countless comments that I've heard from longtime Black residents, who claim that the Lake—which, like in 1985, is still widely touted as the one space where the whole city converges without "second class citizens"—is unrecognizable and, worse, unwelcoming. "Cant really kick it in the town like this anymore," warned the creator of one of the videos when they posted it to YouTube in 2012.

Indeed, one of the reasons that this scene was destined for regulation was that, by rearranging the terrain of the event on their own terms, these residents ran up against the City of Oakland's emergent "quality-of-life" regulations (see Ch. 2), which built upon the longstanding governmental imperative to order public space and conduct according to the norms of White supremacy. In this sense, the aim of including young people of color, and especially young Black people, in the "urban dream" of Lake Merritt was interrupted by a widespread concern about the ways they remade the space according to their own desires. It wasn't long, then, before the unsanctioned area along Grand attracted the attention of the OPD. In the process, FAL became inscribed in a cartography of largely Black social spaces—one now categorized, capaciously, as "sideshow activity"—that disordered, as I argue, local campaigns to govern through nuisance. The event thus became conscripted in a roving antagonism between young people of color and the police that disturbed any fantasy of a post-racial renaissance.

This antagonism erupted in 1994. On Saturday, after the first day of festivities, the OPD trailed a group of revelers out to a sideshow at Eastmont Mall, where, in response to this surveillance, some in the crowd threw rocks and bottles at the police. The OPD thus went into the second day of FAL intent on repressing any more "sideshow activity." As the main event came to an end, more than 200 officers and reservists moved in to expel the remaining attendees from the area around Lakeside Park. When the crowds turned out to be intransigent, however, the OPD started to use more muscle. As with the case of the Mayeux Brothers in 1977, which occurred in the exact same area (see Ch. 2), the scene at FAL turned chaotic when the police tried, according to news reports, to "arrest an unruly man." "Lakeside Park," wrote a reporter, "turned from a fairground into a battlefield." As the crowd became restive, the OPD—clearly anticipating such an encounter—sent more riot-ready officers to the scene. Armed with batons, pepper spray, and M-80 explosives, the cops attempted to force the now hostile crowds from the area. In the end, 22 people were treated for injuries, only two of them police, and over were 100 arrested.[15]

The battle along Grand died down that night. But a war of words and blame soon began to rage. Appearing together at a press conference the next day, Mayor Elihu Harris and Police Chief Joseph Samuels moved rapidly to assign responsibility for the melee to what Harris called a "mob mentality" and a "breakdown of law and order." "There will be those who will say that the cops were at fault," added Samuels, the city's first Black Chief of Police. "They will try to make a black and white issue out of it." "But it is not a racist or racial issue," he insisted, in a mode consistent with governing through nuisance in Oakland. "The issue is lawlessness and rowdy behavior."[16] Once again, then, the liberal discourse of law and order served to rationalize the structural violence of policing against young people of color through the condemnation of their individual "misconduct."

This repetitive logic was reiterated again during my interview with David Kozicki. At the time, as lieutenant of the OPD Traffic Division, Kozicki oversaw crowd control at special events, including the sideshow and FAL. Indeed, at our meeting, he slipped in and out of talking about sideshows, festivals, and nightclubs—all terrains that were subject to, and articulated by, his purview. For Kozicki, these spaces were connected to one another not by his own authoritative agency, but rather by the "outrageous" and "hyphy" actions of those who gathered there. "It's the *outrageous behavior* of young people," he told me, "that results in the failure of these public events and venues that strive to cater towards African Americans." His view of the issue relied upon raced, classed, gendered, and age-based notions of Black men as ruled by an out-of-control heterosexual drive rather than respectable norms of self-government. This is how he explained it to me:

> "The issue goes back to the sideshow. And Festival at the Lake…[These events] boil down to nothing more than 'boy-meets-girl.' And the dynamic is very similar to the European or Mexican town square, where…boys and girls used to walk around. And at some point it was like: OK, who has the nicest clothes? Who has the nicest hair cut? Who has the nicest car? Who can do the craziest thing with their car? Who can do the craziest thing with their behavior? What are you gonna do—usually as a young male—to make yourself stand out and attractive to girls?"[17]

Kozicki thus blamed the disturbance at FAL on the misadventures of "tennis-shoe pimps," or young men who, lacking the resources of more well-to-do macks, tried to compensate through attention-grabbing stunts. Their solicitations, he stated, might've started out with some restraint: "What's your name? What's your phone number?" he mimicked. But they soon escalated to more aggressive actions, including sexual assault. "People getting their clothes ripped off…is a freakin' assault!" he exclaimed, his ardor rising from across the table of the crowded café. "I don't care what you say about it," he continued, seemingly anticipating some of the critiques that he encountered from residents while on the OPD. "It's not 'cultural.' It's not 'social.' And it's not proper behavior. Those are the kinds of incidents that ruin these events."[18] Here, as I listened to Kozicki's declensionist account, I started to sense, once again, the echoes of Daniel Patrick Moynihan; namely, in treating heterosexual aggression as both cause of and compensation for Black men's poverty and

powerlessness, Kozicki's point of view seemed indeed caught up in Moynihan's "tangle of pathologies."[19]

At the same time, though, it's impossible to ignore the complicated sexual politics represented in some of the videos that have survived. These montages reveal a gaze that's masculine, heterosexual, and objectifying. The men with the cameras repeatedly zoom in on the butts and breasts of women as they pass. Indeed, to the extent that they appear at all, most women are depicted silently and from the rear, while, off-camera, men author a running commentary on their looks. One exception occurs when a young Black woman states that FAL "wasn't as rowdy as last year." "[T]he boys were a lot more nicer in their approach to talking to us." As if to contest this perspective, however, the video cuts away to several scenes in which groups of men descend upon and surround women in a sort of non-consensual game. Some of the women respond to the aggressive attention with a nervous smile. Others flee. One fights her way out of the crush as a cop car arrives, arresting one of the assailants. Clearly, then, the pleasures of the social scene along Grand Avenue for young, heterosexual men could occur at the expense of the marginalization of young women of color.

But, I argue, these archival moments do more than merely comport with Kozicki's view, which remixed a resonant "culture-of-poverty" thesis as a rationale for police repression. First, as videos, these texts are the self-conscious representations of their authors. As a result, they tend toward a selective and spectacular series of heteromasculine tropes, including the degradation of young women of color, that are characteristic of U.S. racial and gendered capitalism and culture at large. The content of the videos, in other words, is not only overdetermined, but also only a part of the picture.[20] Second, at several moments, the camera cuts away to capture the banal but constant presence of the OPD. In a literal instance of what Simone Browne calls "sousveillance," or watching from below, it turns toward the sky to record the hovering specter of a police helicopter.[21] The positionality of the gaze is thus complex; it mediates a Black heteromasculinity that's both attuned to the bodies of Black women and the racialized menace of the OPD. And third, while this masculinity engendered certain threats for the women it targeted, it's problematic to authorize the OPD to "protect" young women of color as a result. Indeed, in 2016, the year before I interviewed Kozicki, it was revealed that at least 14 OPD officers—and a total of 28 law enforcement agents from around the region—engaged in sex and sex trafficking with the teenage daughter, who's Latina, of another officer. And all with little consequence. For while Mayor Libby Schaaf might've come out and condemned its "toxic macho culture," the OPD avoided significant structural reforms. Indeed, while several OPD officers were disciplined or fired, only one of the men—who, à la Kozicki, we might see not as "tennis-shoe" but "red-and-blue pimps"—was met with criminal charges.[22]

In 1994, however, the OPD used particular incidents of young men's "misconduct" as a pretext to treat the crowds around FAL as a "riot," indiscriminately involving anyone on the street in a crackdown that quickly turned repressive. In the aftermath, as reporters trained their microphones on the Mayor and the OPD, a few voices managed to emerge through the narrative of a "breakdown of law and order" to present an alternative version of events. "[W]henever young people gather to socialize, we are broken up by the police,"

stated Joseph Boone, 18, calling attention to Oakland's youth control complex. "Just like everybody else, we just want places to go so we can listen to music, relax, and have fun. But where are we supposed to go?"[23] Raymond Brooks, 19, also contested the notion that the youth were the "rowdy" ones. After being hit with a baton and pepper sprayed as he tried to escape the scene, he spent the rest of the night crying in anger and dismay. "They [the police] made me feel kind of dirty," he recalled to the *Tribune*. "It's like they invited us down there to beat us up."[24]

In these accounts, young Black Oaklanders situated the significance of the social world of FAL, as well as its suppression, in relation to the systemic containment of socio-sonic spaces among working-class youth of color. The 1994 melee at FAL, for instance, emerged fast on the heels of the first no-cruising law and blockade of Lakeshore Avenue over Memorial Day (see Ch. 3). The young people posting up and partying along Grand thus arrived at FAL reverberating with the accumulated experiences of being targeted for their presence at Lake Merritt—and, indeed, recreational spaces across the city, if not the generations. Likewise, the cops that arrived to expel them—led by the Traffic Division—did so amidst a resonant cultural politics of disturbance that aimed to normalize the social, spatial, and sonic practices of young people of color, including at a sideshow the previous night. The antagonism that erupted, in turn, fueled the City Council's campaign to tighten the no-cruising law in 1995, which, according to supporters, was meant to step up control of the cruising scene to avoid a repeat incident at FAL later that summer. But, of course, repression tends to breed resistance. Thus, in one video, the camera comes upon a young Boots Riley, who circulates among the revelers to pass out flyers for the event, "Fuck the Police Day," organized by the Young Comrades in opposition to the anti-cruising campaign (see Ch. 3). The notice calls for residents to come to Lake Merritt to barbecue, listen to music, and otherwise enjoy their "constitutional right to hook up and kick it" in ways that are increasingly at risk. "It's gonna' be annual," responds another man. "Pretty soon, it's gonna' be 'Fuck the Police *Year*'!" And so the relations of antagonism roll along for another loop around the Lake…

…

Amidst this airing of injury, insult, and incrimination, local officials turned their attention to whether they could rescue FAL for the coming year. Given the economic and emotional import of the event to residents and promoters alike, most worried that, if FAL succumbed, whether to unruliness or repression, it'd result in another stain on Oakland's tainted reputation. Supporters thus sought to intervene in the sanctioned and unsanctioned terrains of the event to avert another melee.

The main impulse, unsurprisingly, given the ongoing ripples of liberal reason and liberal racism, was to correct the conduct of young people of color. Under Mayor Harris, Black city officials and civic leaders came together to enact a middle-class, middle-aged, and at times Christian politics of communal self-discipline. Within weeks of the conflict, Harris organized a group of clergy to walk through Lakeside Park, where they passed out leaflets that listed the "rules of behavior" that govern the public realm. "We have to give some youths what they are not getting," stated Reverend Jay Matthews of St. Benedict's

Church in East Oakland, "home training and parenting."[25] This tactic was reintroduced in the spring, when Loretta Jones, director of the California Chapter of the National Black Alcoholism Council, created a new group called Concerned About Lake Merritt (CALM) comprised of teachers, mentors, and clergy. CALM, it seemed, was the antidote to hyphy (see Ch. 3). On Sundays, members would walk the area to educate young people about the prohibitions on barbecuing, listening to loud music, and cruising at the Lake. "I don't excuse any funky behavior at all," said Afriye Quamina, a volunteer, to the *East Bay Express*. "But in CALM we're trying to bypass…the scolding. Why don't we prepare them to come here instead of scolding them when they don't know? As their elders, we haven't taught them shit."[26]

These campaigns thus resonated with the longstanding practices of respectability politics among African Americans, as well as other minoritized groups, in cities like Oakland. CALM, for instance, like the DeFremery Rec Center after World War II (see Ch. 1), marshaled communal concern for Black youth to enroll them in a pedagogical process of learning, literally, to play by the rules. While caring, however, these activists reproduced discourses of deficiency (e.g. lack of "home training") that, in accordance with Kozicki, reinforced the narrative that the tensions between young people and the police stemmed from the failure of communal authorities, like parents, to inculcate responsible modes of conduct. And this masked the structural violence of a control complex that resonated with laws and norms that—dating at least to World War II—tended to be anti-poor, anti-youth, and anti-Black. At the same time, among many residents of color, the reformist approach of groups like CALM was preferable to the punitive one of the OPD. This view reflected an old understanding that, in a White supremacist and carceral state like the U.S., limited forms of Black self-determination were contingent on the collective capacity to "police ourselves."[27] The alternatives, after all, too often involve(d) the routine use of extreme, yet "legitimate," force.

The run up to the 1995 event was no different. At the same time that CALM was conducting outreach around the Lake, the OPD dispatched over 55 cops to patrol the area. As with the anti-cruising and anti-picnicking campaigns of the previous two decades (see Chs. 2 and 3), the police cracked down on low-level infractions like riding a bike without a license. According to one lieutenant (his name wasn't reported), this broken-windows-style of policing was meant to stem the creeping escalation of lawlessness that allegedly led to the disturbance at FAL the previous year. "We'd like to nip this in the bud," he told a reporter. "We are going to be courteous, we are going to be sensitive, and we are going to enforce the law." "People are going to go to jail for those things."[28]

Meanwhile, city officials and festival organizers spent the entire year preparing—even bracing—for the return of the event. Harris convened a 32-member Youth Advisory Board, which, arguing that youth resistance to participation in the sanctioned space of the event stemmed from the lack of age-appropriate activities, recommended a set of changes. These included replacing an area for community organizations with carnival rides; selling discounted tickets in high schools; creating a zone called "Da Spot" with music, dance, and visual art by 15-to-22-year-old artists; and adding a late-night basketball tournament at Laney College. Then, in 1996, organizers relocated *all* of the youth-centered activities

to Laney. So if, in 1995, organizers tried to recuperate the image of FAL as a mecca of liberal multiculturalism under the theme "Bringing Us All Together," then, in 1996, they seemed to revert to a logic of separate-but-equal by seeking to remove young people of color from their post along Grand Avenue to a segregated reserve on the opposite side of the Lake (see Map 2).[29]

The much-feared relapse of the 1994 melee never occurred. But all of the preventative measures led to negative side effects that contributed to FAL's eventual decline. On top of creating an additional (but isolated) site, organizers moved the event from summer to fall, when fewer young people gathered at the Lake. Then, as if these manipulations of space and time weren't enough to manage the threat of the crowds, organizers ramped up their security measures, too, recruiting—according to the *Tribune*—a "small army of volunteers…to blanket the festival and keep the peace." While this group, some 500 strong, was meant to instill a sense of "amiable security," 200 police officers were marshaled to deal with more criminal concerns. In turn, this increase in the number of sites, activities, and security personnel amped up the costs of production. In 1995, for instance, when the organization spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on police services, it wound up with a $281,000 deficit from which it never recovered. Moreover, even with these "enhancements"—or, perhaps, because of them—attendance started to nosedive. In 1997, when the organization threw in the towel, turnout reached a 15-year low of just 20,000.[30]

In this section, I've recounted the rise and fall of FAL as the dream of liberal multiculturalism collapsed into the dread of recurring struggle between young people of color and the police. Among many residents and their representatives, the demise of the event led to the return of a familiar economic and existential malaise—a widespread sense that Oakland was doomed to deprivation, especially vis-à-vis superlative San Francisco. "It's another nail in the coffin," worried Lorrin Kroska, resident and longtime FAL volunteer, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

> "We don't have anything over here. Do you see San Francisco people coming over here to go to our restaurants, our symphony, or our opera? If we don't have events over here to put Oakland on the map, then what in the Sam Hill is Oakland's point? Everything we do seems to blow up in our face. Why is that?"[31]

Like most commentators, though, Kroska interpreted the underdevelopment of Oakland's cultural landscape in terms of an essential deficiency—a social, if not moral, defect in the soul of the city—rather than specific geographies and political economies of policing. For young people of color, especially African Americans, however, the connections between the youth control complex and the racialized containment of *their* sites of recreation and leisure were clear. The creator of one of the FAL montages, for instance, chose to end the video with a scene that reveals a White cop stopping a Black motorist to distribute a flyer that spells out the terms of the no-cruising ordinance (see Ch. 3). "What's this?" asks the young man. "It explains the cruising law here in Oakland," responds the cop. "Oh, OK," says the driver, accepting the flyer without complaint. The chance for defiance, however, comes later, when the editor adds their critical annotation. "That's it," the words emerge

on the screen, juxtaposed with the image of the cop, "no more Lake for us" (see Image 12). This critique, I argue, adds much-needed nuance to Kroska's notion that "[w]e don't have anything over here." For in contrast to the universal "we," it contends that Oakland is unevenly policed in ways that create a racialized "us" whose place in the cultural landscape is more and more circumscribed. Indeed, it's the notion of the liberal "we," whose rights to enjoy a normalized public realm are apparently endangered by a reckless "them," that authorizes the expansion of the city's youth control complex in the first place.



Image 12: Still from the Festival at the Lake montage, which shows the OPD enforcing the no-cruising ordinance, 1996. Credit: RamHistoryMaker.

Properly Afro-Centric: Carijama Caribbean Festival

At the same time that FAL was starting to wane, the Carijama Caribbean Festival, located at Mosswood Park in North Oakland, was picking up steam. Admittedly, in 2011, when I moved to an apartment in nearby Temescal, one of the most gentrified areas of the city, Mosswood looked to me like a lovely but rarely used green space where doctors and nurses from the ever-expanding campus of Kaiser Permanente relaxed over lunch. But in the 1990s, I soon learned, longtime residents regarded it as the site where NBA All-Stars Gary Payton and Jason Kidd refined their competitive edge playing pick-up ball. (Indeed, "The Wood" is still home to a vibrant basketball scene.) Or as the site where generations of residents took low-cost dance classes at the Mosswood Rec Center through the recrea-

tional dance program started by Ruth Beckford in 1947.[32] As mentioned in Ch. 1, "Ms. B" would introduce thousands of young people to the rhythmic and movement repertoires of the African Diaspora through the Dunham Technique. These included young people like LaVerne Williams, who, dating Huey P. Newton, convinced her dance teacher to get involved in organizing the Black Panther Party's inaugural free-breakfast program at North Oakland's St. Augustine's Episcopal Church.[33]

Mosswood Park was thus a critical crossroads within the intersecting geographies of African Diasporic politics, pleasure, and play that reverberated throughout the city in the Black Power Era (see Ch. 1). It made sense, then, that it was eventually chosen as the home of Carijama by creator Connie Williams. Williams was a legend of the Black Arts Movement in her own right. Born in Trinidad, she opened the Calypso Restaurant in New York's Greenwich Village, which, in 1943, became one of the first racially integrated milieux among artists and intellectuals in Lower Manhattan. There, a young James Baldwin, who considered Williams a friend and mentor, as well as employer, rubbed elbows with C.L.R. James, Paul Robeson, Richard Wright, and Marlon Brando while he bussed tables and scrubbed dishes.[34] Later, relocating to San Francisco, Williams opened Connie's Restaurant in Haight-Ashbury and then the largely Black Fillmore District. Connie's served as the place where Baldwin and other luminaries would land when they touched down in the Bay Area, making it an outpost of the Black Arts Movement West. Indeed, it was at a dinner party at William's apartment on Haight Street in 1967 that Baldwin first met Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver.[35]

In addition to being a restaurateur, Williams was also a calypso singer and impresario. So in 1976, she created a carnival in San Francisco's Western Addition, one of its last remaining Black neighborhoods. At the same time, another group of Afro-Diasporic performing artists were working on a similar event in the Mission District. In the end, the latter caught on. San Francisco Carnaval thus developed into a large-scale annual event. But while the original organizers were West Indian and Afro-Panamanian, the event soon became associated with the Latin American communities and cultural traditions typical of *La Misión*.[36] In 1984, then, Williams revived her specifically Afro-Caribbean event, only now in the East Bay. Carijama, as it came to be known, ran for a time in Berkeley before rooting down among the oaks at Mosswood.[37] Here, the event took on a unique meaning in relation to San Francisco Carnaval; it became, according to Caribbean custom, a "cool down," where revelers could relax in the sun and recover their strength after the latter had run its course.[38] More than that, though, it became a site of convergence among the many Afro-Diasporic arts organizations that had animated Oakland's cultural politics since the Black Power Era (see Ch. 1). In contrast to San Francisco, then, not to mention the mainstream of performing arts in the East Bay, Carijama became, in essence, a space of Black consciousness, collectivity, and vibration. "It was *our* carnival," recalled Theo Williams[39] in 2017. "And for all of the cultural arts community—dancers and drummers and musicians—it was a must-be-at event."[40]



Image 13: Queen of Carijama marching with members of Fogo Na Roupa at Mosswood Park, 1997. Credit: Walter Thompson, courtesy of the African American Museum and Library at Oakland.[41]

It turned out to be a must-be-at event for residents, as well. By 1999, an estimated 12,000 attendees crammed themselves into the park to partake of the festivities.[42] Indeed, Carijama attracted not only West Indian people, but also African Americans and Afro-Diasporic cultural aficionados from across the Bay Area (which has a smaller Caribbean population than areas like New York and Miami). According to King Theo, people would come from as far as the Central Valley to dance and parade with groups that numbered in the hundreds (see Image 13).[43] Others would arrive first thing in the morning to stake out

their usual spot on the lawn, where they'd barbecue and visit with loved ones. By midday, the air would thicken with the smoke of competing grills, incense, and medicinal herbs. Strolling through the crowd, visitors would catch up with acquaintances, check out the clothing and crafts sold by Afro-centric vendors, and take in the parade, which snaked its way around the park, and other vibrant performances.[44] Building upon Oakland's ongoing legacies of African-derived music and dance, then, the event came to serve as a space of cultural and communal connection for otherwise scattered members of the Bay Area's increasingly vast Black Diaspora.

Still, like many of the city's treasured communal spaces, scraped together in spite of racial capitalist disregard and disinvestment, Carijama was driven by love, resolve, and the undervalued labor of artists and organizers. As of 1995, for instance, Jackie Artman—a local dance teacher and, like Connie Williams, Trinidadian—made the whole thing run on just $4,500. There were no grants, no sponsorships. Just the labor and love of residents like Artman, who ran the organization out of her home on her spare time and dime.[45]

This lack of resources spelled trouble when, in the words of one former organizer, Carijama began to get "hotter and hotter and hotter."[46] The scars of FAL were still raw. So organizers became concerned when "aimless," and thus potentially unruly, young people started to congregate at the unsanctioned edges of the event. Several of my interlocutors interpreted this change in the "vibe" in terms of the retuning of the event from carnival arts to rap music. In particular, in the early 2000s, organizers began to promote Carijama on 106.1 KMEL, the Bay Area's main station for rap and R&B. The event had long since become a staple among more middle-class and middle-aged Afro-centric cultural circles. But the partnership with KMEL, which started to broadcast live from the park, spread the word that there was a party going on at Mosswood to younger audiences from across the region. "Rap," said King Theo, echoing a common view of local cultural spaces (see Ch. 6), "was one of the factors that killed Carijama."[47] Indeed, Theo was hardly the only one to see it this way. In my time in Oakland, many longtime cultural producers and DJs have used KMEL as a stand-in for a "ratchet" or "hyphy" energy, if not "element," that needs to be contained to prevent an event from devolving into violence or chaos. For some local selectors, then, the role of the DJ is precisely to modulate this potentially dangerous vibe via the mix—indicating that the DJ, as a conductor on the "wheels of steel," is involved, à la Michel Foucault, in the governmental-cum-vibrational "conduct of conduct."[48]

Regardless of the role of rap, however, in the early 2000s, the event ran into three consecutive years of conflict, causing many to worry that the specter of FAL had returned to haunt Carijama, too. In 2003, for instance, as the anti-sideshow campaign accelerated across the city (see Ch. 3), the rolling antagonism between young people of color and the police pulled up at Mosswood when the OPD, operating within an increasingly capacious definition of rogue and racialized gatherings, responded to what it described as "sideshow activity" at the edge of the event. According to David Kozicki, who was still in charge of crowd control at special events, the cops tried to suppress the gathering through a practice of "space invading," or sending officers in to scare away any potential "troublemakers."[49] When that didn't do the trick, however, the OPD closed the streets around the park—as it did in response to the cruise and the sideshow in other parts of the city—to expel party-

goers from the area. This, of course, only caused tensions to escalate. In a final attempt to disperse the crowd, then, the OPD moved into the throng—an estimated 1,500 strong—in full riot gear. Upset, young people turned to an age-old tactic of repelling the unwanted presence of the police with rocks and bottles. The cops, in turn, returned fire with "stinger grenades" full of rubber pellets.[50]

The public response was vicious and immediate. "Once again," opined the editors of the *Tribune*, "the violence of a group of knuckleheads is threatening the future of the family-oriented Carijama." Condemning the misconduct of "sideshow participants" and "other hoodlums," who "terrorize[d] neighbors and passing motorists," the editors argued that the OPD's use of "less than lethal" weapons was "justified." At the same time, they sought to distinguish between those who produced and attended the event. "Community groups like Carijama should not be the victims of out-of-control thugs."[51] Here, again, the commonsense response to the apparent disturbance reverberated with the logics of liberal reason and liberal racism. On one side, the editors admitted, as I argued in the last chapter, that Oakland lacked venues where young people could socialize. But rather than account for the structural causes, like disinvestment and governing through nuisance, they insisted that such privileges, if not pleasures, were contingent on demonstrating proper conduct in the first place. "[T]he city's young people must prove they deserve places to party by behaving in a responsible manner," they declared.[52] According to this liberal logic, then, the editorial maintained the prospect that young people of color could earn their rights to the city, including the right to "party," via performances of respectability. But it also viewed them through racializing and criminalizing lenses that reverberated with the discourse of the sideshow—e.g. "hoodlums," "terrorists," and "thugs"—thus ensuring that they were not only stripped of social spaces, but also seen as responsible for their own deprivation.

Interestingly, the organizers and constituents of Carijama endorsed this logic, too, only with an Afro-centric cultural accent that maintained the value, and thus rights, of the festival as not the cause of, but *solution to*, the wayward acts of youth. Brenda Payton, for instance, a Black columnist for the *Tribune*, stated that—as with FAL—a small group of "rowdies" ruined what was otherwise a respectable event. "The irony," she wrote, "is that if those young men…were involved with any of the groups that had participated [in the carnival], they would not have been behaving as they did…It's precisely this type of activity that teaches community and culture to young people. If ever anyone needs Carijama, then it's those men on the perimeter." According to Payton, then, in a manner reminiscent of postwar antipathies toward the blues of migrants (see Ch. 1), Afro-Diasporic arts could serve as a culturally relevant curative for the teenage disorders of "drugs, alcohol, and the anti-culture of gangsta rap."[53]

On the one hand, Payton's argument recuperated the event from racist notions that denied its cultural value as a means to delegitimate its claim to public space. In the aftermath of the 2003 melee, for instance, Jeannette Sherwin—described as a "neighborhood activist" in the *Tribune*—accredited issues of recklessness to the low cultural status of the carnival arts. "This is about partying," she claimed. "[T]hat's all that this is about—a big rowdy out-of-control party. It's not a cultural event. It's very scantily clad men and women and some steel drums."[54] With this, Sherwin echoed colonial discourses that located

the "natives" as outside of (European) culture as the paragon of civilization, and thus the rights and responsibilities of liberal citizenship. In this context, then, Payton's defense of Carijama as a site of positive and pro-Black socialization served to counteract such views.

At the same time, however, Payton expressed an intergenerational politics characteristic of the city's socio-sonic arrangement in the post–Civil Rights Era (see Ch. 2) that, like CALM, allowed ideas of Black youth as culturally deficient to circulate in ways that disavowed the anti-Blackness of the youth control complex. In the coverage of Carijama, for instance, the editors and reporters for the *Tribune*, who represented the voice of White colorblindness, routinely used racialized but nevertheless vague terms like "rowdies" and "troublemakers" to characterize crowds of young people. Payton, on the other hand, was the first—and only—person to interrupt this post-racial *politesse* when she disclosed the frustrations of Black elders with the "out-of-control behavior" of specifically Black youth. She only decided to write the article, she claimed, after receiving repeated requests from a West Indian woman. "'The Man' is not responsible for destructive individual behavior," wrote the woman, whose name wasn't reported, to the columnist, "only the individual is." Here, then, this middle-aged resident reiterated liberal notions of individual, rather than social, responsibility. Payton, in turn, repeated this logic. "[It's] selfish, self-destructive, idiotic behavior," she stated—rejecting the notion of "The Man" as an immature evasion of responsibility, rather than an idiom critical of White supremacy—that "ruins things for the rest of us."[55]

While this struggle over responsibility reverberated with a cultural politics of race, class, age, and aesthetics, it also carried considerable financial stakes. Originally, in 2003, for instance, Artman had agreed to pay the OPD $16,000 to cover the cost of a 28-officer security team. By the end of the night, however, the OPD had called in another 60 cops to control the crowds, doubling the cost to around $32,000. And according to local law (see Ch. 6), Artman was required to pick up the bill. In the political economy of policing, then, notions of responsibility were not only moral, but also financial, means of evaluation. In addition, the melee made the event so chaotic and contentious that it activated opposition among residents and regulators, who promised to bar Carijama from returning to Mosswood in 2004. Kozicki, for one, argued that the event should be moved to Raimondi Park in West Oakland, stuck between warehouses and the freeway, and vowed to veto a permit for its historic—not to mention more attractive and accessible—venue in North Oakland.[56] Being seen as liable for OPD-designated "sideshow activity"—or, at least, incapable of controlling the spatial practices of Black youth through arts-centered socialization—thus enrolled Carijama in more onerous, even unmanageable, modes of government.

In the end, Councilwoman Nancy Nadel negotiated a deal to relocate the event not to Raimondi, but rather Frank H. Ogawa Plaza,[57] right outside City Hall. "Our experience," explained OPD Chief Richard Word, "has been that events on the plaza at City Hall don't attract a rowdy crowd." But Artman, deflated, seemed resigned to defeat. "The plaza is a concrete jungle," she stated. "The festival belongs in the park in its natural environment. It will lose its heartbeat."[58] The move might've dampened the mood among the musicians and dancers. But the idea that relocating the event to City Hall would deter young people from attending—or exert a calming influence on the police, for that matter—turned out to

be naïve. Indeed, by the end of the day in 2004, the event attracted crowds of Black youth, who seized on the chance to congregate in a commercial district that, while routinely discussed by local planners as a meeting point for people of all stripes, was otherwise rarely inviting or inclusive (see Ch. 5).

At first, the OPD remained at the margins of the event. After negotiating with Artman and Nadel, who argued that the presence of the police tended to escalate the potential for antagonism, Kozicki agreed to hold off on the usual practice of "space invading." Instead, the OPD patrolled the perimeter—which, according to most accounts, was where young people of color tended to congregate—while a Black Muslim security firm monitored the interior of the event.[59] But things took a turn for the worse, Kozicki told me, when officers moved into the crowd to investigate a rumor that someone was toting a gun. There, he recalled, they came upon security guards "fist-beating" a group of young Black men. So the OPD ordered the crowd to disperse.[60]

As at Mosswood and Lakeside Park, however, young people didn't take pleasure in their presence being treated as a pretext for their removal. Once again, then, the rolling and roiling antagonism between young people of color and the police—entrenched across Oakland's cultural landscape—erupted into struggle. But according to the media and the OPD, this struggle was nothing more than a "sideshow," thus authorizing the use of anti-sideshow tactics like, in the words of the *Tribune*, "stopping cars, ticketing…drivers, and towing vehicles away." The OPD's crowd-control maneuvers didn't stop there, however. Instead, 100 riot cops moved into the area, where they saturated the street with "chemical agents." In the process, one of the canisters of tear gas smashed through the window of a Wendy's on Broadway. It exploded inside the restaurant, sending surprised and sickened customers stumbling out into the street. "It was the worst day of my life," said Awshanee Brown, one of those caught in the collateral damage, to a reporter. "I felt my daughter go limp." Brown, who went on to issue a complaint with the Citizens' Police Review Board, reported that, once outside, officers who were protected from the gas by riot gear refused her cries for help. Indeed, at the time, Kozicki admitted that the Fire Department and paramedics dismissed the OPD's calls for assistance because conditions were too dangerous to put their own personnel at risk.[61] Residents, apparently, weren't deserving of the same consideration.

That marked the curtain call for Carijama. After three years of intense struggle, it was exhausted of resources and governmental support. Of course, organizers like Artman had always made do without much of either. But now, they too were exhausted, worn out by the seeming relentlessness of their recursive struggles. In 2004, then, what King Theo called Carijama's "cultural vision" dissipated amidst the clouds of tear gas.[62] Unlike FAL, Carijama was never meant for a liberal multicultural "we"; rather, it was meant for a self-determined, but also responsible, "us." Still, young people of color, particularly African-Americans, remained repeatedly Other(ed).

Conclusion

In June 2017, I paraded and danced with SF!—including to an exciting medley of hyphy anthems, like E-40's "Tell Me When to Go" (2006) and Keak Da Sneak's "Super Hyphy" (2006) (see Ch. 3)—at Oakland Carnival at Mosswood Park. Indeed, since 2012, Theo Williams had revived that "vision" on the very grounds of Carijama, the ancestor of Oakland Carnival. "I just see it as a continuation of carnival space for us to be able to… hold down the park," he told me, when we met up later that summer. "It's about—what's the word I'm looking for?—*exercising*. Exercising something that already exists. Which is our right to be able to use the space."[63] For Williams, this was nothing new. After all, he'd first encountered the thunderous cultural and spiritual resonance of African drums—before Fogo Na Roupa, before Carijama—while tagging along with his mother as a child to one of Ruth Beckford's dance classes at the Mosswood Rec Center.[64] As with Kozicki at the start of this chapter, then, Williams's story was one of Black social (and spatial) reproduction. But while Kozicki saw this as an intergenerational transmission of pathology, Williams saw—and *sounded*—it as a recursive reassertion of rhythm and rights in and to the city's public realm.

In this chapter, I've argued that the regimes of policing that were consolidated via the City of Oakland's campaigns to govern the cruise, the sideshow, and other "nuisances" in the post–Civil Rights Era pulled up at other sites in the cultural landscape, in particular large-scale public events like FAL and Carijama. Rendering more and more gatherings of young people of color, especially young Black men, as "sideshow activities," the OPD—under the guidance of David Kozicki—used tactics like shutting down streets, issuing citations, and towing cars that were developed at more renegade sites. This, in turn, elicited an antagonistic reaction from young people, who sensed in these maneuvers the echoes of the city's now amplified youth control complex. In addition, it enrolled event organizers in more intensive and, in the end, ruinous forms of government. Once they were seen as liable for incidents, including police-induced riots, on their perimeters, for instance, the organizers of FAL and Carijama were forced to ramp up their security; pay more for policing, at times in sudden and dramatic ways; move or expand to less ideal locations; and engage in arduous and contentious negotiations with administrators and neighbors, all of which contributed to their ultimate demise. People would continue to argue about who or what was responsible for "ruining" these events. But they were ruined regardless, in ways that longtime residents continue to lament.

At the same time, these two events weren't the same. FAL, which received lots of public support, was run according to what I've called the dream of diversity—that is, the notion that, by incorporating and containing residents of color, especially Black residents, the event, Lake Merritt, and even Oakland might reenter the mainstream circuits of racial capitalism through the registers of liberal multiculturalism. Carijama, on the other hand, which received far less support, served as a specifically Afro-Diasporic alternative to San Francisco Carnaval and other large-scale festivities. It aimed to prolong the local legacies of Black Arts through Afro-Diasporic music and dance as a mode of socialization and a site of communal connection. In the case of Carijama, in particular, then, supporters had a tense, familial relationship with the young Black people who pulled up at Mosswood. On

one side, the organizers wanted, sincerely, to engage the youth through the carnival arts. But on the other, when these efforts were unsuccessful, they disavowed the youth through condemnations of their conduct that resonated with the media and the police. Regardless, however, in the context of governing through nuisance, the organizers were rendered responsible for young people's rebellion and antagonism in ways that undermined the event. In the next two chapters, I continue to examine these dynamics through a consideration of crowds, security, and the government of rap music at the city's nightclubs.

For now, however, one final point is in order. The processes of governing through nuisance discussed over the last two chapters—the regulation of the cruise, the sideshow, and cultural festivals—occurred across the regimes of both Black Mayors Lionel Wilson and Elihu Harris and White Mayor Jerry Brown. These campaigns might've accelerated in certain ways with the emergence of Brown, especially vis-à-vis the criminalization of the sideshow (see Ch. 3). In many ways, however, both Black and White administrations subscribed to the same discourses and practices—which, as revealed in Harris's reference to a "breakdown in law and order," sought to recuperate the city's "quality of life" from a racialized image of lawlessness in order to reverse decades of devastating disinvestment. So while, after Williams, I argue that Oakland does indeed operate as a "racist-ass city," I add that the modes of racialized dispossession that've remade its cultural landscape in recent decades—in particular, through the discourses of liberal reason and liberal racism—seem to repeat regardless of the race of who governs. Once again, then, the racial reverberations of urban government signal the *longue dureé* of the racial/spatial politics of dispossession in ways that resonate with, but exceed, those of gentrification.

5 // Rhyme and Punishment: Securing Nightlife in the "Ghost Town"

The Power of the Club

The intersection of Fourteenth Street and Broadway is one of those sites—scarce as they are, in Oakland—that strives to pass for a properly "big city." All the spatial pretensions are there: skyscrapers, spoke-like streets, subway stations, even a wedding-cake City Hall.[1] It's as though generation after generation of civic elite was so uncertain about Oakland's metropolitan status that it decided to hedge its bets by piling all of the city's urbane conveniences in one place. Geoffrey's Inner Circle (GIC), a cavernous nightclub that sits a block away, at Fourteenth and Franklin Streets, is one of those amenities. Built at the turn of the 20th Century, this four-story, cornice-lined, Colonial Revival structure is an elegant and imposing presence. The entrance states as much with its stylish, red-and-gold awning, which reaches across the sidewalk, sweeping people up in its sophistication. Or so it seemed to me in 2017 as I waited to meet Geoffrey Pete, its equally stylish owner. After ascending a sweeping set of stairs, adorned with matching red carpet, Pete led me into the main room, where, like other noted Black businesses in Oakland, the walls were covered with photos of him—here a young man, there a bit gray, but always abidingly handsome—with the likes of Robert Redford, Muhammad Ali, and E-40. Politicians had come to pay their respects, as well. "Feinstein's been here. Boxer's been here," said Pete, pointing out two of the state's recent senators. "They need you in times of election." And as a "gathering place" among Black Oaklanders, he explained, using one of his most oft-repeated words, the club had become a base of "power."[2] Indeed, as a longtime communal leader, Pete's proximity to City Hall was more than just geographical—a fact made clear to anyone who filed past this showcase of smiling dignitaries, demonstrating precisely the composition of Geoffrey's "inner circle."

Pete continued to lead me through the space—past the photographs, past the room named for local dance legend Ruth Beckford (see Ch. 1), past the ballroom where a few dozen residents, all of them Black, had gathered for a repass—to his office. The rug was shaggy, but ragged. I took a seat on a chair that, once resplendent, now sagged with age. But while the decorations were shabby, Pete's dress and comportment were anything but. Indeed, in a city in which, as noted throughout this study, Black residents have long been policed for clothing, speech, and other stylistic markers deemed less-than-respectable, his manner was impeccable. He wore spotless tennis shoes, razor-lined khakis, and a bespoke blazer with a polka dot cravat. He peppered his sentences with superlatives like "phenomenal" and "most legendary." Standing throughout our conversation, he strode forward and backward as we talked. At times, he reached down to touch me lightly, but exactingly, on the elbow in order to stress a point—make sure it landed—before gliding back toward the center of the room. From my angle, I kept worrying that, with his height, he was going to smash into the chandelier that dangled over the worn-out opulence.

At one point, Pete led me to the window overlooking Franklin Street, pointing out toward the old Julia Morgan–designed YWCA. As the secretary of the "Negro branch" in West Oakland, he told me, his mother, Dorothy Reid, worked to integrate the main one—

now around the corner—so that he and his two brothers could swim there. For Pete, this was a landscape that still resonated with the memories of Oakland's Jim Crow (see Ch. 1), a geography that molded, and was remade by, his ancestors. Indeed, he was raised amidst South Berkeley's segregated but established Black middle class. His father, Herman Pete, had migrated from the South around World War II, landing in Alameda. But his mother's people, the Reids, were prominent members of the Bay Area's prewar African-American community. His uncle, Paul Reid, was a gospel DJ on KDIA, while his cousins, Mel Reid and Betty Reid Soskin, started Reid's Records on Sacramento Street.[3] Together, the Reids promoted concerts at the Oakland Auditorium with gospel luminaries from across the U.S. When Paul died in 1964, his memorial attracted thousands of mourners to the same site where, at his concerts, they'd soared to the sounds of James Cleveland, the Staple Singers, and a then-teenage Aretha Franklin. There were 6,500 attendees, Pete told me, noting the political, if not spiritual, potency of such a gathering. "That was a lot of power."[4]

In the 1960s, Pete's brothers joined the Black Panthers, one suffering a severe police beating at a rally.[5] But his own path to politics was always more entrepreneurial. It began, he told me, on a childhood trip to visit relatives in Louisiana, where he marveled at not only the openness of racial oppression, but also level of ownership among African Americans forced to go their own in the Jim Crow South. "Everyone owned their home," he recounted. "Everyone had their own gardens with vegetables. And they had their own cow…So people owned their own…[T]o protect yourself under segregation and terrorism, you built your own community. So there were phenomenal communities. And I think the most celebrated of those venues were the clubs."[6] He would go on to get his start in nightlife when, as a graduate student in theology, he was tapped to manage Dock of the Bay—an upscale Black-owned nightspot at the Berkeley Marina that, named for the 1968 song by Otis Redding, seemed nevertheless to counter the singer's lament that "nothin's gonna' change."[7] From there, Pete moved to open his own club, Geoffrey's, with Cherie and John Ivey in Jack London Square. (Along with their brother, Fred, the Iveys—like Pete—went on to become fixtures of Oakland's Black nightlife.) During the Lionel Wilson and Elihu Harris Administrations, Geoffrey's came to serve as one of the main rendezvous among the city's multiracial elite. Indeed, in the mold of Slim Jenkins (see Ch. 1), Pete became enmeshed in a mix of politics and entertainments—a cocktail of commitments that, back in his office, was inscribed upon the file cabinets devoted to local civil rights groups like the W.E.B. Du Bois–inspired Niagara Movement Democratic Club.

The current building, however, originally housed a very different sort of political organization. It was constructed in 1901 by members of the Athenian-Nile Club—which, modeled after San Francisco's secretive Bohemian Club, served the all-White association of bankers, businessmen, and politicians that ruled over Downtown Oakland through the middle of the 20th Century. Pete—an evident collector, and collector of evidence—had the archives to prove it. He passed me tattered photos of the previous occupants as we talked. Blackness, it turned out, wasn't barred from the Athenian-Nile Club; to the contrary, the group staged the marginalization of Black people at the very center of its social rituals, at times literally. One photo, for instance, depicted a Black waiter, decked in an elegant suit, serving a White man as the latter sipped from a trophy-like chalice. The kicker, however, revealed a 1950s pageant at which—standing in front of a watermelon prop, and wearing

blackface—a group of clubmen performed a song-and-dance routine to entertain the other eminent citizens of the city. Colonial Revival, it seemed, was an apt description for more than just the architectural motifs of the Athenian-Nile.

This history, and the chance to rewrite it, was one of the reasons that Pete decided to decamp from Jack London Square in 1993. At the time, Downtown Oakland was both economically and energetically depressed. But Pete was determined to take a chance on the location to scale up his operations. "May this venture be a successful one for you and the City of Oakland," wrote City Manager Craig Kocian when Pete received his cabaret permit for GIC.[8] The club opened on Martin Luther King Jr. Day in 1994 with a party for the Niagara Movement Democratic Club that featured Congresswoman Maxine Waters.[9] "I did a little bit of everything," recalled Pete of those years. "Political functions, record-release parties, gospel brunches, talent showcases."[10] Soon, GIC became the premier place to see-and-be-seen among Oakland's Black middle class and political elite. So when Pete got the chance to buy the building in 1997, the City Council voted unanimously to lend him $270,000.[11] This, he told me, was a "game-changer," a measure of security in the face of the ever-present threat, intentional or not, of Black displacement. Without it, he said, "when you amass power and visibility, they can either increase the rent or kick you out."[12]

It was years after he'd visited Louisiana. But Pete had indeed attained ownership. It was only right, then, that the arresting red awning read "Geoffrey's." This located GIC in a long line of venues named for their African-American owners—Esther's Orbit Room, Eli's Mile High Club, Al's House of Smiles, etc.—each one punctuated by that pervasive apostrophe. A sign of Black possession. Sovereignty in a punctuation mark. And for good reason, Pete explained, as such venues had long served as sanctuaries from the regimes of racial segregation and violence designed to control Black togetherness, from the South to West Oakland (see Ch. 1). "Historically," he said, "when two or more Black folks were standing on the street corner talking they'd hear: 'Keep it moving!'" Here, he was talking in generalities. But it resonated with the Oakland Police Department's (OPD) continual campaign to control the public culture and conduct of Black and Brown Oaklanders (see Chs. 2 and 3). But at a "meeting place" like GIC, continued Pete, "you can dress up…you can laugh, you can celebrate, you can mourn." "You have a *place*," he stressed. "That's power. And that's not accepted." "When you're secure, America's insecure," he added. "When you're a slave, that's when America's secure."[13]

It wasn't long before the OPD decided that the forms of collectivity that coalesced at GIC—the celebrity-studded events, lines of revelers dressed to the nines, and crowds of rubberneckers drawn to the spectacle of it all—were more a source of "insecurity" than a "success" for the City of Oakland. "There had never been a club that had as many Black folks assembling as this one," Pete explained, "because the capacity here was greater than any we had ever had…If you say two Blacks gathering together was a threat, what about 600 or 700?"[14] In 1996, the OPD started to swarm Fourteenth Street to increase crowd and traffic control in the area, especially surrounding Pete's "First Saturdays" events—which, among all of the cultural and political gatherings that occurred at GIC, tended to have the most extensive and energetic draw. As discussed in Chapters 3 and 4, by the mid 1990s, Oakland was in the midst of a transformation in its mode of policing that came to revolve

around the cruise, the sideshow, and other sites where working-class residents of color, especially African Americans, would come together under conditions of relative self-determination. As with cultural festivals, then, these campaigns pulled up to the curb amidst Downtown's renascent club scene. In the process, the OPD continued to remix the means developed at other sites, like Lake Merritt and the Eastmont Mall, to manage the communities of color that were the most ready—but not, it seemed, the most desirable—to respond to the City's call to reactivate the streets of Downtown. "It [crowd control at GIC] can be a nightmare," explained a cop to a reporter in 1996, revealing the ways that these reverberating optics/sonics tended to travel. "Lake Merritt II."[15]

Over the course of the next decade, the OPD dispatched large teams of officers to GIC, often charging, or threatening to charge, Pete for their time. At our meeting in 2017, he showed me another picture, this time to illustrate the police presence that'd routinely confront his customers upon entering or exiting the club (see Image 14). Taken in 2007, the image revealed at least five police cars occupying the width of a nearby intersection, just waiting for closing time. "It was terrorism at its *height*," he fumed, his pointer finger landing on my elbow for emphasis. In 2009, Pete sued the City and four OPD officers for violations of his civil rights. He wasn't the only one. Indeed, in the 2000s, all of the most prominent Black club owners in Downtown Oakland—including Fred and John Ivey and "Sweet" Jimmie Ward, as well—sued the City over its regulatory practices. As discussed in Chapter 6, however, all of their cases were dismissed—revealing how difficult it is to secure legal recognition of structural racism, let alone redress, under modes of liberal law and order in the U.S. Pete's evidential and experiential archives, it seemed, would prove inadequate for the Court.



Image 14: OPD cars blocking the street outside of Geoffrey's Inner Circle in anticipation of closing time, 2007. Credit: Geoffrey Pete.

Today, Sweet Jimmie's is gone. The Iveys are too. Indeed, of the 11 Black-owned clubs that animated Downtown Oakland's cultural economy at the turn of the millennium, GIC is the only one to have survived what's come to be a much touted—and contested—process of "renaissance."[16] Pete has managed to hold onto his license and his building. But First Saturdays are no more. Instead, the club is used intermittently for political meetings, memorials, and the occasional concert or dance party. The landscape of new restaurants, bars, and nightclubs—most, but not all, of them White-owned—has come to attract rising crowds of revelers to the once-desolate streets of Downtown. Meanwhile, the red carpet and gold-rimmed photos at the center of Geoffrey's Inner Circle continue to fade.

…

Pete's story, which runs through Chapters 5 and 6, serves to illustrate some of the central issues surrounding race and nightlife in Oakland since the 1960s. In this chapter, I map out the changes in the local geographies and political economies of social dancing in relation to post–Civil Rights Era patterns of desegregation and disinvestment. I argue, in particular, that the city saw the decline of live dance bands and the rise of new styles of recorded dance music—especially rap—which came to be associated among many club owners and regulators with the violence of local drug economies and the recklessness of sideshows (see Chs. 2 and 3). This, in turn, amplified a fundamental shift in the political economy of nightlife from live musicians who laid down the Black Power Beat (see Ch. 1) to new modes of security that tended to be anti-poor, anti-youth, and anti-Black. But while most of those who governed the city's nightlife, including older African Americans, were disturbed by the sounds, styles, and dispositions linked to rap, the music turned out to be a problem to be managed rather than eliminated. For at the same time that rap artists and audiences remixed the socio-sonic vibrations of the city's dance floors, local officials sought to reverse the sense that Downtown Oakland was a "ghost town." At last, it seemed, the time was ripe. In the 1990s and 2000s, the economic resurgence of the Bay Area put reinvestment, long awaited, now within reach. In this context, planners and politicians became convinced that—in order to cross over into the postindustrial era, and thus rival a renascent San Francisco in the contest for capital—Oakland needed to lure crowds and cultural activities back to the center of the city, in particular after dark. Increasingly, then, across Black urban regimes and White ones, the revitalization of nightlife became a civic religion and political preoccupation. This, I argue, set up a troubling tension between the drive to attract crowds to the area, on one side, and the raced and classed securitization of the night, on the other. In Chapter 6, then, I examine the ways that regulators have sought to manage this dynamic through a series of case studies.

Rearranging Nightlife after Jim Crow

It wasn't just the Jim Crow South that left an impression on Geoffrey Pete; it was the Jim Crow West, too. In our meeting, as we discussed the political, economic, and cultural importance of nightlife to Black residents, he rattled off the names of Black-owned businesses—most long gone—that once lined Sacramento Street in the South Berkeley of

his youth: Genevieve's Hardware, Barksdale's Creamery, Reid's Records, Stubby's Pool Hall, Walker's Pool Hall. An apostrophe, every one. "Business became very, very vital—particularly under segregation," he told me, echoing, à la Marcus Garvey, a longstanding appreciation of capital ownership as a component of Black self-determination (see Ch. 1), "because our dollars circulated within our own community."[17] By the time that he was old enough to run his own nightspot, with his own apostrophe, however, the geography of the Oakland Blues was giving way to that of the Beat. Indeed, there was barely anything left of Seventh Street in West Oakland, where, through a mix of courage and coercion, many Black residents had left the old neighborhood.

As discussed in Chapter 2, in the Civil Rights and post–Civil Rights Eras, class-mobile residents of color crossed the city's redlines through courageous struggles to buy or rent homes in the face of resistance from White residents, real-estate agents, and mortgage lenders. In the process, they departed from now overcrowded and disinvested areas like West Oakland. This, in turn, caused many to worry that—with the exodus of middle-class residents and small businesses—the city's post-segregated spaces started to look, in the words of Marilynn S. Johnson, like "eastern-style ghettos."[18] For some, then, like the Black Panthers, Black Power consisted of organizing the brothers and sisters on the block in order to improve living conditions among local residents. But for others, it consisted of getting as far away from West Oakland as their money would take them. In this context, residents like Pete came to lament the ways that desegregation seemed to undermine (legitimate) Black economies and middle-class social norms in a manner that Michelle Boyd calls "Jim Crow nostalgia."[19]

It's true, however, that this process of racial desegregation and class resegregation had an ambivalent impact on nightlife in Oakland's communities of color. On one side, it meant that artists and audiences of color could access historically White clubs. Drummer Earl Watkins, for instance, recalled that, as a result of "White Flight," cabaret owners in Downtown and East Oakland who'd long excluded Black customers now welcomed them as their economic saviors.[20] But on the other, the out-migration of middle-class customers and rising competition from White-owned venues meant that most clubs in West Oakland either closed or converted to low-cost bars.[21] Likewise, while the struggle to gain access to the segregated American Federation of Musicians Local 6 (see Ch. 1) engendered some gains among musicians of color (though some would disagree),[22] union-scale wages made it harder for Black venues to afford the jazz and blues artists that'd once given them such an inimitable sound. Soon, residents and revelers along Seventh Street were more likely to hear the Oakland Blues emanating from a jukebox than a juke joint.[23]

At the same time, West Oakland—and Seventh Street, in particular—came under attack through some of the city's most destructive experiments in urban renewal. In 1965, the Port of Oakland granted the new Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) District the right to run trains to and from San Francisco along the route of the former Southern Pacific Red Line. BART, in turn, inserted imposing, elevated tracks right down the center of this once vital pedestrian environment (see Image 15). Crucially, BART was meant to connect the Bay Area's commercial cores. But while no cost was spared to underground the nuisance-prone tracks through the centers of Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco—areas owned,

if not occupied, by Whites—no such arrangements were made along Seventh Street and Grove Street in North Oakland, which, at the time, were two of the most important Black business districts in the East Bay. Whereas during World War II, then, streetcars carried a continuous stream of commuters—some working-class, others well-to-do—through West Oakland's cultural and economic heart, BART would now speed workers and shoppers to their destinations without ever touching the ground. In the end, then, what little remained of this once vibrant Black-owned business district would succumb as Seventh Street was turned into a colossal construction site and then suburban "flyover."[24]



Image 15: The remains of Esther's Orbit Room alongside the BART tracks on Seventh Street in West Oakland, 2013. Credit: Charlie Dubbe.

For people like Pete who came up amidst this thriving, albeit segregated, cultural economy, the vision of communal advancement through capital ownership in sectors like entertainment didn't vanish. It simply moved to historically White areas along with other Black residents, workers, and desires. Dock of the Bay, for one, where Pete started out, was located in the formerly off-limits Berkeley Marina. But one of the main sites where Black club owners sought to rebuild their ambitions after the fall of Seventh Street was in what's now called Jack London Square. In 1951, the City Planning Commission created a redevelopment plan that reimagined the area at the foot of Broadway—the city's original industrial waterfront, long since eclipsed by East and West Oakland—as a restaurant and entertainment destination for residents from around the region. "It would be foolish and inappropriate to attempt to transform this city into an entertainment capital or to try to compete with San Francisco as a tourist magnet," argued the authors:

> "But it should not be necessary for Oaklanders to travel across the Bay for a fine dinner, a good play, a concert or an evening of dancing…Oakland now is a city of almost 400,000, and close to a million people live in the East Bay. Many of them want to do something more with their evenings than take in an occasional movie and make an annual visit to the Flower Show."[25]

The report thus called for the sagging warehouses and low-slung produce marts to be torn asunder. In their stead, it envisioned an "ultra-modern" ensemble of parks, retail outlets, and entertainment venues—all with ample parking to convenience the consumers arriving to the area by car, from more and more remote suburban settlements (see Image 16).[26]

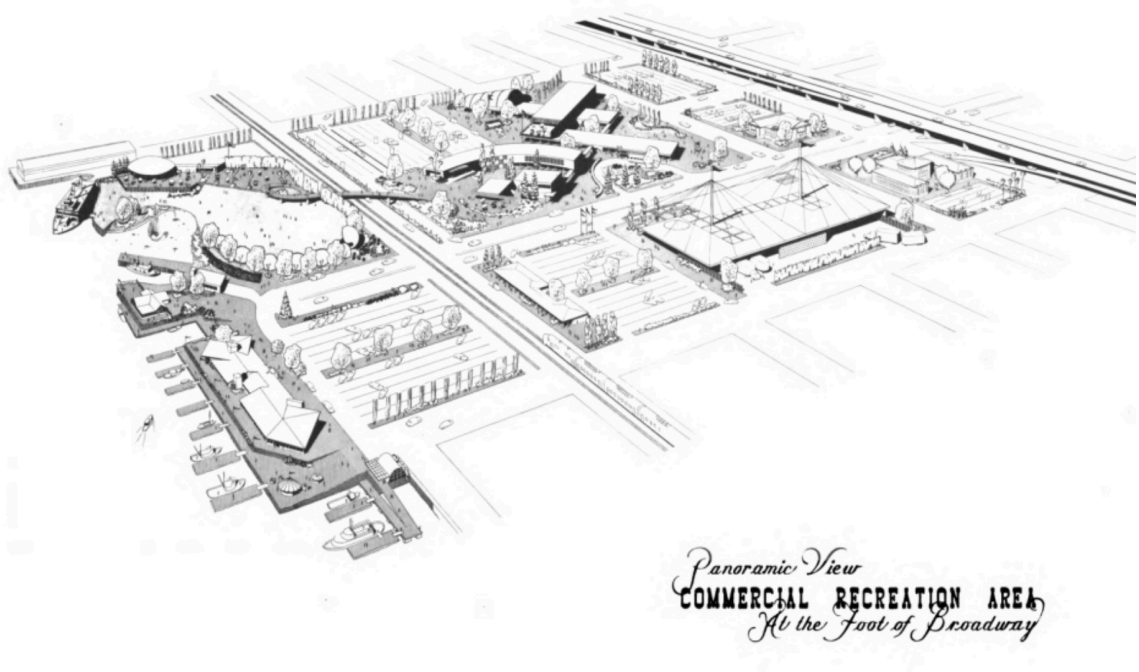


Image 16: Illustration of commercial redevelopment plan for Jack London Square, 1951. Credit: Oakland City Planning Commission.

The redevelopment of Jack London Square turned out to be more modest in scope. But several elements of this vision reveal that the City Planning Commission and Port of Oakland nevertheless intended for the area to be a White space. First, its representation of the city as devoid of entertainment—save the occasional movie or expo—erased the vital landscape of Black-owned nightspots in West Oakland that was intimately, even carnally, familiar to most male elites (see Ch. 1). Second, its design and programming (e.g. "ultra-modern") were meant to counter the suburbanization of White residents, consumers, and culture-seekers. Third, while assuring the reader that this precious public land would still be accessible to the "average Oaklander," the report also insisted in coded language that

it wouldn't be a "place to go slumming," referring to the eroticized White consumption of Black cultural practices.[27]

In the 1950s and 60s, then, the Port—which is administratively autonomous from the City of Oakland—moved vigorously to maintain the de facto segregated vision of the waterfront. Legally, however, it couldn't control the development of the area beyond its sovereign bounds. So it relied on the machinations of White property owners, businesses, and officials to stave off the integration occurring elsewhere in the city. Watkins, for one, recalled that, even after the desegregation of music venues in other parts of Downtown, some operators in Jack London Square still refused to hire a band if it had a single Black member.[28] Even the legendary Slim Jenkins (see Ch. 1) had a tough time breaking into the area. Jenkins—who, while rich in political capital, never owned his own building in West Oakland—was kicked out in 1961 when the owners sold the celebrated cabaret to become a gas station. He eventually relocated to 310 Broadway in Jack London. But it required a mighty endeavor—and, surely, a fair number of political favors—to overcome resistance among civic leaders and neighborhood interests, who, according to Watkins, "didn't want a Black club down there, because they didn't want Black clientele."[29] In the end, given the air of open aggression, a lot of Black Oaklanders didn't want to be there either. "People didn't feel free down there," recalled Henry Geraldyne Washington. "It wasn't enjoyable anymore."[30] Slim Jenkins' "Place," it seemed, was thus limited to West Oakland. The new club went belly-up within five years, right before its owner died.[31] All of this meant that, when Pete opened his first venue at 131 Broadway, Jack London was the area of the city with the most institutional support for nightlife *and* the most deep-seated opposition to Black crowds and the businesses that catered to them. "There weren't open arms to greet me in Jack London Square," he recalled, candidly.[32]

Scared White: Specters of Decay in the "Ghost Town"

"The landscape of East and West Oakland is depressing; it resembles a crumbling ghost town, but a ghost town with inhabitants, among them more than 200,000 Blacks, nearly half of the city's population. There is a dreary, grey monotony about Oakland's flatlands, broken only by a few large and impressive buildings in the downtown section…Oakland is a ghost town in the sense that many American cities are. Its white middle class has fled to the hills, and their indifference to the plight of the city's poor is everywhere evident."
–Huey P. Newton, *Revolutionary Suicide* (1973)[33]

Pete's treatment was ironic, to put it mildly, since one of the main civic anxieties in the postwar period was that Oakland was dying, and Downtown was its diseased heart. The explosion of entertainment during the war (see Ch. 1), it turned out, was to be the last spurt of activity before the area was drained of its lifeblood, tourniquet-like, by the cessation of war wages and the evacuation of working- and middle-class Whites. From 1925 to 1955, the value of real estate in Downtown Oakland fell by 50 percent. Then, from 1955 to 1960, it did so again, only in one-sixth the time. These losses were unacceptable to the Knowland Machine—which, in the postwar period, according to Robert Self, consisted in the main of Downtown retail, real-estate, and financial interests.[34] In 1954, then, gathering

at the Athenian-Nile Club, where many of them were members, Joseph R. Knowland and other elites came together to form the Citizens Committee on Urban Renewal. From there, in 1956, they created the Oakland Redevelopment Authority (ORA), which designated a wide swath of land surrounding Downtown—including all of West Oakland, or some 250 acres—"blighted."[35] The ORA's at times singular mission was to redevelop the area into a postindustrial enclave of service-sector workers, suburban commuters, and tourists. So it supported the construction of BART and a series of vascular freeways so that people with cultural and economic capital could circulate in between the suburbs and a new citadel of office towers. Given the intimate spatial relations between Downtown and West Oakland, however, it wasn't enough to simply whitewash the center of the city as a destination for wealth; prophylaxis would be needed, as well, to protect the area from the "ghetto" rising on its edge. So, with City Council approval, the State inserted the moat-like Interstate 980 to resegregate one side from the other. At the same time, the ORA implemented massive residential redevelopment to "modernize" some of the most neglected areas of West Oakland. But it never seemed to make as much housing as it took. All together, then, between 1960 and 1966, the ORA oversaw the demolition of 6,600 to 9,700 housing units in West Oakland, forcing some residents to East Oakland, and others into the streets (see Image 17).[36]

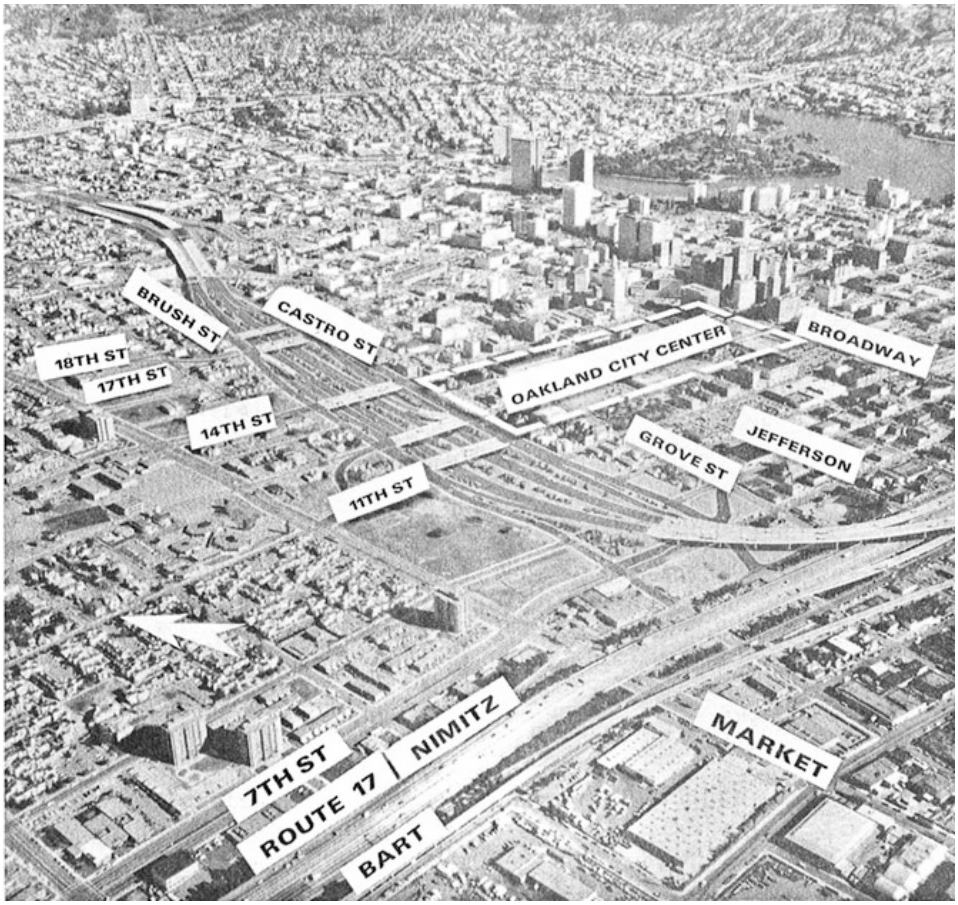


Image 17: Rendering of the proposed route for Interstate 980, separating Downtown and Lake Merritt from West Oakland, 1978. Credit: Connect Oakland.

In Downtown, the plan for City Center (1968) constituted the centerpiece of this ruthless agenda. Using liberal doses of eminent domain, the ORA seized and demolished 40 acres of land to the southwest of Fourteenth Street and Broadway—as a sortie into the city's historic skid row—to make way for high-rise offices, department stores, and a hotel and convention center. Once again, then, elites sought to make Fourteenth and Broadway the paragon of a now-postindustrial urbanity. But while, in the 1970s and 80s, the ORA managed to attract a smattering of new service-sector conveniences, like the Convention Center, the plan—which would've doubled the city's office stock—turned out to be too enthusiastic. For decades, the scars of demolition served as a souvenir of displacement to the hundreds of working-class residents removed from the area's residential hotels.[37] Soon, however, the ORA's concern migrated north to the area above Fourteenth now called the Uptown. In 1973, the latter appeared to bottom out when arsonists attempted to torch the iconic 3,200-seat Fox Theater. By this time, the theater had long since stopped screening first-run films. Rather, it was rented by the Youth Development Corporation, a derivative of a 1960s War on Poverty organization that used the space, on occasion, to host movies and other programs for young people. In this sense, the fire entailed yet another loss within the landscape of youth recreation (see Chs. 2 and 3). After, merchants along Telegraph Avenue called for the theater to be torn down to make room for a parking lot, which, they argued, would aid their struggling trade more than this monument of decay. (Incidentally, many of retailers interviewed at the time indicated that they'd only moved to the Uptown, with all of its flaws, because they'd been uprooted for City Center.)[38]

As the ORA's vision of renewal seemed, time and again, to come up short, civic leaders started to blame their stymied attempts on Oakland's alleged "image problem"—a doggedly racialized, but thinly veiled, discourse that condemned the city as poor, violent, and corrupt. In the mid 1980s, for instance, the ORA courted the Rouse Company—at the time, the darling developer of downtown-saving projects like Boston's Faneuil Hall and New York's South Street Seaport—to construct a $300-million mall on a site next to the Fox Theater (it, too, went unrealized). In 1986, in a speech to local elites at Holy Names University, Rouse President Michael Spear assured his audience that the city's technical, political, and economic "infrastructure" were as good as any other's. "What is lacking," he explained, "is what I will call perceptual infrastructure." The company was struggling to attract anchor tenants, he reported, because national retailers maintained a view of the area that was "negative in the extreme." Some, he said, even admitted that the Uptown would be an ideal site to tap into the East Bay's growing market—if only the city could "erase the word Oakland from the map."[39] "Oakland's reputation as a crime-ridden ghetto does not encourage peace of mind," reiterated an urban economist from UC Berkeley the next year. Indeed, while the ORA had dumped $200 million into Downtown since 1968 (and often at the expense of struggling neighborhoods), decades of decline had imprinted the area with a "deadly reputation of dowdiness and a depressed inner-city feeling."[40] And this impression was especially damaging at night—when not only top-dollar workers and suburban housewives, but also hard-bitten residents of the flats, reported feeling at least a little unsettled, if not downright scared, moving through the deserted streets after dark. A 1985 survey of local residents thus found that, of all of the questions, none occasioned a more "heated response" than *do you walk at night?* "The answers were overwhelmingly

negative," wrote the author. "With few exceptions, no one walked willingly or without trepidation."[41]

In my time in Oakland, I haven't encountered very much that approaches the civic ideal of "consensus." Here, amidst the echoes of revolutionary movements and emergent reparative struggles, everything seems up for debate. With one exception. In my research, I've found that residents across a wide range of social locations don't just agree, but *insist*, that—as recently as the 2000s—Downtown Oakland was a "ghost town." Sometimes a "desert." At times "bombed out." But always a "ghost town." These metaphorical landscapes of ruination—whether due to ecological, militaristic, or racial capitalist violence, or perhaps all three—serve as a commonsense form of collective memory. Through their recollection, they unite longtime residents in a rare sense of oneness through a communal narrative of survival—of having lived through it all to see the other side, pretty or not—in ways that reach across, but also elide, otherwise discordant divisions of identity, privilege, and politics. "It was a ghost town, straight up ghost town," recalled Theo Williams at our meeting in 2017. At the end of the day and on weekends, he said, whistling like a rocket, "everybody was out." "Whoever worked here, that was it. They weren't thinking about coming back to Oakland, let alone coming back Downtown." "You could look down the street, and not only would you not see a moving car, you wouldn't see a moving *person*," he recounted, in a version of events that was uncannily common in its extremity. "I'd be the *only* person Downtown."[42]

These memories, like the repetitive refrain regarding the city's "image problem" in the 1980s and 90s, can serve to motivate popular political response. The question, then, is toward what ends? For while Huey P. Newton's representation of Oakland as a "ghost town with inhabitants" served to critique the organized, racialized, and immoral process of abandonment that'd rendered Oakland "crumbling" and "depressing" for those forced to remain (see epigraph), such discourses could work to valorize racial capital and blame the victim as often as the reverse. Indeed, for decades, through Black, White, and Asian-American mayoralties, the city's political administrations have made the resurrection of the "ghost town" one of their top, and seemingly consensual, concerns. These campaigns, as argued in Chapter 2, transited from the time of White Power to the Black urban regime of Lionel Wilson and Elihu Harris. But struggles over the redevelopment of Downtown were elevated to a new level with the election of Mayor Jerry Brown (1999-2007).

It wasn't that Brown had stumped on Downtown. In fact, it was just the opposite (see Ch. 3). He reversed course as soon as he took office, however, signaling that he'd be more responsive to real-estate developers and law-and-order ideologues than the progressive activists who'd propelled him to City Hall. His main priority, he announced, would be to marshal public resources to attract the private capital needed to remake Downtown Oakland into a mixed-use residential and entertainment district for 10,000 new—and unapologetically moneyed—inhabitants. The "10K Plan," as it was called, turned out to be the centerpiece of this administration. But this vision, which would double the number of residents in the area, wasn't new.[43] Rather, Brown drew upon decades of plans—if not the economic development commonsense spreading across the U.S.—that sought to counter the area's reputation as a "ghost town" by moving from a focus on commercial amenities,

like City Center, to a more nocturnal mix of residence and nightlife. The 1992 Strategic Plan created under Harris, for instance, called for promoting market-rate and affordable housing development in the area to support the growth of "retailing, dining, entertainment, commercial recreation, and cultural activities."[44]

Ed Blakely was one of those planners. In the 1980s and 90s, while a professor at UC Berkeley's College of Environmental Design, Blakely—who's African American—worked with Wilson and Harris on a wide range of redevelopment plans. In 2017, we met for breakfast in the lobby of his hotel, Downtown on Broadway, while he was in town for a visit. Blakely, 80, but still spry, had already taken a lap around Lake Merritt. Settling in over eggs and coffee, he marveled at all of the new developments, either completed or in construction, that he'd seen on his route. For Blakely, then, after a long career—indeed, he'd been active in envisioning many of these developments over the decades—the ghost town was now, at long last, coming back to life. "How'd it happen?" I asked him. "There was a group of us who created the narrative for Jerry Brown," he responded. Blakely, in fact, had run against Brown in 1998. And he, too, had wanted to resuscitate Downtown with mixed-income housing and a jazz-centric "cabaret district" in Old Oakland. "It was in both of our campaigns," he said. "If you read our campaigns, the housing's in exactly the same place in each of them…Had I been elected mayor, maybe the same things would have happened." "But I wouldn't have gotten the White capital," he added. "And that's what it was all about."[45]

Skin tone alone wasn't enough to attract White capital back Downtown, however. In the midst of the Dot Com Boom—which, in the late 1990s, set off a land rush in San Francisco and Silicon Valley—Brown gave out unprecedented subsidies to once-wary investors and developers scouting opportunities in the East Bay. At the same time, scaring up memories of economic deprivation, and anxieties that the city would be skipped over by the latest wave of growth to sweep the region, he resisted calls to require living-wage, tenants-rights, and affordable-housing concessions in return.[46] The city could have it one of two ways, he threatened, "gentrification" or "slumification," and he was all in on the former.[47] The impacts on working-class residents were immediate and drastic. In the first 18 months of Brown's administration, when the average cost of a one-bedroom apartment increased 17 percent, the number of no-fault evictions tripled.[48] Still, the ORA made sure that those who were cast out wouldn't find refuge in the new units Downtown—which, at market rates, were estimated to be out of reach to 80 percent of existing households.[49]

While the 10K Plan activated the development of market-rate housing all around Downtown, from Jack London Square to Old Oakland (see Map 1.2), its main focus was on the still-sagging Uptown. "The hold in the doughnut," ORA planner Jeff Chew called it at the time.[50] Designating it the "Uptown Retail and Entertainment District" in 1997, the ORA came to stake its ambitions on the twin anchors of the 650-unit Uptown Apartments and the renovated Fox Theater. In terms of the former, under Brown, subsidies to national developer Forest City totaled $53.5 million, making it the most expensive redevelopment project in the city's history. On top of that, the City installed an OPD substation on site to ensure a sense of security among those who could muster the rent.[51] Likewise, in terms of the Fox, the ORA selected well-connected developer Phil Tagami, who'd been making a

long-term play on properties throughout the district, to take on the $75-million renovation with a $25.5-million municipal loan.[52]

By 2009, then, when the Fox reopened to host White indie-rock acts like Modest Mouse and Of Montreal, the City's investments in a renewed nightlife had relocated from Jack London Square to the Uptown. The antagonism that'd met Slim Jenkins—motivated by the sense that Black-owned venues would, in turn, attract Black crowds—soon moved along with it. Indeed, in line with local policies, Black club operators like Pete started to spread to the areas around the Uptown and City Center. (Some, in fact, like Jimmie Ward, had been there all along [see Ch. 6].) But whether the crowds that resurrected the streets after dark were seen as the heroes of monsters of this long-awaited "renaissance" came to be demarcated according to race, class, gender, and age. And this process resounded with critical changes to the cultural politics and political economies of social dancing from the 1960s to the 1990s.

The Rise and Securitization of Rap

By the late 1970s, the sound of not only the Oakland Blues, but also the Beat (see Ch. 1), were waning. Certainly, the destruction of Seventh Street and the dissolving of the once-concentrated Black community in West Oakland, whether through displacement or desegregation, had severed the spatial intimacies of artists and audiences that'd supported a vibrant neighborhood nightlife under Western Jim Crow. But there were other cultural and economic changes in motion that'd switch up the sound of the nightclubs and dives that survived. Namely, with the mainstream acceptance of disco and then more electronic styles, like boogie and house, dance music became recorded music. First, the latter was a lot cheaper; as a club owner, you could hire a single DJ, rather than an ensemble of musicians, and customers would still come out to dance. Second, according to Lee Hildebrand, a longtime local music writer, who I interviewed in 2017, Oakland's Black-owned clubs tended to be undercapitalized, meaning they had "lousy sound systems." So in the 1970s, owners realized that, in addition to being cheaper, a DJ tended to sound better, too. Some, according to Hildebrand, thus switched to recorded music, while others simply got out of the game.[53] "That was a pretty tough time," recalled Edward Hawthorne, the drummer for the Soul Messengers, when we met in 2017. "For a while, disco really hurt live music."[54] These changes weren't just a matter of dollars and cents, though; as with the move from the Blues to the Beat, the sounds of the city's dance floors were also responsive to a new mood—a new set of aesthetic and political desires—among consumers, too. So while the blues and funk might've motivated the social-dance crazes among the older generations, in the 1980s and 90s, club owners needed to cater to crowds that were moved by disco, electronic dance music, and eventually rap, or else fall, fatally, out of step with the trends.

Alongside the geographical changes discussed above, then, all of this resulted in a decisive shift in the political economy of nightlife in Oakland. According to Pete, that is, the main cost of operation went from *live musicians* to *security measures*.[55] On one side, this stemmed, again, from the simplification and mechanization of the labor composition of dance music. On the other, however, it resonated with the fact that—in the context of

the national Wars on Drugs and Crime and local modes of governing through nuisance, which increased the policing of young people of color across a wide range of socio-sonic spaces (see Chs. 2-4)—several institutional actors, from the OPD to insurance companies, started to impose public and private security requirements on rap audiences in particular. By 1996, according to local promoter Sean Kennedy, who spoke to a reporter at the time, security accounted for more than half the cost of producing a rap concert in Oakland.[56]

This wasn't the first time that audiences of color, and the venues that served them, were confronted with excessive regulation. During and after World War II, for instance, the OPD patrolled cabarets and recreational dances in West Oakland in order to police the social and sexual color line (see Ch. 1). Even when it wasn't a matter of "miscegenation," the police might still intervene in socio-sonic spaces as a means to extract bribes from the promoters. Tobie Gene Levingston, founder of the East Bay Dragons (see Ch. 3), recalled that, when the club threw a "Mambo session" at Veterans Auditorium in the 1950s, the OPD threatened to shut it down because there were too many people. "I pulled the officer in charge aside and sweet-talked him with a small bankroll," he explained, in his memoir. "That was my introduction to city politics. Black or white, green made the scene, and it was worth a few bucks to keep our doors open and the party going."[57] Still, the regulation of nightlife in Oakland underwent a fundamental shift during the 1980s and 90s. Indeed, among the elders who I interviewed, none could remember seeing the police inside of the old jazz and blues clubs. In fact, when I asked Hawthorne and his bandmate, Carl Greene, about the state of "regulation" during the Black Power Era, they corrected me, noting that the Musicians Union, not the OPD, was the real regulator at that time.[58] "I don't ever remember police busting into the club or being outside," said Hawthorne. "The worst thing that'd happen was the union man would come in and you don't have a union card. Or there's no [union] contract." "They'd pull you off the stage sometimes," added Greene, recalling when a union rep caught him gigging without a card.[59]

What, then, accounted for the dramatic change in this mode of regulation? I asked Ed Blakely, who, it turned out, didn't just advise Lionel Wilson, but also haunted the jazz spots on Seventh Street with him, too. "The *crowd*," he replied, decisively. "The crowd."

> "People like you and me, when we go to hear jazz, we go to *hear jazz*. We don't go to do a drug deal or talk or meet our friends. When you're in a jazz club, it's a very quiet place. Even the clapping's polite. But when you go to hip-hop clubs—Aaaaaaahhhh [mimics yelling]! A jazz club is cool!…It's been the change in the crowd. Oakland—a little bit down on its heels—draws a crowd from Richmond out to Stockton who are lowlifes. And that's only happened recently, in the 90s…[O]utside there'd be a whole bunch of people yelling to one another. They could've talked civilized. But they didn't seem to. And maybe there were high on something. I don't know what it was."[60]

In this account, Blakely categorized and ranked socio-sonic scenes along the lines of time (pre- vs. post-90s), space (inside vs. outside the club), and genre (jazz vs. hip-hop) according to whether or not they acted "civilized." In the process, he moved from an emphasis

on race to one on class. For instance, he inserted the two of us into the same category of identity through statements like "people like you and me" and "we" under the assumption that—as a well-educated, well-spoken, middle-class White man—I had the same sense of sophistication and cultural sensibilities as an African-American man 50 years my senior. In contrast to the "lowlifes," he implied, each of us was accustomed to norms of comportment that were "polite," even "cool." At the same time, however, in characterizing these class distinctions, he relied upon tropes (e.g. "civilized") that were still racialized to their core. This, I argue, was in part because, in the manner of liberal reason and liberal racism, he demarcated crowds in terms of their modes of musical consumption and sonic conduct. So while the jazz crowd was respectable because it listened with quiet intent, the hip-hop one was "rowdy" because, instead of listening or "talk[ing] civilized," it made senseless noises. And lastly, he tied this senselessness, this misconduct, to speculations about drugs. This indicated, again, the way that—amidst widespread concerns about the role of crack in the disintegration of Oakland's communities of color (see Ch. 2)—older, middle-class residents tended to problematize Black youth culture in terms of its alleged links to drugs. Of course, the rap scene in Oakland did involve drugs. But lots of other ones—like rock, raves, even jazz—did, too. The fact that the stigma of drugs served to mark rap crowds as exceptionally "rough," and thus deserving of control, then, further indicated the racist and classist mode of policing amidst Oakland's cultural landscape.

Ultimately, Blakely's comments pointed to an intergenerational concern regarding changes in Black popular music as much the changes in the music themselves. But by the mid 1980s, it was undeniable that rap had seized the hearts, minds, and dollars of young people of color across the East Bay. Indeed, after New York, which was the origin point for hip-hop as a multidimensional and multiracial youth culture in the 1970s, Oakland became the center of one of the country's first regional outposts of rap music. "The rap culture from Oakland," explained Theo Williams, comparing it to New York, "was more a *rap* culture…It's not recognized as hip-hop."[61] Here, the city's signature "slaps" (see Ch. 1)—created by rappers from around the East Bay like Too Short, Tupac, and Digital Underground—reverberated with the bass-driven legacies of the funk and lyrical references to partying and pimping inspired by the controversial, but classic, film *The Mack* (1973).[62] Clearly, like the funk that came before it, this sound energized national audiences. Indeed, East Oakland's MC Hammer—whose early hits, like "Let's Get It Started" (1988) and "U Can't Touch This" (1990), were produced by Felton Pilate of Vallejo's Con Funk Shun—became the first rapper to go "diamond," selling more than 10 million copies of *Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em* (1990).[63]

Still, not everyone was so moved. According to scholars of Black popular culture, like Robin D. G. Kelley and Tricia Rose, White institutions—from government agencies to record companies—reacted to the rise of rap music with a characteristically racist mix of condemnation, commodification, and control.[64] As revealed in remarks by Blakely and Ishmael Reed (see Ch. 2), though, older and middle-class Black Oaklanders could take a damning view of the new sounds and styles, too (albeit with less violent consequences for young people of color). Alongside a range of other multiracial, but Black-centered, youth cultural practices, like the cruise and the sideshow (see Ch. 3), then, this reaction inserted hip-hop into the center of a contentious intergenerational struggle over socio-sonic order

that stigmatized rap artists and audiences as "irresponsible," "reckless," and "violent." At the same time, not all of Blakely and Reed's contemporaries could be quite so contemptuous. Black club owners like Geoffrey Pete, in particular, had to steer between their own personal views of rap music and the imperative to cater to a rapidly growing market at a time when, given the depredations of disinvestment, little else was circulating through the city's cultural economy.

The late 1980s and early 1990s were thus a precarious time among those involved or invested in Oakland's up-and-coming rap scene. As local artists started to gain national recognition, they encountered increasing resistance among regulators and venue owners, who radically restricted the spaces where they could cultivate their craft and their careers. One by one, the city's biggest concert venues began to ban rap music altogether. It started with the Coliseum—the publicly owned arena complex in East Oakland that, at the time, was home to the Oakland A's and Golden State Warriors. According to hip-hop journalist Eric Arnold, the arena had long been a key site in the emergence of the city's rap scene. It was there that Stanley Burrell—who, according to local lore, was nicknamed "Hammer" by baseball legend Reggie Jackson—cut his teeth scalping tickets and dancing for tips at A's games. In the early 1970s, team owner Charlie Finley spotted Burrell, 11, dancing to James Brown and, impressed, put him to work in the clubhouse. Later, after he spent the rest of the decade working for the team, two players lent the now MC Hammer the coin to create indie record label Bust It Productions. The Coliseum was also significant, however, because it was where the first generation of national rap acts was introduced to local audiences. At the time, with the exception of KMEL and indie outlets like UC Berkeley's KALX, Bay Area radio stations refused to play these raw, stripped-down sounds. In this sense, the Coliseum, like the more local Eastmont Mall (see Ch. 3), served as a space in which rap artists and audiences could circumvent the mainstream media's suppression of the music. Between 1985 and 1987, local rap disciples turned out in droves to rock with Run DMC, LL Cool J, the Fat Boys, the Beastie Boys, and whoever else was big enough to make it out to Oakland from New York.[65]

In 1989, then, when MC Hammer went on tour with Heavy D and the Boys to celebrate the success of his multi-platinum *Let's Get It Started* (1988), it was only right that his stop at the Coliseum was heralded as a homecoming of epic proportions. The revelries were interrupted early in the night, however, when, from the stage, Heavy D insisted that the venue manager turn off the overhead lights. As it turned out, it was venue protocol to keep the room lit up during rap concerts as a supposed security measure—one with a long and racialized history that reached back to dances at the DeFremery Rec Center (see Ch. 1), if not earlier. But the audience, now irritated, began to chant: "Turn the motherfuckin' lights off!" As the mood turned more antagonistic, a group of young men began to tear through the crowd, attacking audience members and sending revelers running for cover in what a reporter described as a "stampede." Eventually, according to Lee Hildebrand, who ducked into Heavy D's dressing room to escape the commotion, the OPD arrived, things calmed down, and Hammer managed to do his set. By that point, however, the arena had more or less emptied of his hometown crowd. In the end, a reported 30 people were hurt, one of them shot.[66] Moreover, around the same time, concerts at the Oakland Auditorium (now called the Kaiser Center) with LL Cool J and 2 Live Crew were marred by reports

of fights. In response, the Coliseum and the Kaiser Center, the two biggest music venues in the city, instituted a moratorium on all rap concerts.[67] Once again, then, the socio-sonic spaces open to Oakland's young artists and audiences of color were curtailed (see Ch. 3).

The ban couldn't have come at a worse time. In 1990, the Bay Area was home to an estimated 150 hip-hop recording artists, the largest number anywhere outside of New York. At a moment when not only Hammer, but also Too Short and Digital Underground, were at the top of their game, each moving millions of records, then, they were prevented from rocking the mic in their own town. And it wasn't limited to large venues; mid-sized clubs like the Omni in North Oakland began to close down or cut ties with rap promoters, too, as public opposition continued to rise.[68] This threatened the rap community at its roots, as local nightclubs had long served as a proving ground for new talent. Hammer, for one, moved from Bust It Production to Capitol Records after an executive saw him perform at Sweet Jimmie's (see Ch. 6), where he shot the music video for "Let's Get It Started."[69] In turn, he recruited members of his massive and energetic dance crew—which numbered as many as 32—among the crowds at local clubs like Silk's in Emeryville.[70]

But the struggle over rap and security wasn't unique to Oakland; in the late 1980s, it reverberated in cities across the U.S. In 1989, in response to N.W.A.'s "Fuck tha Police" (1988), the Fraternal Order of Police—a nationwide union of law enforcement officers—called on its members to "refuse to work at or provide security for concerts by any group advocating violence against police officers." Insurance companies, in turn, made matters worse by either ratcheting up the cost of coverage for rap concerts or refusing them altogether. According to one promoter, who'd run a Public Enemy tour, the cost of insuring rap concerts rose from 30 to 90 cents a person between 1988 and 1990 (rock concerts, by contrast, cost just 25 to 37 cents).[71] According to Tricia Rose, acts of violence committed by and against young people of color, like those at the Coliseum and the Kaiser Center, of course occurred at some rap concerts (as they did at some non-rap concerts). But around 1990, music venues, insurance companies, local authorities, and the media constructed a discourse of "rap-related violence" that, in turn, authorized these agents of what she calls "institutional policing" to repress rap events around the country.[72]

In Oakland, in the context of this national crackdown, some rap supporters sought to recuperate a space for hip-hop as a music and movement by retuning the conversation from a focus on the merits of the music and actions of its consumers to security measures as a commonsense element of crowd management. "Remember," wrote the members of Digital Underground, in an op-ed meant to contest another moratorium at the Community Theater in Berkeley, "the key word at any large gathering of any kind is security."[73] These advocates thus developed a discursive tactic—one invoked in relation to cultural festivals, like Carijama, too (see Ch. 4)—that sought to delimit a small group of "troublemakers" in order to save the scene as a whole. Confronted with the threat of "institutional policing," in other words, they contended that a more precise system of security was preferable to an outright ban. "We're not going to let a very, very small percentage of thugs destroy it for 98 percent of the rest of the crowd," insisted Gene Winer, Kaiser Center Director of Facility and Sales, in 1990. But it wasn't just elites like Winer that took a vindictive view of the supposed "thugs." "Don't just slap their wrists when they start trouble," said rapper

Chill E.B., who seemed to agree that a more punitive approach was needed. "Put them in jail where they can sit until the concert's over."[74] As discussed in Chapter 4, then, some Black Oaklanders—in particular, but not only, middle-class and middle-aged residents—responded to persistent concerns about disorder at large-scale events by echoing calls for modes of regulation that, in practice, tended to re-criminalize working-class Black youth. Rappers and promoters, too, it seemed, wanted to "secure" a space to amplify their sound.

The moratorium was eventually overturned in late 1990. By this time, though, the call for more security had become a matter of consensus. In December, the Kaiser Center agreed to ease up its restrictions so that Bill Graham, one of the most famous concert promoters in the U.S., could produce a concert with Ice Cube and Too Short. His company, Bill Graham Presents, worked for over six weeks with not only the OPD, but also Black community reps, to create a security plan—which called for metal detectors, pat downs, and a 30-percent increase in guards over the average concert of similar size. "We've been working on this for a long time," said local promoter Erroll Jackson, who partnered with Graham, "and we'll have the tightest security this side of Saudi Arabia."[75] Indeed, the *Tribune* reported that—surveilled on all sides by police helicopter and motorcycle patrols—the Kaiser Center looked "more like a fortified embassy in some hostile country than a concert hall." "Just another Saturday night dance," said Graham, sarcastically. "We want to let the negative element know we're here to take care of things."[76] In the end, the event went off without a hitch—at least, that is, if you didn't see the militarization of live music as a "hitch"—and the ban was lifted. This "success," in turn, further solidified the sense that more security was required to prevent "rap-related violence."

But this sort of security didn't always deter or deescalate tension; it could create it, as well. In 1996, for instance, a revolt erupted outside of a Dogg Pound show at the Eastmont Mall when ticketholders grew tired or waiting in an endless and demeaning security line. At the insistence of the City, the promoter spent $10,000 to hire 23 cops to patrol the parking lot and surrounding streets and another 50 guards, including 20 from the Nation of Islam, to work the venue. In the end, though, all of these "protective measures" meant that, by 10:30pm, most of the ticketed attendees were still stranded outside awaiting the demoralizing ritual of what Tricia Rose calls a "pocketbook, knapsack, and soul search."[77] "They were searching these people like they were going into a jail," Miguel Flores, Eastmont's Event Coordinator, told a reporter. "There were less than 1,500 people inside and easily 3,000 outside. People just got disgusted."[78] As with Festival at the Lake (see Ch. 4), the scene descended into chaos. The OPD sent in another 32 cops—ready, once again, to break up the very "riot" encouraged by their presence.[79] This incident thus pointed to the uncertain but unquestioned role of security practices in managing unrest at rap events. It revealed, in other words, that security could enact and incite violence, as well as suppress it.

Conclusion: Relational In/securities

By the late 1990s, then, when the redevelopment of Downtown Oakland began to pick up speed, the sonic and political reverberations of the Black Power Beat had turned the city into one of the earliest nodes in the country's emerging rap culture. But as with most of the city's Black-centered socio-sonic spaces under governing through nuisance, as well as its racist and classist predecessors, participants in the rap scene discovered that, wherever they sought out spaces to make and consume their music, they were met with new modes of "institutional policing." In this context, a wide range of actors—regulators, venue owners, promoters, and, reluctantly or not, some rappers—aligned around the idea that, in order to maintain a space for the music and its economies, more security measures were required. In terms of civic elites, in particular, at times regardless of race, this commonsense campaign resonated with old concerns about the desertion of Downtown and a new passion for repopulating it through what many regulators called a "safe and vibrant" nightlife. But this liberal discourse assumed that the notion of "safety" was understood and experienced evenly across the city, when, in practice, that was rarely the case. Again, Geoffrey Pete: "When you're secure, America's insecure. When you're a slave, that's when America's secure." Here, then, we can see that—for residents of color, in particular African Americans—questions of "security" are always racialized and relational. Security for some bodies, in other words, inevitably involves insecurity for other(ed) ones, as well as the spaces that serve them.

How, then, were attempts to secure a space for certain bodies and crowds amidst Downtown Oakland's up-and-coming entertainment scene related to attempts to control others? Given that these politics resonated with categories of race, class, gender, and age, how did regulators rationalize and reinforce the uneven regulation of spaces of musical and corporeal pleasure? And how did this new regime of nightlife-related security impact the sounds and socialities of residents or color who sought to participate in the rebirth of Downtown? In the next chapter, I take up these questions through a series of case studies that signal several of what I call *frequencies of government* that emerged in this period to manage the tensions at the core of this campaign to securitize the night.

6 // The Rap on Responsibility: Downtown's Frequencies of Government

"Enemies tryna pack us in a prison / But we gon' pack up in that old Honda Civic."
–Jidenna, "The Let Out" (2017)[1]

"They talk about driving while black, but this is a case of being in business while black."
–Geoffrey Pete (1999)[2]

The Party Outside the Party

I returned to Geoffrey's Inner Circle (GIC) in December 2017 for SambaFunk!'s Joy Funkraiser, where I was performing a *malandro*, or rogue, style dance with other men from the group. As I reached the top of the red-carpeted stairs, I paused to take in a painting that I'd missed the first time around. The picture, however, had been given pride of place. Here, at the top of the grand ascent, and alongside two photos of Congressman and later Mayor Ron Dellums, the image was a memorial to Geoffrey Pete's first club in Jack London Square (see Ch. 5) (see Image 18). While the other images adorning the walls of GIC, pictures of cultural and political dignitaries, like Dellums, depicted the scintillating social world inside of the club, the painting, curiously, represented the *outside* of the old venue. There, around 20 patrons—many dressed in impressive eveningwear—appeared poised at a threshold between realms. Between the routine struggles of the day-to-day and the nocturnal pleasures of a night out.



Image 18: Painting of Geoffrey's in Jack London Square, located in Geoffrey's Inner Circle, 2017. Credit: Alex Werth.

I leaned in to see what else I could discern. But I didn't see much in the way of activity. In line with the representation of the area in the 1980s and 90s as a "ghost town" (see Ch. 5), the streets seemed more or less deserted, making Geoffrey's a literal beacon of liveliness (indeed, it was illuminated in multiple locations). In addition to the crowd at the door, the club also attracted two cars—one a convertible, the other more modest—and a second, and to some degree *separate*, collection of people standing on the corner. This latter group looked on toward the club, taking in the spectacle, without actually joining it. Here, it occurred to me that this image was, in miniature, a scene of the "let out"—that is, the crowd that coalesced outside the club, creating a liminal space in which the pleasures of the inside intersected with those that never made it in the door in the first place. To me, then, it communicated a sense of *arrival* in not only the spatio-temporal, but also social, meaning of the term. It connoted, in other words, movement, accomplishment, respect. It communicated a sense of self-determination, too. For at that moment, I recalled the photo that Pete had showed me during our previous conversation, the one of cop cars stacked up outside GIC (see Ch. 5). In the painting, by contrast, there wasn't a single police officer in the frame.[3]

Indeed, this image of the let out diverged from the one painted by local authorities in the 1990s, when the Oakland Police Department (OPD) became increasingly preoccupied with the at times chaotic socio-sonic world that coalesced beyond the red carpets and rope lines. This struggle over the government of unsanctioned gatherings among residents of color—especially, young and working-class African Americans—was, in many ways, a reverberation of those discussed in Chapters 3 and 4. The OPD, in fact, as we've seen, treated them all as connected to one another—as one continuous expression of a "culture" of deviance, disturbance, and, at worst, violence that was too volatile to tolerate. Indeed, as discussed in Chapter 5, a cop working the street outside of GIC in 1996 characterized the let out as "Lake Merritt II," thus remixing the means and meaning of regulation from one "nuisance" to another.

For the people who met on the margins, however, these gatherings weren't simply sites of policing; they were *escapes* from it, too. In "The Let Out" (2017), for instance, rapper Jidenna situates these spaces of pleasure within communities of color that confront the never-ending stresses of racial capitalist deprivation and the carceral state. "Enemies tryna pack us in a prison," he raps. "But we gon' pack up in that old Honda Civic." Here, Jidenna—who was working as a teacher in Oakland when he was scouted by Janelle Monáe—characterizes a night at the let out as a way to partake of the party without a lot of money ("in that old Honda Civic"), to make a way out of no way. But it's also a mode of pleasure that emerges amidst the relentless threat of the carceral. "I'm celebrating in the face of mass incarceration," he explained in an interview. For him, then, the "party" vibe of the song, as well as the scene it described, resonated with the recognition that the good times could be snatched away at any moment. "We're free *tonight*," he said.[4] Best to act like it.

In Oakland, then, spaces like the let out afforded a narrow—for some, fugitive—freedom. Indeed, between the loss of recreational space, rise in drug-related street crime, and normalization of governing through nuisance, there wasn't much else for young and

working-class people of color to do. So many spent their leisure time circulating through the city in search of a sense of excitement and connection (see Chs. 2 and 3). As with the cruise and the sideshow, this sense of action could emerge almost anywhere; in the 2000s, for instance, young people of color started to gather at the T.G.I. Friday's in Jack London Square, causing the restaurant, like a club, to hire cops and security guards to regulate the space.[5] (As recently as 2017, the movie theater in the area continued to hire armed guards to patrol the venue.) Hands down, however, the scene outside of the clubs was one of the most exciting ones around. There, young people—in particular, heterosexual men—could take in the spectacle of people at their sexiest, attempt to pick up a mate, and, in the case of an event with a musician or sport star, revel in the atmosphere of celebrity. Indeed, for those who were too young or too poor or, in the eyes of security, too poorly dressed to get inside the club, there was the party outside the party. "Can't get in the club / gotta' parkin' lot pimp," rapped Mistah F.A.B. on "Ghost Ride It" (2006).[6] As with cultural events like Carijama (see Ch. 4), regulators, promoters, and venue owners routinely attempted to demarcate "good" and "bad" crowds—i.e. the people who went in the club versus the ones who congregated, moth-like, at its edges. Still, arguing that the clubs were responsible for attracting the latter, the City of Oakland came to treat them as liable for controlling the "bad" with the "good." In turn, operators like Pete, who catered to the city's communities of color, were forced to navigate the contradictions between the cultural priorities of their customers, on one side, and the regimes of security constructed on top of those priorities, on the other.

In the last chapter, I argued that, in the 1990s and 2000s, the politics of redevelopment in Downtown Oakland came to turn around a stark tension between the imperative to at once revitalize and securitize the area's nightlife. Moreover, I argued, this tension centered on the city's rap artists and audiences, thus implicating Black-owned and Black-serving venues, in particular, in a reverberant cultural politics and political economy of policing. In this chapter, then, I examine the experiences of a series of nightclubs in order to attune to what I see as five corresponding *frequencies of government* through which regulators sought to manage, if not eliminate, the threat of "bad" crowds amidst the area's "renaissance." These are:

1. The policing of the let out;
2. The transposition of the anti-sideshow campaign;
3. The suspicion/supervision of special-activity permits;
4. The probation vs. revocation of operating privileges; and
5. The attribution of violence.

The term "frequencies of government" is meant to indicate three things. First, as a sonic metaphor, it signals that the policing of nightlife in Oakland resonates—like other modes of governing through nuisance—with raced and classed concerns about music and sound, whether in terms of who it attracts, who it disturbs, or where it travels. Second, it implies that—while, as through a mixer in music, each of the five frequencies can be isolated and modulated independent of one another—they operate together as a single and consonant arrangement of police power. And third, as a double entendre, it suggests that these forms of control—like most documented in this study—are recurring, repetitive, and systemic.

As with the distinction between high-pitch and low-pitch sound waves, however, they're more or less "frequent" depending on the site, crowd, and style of music in question. The term "government," too, is significant in this matter. For while the regulation of nightlife in Oakland since the 1990s has, at times, involved out-and-out repression, it's more often entailed campaigns on the part of regulators to encourage club owners, promoters, and so on to comport with "reasonable" forms of conduct. In particular—by linking "responsible" management practice to the proper regulation of space, sounds, and crowds—it's required them to administer these norms of order among not only their patrons, but also people on the street. In the end, however, the perceived incapacity to implement these practices of normalization has caused the City to impose exceptional, but supposedly "race-neutral," regulations on venues owned by and catering to Oaklanders of color in ways that have led, overwhelmingly, to their displacement from Downtown. This, I argue, reveals that the reverberating logics of liberal reason and liberal racism have made Downtown Oakland's celebrated "renaissance" a site of racialized dispossession, as well.

Geoffrey's Inner Circle: Policing the Let Out

As discussed in Chapter 5, in 1993, Geoffrey Pete left Jack London Square for Fourteenth Street. This move was in line with the Oakland Redevelopment Authority's (ORA) stated aim of drawing more residential and commercial activity to the Downtown and Uptown districts by "attracting educational, cultural, and entertainment elements to the urban core" (underlines in original).[7] Soon, however, the sense that GIC was the place to see-and-be-seen came to encompass the area around the venue, as well. Here, at last, were Downtown's long-awaited crowds. But this perceived "disturbance" was met with a massive and immediate response from the OPD. A crime report from 1996, for instance, painted a scene in which the let out became so packed with people that the OPD re-routed bus service to circumvent this now inaccessible area. "Six patrol units and an entire squad of motorcycle officers were needed to disperse the crowd," it read. The consequence of all of this for Pete was that, between the crowd and the police response, the OPD declared the venue, just budding, a "disorderly cabaret."[8]

This isn't to repudiate the potential volatility of the let out; rather, like the cruise and the sideshow, it could be treacherous, especially when met with attempts to suppress it. Indeed, the night of the SambaFunk! party at GIC, one of the drummers told me that he used to work security at the club in the late 1990s and early 2000s. He quit, though, once Pete—in response to the City's call to increase regulation of the street—started to require guards to use metal barricades to at times literally push people from the area at the end of the night. This, said the drummer, seemed "dangerous"—dangerous for the employees, and dangerous for the crowds. Again, then, I don't raise the issue of the policing of the let out to endorse the scene on the street. I do so, rather, to attend to the raced and classed ways that the OPD read and reacted to these crowds, and the predicament this created for club owners like Pete (not to mention, his personnel). After all, around the same time, the OPD came under scrutiny when an estimated 20,000 revelers turned out for a rave at the Kaiser Center, totally overrunning the six cops assigned to the event. Critics demanded to know why, given the size of the crowd, there were so few officers on site. "I didn't want

to put the guy [the promoter] in the poor house," explained Sergeant Bill McFarlane, the man in charge of overseeing large events at the time, in an astonishing admission. "[S]o I cut a bit. I figured it was just going to be another dance."[9]

These raced and classed calculations about when, where, and how to use "police resources" became codified in the late 1990s. At the time, officials argued that—with all of the issues that threatened the city's "quality of life," from homicides to neighborhood-level nuisances (see Ch. 2)—the OPD couldn't afford to send so many of its officers out to regulate event-related crowds. Fiscally, this concern was made even more concerning due to budget deficits that, post Proposition 13, were now endemic. In the 1990s, the City of Oakland implemented a hiring freeze, leaving departments understaffed and dependent on overtime to cover their core services. This, in turn, meant that, in fiscal year 1997-98, around 2,500 of the City's 6,000 employees received some overtime pay—amounting to $25 million, or 9.5 percent of the General Fund budget. Of this, the OPD received $12.2 million, or 50 percent of all overtime wages, and a whopping 4.6 percent of the total budget.[10] In this context, the City was under considerable strain to rein in the costs associated with the way that it responded to large-scale "disturbances" such as those that allegedly coalesced around sites like GIC. Here, the City's vigorous campaigns to stamp out such nuisances drained its resources, thus redoubling the need to remediate them in a more and more vicious circle. So in 1999, with the support of Mayor Jerry Brown, the City Council passed a law that sought to exit this cycle by strengthening the special event permitting system.[11]

Here, I want to examine two critical elements of the law and its consequences: its treatment of large events in general and its treatment of nightclubs in particular. First, its main aim was to impose additional security requirements on "special events" at the venue owner or promoter's expense.[12] But this raised the question of what exactly made an event "special"? The law defined it as:

1. A sports game, concert, or other large-scale event at a City-run venue like the Coliseum or the Paramount Theatre;
2. A one-time event with 50 or more people and "entertainment," like a cultural festival, at a public park or other facility; or
3. A routine commercial event, like a concert or dance party, that would "foreseeably result in impacts on public safety, health, welfare, and police resources."[13]

The third item, however, wove a circular logic. It stated that an event needed additional oversight if it was "special." But it was only "special" if the OPD, through its "foresight," thought that it needed additional oversight in the first place. The question, then, was what sort of events and crowds seemed to be trouble in the eyes of the police? The answer was left up to OPD's Special Events Unit (SEU), which, under the new law, was charged with collecting intelligence on the promoters, artists, and audiences associated with a potential event and deciding whether, or under what conditions, to permit it.[14] The SEU thus started to scan the radio, online event listings, and other promotions to look out for concerts and dance parties. Then, it'd search for "intel" on the people involved—material that it'd use

to evaluate whether, or how, to allow the event to proceed—by consulting with other law-enforcement agencies and, more often than not, Google.[15] In our interview in 2017, Theo Williams compared the creation of the SEU to the development of the Special Weapons and Tactics, or SWAT, team in Los Angeles in response to the Watts Uprising and later War on Drugs.[16] "The OPD task force—the special events task force that started looking at flyers and stuff life that—that was created here, like SWAT was created in L.A.," he said. "That counterintelligence kind of surveillance—listening to the radio to see where the parties are—that was created in Oakland."[17] It's outside of the scope of this study to determine whether or not Oakland was in fact the first city in the U.S. to use such tactics. Here, I argue, what matters is the perception among residents and cultural producers like Williams that—as seen in the comparison to SWAT and "counterintelligence," which, in Oakland, resonates with the FBI's repression of the Black Panther Party (see Ch. 1)—the purpose and procedures of the SEU were deeply anti-Black.

The second issue with the 1999 law was the way that it addressed police oversight and cost recovery at nightclubs in particular. Clubs, as discussed below, had long been required to undergo an administrative review in order to receive a "cabaret permit," which, at least in theory, entitled them to host concerts, dances, and other forms of live entertainment as a matter of course. The new ordinance, however, allowed the OPD to charge club owners for a wide range of police costs, including those incurred while arresting patrons, any time that six or more officers spent 30 or more minutes addressing a "disturbance or potential disturbance at a cabaret site." In addition, it stated that, whenever this sort of incident occurred two or more times within six months, the club would be required to run all of its large events—i.e. the ones that were supposedly covered by the cabaret permit—by the SEU for the next year. This system of probation meant that the OPD could either refuse the owner the privileges of their operating permit or, more likely, require them to meet a range of extraordinary conditions, including: hiring additional security guards and police officers; providing on-site medical services; paying a deposit against the potential costs of police services or damage to public property; and buying extra liability insurance. And these various security measures, which threatened to increase the cost of an event to the point of impossibility, were to be determined at the sole discretion of the OPD.[18] This meant that the clubs that received the most attention from the police—which, in the context of the city's anti-sideshow campaign and other modes of governing through nuisance, tended to target a wide range of socio-sonic spaces popular among young people of color (see Chs. 2-4)—were then subjected to additional costs and surveillance, *whether or not the cause of the "disturbance" occurred inside the venue or on the street*. Unsurprisingly, this reproduced the racialized nature of policing and economic disadvantage in Oakland.

Over the course of the next decade, the OPD consistently sent large contingents of cops to police the let out at GIC—especially on First Saturdays—and, using the new law, sought to recoup these costs from Pete. Without consulting with him, in other words, the OPD characterized the crowds near the venue as a "disturbance or potential disturbance," assessed how many cops were needed to control them, and then insisted that Pete pay for it all. In the late 2000s, this long-simmering struggle turned into a crisis, once again, due to concerns about runaway overtime costs. As in the 1990s, the OPD continued to crack down on unsanctioned nighttime activities—in particular, the sideshow and the let out—

using volunteers who, given the department's staffing levels, were entitled to overtime. In fiscal year 2007-08, as the city began to tumble into recession, the OPD spent $25 million on overtime pay—or double what it'd spent a decade earlier, and double what it was budgeted. With an estimated $8.2-million deficit for the next year, and a startling $50-million one for the year after that, officials realized that, if they didn't regain control over these costs, Oakland could spiral into insolvency.[19]

At the same time, in 2007, Jerry Brown left City Hall for Sacramento, where he continued to carve a path back to the governorship. After two demoralizing terms under Brown (see Ch. 5), Oakland's progressive activists were determined, if not to restore the Black urban regime, then at least to elect someone who'd be more responsive to the city's communities of color. Their man, it turned out, was Ron Dellums, the longtime left-wing, African-American congressman for the East Bay. Here, again, Pete's position at the intersection of politics and entertainment proved decisive. According to Kitty Kelly Epstein, Pete led the campaign to draft Dellums, who was initially reluctant, into the race. In 2005, at a fundraiser at GIC, Pete surprised Dellums—and everyone else in the room—when, at the end of his speech, he nominated the congressman to take on Councilmember Ignacio de la Fuente, Brown's handpicked successor, in the coming election. "There was a gasp," recounts Epstein, "and then an explosive chant of 'Run, Ron, Run.'" From that point on, Pete organized local activists to convince Dellums, his old friend, to run, which he did in 2007, winning by a wide margin.[20]

The timing, however, at the onset of the recession, couldn't be worse. It was now on Dellums to tackle the crisis in overtime spending, and police overtime in particular. At the time, OPD officers were the best compensated among California's ten biggest cities. Their union contract guaranteed 60 sick days per year, meaning that officers were often out. This, in turn, created routine gaps in staffing—even under normal conditions—which management then had to make up for using overtime. In response, Dellums increased the length of a regular shift and imposed a moratorium on using overtime to fill gaps when cops were out due to illness, training, or other causes.[21] Right away, this soured relations with the police union as well as many rank-and-file officers.[22] This isn't surprising, given the amount of money at stake. In 2010, almost 200 sworn officers (some 25 percent of the total) earned more than $20,000 in overtime. The top overtime recipient, Michael Morse, made nearly $120,000, more than doubling his annual wages to $225,000. To make matters worse, Morse served on the SEU, meaning that he calculated how much venue owners and event producers had to pay for overtime in the first place.[23] "There's an inherent conflict in police overtime," Pete told me in 2017. "I mean, you're the butcher, the baker, *and* the candlestick maker!"[24]

It was in this context that, in October 2008, David Kozicki—who had moved up the ranks, from a lieutenant in the Traffic Division to the Deputy Chief of Police—sent an email to Pete requesting that he cancel First Saturdays (see Ch. 5). "These events have established a track record as a magnet for criminal and unruly activity," claimed Kozicki:

> "The [OPD] has been unable to manage these events without using overtime, and even then we have had to draw down on police resources

> needed in other parts of the city…We appreciate your efforts at bringing night life to the downtown area. However, the City is in dire financial straits…We need community leaders such as you to assist us through this difficult process until such time as more sustainable remedies are put in place."[25]

But Pete refused to acquiesce to Kozicki's administrative *politesse*. In particular, he questioned the notion that he was accountable for the let out—the notion, that is, encoded in the special-event ordinance, that he needed to pay for the policing of people who weren't his patrons in the first place. I asked Kozicki about this when we met for coffee in 2017. "He's got a legitimate thing: 'They weren't even in my club,'" admitted Kozicki. "Well, sure they weren't. But they're here because of your club. And that's what the ordinance says. It doesn't say that they had to be *at* your event. It just says that your club had to be the *nexus* for this thing."[26] The 1999 ordinance had, in fact, been designed to allow the OPD to hold club owners responsible for incidents that occurred on the street so long as they were *linked* to the venue. In an area such as Downtown Oakland, however, in which bars, restaurants, and clubs tended to congregate together, the science of determining this "nexus" was anything but precise. This, in turn, raised the potential of racial profiling, not of bodies, but businesses. Around the same time that Pete ran intro trouble, for instance, Sergeant Kyle Thomas, who's White, was asked to specify how far a club's responsibility for activities in the street could range. But specific these calculations were not. Their responsibility, he responded, ranged "as far as the crowd coming to [their] business."[27] Here, then, was another vague and circular logic that tilted in favor of the OPD. The club was responsible if there was a "nexus." But there was only a "nexus" if the cops said that the club was responsible. And when a crime or nuisance occurred amidst several nighttime venues, the OPD tended, inevitably and overwhelmingly, to view the Black-owned and Black-serving businesses, racialized as criminal in dominant discourse, with suspicion. It thus seemed as though the only time that club owners like Pete were seen as "responsible" was if it was for crime in the area. "They talk about driving while black," he stated, in a comment that alluded to his class status as the person who owned the club, rather than the one who had to party outside, "but this is a case of being in business while black" (see epigraph).

Pete resisted. He refused to cancel First Saturdays or pay for the cops who continued to crack down on the scene along Fourteenth Street. In response, the OPD stepped up the pressure. The time for polite emails had passed. In 2008, Kyle Thomas went to an employee at the Merchant's Garage—a parking structure near GIC, which, for years, Pete had rented out to provide space for his patrons on First Saturdays—and insisted that the OPD had video of drug deals, fights, and even a shooting in the garage during times when it was rented to Pete. In the mid 2000s, Thomas had ascended to the rank of sergeant and been assigned to Downtown. There, he created an informal "club detail," which was run on a volunteer overtime basis, to manage the apparent problems with the let out. Whether improper or not, this positioned him to reap a windfall in extra income. In 2010, for one, he netted $61,000 in overtime, raising his total wages to $203,400.[28] It was in this role that Thomas went to the garage with his alleged "intel." In response, Gloria Verduzco, garage manager, canceled her contract with GIC. Later, in a sworn deposition, Verduzco would

testify that this was the first time she'd ever received a complaint about Pete's customers. In turn, Thomas would admit that the OPD, in fact, didn't have any record to support his allegations of illegal activity.[29] But without access to the garage—and facing severe, even malicious, regulation from the OPD—Pete decided to suspend his events and close GIC, perhaps permanently. "I mean, if you took the Oakland Raiders' parking, they'd have to leave town," he told me. "But that was the idea."[30] Indeed, for all of its governmental discourse and reasoning, Pete saw this struggle as a targeted political hit, a form of retribution, meant to punish him for his closeness to Dellums (recall the photos at the top of the stairs), who was out to rein in police overtime.

As the club went dark, the fight moved from Fourteenth Street to the U.S. District Court. There, Pete sued the City as well as Thomas, Kozicki, Morse, and Pedro Espinoza (who ran the SEU with Morse) for $2.5 million in damages due to violations of his U.S. civil rights. In his complaint, Pete claimed that Thomas and Kozicki made "false charges and intentional misrepresentations" that, in turn, led to a loss of services like parking and thus business opportunities to which he was otherwise entitled. "The conduct engaged in by the OPD," he alleged, turning the notion of "misconduct" so often used by the police around against its authors, "was representative of a pattern and practice of discrimination aimed at African-American owners and operators of nightclubs…and entertainment events in the downtown Oakland, and their patrons."[31] But these claims gained little traction. Rather, Judge William Alsup, who's White, approved the City's motion for a summary judgment, meaning the case never went to trial. Disavowing Pete's "theory of oppression and harassment" as "vague," Alsup negated each of the violations in the complaint—the violation of the right to assembly, due process, and equal protection—in turn.[32]

On the matter of assembly, Alsup wrote that the Supreme Court had ruled in *City of Dallas v. Stanglin* (1989) that the U.S. Constitution didn't provide for a "generalized right of 'social association' that includes chance encounters in dance halls." Pete argued that the right to assembly extended to "live entertainment, such as musical and dramatic works." But Alsup countered that nightclubs were specifically exempt from these First Amendment rights. He added that—while, on the matter of free speech, Pete argued that the OPD's actions had impacted not only dance parties, but political and comedic events, too—the evidence didn't support the claim that these modes of protected speech had, in fact, been curtailed. "Pete's attempt to shoe-horn [the club's] events into another category of expressive activity is unavailing," wrote Alsup.[33] He argued, in other words, that—as a pleasurable and corporeal, not properly "political," form of "expressive activity"—social dancing wasn't protected as either a mode of assembly or expression under U.S. law. The political valences of collective dance among Black Oaklanders (see Ch. 1) were thus unintelligible to the sensibilities of the Court.

Next, Alsup ruled against Pete's argument that his loss of contract with the garage constituted a violation of due process on the grounds that this was a "private" matter, not a governmental service. Again, it became clear under sworn deposition that Thomas had consciously made unsubstantiated claims about criminal activity in the garage. But still, Alsup refuted Pete's right to relief due to the fact that the Fourteenth Amendment didn't cover private matters, even if a public actor had meddled in them. "[E]ven assuming that

Sergeant Thomas's statements…were bald-faced lies conjured for the sole and specific purpose of disrupting Pete's business relationship with the garage," explained Alsup, "the success of Thomas's scheme would not…rise to the level of constitutional injury under procedural due process."[34] Here, then, it seemed as though there was a considerable gap between the question of justice and the letter of the law.

Finally, the third aspect of Alsup's ruling addressed the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. According to precedent, he wrote, Pete had to prove that that the City and the OPD's actions were racially discriminatory in "purpose" and "effect." In reviewing the case, however, he found "no evidence" that the events in question were "motivated by racial animus"—especially given that, among the documents submitted by Pete, none "mention[ed] or allude[d] to race at all."[35] This, of course, is a vexing standard as it's been revealed time and again—including throughout this study—that, in the post–Civil Rights Era, overt racial discourses and logics have been rearranged into covert ones in ways that allow racial oppression to continue under the cover of law (see Ch. 2). In the process, racism has been reproduced—in accordance with liberal views—as a private and individual matter, a personal aberration, versus a systemic and collective one sanctioned by the state.[36] Further, according to George Lipsitz, one of these conversions to covertness has occurred through the "racialization of space." This allows racist policies and practices to target a location—like, say, a club—rather than the identities of the people who own or inhabit it.[37] Pete, in fact, tried to anticipate the covert and spatialized nature of anti-Black regulation by arguing that the OPD targeted Black versus White clubs due to the racist assumption that only the Black ones had "problems with criminal or unruly behavior." In the end, though, Alsup decided that Pete didn't provide the evidence to prove it. In other words, while a violation of equal protection might've occurred, the onus was on Pete to conduct a comprehensive investigation into the racialized contours and consequences of the City's regulation of nightlife in order for the Court to recognize it.[38] The case was thus summarily resolved. In the next sections, I outline some of the other frequencies of government—the sort indicated but not, according to Alsup, proven by Pete—to demonstrate the apparently "race-neutral," but thoroughly racist and classist, modes of regulation that continue to remake the cultural landscape of the night in Downtown Oakland.

Sweet Jimmie's: Anti-Sideshow Campaign

Pete wasn't the only club owner to sue the City at the time. In the 2000s, all three of the most prominent Black club owners in Downtown Oakland—Pete, "Sweet" Jimmie Ward, and Fred and John Ivey—charged the government with similar violations of their civil rights. Like Pete, however, all of them ran aground on the onerous task of trying to prove that practices that were *racialized* were *racist*, as well. In this section, I introduce Ward to attune to a second, but related, frequency of government: the transposition of the OPD's anti-sideshow tactics to other sites of leisure. As argued in Chapter 4, in the 1990s and 2000s, the OPD started to read and react to large gatherings of young people of color, especially young Black men, as a sideshow in some state of evolution in ways that intensified the regulation of cultural events and led to repetitive clashes between young people and police. In a similar vein, the reverberations of the anti-sideshow campaign soon came

to animate the let out at Black-owned nightspots, as well. The OPD started to characterize these arrangements of Black and Brown bodies, cars, and sounds as not a "sideshow," but a nascent form of "sideshow *activity*." This authorized the cops to (a) call upon the venue owner to demonstrate "responsibility" by disrupting the street scene and, in the event that they didn't, (b) enact a series of expensive and preemptive actions that, as with Pete, were billed to the owner.

Born near Monroe, Louisiana—where, as a child, he made a little money picking cotton and driving the bus to school while still a student—Ward moved to California in 1955 as part of the postwar chain migration of African Americans out of subordination in the U.S. South (see Ch. 1). In the 1960s, his quest for opportunity was rewarded when he started working as a bartender and longshoreman.[39] (For the rest of his life, he commemorated his ties to the waterfront by wearing a customized captain's hat with a red heart in the middle.) In 1969, as part of the movement of Black club operators into areas that were once limited to Whites (see Ch. 5), he purchased the Lamp Post, located at Twenty-Third Street and Telegraph Avenue, from an Italian American. But he was soon strong-armed by Huey P. Newton, a distant cousin, into turning the business over to the Black Panthers. Operated by rank-and-file recruits, the bar turned into a retreat among the leadership and a source of revenue for the Party's survival programs.[40] Ward would catch a break, at last, in 1990, when he bought a building at Eighteenth Street and San Pablo Avenue. Adding a restaurant and banquet rooms, he named the venue Jimmie's Entertainment Complex. But everyone else called it Sweet Jimmie's. The site was right across the street from the area that the ORA would come to market as the "Uptown Retail and Entertainment District." At the time, though, with its concentration of SROs and sex workers, most residents just saw this stretch of San Pablo as part of West Oakland. Indeed, in many ways, the scene at Sweet Jimmie's seemed like a relic of the old world of the West Oakland Blues. Working with renowned emcee and entertainer Jay Payton, Ward produced concerts with artists like the Chi-Lites, Bobby "Blue" Bland, and Ike Turner that catered to an older African-American audience.[41] As at GIC, the club—like its hatted and sequined customers—communicated a sense of class, sporting a long awning and a wall-of-fame to rival any other. There were even photos of Ward with Jerry Brown, locked in a bosom embrace, on either side of the entrance.[42]

But this fraternal relationship would soon sour. In 2002, as Brown was working to rebrand and redevelop the Uptown, the OPD issued four reports against Sweet Jimmie's as a "disorderly house," meaning that it was linked to nuisances and other disturbances.[43] According to one of these reports, police arrived on the scene to find a large and chaotic crowd in front of the venue. In response, the officers commanded the security to close the doors—causing a "mob" and a "sideshow," according to the report, to backflow into San Pablo Avenue. Allegedly, the scene then descended into an "unpredictable inferno of cars, stereos, screams, and fist fights." "We were forced to close many streets around the club and man traffic posts," wrote the author, an operation that cost the OPD, and now Ward, almost $4,000.[44] This incident indicated the ways that the authorities routinely drew upon resonant notions of im/proper spatial and sonic practices (note: "screams" and "stereos") to render the scene outside of the club as a site of utter senselessness, one without reason or sociality, with the sideshow as its archetype. This, in turn, authorized the cops to close

streets, stop and search cars, and otherwise use tactics developed to control the cruise and the sideshow in ways that penalized Ward and his patrons.

So in 2004, Ward decided, like Pete, to resist—suing the City, OPD, Jerry Brown, and Lieutenant Edward Poulson, Commander for Downtown, for violating his civil rights. Ward's complaint revealed an alternative take on the deterioration of his relationship with the City. In Spring 2002, it stated, at the same time as the incident discussed above, City Manager Robert Bobb—who was deeply involved in the redevelopment of the Uptown, until he was fired by Brown—approached Ward to see if he was interested in selling his property to the ORA for $1 million. Ward declined, however, arguing that it was worth three times as much. At that point, according to the complaint, the City increased its regulation of club, including, but not limited to, the disorderly house reports. The City, argued Ward, was abusing its governmental powers—and thus his rights—in order to make it so hard for him to remain open that he'd be compelled to sell to the ORA at below-market rates.[45] But Ward, like Pete, would never get his day in court. Once again, in 2005, Judge Alsup granted the City's motion for a summary judgment. This ruling, in fact, portended the one against Pete in that Alsup declared that there was "no direct evidence of racial animus" or "purposeful racial discrimination." Again, while he admitted that such discrimination might've occurred, he argued that Ward had failed to meet the burden of proof. "There is no evidence of how many or which other…nightclubs are owned by minorities," he said. "There is no evidence of what kinds of police enforcement actions (or lack thereof) are taken at other nightclubs…It is not the Court's responsibility to rummage through the record on [the] plaintiff's behalf."[46]

Ward appealed, but to no avail. Discouraged and worn down by age (he was now 70), he asked his son Dave to step into a more active role in running the club. According to public records and news reports from the time, Dave Ward started to take the venue on a new course—producing more lucrative rap concerts that, authorities claimed, attracted a more "hyphy" audience and a range of nuisance and criminal activities as a result (see Ch. 3). At the same time, Sgt. Thomas started to orchestrate the weekend club detail, which, as a dedicated unit, rendered the regulation of Sweet Jimmie's even more intense. In 2005, the OPD issued not four, but seven, disorderly house reports, all but one of which were written by Thomas. Three involved allegations of violence. But all seven were attuned to apparent disturbances of the sound and streetscape: e.g. large crowds, loud music, revved engines, reckless driving, and, of course, "sideshow activity." As discussed in Chapter 3, these were precisely the sort of "hyphy movements" that, in the 1990s and 2000s, worked to criminalize young people of color who participated in Oakland's rap culture, serving as a pretext for policing.

On October 21, 2005, for instance, Thomas reported that he came to supervise the venue on account of "prior intel" (likely provided by the SEU) that the rapper "Keith the Sneak [sic]" was going to perform to a capacity crowd. There, Thomas saw cars circling the street; vehicles playing "very loud music, audible far in excess of 100 feet"; and other activities that the OPD commonly associated with unsanctioned mobilities like the cruise. "The totality of circumstances," he stated, in a self-conscious demonstration of reasoning, "required immediate action to preserve public safety…keep traffic flowing…and prevent

further 'Sideshow' activity." This analysis then authorized him to call in the "West End sideshow units" to run a traffic-control operation, a labor-intensive maneuver, for which the venue would eventually be charged. "Based on my observations," he stated, "Sweet Jimmies [sic] was directly responsible for the attractable nuisance of the very large crowd and traffic." Finally, he listed the names and ranks of the nine cops involved in order to calculate the total number of "officer hours" to be recuperated. This series of rhetorical moves (crowd – sideshow – intervention – attractable nuisance – bill) thus performed the reasoning set out in the 1999 special-event ordinance in order to hold the Wards accountable for the costs of policing their club and their customers—bills that, in 2005, routinely topped $4,000 for a single night.[47]

Here, then, we see again that the capaciousness of the OPD's anti-sideshow campaign generated repetitive readings of crowds of young people of color that reverberated across the city's cultural landscape, activating the policing of new locales. But even within the realm of nightlife, this sort of repetition served to impose at times crushing regulations on Black-owned clubs. In comparing these seven incident reports, for instance, it's apparent that Thomas copy-and-pasted the exact same language—and, thus, the logics of government that it legitimated—from one document to the next:

> February 27, 2005: "I knew from prior intel that the rapper 'Mac Mall' was performing at the club and that they were expecting a near capacity crowd."
>
> April 10, 2005: "I knew from prior intel that the rapper/R&B singer 'Bobby Valintino' [sic] was performing at the club and that they were expecting a near capacity crowd."
>
> May 8, 2005: "I knew from prior intel that the rapper 'Yuck Mouth' [sic] was performing at the club and that they were expecting a near capacity crowd."
>
> October 22, 2005: "I knew from prior intel…that the rapper 'Too Short' was performing at the club and that they were expecting a near capacity crowd."

In essence, the same recycled scenario and semantics were used to rationalize the same recycled actions. Indeed, each report—including the one *not* written by Thomas—then repeated the exact same statement as above regarding the need to escalate enforcement in order to "prevent further 'Sideshow' activity."[48]

Eventually, Jimmie Ward relented to this immense pressure. In 2006, under threat of permit revocation, he attended a meeting with Mayor Brown and other officials. There, according to the notes, the parties discussed returning Sweet Jimmie's to "jazz and blues" programming and, in line with the 1999 law, treating all concerts as "special events." In turn, this would require the Wards to secure a dedicated police presence in advance. Non-rap concerts would require six officers and one sergeant at a cost of $4,000 per night. But

rap events would require a minimum of *twenty-four officers and three sergeants at a cost of around $15,000 for a single night*. Indeed, the City threatened to revamp the venue's permit to state that "[a]ny event involving a rap or hip-hop artist will be assumed to meet the definition of Special Event."[49] With little wiggle room, Ward assented to this and other onerous conditions for a six-month trial. Even that, it turned out, was too long; he closed the club and sold the property (albeit not to the City) before this probationary period had expired. He passed on soon after. "A month ago, he said to me, 'I'm tried, I'm ready to go,'" reported Dave Ward to the *Tribune* upon Jimmie's death in 2010. "Let me tell you. If he still had a club to run, if he was still in the mix making sure everybody was having a good time, he wouldn't be tired."[50]

Tycoon's and the New Parish: Special-Activity Permit

By the time that Ward sold Sweet Jimmie's in 2006, the redevelopment of the Uptown was on the verge of liftoff. So it wasn't long before other operators took an interest in the property. By the end of the year, a group of four businessmen applied for a cabaret permit to replace the old club with a new one called Tycoon's.[51] Here, at the starting point of running a venue in Oakland, they encountered the first of the city's many frequencies of government: a special-activity permit. In the City of Oakland, these permits are issued and supervised by the Special Activity and Permits Division (SAPD) of the City Administrator's Office. Oakland, like most U.S. cities, mandates an operating license (in addition to land-use permissions) for those activities that—according to Arturo Sanchez, who used to run the SAPD—it assumes are more likely to have a negative impact on the "quality of life." "Nuisance permits," he called them, when we talked in 2016.[52] Cabarets, pot clubs, pawnshops, massage parlors, bingo halls. The list of items that fall into this class reads, to me, like a hodgepodge of past and present social, spatial, and moral concerns. The thread that connects them, then, is that—while legal and legitimate businesses—they've nevertheless come to be seen and governed as threats to the dominant order through their association with crime, nuisance, and risk.[53] And this discursive association is reinforced in the administrative structure of the local government; the SAPD is located alongside the Nuisance Abatement Division, and both are run by the same two-person staff.

The SAPD, in this sense, serves as a core actor in processes of governing through nuisance in Oakland (see Ch. 2). It's work, however, is nothing new. Rather, it emerges out of longstanding practices of regulation under the "police power"—that is, the right of cities, under the U.S. Constitution, to enforce norms of order to protect the health, safety, and morals of "the public." Indeed, techniques of licensing and inspection, like those of the SAPD, have long served to (a) surveil spaces that are seen as linked to social disorder and (b) make their operating privileges contingent on repeated review, so that those rights can be readily revoked in the case of transgression. In Oakland, these geographies of suspicion and surveillance are over a century old. In 1912, for one, the rules and regulations of the OPD specified that patrolmen were expected to report the location of "all suspected gambling houses, dance houses…mock auction rooms, vendors of lottery tickets, houses of ill-fame, and all questionable places and suspicious persons on their beats." Among all of these sordid establishments, bars and dance halls were seen as exceptionally attractive

to criminals and other persons of "bad character." Inspectors, the manual continued, were thus required to survey "saloons and other places" that were "habitually visit[ed]" by the "criminal classes."[54] That same year, the City Council passed a law imposing a permit on public dances, which barred the sale and consumption of alcohol, low lighting, and "immoral or obscene dancing." In order to qualify, the applicant had to present themselves to the Council, and later the Chief of Police, to convince the authorities that they were of "good moral character."[55] Today, the echoes of these logics mean that, while the SAPD is meant to mitigate crime, nuisance, and risk linked to commercial activities, its operations are inseparable from modes of social and moral control that have long tied certain bodies and spaces to disorder and invested the OPD with the power to take prophylactic action. Moreover, as noted throughout this study, these discourses of suspicion versus innocence reverberate with racist and classist notions of difference. "Constitutional guarantees of 'equal protection' notwithstanding," notes Robin D. G. Kelley, "Black and Brown bodies carry from birth the mark of 'suspicion.'"[56] Thus, suspicion—or, we might add, "specialness"—is never race-neutral.

In Oakland, the cabaret permit application is meant to preempt the presumed risks associated with nightlife by assessing the plan for the business and the identities of those behind it. The OPD starts by running a background check on all owners of the potential operation. According to the Municipal Code, the application, in turn, can be denied if the owners have a conviction or plea bargain related to fraud, selling drugs, or violent crime.[57] When we had lunch in 2017, however, Greg Minor, the regulator who succeeded Sanchez in running the SAPD, expressed personal doubts about the equitableness of this approach. "If someone breaks the law, there's a punishment for that," he reasoned. "So why are you punishing them for the fact that they were already punished?" But personal views aside, Minor—who's White—argued that, as a regulator, his hands were tied by the commonsense legal and cultural conventions of liberal law and order. "I guess it's just human nature to believe that if someone did something before, they'll do something similar in the future. And for better or worse, that's codified in our legal system."[58]

Next, as with the applicants, the SAPD and the OPD create a risk assessment of the prospective venue. Again, while notions of risk resonate with longstanding stigmas of race, class, gender, and age, it's illegal, in the post–Civil Rights Era, to overtly govern in these terms. Thus, with both cabarets and special events, the City of Oakland evaluates certain aspects of the proposed activities that, in practice, serve as legally and politically acceptable proxies for social identities. Unsurprisingly, given the securitization of rap and other forms of socio-sonic control discussed in previous chapters, the most significant of these proxies are the *musical format* and *age of the crowd*. Indeed, all of my interviews and archival research indicate that these issues are the most salient because of the longstanding racist and classist suspicion regarding Black-centered youth cultures like rap—which, according to Angela Woodall, former nightlife reporter for the *Tribune*, the OPD viewed as "trouble: trouble music, trouble people."[59]

Indeed, rap spelled "trouble" for the men behind Tycoon's. Upon receiving their application, regulators opposed the plan on two grounds. The first was technical. According to an old law, it was illegal for a cabaret to locate within 300 feet of a church, library,

or school. But in 2004, as part of his agenda to open charter schools and promote the arts-led renovation of the Uptown, Jerry Brown had pushed to open the new Oakland School for the Arts right across from what was then Sweet Jimmie's. Technically, then, Tycoon's would violate the 300-foot rule.[60] The second and more subjective issue, however, was whether the City's recent—and, for some, nightmarish—experience with Sweet Jimmie's could serve to predict, and therefore prevent, the likelihood that a new venue would lead to nuisance and crime. Barbara Killey, then Administrative Hearing Officer in the SAPD, who's White, decided to deny the permit due to a concatenation of concerns, including: a citywide lack of "police resources"; the geographies of the club, e.g. its size, proximity to a second large and problematic venue named @17th (see next section), and surrounding street pattern, which made it challenging to control access to the area; and, crucially, the proposed Top 40 rap and R&B musical format. These anxieties were then exacerbated when the OPD discovered via the background check that Ed Pope, one of the applicants, had run a club in the South Bay that, after several shootings, had been shuttered by the City of San Jose. "[N]o single one of these factors, with the exception of police resources, would be grounds for denying a cabaret permit," explained Killey, in her decision in 2007. But together "they create a foreseeable risk of violence and a threat to public safety that would make permitting at this time an irresponsible act."[61]

This denial was an extremely rare move. In 2017, Nancy Marcus, who worked in the SAPD alongside Minor, told me that she hadn't seen a single denial since starting the role in 2009.[62] So Pope and his team appealed to the City Council. In the appeal, Zachary Wasserman, the lawyer for Tycoon's, decried the fact that Killey had decided against his clients, in part, on account of their plan to "[target] a youthful market through widespread public advertising, by radio and internet, of events combining Top 40 artists and dance." "This is precisely what any operator of a cabaret will want to do in an entertainment area," he protested, noting the venue's location in an avowed entertainment zone:

> "To suggest to the contrary is either to totally misunderstand the operation of cabarets or to unconstitutionally discriminate against Top 40 music or youthful audiences or both…It is very clear that the 'target' that the City objects to is Top 40 music because a significant amount of Top 40 music is labeled 'hip-hop' music. This objection is plainly unconstitutional and renders the denial invalid on its face."[63]

Apparently unconvinced, the City Council voted to uphold the ruling 8-0.

The denial was rendered even more exceptional when, a year later, the City turned around and granted a permit for the exact same site to a venue called the New Parish. By this time, the City Council had amended the 300-foot rule to pave the way for the renovation of the Fox Theater, which, according to Brown's own design, was meant to house the Oakland School for the Arts.[64] With this technical hurdle down, the applicants, the Parish Entertainment Group (PEG), went out of their way to present themselves as the opposite of Sweet Jimmie's and Tycoon's. At the time, PEG was run by Michael O'Connor and Jason Perkins—two White men who owned and operated several entertainment venues in San Francisco, including, most notably, the Independent. In the mid 2000s, they realized

that, given the rate of gentrification, their core market—i.e. young adults—wasn't going to be able to afford to live in San Francisco for long. They also realized that the best way to stay on top of the mid-sized entertainment game was to amass several venues and thus create economies of scale in booking, marketing, artist relations, and so on. So according to Perkins, who I interviewed in 2017, they went on a growth spree—opening a series of bars, restaurants, and clubs, with the New Parish as their first sortie into Oakland.[65] At the time, they sought out a local partner to aid them in navigating a new cultural and political scene in Namane Mohlabane. Born and raised in Oakland to Black South African and White Jewish parents, Mohlabane was a DJ, record producer, and manager for his sister, soul singer Goapele. (He'd also worked for Nancy Nadel, then City Councilwoman for Downtown and West Oakland, making him a valued political asset.[66]) Within a few years, however, PEG replaced him at the New Parish.

In 2008, as they moved on the former Sweet Jimmie's, PEG sought strenuously to distinguish themselves in the eyes of officials from men like Ward and Pope. "WE WILL NOT BE RUNNING A DJ OR DANCE CLUB," they wrote, in all capitals, attaching a narrative to their permit application. Instead, they insisted that they'd draw upon their experiences in San Francisco—itself a selling point—to book "live music" across a diverse range of genres. But of the thirteen distinct styles of music listed in their application, rap and R&B were conspicuous in their absence. It wasn't that Black sounds were totally off-limits. To the contrary, they included "African," reggae, soul, and spoken word alongside things like "Irish," indie rock, and metal. But, it seemed, Black poplar musics were only admissible if they emanated from another time and place within the sonic geographies of Africa and its Diaspora. Here, then, it seems as though PEG tried to turn back the clock to the time before the arrival of rap and the securitization of nightlife—to the time of "live music" and "soul" (see Ch. 5). "We will not be booking music which will threaten our license, our business, our restaurant, our property," they concluded.[67] In this manner, they sought to perform responsibility—and thus assuage the apparent anxieties of regulators—by insisting that, unlike the previous operators, they could be relied upon to eliminate rap artists and audiences as a preventable source of "threat." It worked. Sgt. Thomas, who'd argued vigorously against Tycoon's, said that he was impressed that PEG proposed "significant changes in the planned operation" relative to Sweet Jimmie's. On his recommendation, Killey signed off on the permit, and the New Parish opened to much acclaim.[68]

As of 2017, however, PEG had gone on to do a range of things that, in order to receive approval vis-à-vis Tycoon's, they said they wouldn't. Upon opening, for one, the New Parish started to book local and out-of-town rap and R&B acts. Moreover, it became, arguably, Oakland's premier "DJ OR DANCE CLUB," as the owners rented the space to outside promoters for recurring events like the People Party (Afro-house), Reggae Gold (dancehall), and Ships in the Night (queer rap). And recitations of responsibility notwithstanding, PEG didn't turn out to be more compliant than their predecessors. The SAPD's own records revealed that PEG neglected to renew the cabaret permit for the New Parish on time for several years in a row, even after receiving multiple reminders. In addition, in 2011, they received a warning for operating after hours, a misstep that O'Connor blamed on Black artists. ("[It] was a reggae show with performers from Jamaica," he wrote, in an exculpatory email to Marcus, "[who] obviously had little respect for local law.")[69] Most

egregiously, however, in 2013, PEG tried to expand their operations in the East Bay even more by opening a venue called Leo's in North Oakland. But while using the space for "public assembly," in land-use parlance, required extensive renovations, PEG opened up and started to throw concerts without a permit, putting their patrons at risk in the case of an emergency. According to Minor, who negotiated with PEG on the matter, the SAPD fined O'Connor and Perkins, who, in turn, refused to pay.[70] Eventually, rather than make the improvements, PEG gave up on the venue and sold the property for nearly $3 million, or a 250 percent profit.[71]

As discussed in this section, the modus operandi of the SAPD is to examine what an operator has done in the past in order to predict and steer what they'll do in the future. Time and again, with Black club owners, the City has treated non-compliant conduct, like PEG's, as a sign that they're "irresponsible" and thus undeserving of rights. As of 2017, however, O'Connor and Perkins hadn't been punished for their actions. To the contrary, they were awarded after-hours permits that allowed them to operate until 5am at the New Parish and neighboring venue the Rock Steady.[72]

@17[th]: Probation vs. Revocation

The arc from Sweet Jimmie's to the New Parish implies that rap, while a resonant concern among regulators, can't operate on its own as the driving reason for regulation—in part because it borders on unconstitutional, but in part because White operators profit from its consumption, too. "Part of my job," recalled Arturo Sanchez, when we talked in 2017, "was to take away the hip-hop analysis." By this, he meant the simplistic, if not racist, notion that, if a crime occurred in or around a venue that featured rap, then rap was the cause of the incident, and thus the target to control. His aim, rather, was to "eliminate bias or a cultural lens." So he tried to tune out the illiberal "hip-hop analysis" in favor of a liberal one that attended to the ir/responsible conduct of venue operators instead.[73]

In this section, I discuss how, in addition to scrutinizing rap artists and audiences, regulators rely upon liberal discourses of "responsibility" to discriminate between not the *managers*, but rather the *management practices*, that are or are not normalized, and thus deserving of rights. This movement from the person to the practice is meant to make the logic of government, à la Sanchez, race neutral. However, I argue, as revealed throughout this study, the talk of responsibility reverberates with the longstanding echoes of liberal reason and liberal racism, which constructed such notions of civility through the colonization of people of color (see Intro). Here, I add two more ways that, in the context of the regulation of nightlife in Oakland, the notion of responsibility is racialized. First, as seen in the last section, the ways that regulators view and evaluate management practices as an allegedly race-neutral matter is still colored by race. So whereas, with a Black club owner, deviation from the letter of the law is treated as a sign of deceitfulness and danger, with a White one, it's taken as an indication of self-assurance and strength. (This, of course, is consistent with the way that, under White supremacy, the same aspects of normative masculinity are coded as good or bad depending on race.) Indeed, two club owners who are White men bragged to me in interviews that they ignored regulations that they considered

unreasonable. "You have to be able to hold your ground," said Jason Perkins, of the New Parish, who characterized the SAPD's concerns as "petty shit." "I have good lawyers," he added.[74] Second, as discussed below, the main measure of responsibility that regulators consider is the willingness of club owners to work with the police to enact the modes of social, spatial, and sonic control that are central to governing through nuisance—in other words, to maintain the norms of property and propriety within their domain. But there's ample evidence throughout not only this study, but the United States, that the relationship between the cops and people of color, especially Black people, is riddled with abuse.[75] So to punish people of color for acting in a cautious or reluctant way toward individuals and institutions that've persecuted them by regarding this as a sign of "irresponsibility" is to reproduce the systemic inequalities of the carceral state.

This discourse of responsibility, then, ties in to the next frequency of government: the probation versus revocation of operating rights. In Oakland, the outright revocation of a cabaret permit is extremely rare. (The same is true at the state level regarding liquor licenses.[76]) In the cases of GIC and Sweet Jimmie's, for instance, the City stopped short of revoking either Pete or Ward's permit. Rather, it uses the threat of revocation and other penalties to convince owners like Ward to come to the negotiating table, where they can be encouraged, if not required, to accept strict and at times onerous operating conditions. According to Barbara Killey, this approach has been quite intentional. In 2017, I drove out to Marin County, one of the most privileged parts of the Bay Area, to meet Killey—now retired—near her longtime home. In the mid 2000s, she recounted, she worked with Sgt. Thomas to explore new ways to use the cabaret permit as a means to conscript "hot clubs" in addition oversight. On a legal level, they discovered that, compared to a venue's land-use entitlements or liquor license, the cabaret permit was the easiest to amend. This was because, as a contract, it could be revised through an informal meeting, rather than a public hearing. Moreover, in the context of fiscal retrenchment across not only the OPD, but also civilian agencies, a contentious revocation process could eat up all of the SAPD or City Attorney's limited capacity. It was thus much more convenient, whether in terms of administrative or political calculations, to revise rather than revoke a permit in private meetings with club owners.[77]

Regardless of the reason, though, the routine use of a prior experience of policing to embroil a person—or, in the case, a venue—in additional supervision bears a striking resemblance to other raced and classed operations of the U.S. system of criminal punishment, namely probation. Like probation, this means of regulating nightspots in Oakland converts uneven legacies of policing among marginalized people of color into exceptional restrictions on their operations and opportunities through the equivalent of a plea deal. These restrictions, in turn, encourage more encounters with and severe sanctions from the local government. And like probation, there's a strong drive toward normalization since, once entangled in this system, a club owner is under intense pressure to cultivate a "responsible" disposition, or else confront dispossession.

According to regulators like Killey and Thomas, the issues with crowd control at Sweet Jimmie's intensified in the mid 2000s when another club named @17th—which was owned by a group of Black business partners—opened around the corner on Seventeenth

Street. Like Sweet Jimmie's, @17th attracted large crowds of young people of color, both to the club and the street, with its popular rap and R&B nights. From the perspective of the City, the nearness of these two venues compounded the size, and thus volatility, of the let out. This, reported Thomas at the time, incapacitated that OPD's club detail because it now had to split its patrols between Jack London Square, Geoffrey's Inner Circle, and the Uptown. @17th thus became implicated in the City's attempts to assert order in the area.

The initial encounter, as with most clubs, came when the OPD contacted Killey in 2006 to request that she revoke @17th's cabaret permit on account of criminal activity at or near the venue. The letter listed ten incidents from the previous year. But it did nothing to distinguish between the cause or severity of the crimes. Instead, it lumped violent acts like assault with a deadly weapon together with nuisances like public intoxication as well as racialized incidents that tend to be instigated by the police, rather than the people they target, like "resisting/obstructing a peace officer."[78] But ten was ten. So Killey summoned the owners for a meeting, where, facing the threat of revocation, they agreed to a rigorous series of operating restrictions. Regardless of whether the OPD's allegations were fair, or whether the venue was at fault, the owners were now compelled to enact exceptional security measures or else lose their right to operate at all. After the meeting, the owners summarized these measures in a letter to the SAPD, promising to add security guards; extend a "[z]ero tolerance policy" regarding "drinking, drug use, loitering, or violation of our dress code" to the customers in line, as well as the ones in the club; and use "bull horns and spotlights for crowd control purposes."[79]

The club soon came under scrutiny again, however, in 2007 after a triple shooting in the street in which two men succumbed to their wounds. Given @17th's probationary status, the consequences quickly escalated. Immediately, a revocation hearing was called. Once again, however, Killey stopped short of canceling the permit. Suspending it instead, she leveraged the owners' precarious situation to exact still more requirements meant to prove that they could act "responsibly."[80] I now discuss three of these in turn.

First, Killey insisted that @17th's security conduct citizens' arrests of troublesome customers to signal that "illegal activity will not be tolerated."[81] This reflected the fact that one of the main tools used by regulators to determine the ir/responsibility of a business or property owner—especially when a special-activity permit is involved—is their willingness to comport with norms of government by controlling nuisance and crime within their space. The California Business and Professions Code, for instance, states that a licensee can lose their liquor permit if they fail to take "reasonable steps" to correct "objectionable conditions that…constitute a nuisance" on or near the premises. Among such "reasonable steps," it lists removing conditions that give rise to crime, removing criminals, or calling the police to do so.[82] The privileges of a liquor license or special-activity permit, in other words, are predicated on the notion of a liberal subject whose responsibility is reflected in their willingness to work in concert with the local state to enact the police powers vis-à-vis what I've called "geographies of suspicion," like clubs. For Killey, then, the requirement of citizens' arrests served as a test to see whether those entitled to govern private sites of publicness—in this case, the owners and security team at @17th—could be trusted deputies in the devolution of policing.

Here, as a point of contrast, the case records for other venues reveal what "good" management practices look like from the perspective of the City. In 2015, for instance, a group of four White men, including several local artists, opened the Starline Social Club at the intersection of West Grand Avenue and Martin Luther King Jr. Way. Starline soon became, alongside the New Parish, one of the most celebrated and successful symbols of the "New Oakland." I've gone there countless times to dance and, on one occasion, DJ. Upon opening, co-owner Adam Hatch started to communicate with various city officials to report on issues that, according to his account, stemmed from the SROs and homeless encampments that surrounded the club. "When you were here for the fire inspection [at a neighboring SRO]," he wrote to a member of the Fire Department in 2015, "you asked that I keep in touch regarding any illicit activity over there…In the last month, I've called the police on brazen drug dealing…fights and screaming." The next month, he wrote to a staffer in the City Attorney's Office to report "considerable drug dealing and prostitution" around the venue, even providing digital photos that appeared to reveal used hypodermic needles.[83] In this manner, Hatch demonstrated his eagerness to cooperate with the City in the spatial politics of governing through nuisance by attempting to instigate enforcement against the management and residents of an SRO. Unsurprisingly, Starline is a darling of Downtown Oakland's "renaissance."

Reluctance to cooperate, on the other hand, can be read by regulators as a sign of recklessness, even criminality. But this point of view doesn't appreciate the ways that the club's owners, employees, and patrons might've had abusive experiences with the police. Indeed, for Oaklanders of color, and Black Oaklanders in particular, a wariness or fear of the OPD is more than "reasonable." While it occurred outside of Chicago, not Oakland, the police murder of Jemel Roberson in 2018 points to the perpetual dangers of engaging with law enforcement as a Black American, even while participating in the security apparatus. Roberson, a security guard, after all, was risking his life by disarming a gunman outside a bar when a cop arrived and shot him. It was thus *because* he was performing the "responsibilities" involved in governing through nuisance that he became not a civil(ian) partner, but a victim, of policing. And setting aside such racialized and extreme scenarios, for a moment, the condemnation of non-cooperation also misses the fact that many venue owners in Oakland, regardless of race, are wary of engaging with the OPD because of the ways that, as in the examples given, "calls for service" are routinely used by regulators as the main measure for which clubs are "problematic." "We never call," Rick Mitchell, co-owner of Luka's Taproom, told me in 2017. Otherwise, he reasoned, "they'll start coming down on us."[84] Although White, Mitchell was right to be cautious given that, according to the logic of probation, the OPD and the SAPD used past "problems" to predict and prevent future ones. In this context, the most prudent approach was to avoid supervision in the first place.

Second, after citizens' arrests, Killey called for @17th to implement a stricter dress code. In response, in order to demonstrate that they were willing to play by the rules, the owners wrote a letter that outlined the steps that they would take to enact this and other security measures. The dress code, it seemed, was designed to create simple distinctions that would divide customers according not to race, but rather, age, income, and "set"—no

sneakers, no hats, no hoodies, and so on. "By adhering to the mature upscale dress code," wrote the owners, "it eliminates patrons from entering who aren't there to enjoy a peaceful night at the venue."[85] Among this list of stigmatized clothing, the most notorious was the "white tee." According to Andrea Moore (formerly Smith), the low-cost white t-shirt, sold in corner stores across the flats, became the "signature style" of the "streets" among young, working-class Black men during the Hyphy Movement (see Ch. 3).[86] Its inclusion as a *de rigueur* item on dress codes at venues like @17th was thus part and parcel of local campaigns to control young people of color's social and spatial practices in the 1990s and 2000s. Of course, there was no necessary link between suits and civility. But, I argue, that wasn't really the point of this conversation between @17th and the City. It was rather that, under intense scrutiny, the owners sought to signal their willingness to enact controls in a performance of spatial government that, in Oakland, as argued in Chapters 2 and 3, was now routinely routed through raced, classed, and age-based expressions of sonic and sartorial style. In the process, all of the parties involved coalesced around the disapproval and disavowal of the people on the street. At the revocation hearing, for instance, Thomas testified that the OPD was in favor of a dress code because it would make it easier for the cops to tell who was destined for the club and who was merely "loitering," thus allowing them to expel the latter.[87]

Finally, Killey demanded that @17th revamp its marketing image. She questioned the owners' claim that their materials were designed to attract an "upscale consumer base." "This marketing may have been successful in attracting young urban professionals," she wrote, "but it was also successful in attracting a violent criminal element."[88] In response, the owners committed to a communications makeover in order to convey a series of "positive changes" to their customers. As testament, they sent Killey new marketing materials meant to demonstrate this corrected messaging—the aesthetic of which, from the idioms to the bodies and styling of the models, was intended to signal a sense of normalization to regulators. The advertisements for "Ebony Saturdays," for instance, contained images of a clean-shaven Black man in a suit and non-Black women in elegant eveningwear alongside statements that the event was meant for a "mature 21+" or "grown and sexy" crowd (see Image 19).[89] These rhetorical moves indicated the ways that, once a venue came to be ensnared in this system of nightlife probation, its operators were encouraged to reproduce the raced, classed, gendered, and generational stereotypes of young rap audiences that reverberated throughout Oakland's frequencies of government. According to the case records that I reviewed, the communications between Black venue owners and, more often than not, non-Black regulators are routinely peppered with references to "well-behaved," "mature," and older crowds; expensive cover charges; expansive security teams; and reputable radio stations with an older audience like KBLX ("The Soul of the Bay") rather than youth-oriented ones like KMEL ("The #1 for Hip-Hop and R&B"). White owners, by contrast, don't seem nearly as concerned with such performances of respectability.

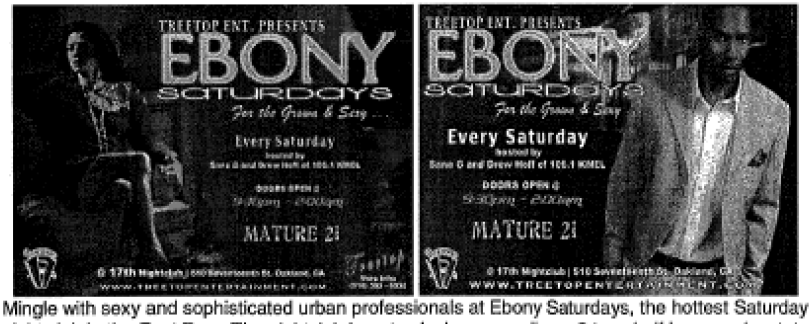
Indeed, as seen in the case of Sweet Jimmie's, one the of the most common tactics used by operators to appease local regulators—in the case that they come under review—is to state that their programming will return or retune to "jazz and blues." After meeting with Mayor Brown, for instance, Jimmie Ward sent a flyer to the City that stated that, at least for the next month, Sweet Jimmie's would "cater to grown folks music" (see Image

20). Given the City's evident antagonism toward contemporary Black popular musics—in particular, rap—it's not surprising that Black-owned venues summon more respectable genres to indicate older, wealthier, more multiracial, and thus less "dangerous" audiences. Still, such discourses echo the dominant stigmatization of rap, and thus those who make and move to it, as violent and unruly. "The venue does not and will not market to a criminal target audience or portray the venue as a place where illegal activity is welcomed," the owners of @17th assured Killey, in a demonstration of their willingness to govern and be governed. "We are fully committed in [sic] working with the city and the Oakland Police Department until every issue has been promptly addressed."[90]

Example of Flyers:



Example of Website Advertising:



Mingle with sexy and sophisticated urban professionals at Ebony Saturdays, the hottest Saturday night club in the East Bay. The nightclub boasts plush surroundings, 2 top shelf bars, and a state of the art media sound system including projectors and flat screens throughout.

Doors open at 9:30pm. Mature 21 & up. Upscale Attire Required.

Image 19: Sample marketing materials for @17th sent to the City of Oakland while under probation, 2007. Credit: @17th.



UP COMING EVENTS AT
JIMMIE'S ENTERTAINMENT COMPLEX

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, WE WILL CATER
TO GROWN FOLKS MUSIC, ***BLUES AND JAZZ***.

A Blues band every Friday & Saturday starting February 3rd

Jazz & Comedy on Sunday, February 12th, 19th, & 26th
Featuring
The Legend of Jazz, Ms. Barbara Morrison
&
The funniest Lady in show business, Ms. Lynell

Image 20: Sample marketing material for Jimmie's Entertainment Complex sent to the City of Oakland while under probation, 2006. Credit: Jimmie's Entertainment Complex.

Still, Killey wasn't impressed. Finding this performance of responsibility less than virtuosic, she suspended @17th's permit while continuing to "amp up," in her words, the conditions of probation with its owners. Before long, with such expensive changes in the offing and no income to offset them, the owners were forced to abandon the business.[91] As in the case of GIC and Sweet Jimmie's, then, the City was able to "abate" the nuisance of @17th without having to revoke its cabaret permit. This, in turn, allowed regulators—like a prosecutor cutting plea deals—to maintain that the owner's move to close or curtail operations was in fact a "choice," one made voluntarily and free of coercion.

Bella: Attribution of Violence

As seen in the case of @17th, there's one issue that tends to derail the negotiation over probation in Oakland—and that's a shooting. But while the threat of such violence is clear (though one must always ask "for whom?"), the method for determining its cause is not, especially since most "nightlife-related" shootings have occurred on the street, many after closing time. Still, whether motivated by scared neighbors, aggravated regulators, or antagonistic police, the political response to a shooting in Downtown Oakland reveals a tendency to link violence to surrounding venues, particularly if they're owned by or cater to people of color. Indeed, Black-owned clubs have been singularly exposed to suspicion, surveillance, and punishment—by residents as well as regulators—for their reputed role in attracting, tolerating, or failing to control such harm. The last frequency of government, then, is the attribution of violence. This process reverberates with racist, classist, and ageist notions of the innately violent nature of rap music and audiences (remember: "trouble music, trouble people"). But the demonization of rap is only the most recent in a long line of sensationalized and White supremacist tropes that treat men of color, especially Black men, as mired in an irrational "culture" of violence, whether in terms of sexual aggression, gang activity, or rap bravado.[92] For instance, while the Oakland Auditorium was one of the only White-owned concert venues in the city open to mixed-raced audiences until the mid 20th Century, the rights of Black revelers were always precarious. According to a report in the *Oakland Sunshine* in 1915, the manager was reluctant to rent the venue for an all-Black event since he "very well knew that colored people like to shoot and cut one another at their dances." "[B]y keeping a continual war they might disgrace the building," he concluded.[93]

Of course, the notion of a predisposition to violence—whether due to "nature" or "culture"—is part of the rationalization of racist state violence, like mass incarceration, in the U.S. Still, it's important to recognize that Oakland's communities of color have long endured an epidemic of gun violence—one that's become more racially uneven over time due to state-led and state-sanctioned racisms like the simultaneous release and repression of crack cocaine during the U.S.'s ongoing Wars on Drugs and Crime. In the mid 2000s, the rate of violent crime reached a ten-year high of 2,000 crimes per 100,000 residents—twice the rate for comparable cities in the region, and four times the rate for the state as a whole—including 145 murders in 2006 alone.[94] Downtown isn't immune to this violence. In my time in Oakland, I've found that most people who've spent time going out in the area since the 1980s have, at some point in our relationship, told me about the ways that they've relied upon their street senses to read the "vibe" of an event and avoid the risk of violence.

Still, these sobering realities leave open the legal and administrative question of whether, and under what conditions, street violence can be attributed to a bar or a club. "OK, someone was shot a block away. What does that have to do with Karibbean City?" asked Arturo Sanchez during our interview in 2016, with a rhetorical, but not random, reference to a Black-serving club down the street from GIC. "If it happened a block away from a Target, would we be taking the same approach?"[95] Greg Minor agreed, noting that commonsense ideas about who's to blame for a shooting tend to reflect what he called a

"but for" model of reasoning, such as: *the shooting wouldn't have occurred "but for" the fact that there's a club nearby*. According to Minor, however, under U.S. law, a claim to causality requires a "tighter nexus."[96] And this returns regulators to the vague and at times prejudicial process of determining a causal connection between venues and preventable violence. While some, like Minor and Sanchez, might be open to the protestations of club owners in the aftermath of a shooting, others—in particular, anxious residents—tend to be less circumspect in their response.

It was thus residents that led the campaign to close Bella (originally Arsimona), a club run by an Eritrean-American man named Tem Kiflit at the edge of City Center and Old Oakland. As one of the main targets of Jerry Brown's 10K Plan, Old Oakland saw a surge in new development during the 2000s (see Ch. 5). Almost as soon as middle-class residents moved into the new market-rate condos, they started to complain to the City about the "nuisances" that seemed to accumulate around the club. These midnight missives tended to depict a vivid—or, perhaps, hi-fi—soundscape. One resident reported that several cars were sitting outside of their window "blasting music." This, they stated, was not an "elevated 'sounds of the city' noise"; it was a "furniture vibrating thud" that was so loud that it "distorted in their speakers." "Addressing the relevant City Codes," they wrote, quoting the city's noise ordinance to incite a regulatory response (see Ch. 2), "this meets the definition of 'persistent,' 'excessive,' and 'annoying.'" These "noise problems," they argued, using their personal sensibilities and experiences as a measure of "normal" sonic conduct, "disturb the peace beyond what I and others have experienced living in city/urban areas. This is not your typical city noise and behavior."[97]

Here, middle-class residents were new the neighborhood. But they were nevertheless determined to define and enforce "typical" social, spatial, and sonic norms. As such, they came together and campaigned for the City to take corrective action against Bella under the banner of a group called Old Oakland Neighbors (OON). Since 2012, OON had been led by Ron Wolf. In 2017, I met Wolf, who's White, at a café on Washington Street. He had a serious look: white hair, steely blue eyes. He didn't laugh often. So when he did, it took me by surprise. Still, he was dressed down compared to someone like Geoffrey Pete. He wore a long-sleeve, crew-neck shirt advertising Tamarindo, Costa Rica, where he owned a second home. For decades, though, his first home was in Piedmont—an elite enclave that, in 1907, incorporated as its own city to protect its privileges from Oakland, which surrounds it on all sides. But attracted by Brown's attempts to remake Downtown, Wolf retired to a condo near Preservation Park, an experience that he called "frustrating and rewarding." There, he got his first taste of what he termed as "activism" ("Oakland does have a tradition of social activism," he told me) by organizing OON against Bella.[98] He soon discovered, however, that regulators like Minor weren't as responsive as he and his neighbors wanted to events that, in their view, were attributable to the club's clientele. Minor, on the other hand, told me that, with such a small staff, the City often lacked the capacity to document all of the conditions needed to take administrative action against a club. He thus had to depend on "neighbors" like Wolf to provide the proof.[99]

In this context, OON started to conduct its own investigation, imitating the local government by collecting the material evidence that it thought was needed to tie Bella to

the disturbances in the neighborhood. These middle-class residents—most of whom were White and Asian American, according to Wolf—thus performed the rites of nuisance and crime control that, as argued above, are seen as the main measure of "responsibility" in the regulation of nightclubs. After a fatal shooting occurred in the street in 2014, for one, a member of OON sent an email to the OPD and the SAPD that attempted to construct a case to incriminate Bella on behalf of the City. The resident ran through a point-by-point list of the operating conditions on the club's cabaret permit, arguing that the venue was in violation of each. Kiflit was supposed to post a "No Loitering" sign on the outside of the club. He had not. He was supposed to attend regular crime-prevention meetings. He had not. In addition, the resident used online videos as "evidence" of further wrongdoing. On the matter of occupancy load, for instance, they sent YouTube videos taken inside the venue that allegedly revealed a "very crowded space." One of them—the club's own marketing video—showed images of an almost entirely Black crowd dancing, drinking, and posing for photos in a relaxed and spirited setting. In this and other communications with the City, OON weaponized Bella's promotional material against itself.[100] A crowded dance floor, after all, is not only a common occurrence at a nightclub, but also a sign of success. As with other Black-owned clubs, however, the racist aura of suspicion was indissoluble.

Still, in attempting to make a case to and for the City that attributed the shooting to Bella, OON had to contend with the question of the "nexus." According to Minor, the City determined through its own investigation that, though the event occurred near Bella, the people involved came from a few blocks away. So it didn't seem tenable to hold the club accountable. "This other business [Bella] had nothing to do with these people being there," he told me, "other than saying: 'If there weren't clubs, we wouldn't have this violence.'" This, he said, would be tantamount to arguing "but for clubs." "You could say 'but for poverty,' 'but for guns.' So where do you draw the line? Is that an effective way of dealing with violence in general? Or is that just whack-a-mole?"[101] OON, on the other hand, took a very different view. For Wolf, determining a nexus was as simple as reading what he called the "patterns." If an incident occurred in the parking lot behind a club, for instance, then the business was, in his words, "guilty by association."[102]

In its attempts to attribute the violence to Bella, then, OON turned to cartography as a means to reveal the "patterns" that its members thought constituted a clear "nexus." Collecting their own data on violent crimes using news reports and record requests, they constructed an incriminating image of nightlife in the neighborhood in order to convince those in need of convincing that causation was evident in the spatial record. Geographers, however, have long maintained that all maps make a partial and rhetorical argument. In other words, by drawing a frame around a part of the earth, including and excluding particular data, and rendering that data in an aestheticized manner, mapmakers don't represent the world as a matter of fact so much as the way in which one group would like to see it.[103] In this regard, OON's map was typical (see Image 21). It appeared as though there were only four categories of things in Old Oakland: condos, nightclubs, shootings, and deaths. The latter two were indicated with menacing symbols of guns and skulls and illustrated, albeit without citation, with captions that—listing dates and times, often down to the minute—seemed to render the incidents in rigorous and dispassionate detail. In addition to this aesthetics of criminological reason, the rhetoric of the map worked by only including

select sites. While Bella, Parliament, and Liege were all Black-owned or Black-serving venues, the map concealed the location of other bars, restaurants, and clubs that, although woven into the same area, were owned and/or patronized by more privileged residents. This "rendered" it impossible that violence could be attributed to the latter. And lastly, in relating these select data through a single point of view, the map didn't actually reveal an incontrovertible case of cause-and-effect; instead, it created a disordered and distressing image that indeed implied that Bella was "guilty by association."

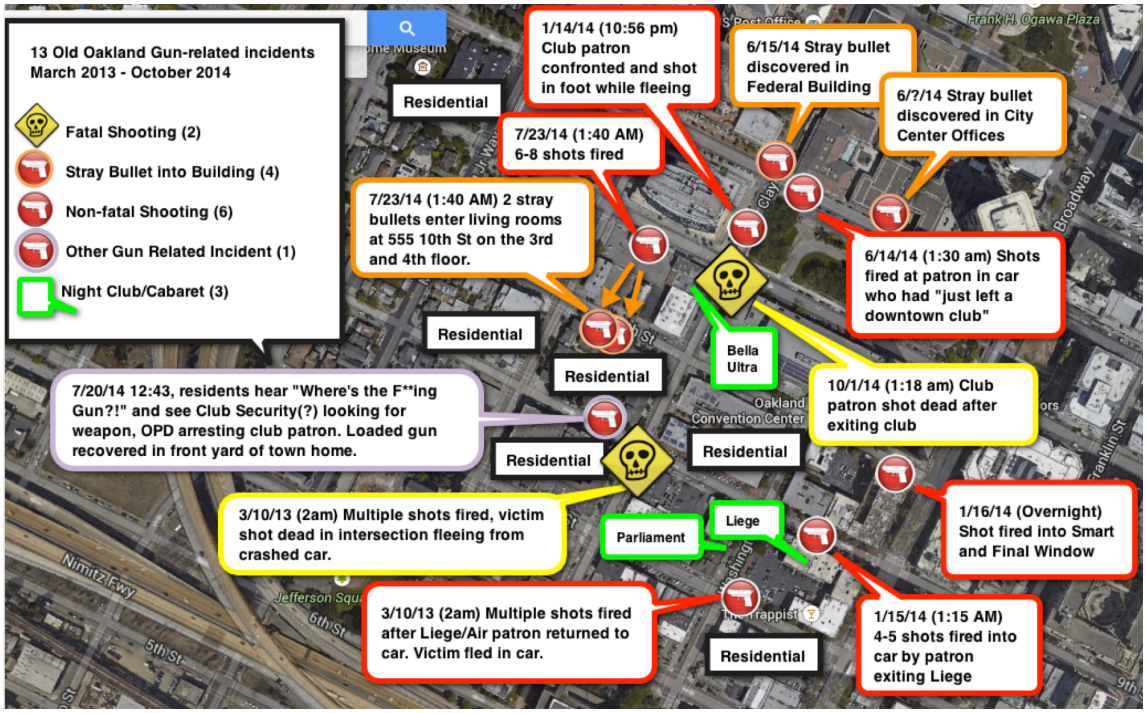


Image 21: Map created by Old Oakland Neighbors as part of its campaign against Bella, 2014. Credit: Old Oakland Neighbors.

Still, Minor wasn't convinced that OON's argument was legally sound. So in lieu of pursuing revocation, he convinced Kiflit to sign a settlement agreement that stipulated a stern set of restrictions and requirements.[104] The SAPD, in other words, pursued its usual course of probation. Denied but not deterred, Wolf tacked in a new direction. He hired a lawyer to locate and compel the building's landlords to evict the venue. As it turned out, Bella was several months behind on rent. But while the landlords might've been open to continuing to negotiate with Kiflit, under pressure from OON, they decided not to renew his lease.[105] This sort of eviction is common in Oakland. For while some venue owners of color, like Geoffrey Pete and Jimmie Ward, have owned their own buildings, too, they've been the exception, not the rule—especially relative to White ones, like PEG, who tend to enter the market with more wealth and access to capital. Once again, then, the City stopped short of shutting down the club. But regardless, Bella was erased.

Conclusion

The year 2009, the year that Geoffrey Pete sued the City and the OPD, was a turning point in Downtown Oakland. After decades of concerted attempts at redevelopment, the Uptown Apartments and renovated Fox Theater—two center points of Jerry Brown's 10K Plan—opened amidst much razzle-dazzle (see Ch. 5). Operated by Another Planet Entertainment, the most prominent, and White-owned, independent concert promoter in the region, the Fox came to sport the names of national-level musical acts—from Michael Franti to Modest Mouse—on its illuminated marquis.[106] Then, with the amendment of the outmoded and meddlesome 300-foot rule in 2007, a crop of new and increasingly upscale venues started to take root around this long-anticipated anchor for reinvestment. Indeed, Angela Woodall reported at the time that, from 2007 to 2009, 23 bars, restaurants, and clubs opened or were set to open in Oakland, most of them Downtown.[107] Venues like the New Parish, the Uptown, and Flora soon emerged to replace—at times, literally, as in the case of the New Parish—precursors like Sweet Jimmie's. Those names were meaningless, however, to the new crowds of revelers—from Marin, San Francisco, Walnut Creek—who arrived to the area, many for the first time, to take in a concert at the Fox. Ascending from the 19th Street BART station, many were surprised, if not downright relieved, to find a well-ordered and attractive space, rather than the dangerous and decrepit one that the local news had taught them to regard with fear and disgust. Not since Festival at the Lake (see Ch. 4), perhaps, had Oakland seemed so appealing to middle-class outsiders. Indeed, the redevelopment of the Uptown—as intended—started to reverse the regional tides of cultural consumers and tax dollars. Increasingly, many longtime residents realized that, after decades of venturing to San Francisco or San Jose, they no longer needed to leave the Town to go dancing or catch a concert. Rather, residents of those other cities—at first the "adventurous" ones, then most everyone else—started to make the trek to Oakland, or at least Downtown, instead. For some, then, Oakland was now the destination, rather than just the starting point, for a night out. For others, though, especially the crowds of Black residents and young people of color who'd congregated at venues like @17th, Downtown came to seem like a ghost of its former self.[108]

Thus, like Lake Merritt, Downtown Oakland is a cultural landscape that resonates with both liveliness and loss. According to my review of cabaret permits and case records for this study, from 2001 to 2016, the number of nightclubs in the area rose from 20 to 28. In the process, however, the portion of venues owned, either in whole or in part, by Black people dropped from 55 to 36 percent, while that owned by Whites soared from 20 to 61 percent. As of 2016, then, there were still 10 clubs with at least one Black owner, and 16 with at least one owner of color. But as mentioned in Chapter 5, of the 11 Black-owned venues in operation at the start of the millennium, GIC was the only one to survive this otherwise renowned "renaissance" (and not without considerable struggle). Some of these closures occurred due to increases in rent à la common accounts of gentrification—that is, Black operators, who, as discussed, rarely owned their properties, couldn't keep up with the rising costs driven by the recapitalization of Downtown. These were the exceptions, however, not the rule. Rather, as revealed throughout this chapter, most succumbed to the city's fervent frequencies of government. Indeed, 13 of 21, or 62 percent, of the Black- and Latinx-owned clubs that closed during this period, including those discussed above,

did so under intense regulation by the City. By contrast, among all the other venues that closed, only 2 of 15, or 13 percent, faced a similar fate.[109]

This isn't to say, however, that the transformation of nightlife in Downtown Oakland has been one-sidedly negative for longtime residents of color involved, whether as producers or patrons, in the city's growing entertainment scene. The changes, rather, have been complex. Venues like Era Art Bar, for instance, started by a multiracial team of men, including longtime local entrepreneur and creator of the Oakland Music Festival, Alfonso Dominguez, have contributed to an emergent set of venues that span racial lines in terms of ownership, music, and clientele. Indeed, in 2001, there were no venues in the area with owners of multiple races. By 2009, however, there were 8, representing 30 percent of the total. Among some longtime Black residents who I interviewed, like radio host and party emcee Leon "DNas" Sykes and DJ and event producer Bijou McDaniel (aka DJ Kream), these venues have served as spaces that, while not necessarily Black-owned, nevertheless feel welcoming and safe—like little havens of the old Oakland amidst the new.[110] At the same time, the overall increase in the number of venues, events, and middle-income consumers has meant new opportunities for local promoters, musicians, and other performers of color for whom nightlife is a matter of not only community and expression, but also economy. In the process, the scene has become increasingly intersectional. In particular, through the insurgent organizing and artistry of queer, trans, and femme people of color, more and more events seek to resist the strict policing of not only race, but also gender and sexual expressions, in spaces of pleasure. So while, as I've argued, the frequencies of government have ensured that the resurrection of Downtown Oakland has entailed racialized dispossession, it's queer and people-of-color collectives like DJ Kream's Oakhella, B-Side Brujas, and Club Chai—not the deracinated, White electronic musicians typical of San Francisco—that are curating the sound and tending the vibe of the apparently "New Oakland." "I can't say that the change has hurt me," said Kream, when we met for a drink in 2017. "It's helped me more than anything." "But," she added, recalling that she had to drive to San Jose to go dancing after clubs like Sweet Jimmie's closed down, "I am still very aware of where we came from and why these changes are happening."[111]

Committed selectors and organizers like Kream thus make sure that Black popular musics continue to move crowds throughout the district. As of 2016, however, around 50 percent of the venues spinning rap, R&B, and dancehall—venues like the New Parish and Starline Social Club—were owned by Whites. In 2001, by contrast, none of them were.[112] Here, as seen above, owners like Adam Hatch reveal an increased willingness to cooperate with the authorities in their campaigns to suppress nuisance and crime. Thus, in 2017, Eli Ferran—who worked on nightlife-related issues in the City Attorney's Office—told me that he'd seen a trend in recent years toward more "self-regulation."[113] One of the main sites of normalization, from the perspective of the City, has been the eagerness of owners to work with the OPD to control both the inside and the outside of their venues. In terms of the outside, several owners and operators across races—some clearly aware of the way that the previous generation, like Pete, was made responsible for at times unruly activities in the street—have argued that the OPD needs to be more "proactive" in terms of maintaining order Downtown. In terms of the inside, a smaller group of owners has welcomed increased visits from the members of the OPD's resurrected club detail. "You can never

have too much [police] in the entertainment world," a White co-owner of the Golden Bull, a rock- and metal-oriented venue next to GIC, told me.[114] But this point of view, while consonant with the perspective of local regulators, clearly evinced the lived experience of someone who felt served and protected by the police.

On the night of SambaFunk! event in December 2017, I left GIC around 1:30am. On Fourteenth Street, the OPD's club detail was staked out in anticipation of closing time. I counted one cop car on Webster Street, outside of New Karibbean City, and another two at Fourteenth and Franklin Streets. The most alarming vehicle, however, was the "Mobile Command Unit" posted up—its lights swirling, silently—outside of GIC. This sort of tactical center had long been used as part of the OPD's anti-sideshow campaigns.[115] But it's presence didn't necessarily presage a SWAT-like operation. Rather, according to Lieutenant Bobby Hookfin, the African-American Special Resource Commander for Downtown and West Oakland, who oversaw the revival of the OPD's club detail in 2016, it's meant to serve as a "visual deterrent." As we talked in 2017, he explained to me that this sort of demonstration of police presence was meant to communicate to venue owners, revelers, and prospective criminals that lawlessness wouldn't be tolerated. But it didn't circulate to all areas of the district alike. Rather, according to Hookfin, it rotated between the Uptown, Old Oakland, and—on this particular night, like most nights—Fourteenth Street, where the lights cast a menacing glow over the solemn streetscape.[116] Outside the Golden Bull, a crowd of around 20 people stood around, huddled against the cold, to smoke cigarettes—their leisurely moment apparently undisturbed by the presence of riot-ready materiel.

Outro / Outside Frequencies

"[W]e do not simply move ourselves, but are ourselves moved by what is outside us, by others, but also by whatever 'outside' resides in us." –Judith Butler, *Dispossession: The Performative in the Political* (2013)[1]

"Fugitivity is a desire for and a spirit of escape and transgression of the proper and the proposed. It's a desire for the outside, for a playing or being outside, an outlaw edge proper to the now always already improper voice or instrument." –Fred Moten, *Stolen Life* (2018)[2]

In this study, I've sought to trace the reverberations of racialized dispossession, cultural (re)production, and resistance in Oakland as they echo across the epochs—often in the same sites, over the same issues, and in the same ways. Drawing inspiration from work in Black studies and cultural studies on the temporalities, ethics, and spirit of Black dance music—as well as from the music itself—I've sought to situate these sonic politics within the city's postwar political economies of urban space in ways that attend to their concrete emancipatory effects/affects as well as commonsense campaigns to control them. In Oakland, I've argued, artists, activists, and everyday residents have given rise to an anti-racist public culture that's radical in precisely its mundaneness. They've given rise to modes of retuning urban space that promote care, connection, and conviviality—as well as, at times, disorder—in opposition to anti-Blackness in particular, but also what George Lipsitz calls the "White spatial imaginary," a truly bad vibe.[3] At the same time, however, I've argued that, in specific moments of social insecurity, these practices have prompted a *cultural politics of disturbance* that's repeatedly coalesced into campaigns to reassert a more orderly regime of publicity, property, and propriety. These campaigns have entailed a constant reversion to and re-versioning of the linked logics of liberal reason and liberal racism. They've entailed the reiteration of systems of racial/spatial government like noise ordinances, nuisance permits, park rules, and "problem-oriented" policing. And they've entailed the recycling of notions of normal versus deviant cultural conduct and expression, as well as efforts to correct them, that—whether openly racist or avowedly race neutral—have been routinely anti-poor, anti-youth, and anti-Black. Indeed, in almost every chapter, we've seen the ways that racist and classist concepts of proper sonic conduct have served to mark certain bodies and geographies as non-normative in a manner that's authorized pretextual, but incontestable, acts of control for otherwise unrelated issues. In this sense, the politics of disturbance have cemented a discursive link between sound, conduct, and criminality in ways that seem to avert, but actually re-entrench, racist state violence.

Returning to the present, I want to suggest, again, that this attunement to the racial reverberations of struggles over the cultural landscape—across times of White Power and Black Power, but always, after Christina Sharpe, "in the wake"—complicates the taken-for-granted temporalities of gentrification in Oakland.[4] People like Jennifer Schulte and Sean McDonald might indeed be the epitome of gentrification (see Preface and Intro). As I hope this study reveals, however, they're also the epitome of the politics of cultural nor-

malization that were enacted by cops and social workers at dances at the DeFremery Rec Center (see Ch. 1). Or the epitome of the "quality-of-life" regulations that were created to silence the congas and control the cruise at Lake Merritt under Mayors Lionel Wilson and Elihu Harris (see Ch. 2). To be clear, I don't argue that the White spatial imaginary cuts across racial regimes in Oakland in order to disavow the role of White privilege or White people—like Schulte, McDonald, or me, for that matter—in the process of dispossession. I do so, rather, in order to respect and reckon with the memories of Black Oaklanders and other longtime residents of color who I've had the privilege of making relation with over the last decade. These memories have summoned histories of struggle, but also histories of making life in ways that are at once social and sacred, that didn't start when Schulte or McDonald moved into a pricey apartment at Lake Merritt. And nor will these processes end when I, they, or any other gentrifier moves on—not, that is, unless we attune to, and indeed *retune*, the racist logics and practices that arise from the past that is not past. I've thus sought to do this work in the hope that the city's *next* socio-sonic arrangement, the one that's now under contestation, will emerge as one in which the constant undercurrent of liberal reason/racism—the constant distortion of White noise—is amplified, isolated, and culled from the mix. That it'll emerge as one in which other social and sonic frequencies are allowed to thrive.

This, of course, is no little task. It calls for new logics, new norms, and new forms of common sense. Given that liberalism operates through "reason's unreason," as Achille Mbembe reminds us, social, spatial, and sonic justice in cities like Oakland must involve the realization of modes of "Black reason" that've long served as the constitutive outside of legitimate conduct and thus governmental practice.[5] To renovate this arrangement, we need nothing less than to make the normal strange and the strange conventional—indeed, to invert liberal reason altogether. This struggle, in all of its ethical, legal, and especially cultural dimensions, is as old as Euro-colonial modernity. Clearly, then, it's going to take some time to undo the ties between liberal norms of disposition and forms of dispossession. In the meantime, however, I want to end by proposing three remedies that could be pursued in Oakland in the near term.

These remedies, I argue, need to repair the racialized violence of policing, but not just that. As we've seen, since World War II, racial/spatial politics in Oakland have come, increasingly, to involve civilian administrators and private actors—such as social workers, municipal regulators, and venue owners—in processes of control. Indeed, the politics that coalesce around the use of liberal police powers are vexing in that the issues they purport to address—e.g. "reckless crowds" and "excessive noise"—appear to most people as the commonsense targets of regulation. The discursive separation of regulation and policing, matters of "conduct" and matters of "crime," thus creates an illusive sense of opposition between civilian and police agencies that tends to overlook the oppressive aspects of the administrative arms of local government. But time and again, we've seen that attempts to regulate public culture and conduct in Oakland—for instance, through new rules around Lake Merritt—have aggravated racist and classist modes of policing and spatial exclusion. In Oakland, then, retuning the racial reverberations of government calls for restructuring police and civilian practices alike.

The first remedy, on the police side, is thus to remove the Oakland Police Department (OPD) from its role in regulating nightclubs and so-called "special events"—which, as argued in Chapters 4 and 6, has imposed exceptional costs and controls on spaces that are run by or cater to residents of color, especially Black residents, and generated massive revenues for cops in the form of overtime pay. This approach is one-sided, opaque, and—though allegedly run on "intel"—rife with racist, classist, and ageist calculations that tend, overwhelmingly, to target artists, audiences, and venues that center Black popular musics like rap. These critiques were raised in 2009 in a report issued to Mayor Ron Dellums by the Community Task Force on Entertainment, which argued, at the time, that the OPD's event permitting was "arbitrarily enforced." "[It] prevents more entertainment events than it assists," wrote the authors. Created by club owners like Geoffrey Pete and promoters like Sean Kennedy (see Ch. 5), the Task Force called for the creation of an Entertainment Commission that, modeled on the one in San Francisco, would replace the OPD with a mix of entertainment actors and civilian regulators in reviewing nightlife-related concerns. This, in turn, would move administrative decisions about operating permits, requirements, and penalties from the secretive control of the OPD's Special Events Unit to the public deliberations of the Entertainment Commission, which could include venue operators, promoters, artists, and residents among its representatives.[6] Arriving in the midst of the Great Recession, however, this idea was quickly dismissed as too expensive.[7]

I'm ambivalent about the value of creating an Entertainment Commission in Oakland, especially if it's modeled on the one in San Francisco. In 2017, I met with Jocelyn Kane, then Executive Director of the San Francisco Entertainment Commission. It soon became clear to me that—while this organization was created in the early 2000s to reduce the role of cops, neighbors, and other antagonistic actors in the regulation of nightlife—it sought to demonstrate that it *deserved* to govern entertainment through the enactment of various forms of liberal reason. Kane, for instance, used the metaphor of the homeowner to argue that all venue operators should take measures to control their spaces (rendered as "care") as a standard of "responsibility" (see Ch. 6). These measures, for Kane, included inculcating a "professionalism of security" and other norms outlined in the Commission's "Good Neighbor Policy."[8] As seen in Oakland, however, these liberal discourses—which tie notions of responsibility, and thus rights, to individual mis/conduct—render the causes and consequences of structural racism inaudible. Along these lines, there's no guarantee that the non-police representatives who'd serve on an Entertainment Commission in Oakland would eradicate the racist, classist, and ageist logics that govern the city's cultural landscape—especially, as discussed in Chapter 6, in a moment when more and more club owners are White and/or eager to cooperate with the OPD. According to Kane, after all, the process of "professionalization" in San Francisco has encouraged reputable operators to expunge the more reckless-seeming ones from among their ranks.[9] It thus seems to me that entertainment actors and civilian regulators are more than capable of reproducing the stigmas that've long driven the dispossession of Black and Brown artists, audiences, and venues in Oakland.

Still, something like an Entertainment Commission would remove the veil of secrecy from around the OPD Special Events Unit—providing more protection for operators, promoters, and artists of color vis-à-vis routine racial disparities in matters of permitting,

regulation, and cost. As with the OPD in general, the residents most targeted by the policing of nightlife should be able to oversee the overseers. The existing system, however, is totally opaque. While the current law, for instance, requires the OPD to provide a written explanation for its decisions around special-event permitting, in practice, this requirement is regularly overlooked.[10] Opening the process up to impacted communities and anti-racist advocates—including, perhaps, the City's Department of Race and Equity—could thus provide a strong countermeasure to the routinely racialized nature of such actions.

The same countermeasures are needed on the civilian side, as well. This, then, is the second remedy. As argued in Chapter 6, actors like the ones who work in the Special Activity Permits Division of the City Administrator's Office tend to be more sensitive to issues of systemic racism in the governing process. But their bids to remove arbitrariness and "bias" tend to rely, like the San Francisco Entertainment Commission, on normative notions of "responsible management practices" that drive uneven forms of dispossession nonetheless. In this context, the main measure of reason is an individual's willingness to maintain law and order, or combat "crime and grime," including by cooperating with the police, in the space in which they have propertied control. As argued, however, this tends to punish people of color—and, we might add, undocumented and genderqueer people—who see the police as a menace, rather than a protection, when it comes to the security of themselves and their communities. Indeed, given the deep-seated unevenness of policing in Oakland, this sort of precaution is an expression of precisely "reason," rather than its inverse. In this sense, we need arrangements that support marginalized cultural producers in creating alternative systems of safety that account for the threat of state violence. This might involve replacing the current regulators, most of whom are White, with not only people of color—since, as argued, Oakland's Black urban regime wasn't immune to replicating White supremacist norms of government—but rather those most susceptible to such violence, like working-class, femme, and queer and trans people of color. This sort of involvement has been precluded, however, by the fact that—to date—the main avenue into administrative agencies like the Special Activity Permits Division has been through the legal profession.[11] In empowering marginalized residents to steward the cultural landscape, then, more accessible means to oversee not only the police, but also civilian actors, are needed.

The third remedy is more personal—that is, it's less about governmental and more about individual and communal practices. As Richard Iton argues, Black popular culture has served as a vital means to remix dominant paradigms—including racial and gendered capitalism and colonialism—in part because of its willingness to "embrace disturbance."[12] This is indeed a radical proposal, especially for those of us who are closer to not only the institutional privileges, but also the normative expectations, of White liberalism. For real social and sonic change must, by necessity, be disturbing. If it doesn't feel unsettling—in particular, but not only, for people with privilege—then it's not real change. Critical geographers have long maintained that, to remake society, people need to remake its spaces.[13] Well, the same is true of its *sounds*. Oakland's noise ordinance, however, is designed to police sounds that are deemed "excessive" and "annoying."[14] It's designed, in other words, to silence the Black noises that emanate from what Fred Moten calls the "always already improper voice or instrument" (see epigraph). The categories of "excessive" and "annoy-

ing," of course, are never natural or neutral; they're rather social constructions that render certain sounds, and thus the bodies that make and move to them, as non-normative. In the process, they reinforce restrictive norms that conserve the status quo—a status quo that's repeatedly criminalized Black and Brown Oaklanders for congregating in/as a public.

In Oakland, then, the conservative and indeed repressive tendencies of the cultural politics of disturbance are embedded in local regulations. But they're also embodied in a wide range of people's everyday and affective experiences. Indeed, for many, the sounds of other(ed) residents can be disturbing; they can disrupt solitude, serenity, concentration, and comfort. But given that comfort, like security, is always racialized and relational, it's vital to ask: Is it more important to be comfortable or is it more important to be free? And whose comfort comes at the expense of whose freedom? As countless anti-racist activists of color have argued, collective liberation will require a lot more people with privilege—including White people, of course, but not only—to get comfortable with being uncomfortable. To this, I want to add that the sonic is a crucial site to reckon with the ways that the outside seems to intrude upon people's (always uneven) sense of sovereignty, control, and rights. This, again, is the aspect of sound that's commonly equated with "nuisance." As argued in the Intro, in a space of cohabitation, like the city, the uncontrollable vectors and coordinates of sound make a mess of normative efforts to assert order and separation. This, I argue, however upsetting, is a good thing. For the movement of sound throughout individuated bodies and psyches alerts us to the way that "the self" affects and is affected by everything in its environment. It points, in other words, to porosity, vulnerability, and interconnection. This, again, is a radical proposal because it punctures the rigid grids of property and propriety that undergird racial and gendered capitalism and colonialism. The sonic, then, can also serve as a potent site to practice the work of "embracing disturbance" in ways that resonate out into other socio-spatial registers. To resist or repress it, close the windows, or—at worst—call the police is to refuse the opportunity to practice being, à la Judith Butler, "moved by what is outside us, by others, but also by whatever 'outside' resides in us" (see epigraph). It's to refuse becoming comfortable with discomfort in ways that enable the past that is not past to loop, again, around the turntable.

References

Preface

[1] "The Town" is a term of endearment used by longtime residents to distinguish Oakland from "The City," or San Francisco—which has long been overvalued by media, tourists, and capital investors relative to its more working-class, and historically Black, cousin. As a form of Black slang, however, "The Town" connotes Oakland's historic communities of color. In other words, not everyone who lives in Oakland belongs to "The Town."

[2] Since the 1850s—when Oakland was founded on land twice stolen, first from Native Ohlones, then from Mexican *rancheros*—African Americans have built their homes and communities on the east side of Lake Merritt. At the time, as California law barred Black children from attending public school, Isaac Flood and Elizabeth Thorn Scott Flood ran a school for students of color out of their home at 1334 East Fifteenth Street. This made the area, then known as Brooklyn Township, the center of Black settlement in the East Bay.

[3] Quoted in Aponte, Simone. (2018, August 31). 2 Investigates obtains "BBQ Becky's" viral 911 calls. *KTVU*. www.ktvu.com/news/listen-bbq-becky-s-viral-911-call-made-public.

[4] Quoted in Chang, Momo. (2018, May 31). Kenzie Smith speaks out. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/kenzie-smith-speaks-out/Content?oid=16513492.

[5] The video as available at www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=392&v=Fh9D_PUe7QI.

[6] Smith, for his part, ran for City Council in District 2, on the east side of the Lake. Campaigning with his brother, rapper Mistah F.A.B., he was ultimately unsuccessful. But he remains active in local politics, advocating for homeless people, renters, and youth.

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[12] Once the video of her calling the police went viral, members of "Black Twitter" rebranded Schulte as "BBQ Becky"—a riff on the term "Becky," a critical name for a privileged White woman. People from around the digital mediascape then created and circulated memes that inserted her image into iconic scenes from African-American history and culture. For more on "Black Twitter" see Bonilla, Yarimar and Rosa, Jonathan. (2015). #Ferguson: Digital protest, hashtag ethnography, and the racial politics of social media in the United States. *American Ethnologist*, 42(1), pp. 4-17. Graham, Roderick and Smith, 'Shawn. (2016). The content of our # characters: Black Twitter as counterpublic. *Sociology of Race and Ethnicity*, 2(4), pp. 433-49.

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Intro

[1] Baldwin, James. (2010 [1979]). Of the sorrow songs: The cross of redemption. In Randall Kenan (Ed.), *The Cross of Redemption: Uncollected Writings* (pp. 145-53). New York, NY: Pantheon Books, p. 153.
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[3] McKittrick, Katherine. (2016). Rebellion/invention/groove. *Small Axe: A Caribbean Journal of Criticism*, 20(1), pp. 79-91.
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[5] As Joel Streicker writes of the spatial politics of *champeta* music in Cartagena, Colombia: "The sound systems at these semi-open air dances are so powerful that the music can be heard at least two kilometers away…This music speaks of—and is—a presence that the rich cannot avoid, a nearly dusk-to-dawn siege reminding the wealthy of the popular class's otherness. The sound systems provide a nonspatial way of appropriating space. Using sound to control space is a particularly ingenious way for disenfranchised groups to exercise control over space" (p. 116). Streicker, Joel. (1997). Spatial reconfigurations, imagined geographies, and social conflicts in Cartagena, Colombia. *Cultural Anthropology*, 12(1), pp. 109-28.
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[8] Since 2016, I've taken regular dance classes at the Malonga Casquelourd Center for the Arts, paraded in San Francisco and Oakland Carnavals, and performed at local entertainment venues like the Paramount Theater and Geoffrey's Inner Circle.
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that are mapped upon Black lives, while still attesting to the creative modalities and forms of resistance that are produced by wake work" (p. 59).

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[81] Glass, Ruth L. (1964). *London: Aspects of Change*. London, U.K.: MacGibbon & Kee.

[82] Harvey, David. (1989). From managerialism to entrepreneurialism: The transformation in urban governance in late capitalism. *Geografiska Annaler: Series B, Human Geography*, 71(1), pp. 3-17. Smith, Neil. (1979). Toward a theory of gentrification: A back to the city movement by capital, not people. *Journal of the American Planning Association*, 45(4), pp. 538-48. Smith, Neil. (1996). *The New Urban Frontier: Gentrification and the Revanchist City*. New York, NY: Routledge.

[83] Florida (2012). Sassen, Saskia. (2001). *The Global City: New York, London, Tokyo (2nd Edition)*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press. Zukin, Sharon. (1996). *The Cultures of Cities*. Cambridge, MA: Wiley-Blackwell.

[84] Lees, Loretta. (2000). A reappraisal of gentrification: Towards a "geography of gentrification." *Progress in Human Geography*, 24(3), pp. 389-408.

[85] Douzet, Frédérick. (2012 [2007]). *The Color of Power: Racial Coalitions and Political Power in Oakland*. Charlottesville, VA: University of Virginia Press. Rhomberg, Chris. (2004). *No There There: Race, Class, and Political Community in Oakland*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press. Walker (2018).

[86] Elinson, Zusha. (2010, September 2). As mayor, Brown remade Oakland's downtown and himself. *New York Times*. www.nytimes.com/2010/09/03/us/politics/03bcbrown.html.

[87] The "Oakland School" of Urban Studies (OSUS) was a graduate-student working group that met during the 2015-2016 academic year with support from the University of California Humanities Research Institute. Co-convened by myself and Trisha Barua, the OSUS became a space for 12 students from across the humanities and the social sciences—ones invested in distinct archives, theories, and methods—to think through Oakland's contentious spatial politics from multiple angles. The critique of gentrification as a dominant paradigm was a common thread throughout much of our work, which included regular reading groups, conference panels, and a large public event at the Oakland Public Library in 2016. I'd like to thank activists Woods Ervin, Deseree Fontenot, Johnella LaRose, and Jae Maldonado, who spoke to the limits of gentrification politics at the event entitled *Expanding the Frame: Multiple Perspectives on Gentrification in Oakland*. I'd also like to thank all of the OSUS members, including Trisha Barua, Jeanelle Hope, Savannah Kilner, Allison Logan, Eli Marienthal, Erin McElroy, Andrea Miller, Dorie Perez, Magie Ramírez, Divya Sundar, and Claire Urbanski. I'd like to thank Barua and McElroy, in particular, for their engagement with some of the ideas discussed in this section. See McElroy and Werth (2019).

[88] Robinson, Cedric. (1983). *Black Marxism: The Making of the Black Radical Tradition*. Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press. Roy, Ananya. (2017). Dis/possessive collectivism: Property and personhood at city's end. *Geoforum*, 80, pp. A1-11. Roy, Ananya. (2019). Racial banishment. In Antipode Editorial Collective (Eds.), *Keywords in Radical Geography: Antipode at 50* (pp. 227-30). Hoboken, NJ: Wiley Blackwell.

[89] Ramírez (2017), p. 54.

[90] Muhammad (2010). See also Alexander, Michelle. (2012). *The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindess*. New York, NY: The New Press.

[91] Deutsch, Sarah. (2000). *Women and the City: Gender, Space, and Power in Boston, 1870-1940*. New York, NY: Oxford University Press. Massey, Doreen. (1994). *Space, Place, and Gender*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press. Rose, Gillian. (1993). *Feminism and Geography: The Limits of Geographical Knowledge*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press. Wilson, Elizabeth. (1992). *The Sphinx in the City: Urban Life, the Control of Disorder, and Women*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press. Wolff, Janet. (1985). The invisible *flâneuse*: Women and the literature of modernity. *Theory, Culture & Society*, 2(3), pp. 37-46.

[92] Moten, Fred. (2018). *Stolen Life*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, p. 131.

[93] Cacho (2012). Melamed (2011), p. 12. Singh (2012).

Chapter 1

[94] This 18-month timeline of continuous fieldwork doesn't count the time spent working on and researching Oakland Frist Fridays, a monthly street-art festival, in 2012-2013. See Werth and Marienthal (2016). Nor does it count the fact that—having lived in the city, or in neighboring Berkeley, before, during, and after fieldwork—this sort of urban research disrupts that normative opposition between "home" and "field" that organizes a great deal of qualitative social science.
[95] In 2017-2018, I also spent six months conducting research on Oakland's cultural landscape and economy as an in intern in the City's Cultural Affairs Division. While this experience overlapped with my fieldwork in terms of time and, to a certain extent, content, it nevertheless fell outside the scope of my doctoral research. Still, working in City Hall provided another vantage point into the City's policies and practices with regard to promoting and regulating cultural production.
[96] I tried to stay connected to my body, soul, and city by studying samba, house, and Afro-urban dance throughout graduate school—inspired, in part, by Jafari Allen's (2009) dictum: "free your ass and your mind will follow" (p. 317).
[97] Kun, Josh. (No date). About my work. www.joshkun.com. Weheliye (2005) identifies mixing in W.E.B. Du Bois and among DJs as a central logic of "sonic Afro-modernity," one that contains a "model of modern black temporality and cultural practice rooted in and routed through the sonic" (p. 73). See also the discussion of "beat juggling" in Johnson (2013): "The musical productions that emerge from this practice can use eclectic combinations of jazz, soul, rock, hip hop, blues, and funk, resulting in a fusion not only of musical styles, but also of sonic patterns associated with different time periods and diverse social spaces…The practice encodes and communicates centuries of musical memory, minimizes the distance between diverse geographical spaces…and interpolates a wide range of life experiences into a new beat" (pp. xiv-xv).
[98] Weheliye (2005), p. 8.
[1] Iton, Richard. (2008). *In Search of the Black Fantastic: Politics and Popular Culture in the Post–Civil Rights Era*. New York, NY: Oxford University Press, p. 11.
[2] The term "yadadamean?" ("you know what I mean?") is accredited to Oakland's gravel-voiced rapper Keak Da Sneak, along with many other popular phrases, including "hyphy," the name for the East Bay's signature style of party rap (see Ch. 3). See, for instance, Keak Da Sneak, "Super Hyphy," *That's My Word* (2005).
[3] Bridges, Greg. (2010, August 8). Reflections with Larry Graham. *Reflections in Rhythm*. www.reflectionsinrhythm.wordpress.com/2010/08/08/reflections-with-larry-graham/.
[4] Graham Central Station, "The Jam," *Ain't No 'Bout-a-Doubt It* (1975). Sly and the Family Stone, "Thank You (Falletinme Be Mice Elf Agin)," *Thank You/Everybody Is a Star* (1969).
[5] Digital Underground, "The Humpty Dance," *Sex Packets* (1990). Interview with Rickey Vincent, DJ, KPFA, November 30, 2017.
[6] Vincent (2017, November 30).
[7] Raiford (2011), pp. 129-30.
[8] Ibid., pp. 136-7.
[9] Ibid., pp. 144-5.
[10] James Brown, "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud," *Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud* (1968). Marvin Gaye, "Inner City Blues (Make Me Wanna Holler)," *What's Going On* (1971).
[11] Zanfagna (2017) notes in her study of Los Angeles that, while holy hip-hop's "geographies of conversion" often have a profound impact on the bodies and souls of its artists and audiences, the music—indeed, sound in general—tends not to leave a discernible trace in the landscape of the city. This is especially true in working-class communities of color that are denied the power to control their own environments. "Many histories of black Los Angeles, although now invisible to the eye, reside in genealogies of sound," she writes. "Unearthing these histories involves acts of listening rather than seeing" (p. 21).

[12] Bloom, Joshua and Martin, Waldo E. (2012). *Black against Empire: The History and Politics of the Black Panther Party*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press. Herrera, Juan C. (2013). *Nonprofits in Production: Race, Place, and the Politics of Care* (PhD Thesis). Berkeley, CA: University of California, Berkeley. Murch, Donna J. (2010). *Living for the City: Migration, Education, and the Rise of the Black Panther Party in Oakland, California*. Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press. Rhomberg (2004). Roy, Ananya et al. (2015). Gray areas: The war on poverty at home and abroad. In Ananya Roy and Emma S. Crane (Eds.), *Territories of Poverty: Rethinking North and South* (pp. 289-314). Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press. Self, Robert O. (2003). *American Babylon: Race and the Struggle for Postwar Oakland*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press.

[13] This is likely due, in part, to the tendency to conflate Black Power in Oakland with the BPP, which is routinely remembered as hostile toward cultural nationalist movements because they disavowed intercommunal solidarity and distracted from street politics. See Bloom and Martin (2012), p. 34. However, as Leigh Raiford (2011) notes, through their attentiveness to the politics of visibility, the BPP treated the "realm of the visual, of image, of performance, of culture" as a "significant battleground in the field of politics." "Culture," she argues, "is a necessary component of the process of decolonization, one that aids in a community's remaking and revisioning of itself. Indeed, perhaps the Panthers' greatest and most lasting achievement lay in cultural transformation, most especially the ways in which African Americans viewed themselves and perceived their power and powerlessness vis-à-vis the state" (pp. 137-8).

[14] Vincent, Rickey. (2013). *Party Music: The Inside Story of the Black Panthers' Band and How Black Power Transformed Soul Music*. Chicago, IL: Lawrence Hill Books, pp. xiv, 2.

[15] See Gil Scott-Heron, "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised," *Small Talk at 125th and Lenox* (1970).

[16] Parlet, "Pleasure Principle," *Pleasure Principle* (1978).

[17] Kelley, Robin D. G. (1997). *Yo' Mama's Dysfunktional!: Fighting the Culture Wars in Urban America*. Boston, MA: Beacon Press, pp. 16-7, 41.

[18] Iton (2008), pp. 16-7.

[19] Jelly-Schapiro, Joshua. (2010). High tide, low ebb. In Rebecca Solnit (Ed.), *Infinite City: A San Francisco Atlas* (pp. 57-65). Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, p. 60.

[20] Johnson, Marilynn S. (1993). *The Second Gold Rush: Oakland and the East Bay in World War II*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, p. 52.

[21] Self (2003), pp. 25-34.

[22] Bagwell, Beth. (1996 [1982]). *Oakland: The Story of a City*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Heritage Alliance. Walker, Richard. (2004). Industry builds out the city: The suburbanization of manufacturing in the San Francisco Bay Area, 1850-1940. In Robert Lewis (Ed.), *Manufacturing Suburbs: Building Work and Home on the Metropolitan Fringe* (pp. 92-123). Philadelphia, PA: Temple University Press.

[23] Self (2003), p. 43.

[24] Crouchett, Lawrence P. et al. (1989). *Visions Toward Tomorrow: The History of the East Bay Afro-American Community, 1852-1977*. Oakland, CA: Northern California Center for Afro-American History and Life. Later, the CP and the SP hired African Americans to work as cooks and waiters in dining cars, baggage handlers in freight and passenger depots, and laborers in rail yards. For more on the ironic "freedom" to sell one's labor power, see Marx, Karl. (1990 [1867]). *Capital, Volume 1*. New York, NY: Penguin Books.

[25] Crouchett et al. (1989), p. 10.

[26] Bagwell (1996 [1982]), p. 84.

[27] Rhomberg (2004), Ch. 3. See also Harris, Cheryl. (1993). Whiteness as property. *Harvard Law Review*, 106, pp. 1709-91. Lipsitz, George. (2006). *The Possessive Investment in Whiteness: How*

White People Profit from Identity Politics (2nd Edition). Philadelphia, PA: Temple University Press.

[28] Hattersley-Drayton, Karana. (1997). Melting pot or not? Ethnicity and community in pre–World War II West Oakland. In Suzanne Stewart and Mary Praetzellis (Eds.), *Sights and Sounds: Essays in Celebration of West Oakland* (pp. 183-210). Sacramento, CA: California Department of Transportation. Hill, Edith K. (1998). Oral history with Edith Katherine Hill. Interviewed by Nadine Wilmot. BANC MSS 2006/112, Box 1, Oakland Oral History Project, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

[29] Crouchett et al. (1989), Chs. 2-3.

[30] Johnson (1993).

[31] Rhomberg (2004), pp. 77-8.

[32] Bagwell (1996 [1982), p. 234.

[33] Jelly-Schapiro (2010), p. 60.

[34] Johnson (1993), pp. 32-8, 52.

[35] Ibid., p. 65. This arrangement led to deadly repercussions in 1944, when a sudden explosion of munitions on board a naval vessel at Port Chicago in nearby Contra Costa County killed 320 sailors and dockworkers, 202 of whom were Black, and injured hundreds more. In response, 258 Black servicemembers refused to return to work unless the Navy addressed these deadly safety concerns. Declaring a mutiny, the Navy punished the striking workers, court-martialing around 200 and sentencing another 50 (the "Port Chicago 50") to 8 to 15 years of hard labor. In 1946, however, all of those accused were granted clemency and/or released from prison. See Arbona, Javier. (2013). *After the Blast: Building and Unbuilding Memories of Port Chicago* (PhD Thesis). Berkeley, CA: University of California, Berkeley.

[36] Johnson (1993), p. 95.

[37] Crouchett et al. (1989), p. 51. Quoted in Johnson (1993), p. 169.

[38] Quoted in Johnson (1993), pp. 150, 168.

[39] See, for example, Carby, Hazel V. (1999 [1992]). Policing the black woman's body in an urban context. In *Cultures in Babylon: Black Britain and African America* (pp. 22-39). New York, NY: Verso.

[40] Quoted in Johnson (1993), p. 170.

[41] Oakland City Planning Commission. (1951). *Shoreline Development: A Part of the Master Plan*. Oakland, CA: City of Oakland, p. 69. Environmental Design Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA. Thanks to Alexis Madrigal for tipping me off to this quote.

[42] Quoted in Collins, Willie R. (1997). Jazzing up Seventh Street: Musicians, venues, and their social implications. In Suzanne Stewart and Mary Praetzellis (Eds.), *Sights and Sounds: Essays in Celebration of West Oakland* (pp. 295-325). Sacramento, CA: California Department of Transportation, p. 315.

[43] Of the four original dance halls run by the Sweet Brothers, the only one remaining today, known simply as Sweet's Ballroom, at 1933 Broadway, was actually their second location. It stayed open for 55 years, through different names and managers, before succumbing to "economic woes" in 1979. The Sweets also opened Persian Gardens at Webster Street and Grand Avenue in 1931 (it became Ali Baba between 1946 and 1981, when it was torn down) and Sweet's Home of the Big Bands at 1414 Franklin Street in 1937 (demolished in 1965). Killorin, Jessica. (1995, February 19). Ballroom dancing promoter hoping for Sweet's success. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-15. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[44] Collins (1997), pp. 315-6. The same was true at the Oakland Auditorium, especially after the 1944 race riot. Johnson (1993), p. 169.

[45] No Author. (1959, October 31). Integrate or merge, music unions told. *Oakland Tribune*. Music Federation, American. San Francisco Bay Area, Calif. Local 6. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.

[46] Collins (1997), p. 301.
[47] Watkins, Earl. (1998). Oral history with Earl Watkins. Interviewed by Donna J. Murch. BANC MSS 2006/112, Box 1, Oakland Oral History Project, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[48] No Author (1959, October 31). In the 1950s, the members of Local 669 voted to merge with Local 6. But the latter resisted until long after the national leadership of the AFM abandoned segregation. Eventually, at a conference in Denver, national president James C. Petrillo ordered Local 6 to integrate. "Either do it," he threatened, in front of the conference, "or we'll force you to." No Author. (1957, June 18). Name Illegible. *Oakland Tribune*. Music Federation, American. San Francisco Bay Area, Calif. Local 6. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Local 6 eventually integrated in 1960, but only after being threatened once more, this time by California's Assistant Attorney General, for being in violation of the State's new Fair Employment Practices Law.
[49] Quoted in Johnson (1993), p. 147.
[50] Ibid., pp. 159-63.
[51] Quoted in Ibid., p. 154.
[52] Ibid., pp. 155-7, 265 n34.
[53] McArdle, Phil. (1980). *A History of the Oakland Police Department*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Police Department, p. 12. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[54] Johnson (1993), p. 168.
[55] Green, Walter. (1999). Oral history with Walter Green. Interviewed by Nadine Wilmot. BANC MSS 2006/112, Box 1, Oakland Oral History Project, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[56] Quoted in Eisenberg, Ira (Director). (1974). The people and the police: Oakland (Television Episode). In KRON-TV (Producer), *Assignment 4*. San Francisco, CA: Young Broadcasting. www.diva.sfsu.edu/collections/sfbatv/bundles/210744.
[57] Thompson, Hadwick A. (1998). Oral history with Hadwick Thompson. Interviewed by Donna J. Murch. BANC MSS 2006/112, Box 1, Oakland Oral History Project, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[58] Green (1999).
[59] Patterson, William L. (1951). *We Charge Genocide: The Historic Petition to the United Nations for Relief from a Crime of the United States Government against the Negro People*. New York, NY: Civil Rights Congress. Pete, Dorothy R. (2004). Oral history with Dorothy Reid Pete. Interviewed by Barbara E. M. Cannon. MS 191, African American Museum and Library at Oakland Oral History Collection, African American Museum and Library at Oakland, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[60] Self (2003), p. 78.
[61] Street, Emerson. (1950, February 20). Nightstick justice in Oakland. *The New Republic*, pp. 15-6.
[62] Powers, Robert. (1969-71). Oral history with Robert Powers. Interviewed by Amelia R. Fry. BANC MSS 72/98, Regional Oral History Office, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[63] Street (1950, February 20).
[64] Powers (1969-71).
[65] Reed, Ishmael. (2003). *Blues City: A Walk in Oakland*. New York, NY: Crown Publishers, p. 28.
[66] Drake, St. Clair and Cayton, Horace R. (1993 [1945]). *Black Metropolis: A Study of Negro Life in a Northern City*. Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press.
[67] Cf. Mumford, Kevin J. (1997). *Interzones: Black/White Sex Districts in Chicago and New York in the Early Twentieth Century*. New York, NY: Columbia University Press.

[68] Crouchett et al. (1989), p. 18.
[69] Jelly-Schapiro (2010), p. 62.
[70] Thompson (1998).
[71] Woods (2007), p. 54.
[72] Woods (2017 [1998]), p. 16.
[73] McKittrick (2016), pp. 81, 85.
[74] Woods (2017 [1998]), p. 39.
[75] As with many African-American folk songs, the attribution of "The Midnight Special" to Lead Belly is more a reflection of the repeated misrecognition of White record producers—in this case, famed ethnomusicologists John and Alan Lomax, who recorded Lead Belly singing the tune in Louisiana's Angola Prison in 1934—than its exact origins. "The Midnight Special" is thus, as with many blues songs, a widespread folk tune of indeterminate and collective authorship. See Lead Belly, "The Midnight Special," *Take This Hammer* (2003).
[76] Quoted in Hildebrand, Lee. (1998). Oakland blues. In Jacqueline Cogdell DjeDje and Eddie S. Meadows (Eds.), *California Soul: Music of African Americans in the West* (pp. 104-23). Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, pp. 106-10.
[77] Ibid. See also Jelly-Schapiro (2010), p. 62. Today, local rappers like Too Short are remembered for innovating independent means of record distribution by selling CDs and tapes out of their cars. See, for example, Smith, Andrea L. (2008). *Hyphy Intellect: The Formation of Bay Area Hip Hop Identities in the Realm of Commercial Culture* (PhD Thesis). Davis, CA: University of California, Davis, p. 196. But it seems as though Geddins developed this use of the car as a means to peddle the Oakland sound two generations earlier.
[78] McCracklin, Jimmy. (2002). *Jimmy McCracklin: West Coast Bluesman, Prolific Songwriter, Pianist and Singer*. Interviewed by Caroline Crawford and Ronnie Stewart. Regional Oral History Office, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA. www.digitalassets.lib.berkeley.edu/roho/ucb/text/mccracklin_jimmy_2014.pdf.
[79] Ibid.
[80] Hildebrand (1998), p. 109-10. The song later launched the career of B.B. King, as well, when King covered it in 1951. King's version surpassed Fulson's commercially, spending five weeks at the top of the R&B charts. This was a common occurrence for Geddins, who repeatedly lost out when songs that he popularized at the regional scale were taken and re-recorded, without credit or compensation, for national audiences. Eventually, many of the artists who he groomed and promoted picked up and left for record labels with broader distribution in other cities. "I got cheated out of so much money," he lamented in Marlon Riggs and Peter Webster's *Long Train Running: The Story of the Oakland Blues* (1981). Indeed, by the time that this documentary was made, Geddins was done with music; instead, he ran a car radiator shop on Foothill Boulevard in East Oakland.
[81] Lowell Fulson, "Three O'Clock Blues," *Three O'Clock Blues* (1948).
[82] Collins (1997). Hildebrand, Lee. (1979, September 28). West side story. *East Bay Express*, p. 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[83] Jimmy McCracklin, "Where I Got My Start," *Blasting the Blues* (1983).
[84] Murch (2010), p. 27. No Author. (1967, May 24). Slim Jenkins dies in West Oakland. *Oakland Tribune*. Jenkins, "Slim" Harold. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[85] Watkins (1998).
[86] Esther Mabry was born in Palestine, Texas, where, as a child, she and her siblings would "chop cotton." Her father, who worked at a nearby oil field, was a frequent victim of racial terrorism; his co-workers put sugar in his gas tank, poisoned his mules, and even burned down the family's house. Esther left all of this for California in the 1940s, where she got her start in nightlife as a cook at Slim Jenkins' Place. Like Jenkins, she eventually expanded her operations to include a restaurant, cabaret, and liquor store. But she was forced to relocate in the 1970s, when she was

displaced by the construction of the U.S. Post Office Distribution Center—a massive urban renewal project that wiped out several blocks of the Prescott District along Seventh Street. Other music venues couldn't weather the disruption and, before long, Esther's was the last club standing. Burt, Cecily (2010, June 1). Esther Mabry, owned of Esther's Orbit Room in West Oakland, dies at 90. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2010/06/01/esther-mabry-owner-of-esthers-orbit-room-in-west-oakland-dies-at-90/. Hildebrand (1979). Mabry, Esther. (2002). Oral history with Esther Mabry. Interviewed by Gay Rich. MS 191, African American Museum and Library at Oakland Oral History Collection, African American Museum and Library at Oakland, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[87] Zanfagna (2017), p. 21.

[88] Collins (1997), pp. 297, 314. Interview with Carl Greene and Edward Hawthorne, Saxophonist and Drummer, Soul Messengers, March 4, 2017.

[89] Sylvester Jr., Odell H. (2007). Oral history with Odell H. Sylvester Jr. Interviewed by Rick Moss. MS 191, African American Museum and Library at Oakland Oral History Collection, African American Museum and Library at Oakland, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Sylvester went on to become the first Black Deputy Chief of the OPD and then, in 1977, the first Black Chief of Police in Berkeley.

[90] Forman Jr., James. (2017). *Locking Up Our Own: Crime and Punishment in Black America*. New York, NY: Farrar, Stauss and Giroux, p. 86.

[91] Quoted in Collins (1997), p. 302.

[92] Watkins (1998).

[93] Shabazz, Rashad. (2015). *Spatializing Blackness: Architectures of Confinement and Black Masculinity in Chicago*. Chicago, IL: University of Illinois Press, Ch. 1. See also Mumford (1997).

[94] Watkins (1998).

[95] Roy et al. (2015) note that, after World War II, juvenile delinquency became a central concern of government in a way that connected urban social programs within the boundaries of the U.S. nation-state to pacification campaigns across the growing U.S. empire abroad (pp. 296-8).

[96] Johnson (1993), pp. 50-1. These relaxed requirements were contested, however, as they raised concerns about the prospect of increased vagrancy among adolescent men—now removed from the disciplinary environment of the school.

[97] No Author. (1954, February 14). Revamping of old curfew law urged by juvenile officers. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Curfew Regulation. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.

[98] No Author. (1944, November 4). No need for curfew law, Mayor told. *Oakland Tribune*. Curfew Law. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Richmond, however, passed a 10pm curfew for people under 16 in 1943. See Johnson (1993), p. 176.

[99] Mavity, Nancy Barr. (1944, April 20). Get definite recommendation for Oakland within 60 days. *Oakland Tribune*. Curfew Law. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[100] No Author. (1943, November 17). Council rejects curfew plan. *Oakland Tribune*. Curfew Law. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[101] Murch (2010), p. 42.

[102] California Youth Authority. (1948). *A Study of Juvenile Control by the Oakland Police Department*. Sacramento, CA: California Youth Authority, pp. 25-7. Northern Regional Library Facility, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

[103] Melamed, Jodi. (2011). *Represent and Destroy: Rationalizing Violence in the New Racial Capitalism*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, p. 11.

[104] Lipsitz (2011).

[105] No Author (1954, February 14).
[106] For more on the expansion of public recreation during the Progressive Era, see Gutman, Marta. (2014). *A City for Children: Women, Architecture, and the Charitable Landscapes of Oakland, 1850-1950*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.
[107] Watkins (1998).
[108] Pitts, Dorothy W. (1993). *A Special Place for Special People: The DeFremery Story*. Memphis, TN: Better Communications, p. 16.
[109] Ibid., pp. 19-20. Pitts's selection also reflected the military origins of postwar social services. After receiving her training at LeMoyne College and Howard University, she got her start in social work by organizing segregated recreation for Black servicemen in the Philippines and Yokohama during World War II (p. 30).
[110] Quoted in Ibid., p. 65.
[111] Ibid., pp. 41, 68-9.
[112] Quoted in Ibid., p. 22.
[113] Ibid., p. 33.
[114] Beckford, Ruth. (2007). Oral history with Ruth Beckford. Interviewed by Rick Moss. MS 191, African American Museum and Library at Oakland Oral History Collection, African American Museum and Library at Oakland, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Beckford's "firsts," it should be noted, weren't limited to her dancing talents. She was also the first Black valedictorian of Oakland Technical High School. Lydon, Susan. (2002, June 4). Dancer leaves footprints in city's history. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 2. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[115] Osumare, Halifu. (2018). *Dancing in Blackness: A Memoir*. Gainesville, FL: University Press of Florida, p. 23.
[116] Quoted in Murch (2010), p. 57.
[117] Pitts (1993), pp. 88-91.
[118] Lewis, Oscar. (1966). The culture of poverty. *Scientific American*, 215(4), pp. 19-25.
[119] Quoted in May, Judith V. (1973). *Struggle for Authority: A Comparison of Four Social Change Programs in Oakland, California* (PhD Thesis). Berkeley, CA: University of California, Berkeley, p. 128.
[120] Ibid., pp. 132-6. See also Herrera (2013). Roy et al. (2015).
[121] Newton (2009 [1973]), p. 50.
[122] Bloom and Martin (2012), pp. 11-2.
[123] Raiford (2011), p. 138.
[124] Patterson, Orlando. (1982). *Slavery and Social Death: A Comparative Study*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
[125] Fanon (2008 [1952]). Fanon, Frantz. (1994 [1959]). *A Dying Colonialism*. New York, NY: Grove Press. Fanon (2004 [1961]).
[126] Hebdige (1988 [1979]), p. 42.
[127] Self (2003), p. 223.
[128] Vincent (2017, November 30). See Parliament, "Give Up the Funk (Tear the Roof Off the Sucker)," *Mothership Connection* (1975). Oakland's MC Hammer sampled Parliament with "Turn This Mutha Out," *Let's Get It Started* (1988).
[129] Vincent (2017, November 30).
[130] Vincent (2013), p. 3. It should be noted that, at times, members of the previous generation felt that way about the blues, as well. In an interview with Studs Terkel, for instance, James Baldwin described the profound influence of listening to Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues" in terms of the impact that "the beat" had on his psychic and emotional life. "I realized that I had acquired so many affectations, had told myself so many lies, that I really had buried myself beneath a whole fantastic image of myself which wasn't mine, but white people's image of me…I had to find out

what I had been like in the beginning…I realized it was a cadence…a question of the *beat*. Bessie had the beat…It's that *tone*, that sound, which is in me." Quoted in Kun (2005), p. 95). The beat, in other words, can also be understood as a rhythmic force that activates pro-Black feelings and identifications through the medium of music across generations. See Bessie Smith, "Backwater Blues," *Backwater Blues* (1927).

[131] Kelley (2002).

[132] Vincent (2017, November 30). According to Vincent, this Bay Area sound was magnetic—attracting not only local listeners, but also world-renowned artists who wanted to channel that particular "power." Herbie Hancock, for instance, came to the area in the early 1970s because he was tired of trying to get jazz musicians in other parts of the country to recreate the sound of the West Coast funk. In the Bay Area, he formed the legendary Headhunters, pulling in bassist Paul Jackson and percussionist Bill Summers, two little-known artists from the East Bay. Recorded in San Francisco, the album *Head Hunters* (1973), the first platinum jazz album of all time, featured a song called "Sly" dedicated to Bay Area funk progenitor Sly Stone. See Herbie Hancock, "Sly," *Head Hunters* (1973).

[133] Interview with Greg Bridges, DJ, KPFA and KCSM, January 19, 2018. Staple Singers, "Respect Yourself," *Be Altitude: Respect Yourself* (1972).

[134] McKittrick (2016), pp. 81, 90.

[135] Gordon, Avery F. (2016 [2004]). Something more powerful than skepticism. In *Keeping Good Time: Reflections on Knowledge, Power, and People* (pp. 187-206). New York, NY: Routledge, p. 187.

[136] Vincent (2013), pp. 3-4.

[137] Bragin, Naomi. (2015). *Black Power of Hip Hop Dance: On Kinesthetic Politics* (PhD Thesis). Berkeley, CA: University of California, Berkeley, pp. 23-4, 35-6.

[138] Quoted in Vincent (2013), p. 33. For more on the formation and performances of the Lumpen, see pp. 26-33. Sly and the Family Stone, "Dance to the Music," *Dance to the Music* (1968).

[139] Over time, the boundaries between the overtly and covertly political, between militancy and entertainment, became rather permeable. Most of the members of the Lumpen went on to have careers in commercial music. Saxophonist Raheem Roach went on to play with Sun Ra; bassist Melvin Colemen with the Whispers; and singer Michael Torrence with Marvin Gaye. Torrence even performed at the famous *Marvin Gaye Live!* concert, recorded at the Oakland Auditorium in 1974. And bandleader William Calhoun became a local celebrity as radio personality "Billy King" on KSOL—"K-SOUL," in the phrasing of Sly Stone, who was also a DJ there—the number one Black-serving radio station in the Bay Area. Later, he became an ordained minister and founder of Wo'se Community Church, a Kemetic congregation in East Oakland. Ibid., pp. 82, 314, 317.

[140] Ibid., pp. 51-2, 59. Vincent also argues that, in spite of their different styles and accents, the BPP and Sly were aligned in terms of their emphasis on cultural revolution and their attunement to a multiracial, but Black-centered, freedom struggle. Their personal relations, however, were reportedly frayed. As with many Black celebrities and businesspeople, the BPP—specifically, Kathleen Cleaver—apparently pressured Sly to donate $100,000 to fund the Party's operations, including the survival programs (p. 86).

[141] According to Vincent (2013), one of James Brown's musical innovations in the move from soul to funk was to accentuate the percussive aspects of all the instruments in the arrangement. "I was hearing everything, even the guitars, like they were drums," Brown recalled in 1986 (p. 96).

[142] Sly and the Family Stone, "Thank You for Talking to Me Africa," *There's a Riot Going On* (1971).

[143] Johnson, Imani K. (2012, June 18). Music meant to make you move: Considering the aural kinesthetic. *Sounding Out!* www.soundstudiesblog.com/2012/06/18/music-meant-to-make-you-move-considering-the-aural-kinesthetic/.

[144] See the interview with music journalist Eric Arnold in O'Donoghue, Liam (Producer). (2018, July 24). "It's in the DNA of hip-hop": Tracing the local roots of a musical movement (Audio Podcast). *East Bay Yesterday*. www.eastbayyesterday.com/episodes/its-in-the-dna-of-hip-hop/.
[145] Johnson (2013).
[146] Guzman-Sanchez, Thomas. (2012). *Underground Dance Masters: Final History of a Forgotten Era*. Santa Barbara, CA: Praeger, pp. 8-9. According to Thomas Guzman-Sanchez, it was at one of these events in 1967 that a young dancer amazed the crowd with what came to be known as the "backslide" (an adaptation of an older move from the jazz and tap era). This was 12 years before Michael Jackson copied the move, misnaming it the "moonwalk" (pp. 15-6).
[147] Bragin (2015), pp. 45-6.
[148] Szwed, John F. (1998). *Space Is the Place: The Lives and Times of Sun Ra*. New York, NY: Da Capo Press, pp. 286-94. According to Szwed, the BPP later evicted Sun Ra over an "ideological split" (p. 330).
[149] Coney, John (Director). (1974). *Space Is the Place* (Motion Picture). U.S.: North American Star System.
[150] Gilroy (1993).
[151] Szwed (1998), p. 311. Sun Ra's emphasis on outer space as a horizon of emancipation among Black Americans was quickly taken up by funk-o-naut George Clinton. During the 1976-1977 P-Funk tour, which stopped at the Oakland Coliseum, for instance, Clinton descended onto the stage from a steaming, glistening spaceship—"ready," according to Naomi Bragin (2015), "to transport black people back to outer space, their utopic homeland." "The mythic event took the concept of return to an idealized African past, prevalent in Black National [sic] and Pan-African rhetoric, and projected it into a future space made present. Alongside the Black Panther Party, who were creating their own infrastructures for free breakfasts and free schooling within black communities, P-Funk staged fantasies of moving far beyond social systems to access the unreal, a space limited only by the black radical imagination" (p. 57).
[152] Dawson, Frank and Ginzberg, Abby (Directors). (2016). *Agents of Change* (Motion Picture). U.S.: Kovno Communications, Social Action Media. According to Jodi Melamed (2011), as of the early 1970s, only a few years later, there were over 500 Black and Ethnic Studies programs at colleges and universities across the country (p. 103).
[153] Osumare, Halifu. (No Date). "*The Fierce Freedom of Their Souls": Black Activism of African Dance in the Oakland Bay Area*. Unpublished Manuscript.
[154] Osumare (2018), p. 27.
[155] Beckford (2007). St. Augustine's Episcopal Church was selected because it was run by Father Earl A. Neil, who was assigned to Oakland after organizing as part of the Civil Rights Movement in the 1960s. In his memoir, Newton (2009 [1973]) referred to Father Neil as the BPP's de facto "chaplain." "During my trial he came often to the courtroom to lend his support" (p. 315).
[156] Bridges (2018, January 19).
[157] Born in Oakland prior to World War II as the son of a Pullman Porter, Don Barksdale became a talented basketball player who integrated virtually every team on which he played. He became the first African American to be named All-American in college at UCLA; to be on the U.S. Olympic team (and win a gold medal in basketball); and to play in the NBA All-Star Game. While still in the NBA, he managed to become the first Black radio DJ and later television host in the Bay Area. He's most often remembered, however, for running the Showcase and the Sportsman, where, with the help of emcee Jay Payton, he hosted local and national musical acts for decades.
[158] Greene and Hawthorne (2017, March 4). This system of musical support was steered in large part by a teacher named Ed Kelly. Born in Wharton, Texas, Kelly learned to play piano in his father's church. But upon migrating to Oakland, he developed an ear for jazz. In the 1950s, he formed a quintet and—as the musical equivalent of Ruth Beckford—ran the jazz program at the DRC. Later, he went on to shape the sounds of even more young people as the head of the music

program at McClymonds High School in West Oakland and as an instructor at Laney College, the low-cost heir to Merritt College. See Murch (2010), p. 245, n52.
[159] See Marable, Manning. (2015 [1983]). *How Capitalism Underdeveloped Black America: Problems in Race, Political Economy, and Society*. Chicago, IL: Haymarket Books. West, Michael O. (2012). Whose Black Power?: The business of Black Power and Black Power's business. In Laura W. Hill and Julia Rabig (Eds.), *The Business of Black Power: Community Development, Capitalism, and Corporate Responsibility in Postwar America* (pp. 274-303).
[160] Melamed (2011), p 94.
[161] Bridges (2018, January 19).
[162] Interview with Lee Hildebrand, Music Journalist, April 20, 2017.
[163] Bailey, Chauncey. (2002, August 8). Trailblazing black broadcaster dies. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 4. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Later, in the 1980s, KDIA was bought by Adam Clayton Powell III, the son of the longtime Harlem congressman, who changed the call letters of the now all-news station to KFYI. Local listeners were dismayed. In turn, Oakland Mayor Elihu Harris and Speaker of the State Assembly Willie Brown bought the station and returned it to its beloved soul music format. In the late 1990s, however, in line with wider racial and economic currents, these Black political elites sold it to the Disney Corporation.
[164] Durkheim, Émile. (1995 [1912]). *The Elementary Forms of Religious Life*. New York, NY: Free Press.
[165] Varda, Agnès (Director). (1968). *Black Panthers* (Motion Picture). France: Ciné Tamaris.

Chapter 2

[1] Varda (1968).
[2] Newton (2009 [1973]) mentions that, while in jail, he spent time looking out at Lake Merritt, where he witnessed both quotidian activities ("people walking") and demonstrations, including a rally following the funeral of Lil' Bobby Hutton in 1968 (p. 299).
[3] Weheliye (2005), p. 83.
[4] Boles, Lloyd. (1979, August 21). "Lifestyle" intrusion in the park. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1978-1983. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[5] Quoted in No Author. (1979, August 22). Council told park woes. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1978-1983. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[6] Stoever (2016).
[7] Quoted in No Author. (1979, August 23). No harmony on park rock. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1978-1983. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[8] No Author. (1976, May 12). Move to ease park problems. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1960-1977. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. No Author. (1976, June 2). Park rules approved. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1960-1977. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[9] Quoted in No Author (1976, May 12).
[10] No Author (1976, June 2).
[11] See Gilroy (1991 [1987]). Hebdige (1988 [1979]).
[12] No Author. (1977, August 29). Cops surrounded by angry crowd. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1960-1977. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. No Author. (1977, September 30). Park dispute unresolved. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1960-1977. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.

[13] Quoted in No Author. (1977, September 7). Police harassment charged. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Merritt Lake Park. General. 1960-1977. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Interestingly, Rountree had connections to local nightlife. Born and raised in West Oakland, he ran the Continental Club on Twelfth Street—a cavernous venue that, in its heyday, hosted Otis Redding, B.B. King, James Brown, and Muddy Waters. Prior to that, he managed Disco International in Berkeley. In an interview in 1979, he situated his investments in nightlife as a neo-Garveyite. "This ain't no nightclub no more," he said of the Continental Club. "This is culture—black culture, surviving Africanism, black people loving themselves. This is as much an historical landmark as the Paramount Theater ever was." Quoted in Hildebrand (1979, September 28).

[14] No Author (1977, September 7).

[15] Reed Jr., Adolph. (1999). *Stirrings in the Jug: Black Politics in the Post-Segregation Era*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

[16] Ibid. Bonilla-Silva, Eduardo. (2003). *Racism without Racists: Color-Blind Racism and the Persistence of Racial Inequality in America*. Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield. Goldberg (2009). Melamed (2011). Omi, Michael and Winant, Howard. (2014). *Racial Formation in the United States* (3rd Edition). New York, NY: Routledge.

[17] While, in making this argument, I'm inspired by Lee Baker's account of changing discourses of Blackness from "savage" to "Negro," I depart from his focus on the role of anthropological ideas in changing U.S. racial formations to address the cultural and spatial politics of urban government. Baker, Lee D. (1998). *From Savage to Negro: Anthropology and the Construction of Race, 1896-1954*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.

[18] Rhomberg (2004), p. 102.

[19] Crouchett et al. (1989), p. 53. By the time that the California Supreme Court ruled in 1945 that segregated auxiliary unions were unconstitutional, only a tiny portion of the over 10,000 African Americans who'd been employed at the 1943 peak were still working in the East Bay shipyards.

[20] Newton (2009 [1973]), p. 249.

[21] Johnson (1993), pp. 54, 200-1.

[22] McClintock, Nathan. (2011). From industrial garden to food desert: Demarcated devaluation in the flatlands of Oakland, California. In Alison Alkon and Julian Agyeman (Eds.), *Cultivating Food Justice: Race, Class, and Sustainability* (pp. 89-120). Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, p. 103. "The implicit (and at time explicit) message to future investors," adds McClintock, "was that this suburban workforce was largely white."

[23] Self (2003), p. 171. The losses weren't in manufacturing alone. They also hit the transportation sector, which had once brought such a surfeit of workers, goods, and economic activities to West Oakland (see Ch. 1). Between the early 1950s and the late 1960s, the number of passenger trains leaving the Southern Pacific station at Sixteenth and Wood Streets fell from around 40 to 3 per day. At the same time, modernization at the Port of Oakland—a world leader in the process of containerization—led to the loss of thousands of longshore and warehouse jobs (p. 157).

[24] McClintock (2011).

[25] Tate, Will D. (1976). *The New Black Urban Elites*. San Francisco, CA: R&E Research Associates, p. 7. Environmental Design Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

[26] Murch (2010).

[27] Self (2003), pp. 172-4. The opening of the private sector would come later. Between 1970 and 1990, however, the number of Black Oaklanders working in professional and managerial roles more than tripled, swelling from 11 to 23 percent of all Black workers. See Rhomberg (2004), p. 186. The representation of Black Oaklanders in entrepreneurship rose, as well, with a 47 percent increase in Black-owned businesses between 1977 and 1982. See Crouchett et al. (1989), p. 61.

[28] Hill (1998). At the time, the Black-owned Transbay Federal Savings and Loan was one of the only mortgage lenders that serviced Black Oaklanders. Prior to that, residents would pool their

savings and lend one another the equity to buy a home. See Ibid. Due to the limited market and heightened levels of risk, however, Black-serving home mortgage lenders often charged higher interest rates than White-serving banks. See Self (2003), p. 167.

[29] Self (2003), p. 167.

[30] Hill (1998).

[31] Self (2003), pp. 156, 165.

[32] Wilson, Lionel J. (1995). *Lionel Wilson: Athlete, Judge, and Oakland Mayor*. Berkeley, CA: Black Alumni Club, University of California, Berkeley. Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

[33] No Author. (2015, February 19). Negro league baseball: Mayor Lionel Wilson's life and times before the Oakland Larks. *The Shadow Ball Express*. www.shadowballexpress.wordpress.com/2015/02/19/negro-league-baseball-mayor-lionel-wilsons-life-and-times-before-the-oakland-larks/.

[34] Wilson (1995), pp. 9-10. Interestingly, like many rising middle-class African Americans at the time, such as Dorothy Pitts and Ruth Beckford (see Ch. 1), Wilson launched his career in public service from within the region's segregated landscape of leisure. In the 1940s, he worked at the Black-serving YMCA in North Oakland under Joshua Rose, who went on to become the city's first Black City Councilmember in 1965, as well as an ORD Recreation Director.

[35] Self (2003), pp. 312-4. Brown rallied not only rank-and-file activists and working-class voters, but also the broader political machines of Governor Jerry Brown and Congressman Ron Dellums to the Wilson campaign. In the process, she cut political deals with the aim of promoting job growth in Black neighborhoods. See Bloom and Martin (2012), pp. 383-5.

[36] Self (2003), pp. 64-5.

[37] Murch (2010), p. 227.

[38] Reed (1999), p. 79.

[39] Parliament, "Chocolate City," *Chocolate City* (1975).

[40] Rhomberg (2004), p. 183. This included the seat occupied by Mayor Wilson, who, under the Council-Manager form of government in operation at the time, served on the Council, as well.

[41] Reed (1999), p. 99.

[42] Newton (2009 [1973]), p. 202.

[43] Camp, Jordan T. and Heatherton, Christina (Eds.). (2016). *Policing the Planet: Why the Policing Crisis Led to Black Lives Matter*. New York, NY: Verso. Peck, Jamie and Tickell, Adam. (2002). Neoliberalizing space. *Antipode*, 34(3), pp. 380-404. Wacquant, Loïc. (2009). *Punishing the Poor: The Neoliberal Government of Social Insecurity*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press. The figures on War on Poverty spending in Oakland are cited in Herrera (2013), p. 20.

[44] Gilmore, Ruth W. (2007). *Golden Gulag: Prisons, Surplus, Crisis, and Opposition in Globalizing California*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press. See also Alexander (2010). For more on the ways that Oakland's empowerment programs became a site of insurrection see Rhomberg (2004), Ch. 7 and Self (2003), Ch. 5.

[45] Newton (2009 [1973]), pp. 121, 126.

[46] Bloom and Martin (2012), pp. 199-200, 209-11. Joshua Bloom and Waldo Martin note: "No aspect of the Black Panther program was of greater concern to the FBI than the Free Breakfast for Children Program, which fostered widespread support for the Panthers' revolutionary politics" (p. 211).

[47] Oden, Robert S. (2012). *From Blacks to Brown and Beyond: The Struggle for Progressive Politics in Oakland, California, 1966-2011*. San Diego, CA: Cognella, pp. 41-3.

[48] Quoted in Self (2003), p. 316.

[49] Kemp, Roger L. (1980). *Coping with Proposition 13*. Lexington, MA: Lexington Books, p. 4. Self (2003), pp. 316-25. Meanwhile, right outside the city, voters in suburban Alameda County were more than 70 percent in favor (ibid.).

[50] Kemp (1980), pp. 1-5. In the end, the actual number of layoffs during the first fiscal year after Prop 13 was limited to only 70—almost all of them blue-collar service providers—because most of the employment reductions were achieved by eliminating positions that were already vacant (p. 131).
[51] Ibid., pp. 119-23. Every public department was forced to endure cuts except for three: the City Auditor, City Physician, and Mayor's Office. In fact, with an increase of $63,000, or 52 percent, the Mayor's Office was the only one whose budget grew in the immediate aftermath of Prop 13 (p. 130).
[52] Ibid., pp. 123, 126.
[53] No Author (1979, August 23).
[54] Fantastic Negrito, "Intro – The Last Days of Oakland," *The Last Days of Oakland* (2017).
[55] Webb, Gary. (1998). *Dark Alliance: The CIAs, the Contras, and the Crack Cocaine Explosion*. New York, NY: Seven Stories Press.
[56] Quoted in McGrath, Mike. (1989, May 19). Crack city USA. *East Bay Express*, p. 13. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA. See also Levingston, Tobie G. (2003). *Soul on Bikes: The East Bay Dragons MC and the Black Biker Set*. Minneapolis, MN: Motorbooks, p. 186.
[57] University-Oakland Metropolitan Forum. (1990). *Oakland's Economy in the 1990's: A Sourcebook of Planning and Community Development Issues Facing the City, Its Neighborhoods, and the Region*. Berkeley, CA: Institute of Urban and Regional Development, University of California, Berkeley, 1A2, pp.1-2. Environmental Design Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[58] It's important to note that the people criminalized via the War on Drugs were overwhelmingly men. In Oakland, however, women, girls, and queer and trans people, especially people of color, have also long confronted exploitation and criminalization through the production and policing of sex work. Oakland, after all, consistently ranks as one of the foremost centers of sex trafficking in the U.S. While critical, however, these issues are outside of the scope of this study.
[59] Setterberg, Fred. (1986). Drugs and justice in Oakland. *California Lawyer*, 6(5), pp. 36-40, 62.
[60] Michaels, Mark. (1986, July 25). Crackdown. *East Bay Express*, p. 1. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[61] Bridges (2018, January 19).
[62] Interview with Theo Williams, Artistic Director, SambaFunk!, September 5, 2017.
[63] Quoted in Starling, Jay D. (1985). *Municipal Coping Strategies: "As Soon as the Dust Settles."* Beverly Hills, CA: Sage Publications, p. 54. Environmental Design Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[64] Quoted in McGrath (1989, May 19).
[65] Slater, Dashka. (1998, October 9). The other epidemic: Fatal encounters with crack. *East Bay Express*, p. 14. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. For more on "fonk" see Smith (2008), p. 145.
[66] Urban Strategies Council. (1996). *Call to Action: An Oakland Blueprint for Youth Development*. Oakland, CA: Urban Strategies Council, p. 32. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[67] Alexander (2010). Gilmore (2007).
[68] Quoted in Forman (2017), p. 158.
[69] Alexander (2010), p. 98.
[70] Urban Strategies Council (1996), p. 43.
[71] Oakland Interagency Council on Drugs. (1985). *Report to the City of Oakland, Covering the Period September 1, 1984 to December 31, 1984*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Interagency Council on Drugs, City of Oakland, Appendix I, p. 8. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

[72] Ibid., Appendix I, p. 4.
[73] Oden (2012), pp. 136-7.
[74] Reed (1999), p. 92.
[75] Kelley, Robin D. G. (2016). Thug nation: On state violence and disposability. In Jordan T. Camp and Christina Heatherton (Eds.), *Policing the Planet: Why the Policing Crisis Led to Black Lives Matter* (pp. 15-33). New York, NY: Verso, p. 21.
[76] The U.S. Census figures can be found at www.bayareacensus.ca.gov/index.html.
[77] Tilton, Jennifer. (2010). *Dangerous or Endangered?: Race and the Politics of Youth in Urban America*. New York, NY: New York University Press, p. 174.
[78] Rios, Victor M. (2011). *Punished: Policing the Lives of Black and Latino Boys*. New York, NY: New York University Press, p. 18. See also Tilton (2010), pp. 173-5.
[79] Melamed (2011), p. 12.
[80] Kelling, George L. and Moore, Mark H. (1988). The evolving strategy of policing. *Perspectives on Policing*, 4, pp. 1-15.
[81] Wilson, James Q. (1968). *Varieties of Police Behavior: The Management of Law and Order in Eight Communities*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, pp. 172, 180-4.
[82] Wilson, James Q. and Kelling, George L. (1982). Broken windows. *Atlantic Monthly*, 249(3), pp. 29-38. See also Harcourt, Bernard E. (2001). *Illusion of Order: The False Promise of Broken Windows Policing*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, p. 6.
[83] May (1973), pp. 129-30.
[84] Murch (2010), p. 64.
[85] Murch (2010), p. 39.
[86] Thompson (1998).
[87] Murch (2010), p. 39.
[88] Quoted in Eisenberg (1974).
[89] Forman (2017), p. 44.
[90] Tilton (2010), pp. 33-5, 60-6. See also Simon, Jonathan. (2007). *Governing through Crime: How the War on Crime Transformed American Democracy and Created a Culture of Fear*. New York, NY: Oxford University Press.
[91] DeVries, Tom. (1989, September). The new urban guerillas. *California*, p. 62. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[92] Du Bois, W.E.B. (1994 [1903]). *The Souls of Black Folk*. New York, NY: Dover Publications, p. 1.
[93] Lipsitz (2011), p. 35.
[94] Fuller, Margurite. (2005, September 22). Letter: Obnoxious boom boxes. *Oakland Tribune*. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[95] Radovac, Lilian. (2011). The "War on Noise": Sound and space in La Guardia's New York. *American Quarterly*, 63(3), pp. 733-760, p. 744.
[96] Oakland Planning Department. (1974). *Noise: An Element of the Oakland Comprehensive Plan*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Planning Department, City of Oakland, p. 3. Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[97] Interview with Chris Candell, Zoning Inspector, City of Oakland, February 23, 2017.
[98] Oakland Police Department. (1912). *Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Police Department, Oakland, Cal*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Police Department. Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[99] No Author. (1971, August 29). Council to study measure to end noise pollution. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Noise Legislation. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. The law was based on a model ordinance written by the League of California Cities.
[100] Oakland Planning Department (1974).

[101] Editorial. (1978, July 9). Striking the wrong note. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Noise Legislation. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[102] Ordinances #10029 C.M.S. (1981) and #11200 C.M.S. (1990). Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[103] Ibid.
[104] Fitelson, Mike. (1996, February 23). City moves to bolster noise rules. *Montclarion*, p. 3. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Scherr, Judith. (1993, December 21). City requests stricter noise pollution law. *Montclarion*, p. 1. Noise. Oakland, Calif. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Valcke, Nancy L. (1997, May 16). Noise hotline: Oakland quieter than expected. *Montclarion*, p. 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[105] Candell (2017, February 23).
[106] Reed (2003), pp. 26-8.
[107] Reed, Ishmael. (2004, February 3). Noise torture thrives in Oakland. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 5. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Reed, Ishmael. (2005, September 21). The peace-and-quiet bandits. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 6. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[108] Camp, Jordan T. and Heatherton, Christina. (2016). Introduction: Policing the planet. In Jordan T. Camp and Christina Heatherton (Eds.), *Policing the Planet: Why the Policing Crisis Led to Black Lives Matter* (pp. 1-11). New York, NY: Verso, p. 5.

Chapter 3

[1] Foreword to Levingston (2003), p. 2.
[2] Harshaw, Pendarvis. (2017). *OG Told Me*. Oakland, CA: Self-Published, p. 50.
[3] Field notes from walk around Lake Merritt, November 25, 2017.
[4] Emerson, Karen. (1972, February 12). No Title. *Oakland Tribune*. Rollerland. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. At 18,000 square feet, Rollerland was, at the time, the largest skating rink in Northern California. It was once massively popular; by World War II, it was open every day of the year. But by the 1970s, as Oakland became increasingly impoverished, the venue could no longer afford to stay open.
[5] Cf. Forman (2017), p. 53.
[6] Cohen, Stanley. (2011 [1972]). *Folk Devils and Moral Panics: The Creation of the Mods and Rockers* (Routledge Classics Edition). New York, NY: Routledge. Hall et al. (1978).
[7] Riley, Boots. (2018, July 2). *Sorry to Bother You* director Boots Riley takes a ride through Oakland's changing landscape. *Vanity Fair*. www.vanityfair.com/hollywood/2018/07/sorry-to-bother-you-boots-riley-oakland.
[8] Lipsitz (2011), p. 64. See also Zanfagna (2017), p. 16.
[9] Watkins (1998).
[10] African-American racial slavery, however, wasn't the only form of racialized dispossession that rendered the car a critical site of emancipatory spatial practice. Latinx and Asian Oaklanders, too, have long histories of car culture that are nevertheless outside of the scope of this study.
[11] Levingston (2003), pp. 46, 53-4.
[12] Bedoya, Roberto. (2014, September 15). Spatial justice: Rasquachification, race and the city. *Creative Time Reports*. www.creativetimereports.org/2014/09/15/spatial-justice-rasquachification-race-and-the-city/.
[13] Brown, Roger. (2010). Ghetto fabulous: Inner city car culture, the law, and authenticity. *Interactions: UCLA Journal of Education and Information Studies*, 6(1). www.escholarship.org/uc/item/44b244tb. Walker (2004).

[14] Koffler, Debra and Majano, Vero (Directors). (2010). *Why I Ride: Slow and Low* (Motion Picture). U.S.: Conscious Youth Media Crew. San Francisco's Mission District was the regional center of lowriding culture. But Latinx Oaklanders participated, as well.
[15] Hogan, Mary Ann. (1985, May 26). The shores of Lake Merritt reflect Oakland at its best. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[16] Burt, Cecily. (1993, May 24). Lakeshore cruising triggers complaints. *Oakland Tribune*. Cruising. 1990-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Covarrubias, Amanda. (1985, July 29). Lakeside Park's duck area reclaimed for the law-abiding. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[17] Lane, Del. (1985, August 2). Lake Shore Avenue parking ban begins. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[18] Anwar, Yasmin. (1993, May 30). Responses mixed to curtailed cruising. *Oakland Tribune*. Cruising. 1990-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Harris, Harry & Staats, Craig. (1993, May 29). Police to attempt cruising control. *Oakland Tribune*. Cruising. 1990-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Wong, William. (1993, May 28). An Oakland dilemma: Whose lake is it? *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. The OPD's plans to continue to close the area were interrupted, however. The State of California castigated the City for violating the State's Vehicle Code, which prohibits municipalities from placing "gates or other selective devices" on public streets in such a way as to restrict access. The problem, however, according to the State, wasn't that the City's actions were exclusionary. Rather, it was that the City stepped on the toes of the State, which, according to the distribution of powers, has the sole authority to impose such restrictions. Harris, Harry & Staats, Craig. (1993, June 5). Police will rely on cruising law to control traffic. *Oakland Tribune*. Cruising. 1990-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[19] Ordinance #11504 C.M.S. (1992). Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[20] Quoted in Cutler, Jacqueline. (1992, May 27). Council member wants to curb cruising. *Oakland Tribune*. Cruising. 1990-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[21] Quoted in Li, David K. (1995, April 20). Council Oks curb on lake cruising. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Staats, Craig. (1995, April 18). City seeks to stall cruising near lake. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[22] Cook, Davey D. (2015, May 18). Facebook post. www.facebook.com/mrdaveyd/posts/10155530814045720.
[23] Cf. Hartman (2007).
[24] Oakland Police Services Agency. (1996, July 23). *Report Re: Cruising around Lake Merritt*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Police Department, City of Oakland. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[25] Forman (2017), pp. 197-8.
[26] California Youth Authority (1948), p. 29.
[27] Levingston (2003), p. 95.
[28] Oakland Police Services Agency (1996, July 23), p. 3.
[29] Quoted in Williams, Diana M. (1996, July 24). Cruising law may take a turn for the better. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[30] Johnson (2013).

[31] Cielo, Christina. (2005). Civic sideshows: Communities and publics in East Oakland. Berkeley, CA: Institute for the Study of Social Change, pp. 16-20. www.escholarship.org/uc/item/0ns787hk.
[32] Evangelista, Benny. (1994, August 30). Coliseum expands parking lot. *Oakland Tribune*. Malibu Grand Prix. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[33] Arnold, Eric. (2011, February 23). Rap atlas: Oakland. *Complex*. www.complex.com/pop-culture/2011/02/rap-atlas-oakland/.
[34] Johnson (2013), p. xi.
[35] Quoted in Maher, Sean. (2010, October 19). Summer without sideshows celebrated in Oakland. *Oakland Tribune*. www.mercurynews.com/2010/10/19/summer-without-sideshows-celebrated-in-oakland/.
[36] Davis, Mike. (1992). *City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles*. New York, NY: Vintage Books, pp. 242-4.
[37] Quoted in Bailey, Chauncey. (1993, June 6). Reviving Eastmont challenges manager. *Oakland Tribune*. Eastmont Shopping Center. Oakland, Calif. 1991-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[38] Harris, Harry. (2004, October 19). 140 cops get new base at Eastmont. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News-1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Kim, Deborah S. (1992, August 14). Oakland police go to the people. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-3. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. In 1996, a nightclub operator named Ari Avanessian proposed to open an all-ages Latin club in the vacated Mervyn's space. But this idea was defeated through the organized opposition of nearby residents, who were incensed about the melee that occurred at the Dogg Pound concert earlier that year (see Ch. 5). In an attempt to defend the proposal, however, Avanessian's team peddled in coded racist rhetoric that tried to distance "Hispanic" patrons from Black ones. "It isn't Hispanic events that have created problems," insisted Sandra Escobar, a consultant on the project. Schorr, Jonathan. (1996, November 20). Club plans get bad rap. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[39] E-40 feat. Keak Da Sneak, "Tell Me When to Go," *My Ghetto Report Card* (2006).
[40] Ohio Players, "Fire," *Fire* (1974).
[41] Stehlin, John G. (2015). *Business Cycles: Race, Gentrification, and the Making of Bicycle Space in the San Francisco Bay Area* (PhD Thesis). Berkeley, CA: University of California, Berkeley.
[42] Field notes from October 19, 2015.
[43] Harshaw (2017), p. 49.
[44] Menoret, Pascal. (2014). *Joyriding in Riyadh: Oil, Urbanism, and Road Revolt*. New York, NY: Cambridge University Press, p. 166.
[45] See Linebaugh, Peter and Rediker, Peter. (2000). *The Many-Headed Hydra: Sailors, Slaves, Commoners, and the Hidden History of the Revolutionary Atlantic*. Boston, MA: Beacon Press.
[46] Hebdige (1988 [1979]), pp. 2-3, 101-2.
[47] Many authors, academic and otherwise, relate the Hyphy Movement to Oakland's Black Power Movement. See, for example, Moore, Andrea L.S. (2017). Hyphy sparked a social movement. *Ethnic Studies Review*, 37(1), pp. 45-62. Pope, H. Lavar. (2014). Hyphy rap music, cooptation, and black fanatics in Oakland, CA (1994-2010). *Souls*, 16(3-4), pp. 242-68.
[48] In this sense, hyphy is often compared to the "crunk" sound of the Southern U.S., which, in the 2000s, came to overtake Northern and Western sounds of hip-hop as the nation's foremost party rap. Over the course of that decade, this link went from latent to blatant when Oakland's Too Short, who was already living in Atlanta, and Vallejo's E-40 began to work with Atlanta's crunk icon Lil Jon. Indeed, the sound of E-40's breakout *My Ghetto Report Card* (2006) was structured by the twin pillars of Atlanta and the East Bay. Lil Jon produced half of the songs on the album, including both of its Top-100 hits: "Tell Me When to Go" and "U and Dat." Most of the rest of the tracks were produced by Fairfield's Rick Rock.

[49] Moore (2017), p. 45.
[50] See Rios (2011), p. 118. These dynamics were intensified through the association—in practice, lyrics, and police discourse—of hyphy music and drug use, especially ecstasy or "thizz." Indeed, Harshaw (2017) describes his cohort of local youth as not Generation X but rather "Generation Rx" (p. 59).
[51] Bragin (2015), Ch. 5.
[52] Quoted in DJ Vlad (Director). (2008). *Ghostride the Whip* (Motion Picture). U.S.: Rugged Entertainment.
[53] Harshaw (2017), p. 26.
[54] Mistah F.A.B., "Ghost Ride It," *Slappin' in the Trunk Vol. 2* (2006).
[55] Allen-Taylor, J. Douglas. (2003, March 12). Showing their side. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/showing-their-side/Content?oid=1069567.
[56] Tilton (2010).
[57] Hebdige (1988 [1979]), pp. 46-9.
[58] Tilton (2010), pp. 156-8.
[59] Hall et al. (1978), p. 17.
[60] Cohen (2011 [1972]).
[61] Sharpe (2016), p. 81.
[62] Payton, Brenda. (2001, July 3). Oakland can no longer tolerate 'sideshow' dangers. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[63] Oden (2012), pp. 205-6, 243-4.
[64] As Robert Oden (2012) notes, this was a disturbing time for many the city's African-American voters, as it seemed to presage a wave-like loss of Black political power in general. During the Brown Administration, the number of Black members of the City Council and School Board fell from five to two and four to two, respectively. In addition, Elihu Harris, who left City Hall to return to Sacramento, lost his bid for his old Assembly seat to Audie Bock, a White member of the Green Party (p. 241).
[65] Interview with David Kozicki, former Deputy Chief, Oakland Police Department, December 7, 2017.
[66] Ibid.
[67] Quoted in Martinez, Mike. (2001, August 19). Police feel they have handle on sideshow cruisers. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[68] Buenning, Angela. (1998, April 26). Sideshow makes problems for community. *Oakland Post*, p. 2. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[69] Harris, Harry and Counts, Laura. (2002, March 17). Extra police to monitor "sideshows." *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[70] Martinez (2001, August 19).
[71] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[72] Oakland Police Department. (2005, June 7). *A Report Regarding Two Alternatives to Address Sideshow Activities*. Oakland, CA: Oakland Police Department. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. Payton (2001, July 3).
[73] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[74] Quoted in Geissinger, Steve and Geissinger, Michael. (2007, February 18). Sideshow law lapse blamed on the Bay Area. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2007/02/18/sideshow-law-lapse-blamed-on-bay-area/.

[75] Kozicki (2017, December 7). Martinez, Mike. (2002, November 11). Scofflaw crackdown: 80 vehicles towed in E. Oakland. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[76] Artz, Matthew. (2013, January 4). Sideshows still alive in Oakland. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2013/01/04/sideshows-still-alive-in-oakland/. Bailey, Chauncey. (2002, February 20). Street closings may curb sideshow. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. MacDonald, Heather. (2005, May 27). Brown wants to criminalize "sideshow" spectating. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2005/05/27/brown-wants-to-criminalize-sideshow-spectating/.
[77] Oakland Police Department (2005, June 7).
[78] See Warner, Michael. (2002). Publics and counterpublics. *Public Culture*, 14(1), pp. 49-90.
[79] Oakland Police Department (2005, June 7).
[80] Dutcher, Greta. (2005, July 14). Letters. *Oakland Tribune*. Payton, Brenda. (2005, July 12). Sideshow solution requires dialogue. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[81] Quoted in Stinnett, Peggy. (2005, June 27). Videos heat up sideshow debate. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[82] Quoted in MacDonald, Heather. (2005, June 9). Mayor's sideshow proposal defeated. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[83] MacDonald, Heather. (2005, July 21). Sideshow law on the books. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 2. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. If charged under the new law, spectators could be subject to a $1,000 fine and up to six months in jail.
[84] Kendrick Lamar, "Alright," *To Pimp a Butterfly* (2015).
[85] Ramírez (2017), pp. 135-45.
[86] Summers (Forthcoming).
[87] Field notes from meeting at Oakland City Hall, August 16, 2017.
[88] Quoted in No Author. (2018, January 30). Video shows man firing automatic weapon at East Bay sideshow. *KPIX 5*. www.sanfrancisco.cbslocal.com/2018/01/30/video-shows-man-firing-automatic-weapon-at-east-bay-sideshow/.

Chapter 4

[1] O'Donoghue, Liam (Producer). (2017, June 7). "I believe in the elders": Pendarvis Harshaw on gathering OG wisdom (Audio Podcast). *East Bay Yesterday*. www.eastbayyesterday.com/episodes/i-believe-in-the-elders/.
[2] Quoted in Dirks, Sandhya. (2018, September 14). When Oakland was a "Chocolate City": A brief history of Festival at the Lake. *KQED*. www.kqed.org/news/11690787/when-oakland-was-a-chocolate-city-a-brief-history-of-festival-at-the-lake.
[3] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[4] Moynihan, Daniel P. (1965). *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*. Washington, D.C.: Office of Policy Planning and Research, U.S. Department of Labor.
[5] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[6] Williams (2017, September 5).
[7] Rios (2011), p. xiv. It's important to note that Rios grew up in the Oakland flats. He experienced this subjection first hand before going on to study it.
[8] Editorial. (1979, October 16). Taking pride in Lakeside Park. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1978-1983. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[9] Melamed (2011), pp. 91-7.
[10] Hogan (1985, May 26).

[11] Levitt, Ed. (1985, June 2). Oakland event lures big, happy crowd. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[12] O'Brien, Bill. (1997, October 9). The magic is gone: Farewell to Festival at the Lake. *East Bay Express*, p. 36. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[13] Quoted in Dirks (2018, September 14).
[14] www.youtube.com/watch?v=7p2EwQL4wyY and www.youtube.com/watch?v=GBMrhhz3OlU.
[15] Harris, Harry and Staats, Craig. (1994, June 7). Violence leads city to reconsider lake site. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Smallwood, Lola. (1995, February 19). Festival programs to curtail rowdiness. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A15. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Williams, Diana M. (1994, June 6). Festival ends in violence. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[16] Quoted in Harris and Staats (1994, June 7).
[17] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[18] Ibid.
[19] Moynihan (1965), p. 4.
[20] Indeed, according to the accompanying notes, the one that seemed to valorize sexual assault was actually drawn from footage shot on site for the music video for "Sunshine in the 'O'" (1995) by 3X Crazy, which included Keak Da Sneak. See www.youtube.com/watch?v=7p2EwQL4wyY.
[21] Browne, Simone. (2015). *Dark Matters: On the Surveillance of Blackness*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.
[22] BondGraham, Darwin. (2017, October 5). Cases against police officers who sexually exploited underage girl known as Celeste Guap fall apart. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/SevenDays/archives/2017/10/05/cases-against-police-officers-who-sexually-exploited-underage-girl-known-as-celeste-guap-fall-apart. Patterson, Brandon E. (2016, June 22). 6 things you should know about the police sex scandal that has Oakland reeling. *Mother Jones*. www.motherjones.com/politics/2016/06/oakland-police-sex-scandal-explainer-libby-shaaf-chief-sean-wendt/.
[23] Quoted in Velasquez, Daniel. (1994, June 10). Officials vow to listen to youth. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[24] Quoted in Williams, Diana M. (1994, June 7). Rioting over, Oakland assesses the damage. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[25] Quoted in Bailey, Chauncey. (1994, June 13). Winning Lakeside Park's good reputation back. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland, Calif. Park. Lake Merritt Park. General. 1985-. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[26] Quoted in Slater, Dashka. (1995, April 28). CALM prevails at Lake Merritt. *East Bay Express*, p. 2. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[27] This imperative of self-government had its limits, however. In the case of the Black Panther Party, for instance, the insistence on removing and replacing all law enforcement in cities like Oakland and Richmond in favor of community control was attacked as an intolerable threat to the White racial state.
[28] Quoted in Slater (1995, April 28).
[29] Li, David L. (1995, November 1). Organizers spread out festival gala. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A9. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Smallwood, Lola (1995, February 19). Festival programs to curtail rowdiness. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A15. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[30] Hodgdon, Pete. (1996, March 29). Volunteers to help with light security at Festival at the Lake. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A13. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Kirkwood, Kathleen. (1996, September 25). Panel OKs cash rescue of Festival. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A11. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Walker, Thaai. (1997, November 11). Festival at the Lake discontinued: Debt from Oakland fete proved insurmountable. *San Francisco Chronicle*. www.sfgate.com/news/article/Festival-At-the-Lake-Discontinued-Debt-from-2796861.php.
[31] Quoted in Walker (1997, November 11).
[32] No Author. (1967, November 17). Ruth Beckford resigns from Recreation Department. *California Voice*, p. 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. By the time that Beckford retired from the City of Oakland in 1967, the Recreation Department offered 34 modern dance classes serving over 700 children, teens, and adults across the city.
[33] Beckford (2007).
[34] Leeming, David. (1994). *James Baldwin: A Biography*. New York, NY: Alfred A. Knopf, pp. 43-4.
[35] Baldwin (2007 [1972]), p. 170.
[36] Lizárraga, Willy. (May 2010). The birth of Carnaval on the streets of San Francisco. *FoundSF*. www.foundsf.org/index.php?title=The_Birth_of_Carnaval_on_the_Streets_of_San_Francisco.
[37] Casey, Laura. (2002, May 28). Oakland celebrates Carnival: African-Carribbean [sic] culture, community bonding highlighted. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[38] Interview with LaMantia, former Organizer and Participant, Carijama Caribbean Festival, November 25, 2016.
[39] Throughout the rest of this section, I refer to Theo Williams as King Theo to differentiate him from Connie Williams.
[40] Williams (2017, September 5).
[41] This image can be located at: Queen of Carijama on parade route, Brazilian Sands group, Foga Na Ropa [sic] in background, 1997, Shades of North Oakland photograph collection, MS 99, African American Museum and Library at Oakland, Oakland Public Library. Oakland, California.
[42] Bailey, Chauncey. (1999, June 1). Thousands turn out to celebrate islands' culture. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[43] Williams (2017, September 5).
[44] LaMantia (2016, November 25).
[45] Thym, Jolene. (1995, August 6). How 4 East Bay arts groups stay afloat without the NEA. *Oakland Tribune*. Carijama. Carnaval Celebration. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[46] LaMantia (2016, November 25).
[47] Williams (2017, September 5).
[48] Foucault, Michel. (2008 [1978-79]). *The Birth of Biopolitics: Lectures at the Collège de France, 1978-1979*. New York, NY: Picador, p. 186. See also Foucault, Michel. (1983 [1982]). The subject and power. In Hubert L. Dreyfus and Paul Rabinow, *Michel Foucault: Beyond Structuralism and Hermeneutics* (pp. 208-226). Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press.
[49] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[50] Harris, Harry et al. (2003, May 28). Troublemakers imperil future of Carijama fest. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[51] Editorial. (2003, May 30). Troublemakers tarnish Carijama Carnival—again. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Opinion 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[52] Ibid.
[53] Payton, Brenda. (2002, May 30). Rowdies won't stop Carijama Oakland Carnival. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[54] Quoted in Harris et al. (2003, May 28).
[55] Payton, Brenda (2003, June 10). Middle-aged blacks question rowdy actions. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[56] Casey, Laura. (2004, April 23). Mosswood Park neighbors don't want Caribbean fest. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Harris et al. (2003, May 28).
[57] This space is also commonly referred to as Oscar Grant Plaza in honor of the 22-year-old Black man who was killed by Johannes Mehserle, a White transit cop, in 2009. See Ch. 6, Note 107.
[58] Quoted in MacDonald, Heather. (2004, April 27). Carijama festival to move downtown. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[59] Kozicki (2017, December 7). It should be noted that this is a common arrangement in Oakland. Indeed, in a city that carries the living legacy of the Black Panther Party's campaign to "police the police," Black-run events—from the Malcolm X Jazz Arts Festival in San Antonio Park to Life Is Living in DeFremery Park—routinely work with community-based security companies to ensure that those charged with protecting the "safety" of the crowd comprehend the full range of risks that face communities of color, including law-enforcement agencies like the FBI, ICE, and OPD. In fact, the most prominent group today, Urban Shield Security Services, was founded by Tur-ha Ak, one the leaders of the Anti-Police Terror Project. It should also be noted that the firm hired for Carijama, while staffed by Black Muslims, wasn't the same as the firm connected to the notorious family of Yusuf Bey. See Peele, Thomas. (2012). *Killing the Messenger: A Story of Radical Faith, Racism's Backlash, and the Assassination of a Journalist*. New York, NY: Crown Publishers.
[60] Kozicki (2017, December 7). Rubenstein, Steve. (2004, June 1). Carijama Festival ends in violence for 4th year: Police use tear gas to quell melee after music celebration. *San Francisco Chronicle*. www.sfgate.com/bayarea/article/OAKLAND-Carijama-Festival-ends-in-violence-for-2754396.php.
[61] MacDonald, Heather. (2004, October 30). Cops told to alter crowd-gassing policy. *Oakland Tribune*, p. Local 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. McDonough, Susan and MacDonald, Heather. (2004, June 1). Unruly youths defy police after Carijama ends. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Rubenstein (2004, June 1).
[62] Williams (2017, September 5).
[63] Ibid.
[64] Williams, Theo A. (No Date). SambaFunk! artistic director: King Theo. www.sambafunk.com/artistic-director-king-theo/.

Chapter 5

[1] Construction on Oakland's City Hall, the city's first skyscraper, commenced in 1911, the same year that Mayor Frank Mott was married. Commentators thus nicknamed the building "Mayor Mott's wedding cake." See Bagwell (1996 [1982]), p. 184.
[2] Interview with Geoffrey Pete, Owner, Geoffrey's Inner Circle, October 17, 2017.

[3] Pete (2004).
[4] Pete (2017, October 17).
[5] Veal, Liza. (2014, March 2). Talking to Geoffrey Pete is hearing Oakland's history in microcosm. *Oakland Local*. www.geoffreyslive.com/about-gic/geoffrey-pete-oaklands-black-businesshistorianculture-keeper/.
[6] Pete (2017, October 17).
[7] Otis Redding, "(Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay," *The Dock of the Bay* (1968).
[8] Letter from Craig G. Kocian to Geoffrey Pete, December 17, 1993. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[9] Sockwell, Ikimulisa. (1993, December 9). Oakland club to cater to a new crowd. *Oakland Tribune*. Pete, Geoffrey. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[10] Pete (2017, October 17).
[11] Williams, Diana M. (1997, July 10). City loan bolsters 14th St. upgrade. *Oakland Tribune*. Pete, Geoffrey. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[12] Pete (2017, October 17).
[13] Ibid.
[14] Ibid.
[15] Quoted in Bailey, Chauncey. (1996, June 4). Police worry about crowds from club congesting streets. *Oakland Tribune*. Pete, Geoffrey. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[16] I derived these figures from an analysis of the City of Oakland's list of licensed cabarets from 2001, the earliest year for which data are available, to 2016; news reports; and records related to individual clubs. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[17] Pete (2017, October 17).
[18] Johnson (1993), p. 236.
[19] Boyd, Michelle R. (2008). *Jim Crow Nostalgia: Reconstructing Race in Bronzeville*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.
[20] Watkins (1998).
[21] Collins (1997), p. 322.
[22] After decades of struggle, Local 6 was forced to integrate in 1960 under threats from the State's Assistant Attorney General. Still, de facto discrimination continued for years to come. In 1969, Rodney J. Reed—a saxophonist and clarinetist, who led a dance band and taught music in local schools—rallied almost half of the union's 350 African Americans to form a group called Black Musicians for Fair Employment (BMFE). According to the *Tribune*: "Reed said fewer than 2 per cent of the union's black members are employed 'in the major musical life of the Bay Area' and that this 'reflects a deliberate effort to exclude black musicians' from such employment. His charge was directed against the San Francisco Opera Orchestra, the San Francisco and Oakland Symphony Orchestras, the major hotel orchestras, theaters, the musical shows which come into the area, the recording industry, the TV studios, and ship lines." BMFE thus called upon Local 6 to negotiate for non-discrimination agreements in their contracts, rather than just wages, the less controversial bread-and-butter of union organizing, which ultimately protected White privilege. Wilson, Russ. (1969, April 27). No Title. *Oakland Tribune*. Musicians Federation, American. San Francisco Bay Area, Calif. Local 6. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[23] Washington, Henry G. (2007). Oral history with Henry Geraldyne Washington. Interviewed by Rick Moss. MS 191, African American Museum and Library at Oakland Oral History Collection, African American Museum and Library at Oakland, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[24] The destruction of Seventh Street was intimately tied to the nascent process of containerization at the Port of Oakland, too. In exchange for its easement, BART moved all of the earth excavated from Broadway in Downtown Oakland to create 140 acres of landfill along the water, where the Port, an early leader in containerization, built its first dedicated container terminal. See Rhomberg (2004), p. 126. This move to containerization would not only undermine unionized work among

West Oakland residents, but also increase truck at the expense of pedestrian traffic—leaving the neighborhood choking on particulate toxins, rather than reaping the benefits of a vibrant street life. For more on containerization in relation to the Port of Oakland, see Levinson, Marc. (2006). *The Box: How the Shipping Container Made the World Smaller and the World Economy Bigger*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, Ch. 9.

[25] Oakland City Planning Commission (1951), p. 70.

[26] Ibid., pp. 72-7. See also Schwarzer, Mitchell. (2014). A tale of two waterfronts: Oakland's Jack London Square competes with San Francisco. *California History*, 91(4), pp. 6-30. According to Schwarzer, that same year, Joseph Knowland presided over a ceremony that rededicated the area as an upscale entertainment district in honor, ironically, of Jack London—the author of adventure novels who, introduced to rough-and-tumble tales of commerce and colonialism in the West as a denizen of the waterfront, was decidedly more proletarian in his leanings.

[27] Oakland City Planning Commission (1951), p. 75. As recently as 1992, Jack London Square still served as an island of upscale, White-serving retail. One consumer survey found that area shoppers were 74 percent White, 64 percent women, 59 percent college graduates, and 59 percent employed in professional, managerial, or technical occupations. Tyler and Associates. (1992). *The Jack London Square Shoppers Survey*. Corte Madera, CA: Tyler and Associates, p. 15. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

[28] Watkins (1998).

[29] Ibid.

[30] Washington (2007).

[31] No Author (1967, May 24).

[32] Pete (2017, October 17).

[33] Newton (2009 [1973]), p. 13-4.

[34] Self (2003), pp. 25-8, 138-9.

[35] Thanks to Alexis Madrigal for discussing this process with me and making the connections to the Athenian-Nile Club.

[36] Self (2003), pp. 150-5. Surprisingly, Elaine Brown, one-time chairwoman of the Black Panthers, was central to the construction of the 980, as well. According to Joshua Bloom and Waldo Martin (2012), she convinced then-Governor Jerry Brown (who was opposed to completing the freeway) to release $33 million in transportation funds in exchange for a commitment from Clorox, Hyatt, Wells Fargo, and other large corporations to invest in City Center (p. 384). According to Elaine Brown's own account: "I urged her [the Secretary of Transportation under Brown] to think about what clean air meant to people who were too oppressed to lift their heads and breathe it." Quoted in Oden (2012), pp. 122.

[37] Schwarzer, Mitchell. (2015). Oakland City Center: The plan to reposition Downtown within the Bay region. *Journal of Planning History*, 14(2), pp. 88-111. One of these blocks remained a hole in the ground all the way until 2018, when record-low commercial vacancies finally convinced Shorenstein Properties to "break ground."

[38] Ayers, Gene. (1975, September 11). Should Oakland wreck the Fox? *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland. Theaters. Fox. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. No Author. (1973, August 10). Arsonist sets fire to Fox Theater. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland. Theaters. Fox. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. In the end, the Fox was saved from demolition in 1978 when it was purchased at auction by local resident Erma Delucchi, who fell in love with the theater when she and her husband would go there for dates in high school. According to local historian Annalee Allen: "Delucchi's husband, Mario, was circling the block, looking for parking…and told her to use her judgment on how high to bid. No one topped her offer of $340,000." Allen, Annalee. (2013, June 30). Fox Theater one of city's true gems. *Oakland Tribune*. Oakland. Theaters. Fox. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[39] Spear, Michael D. (1986). *Investor Perceptions of Downtown Oakland*. Oakland, CA: Rouse Company. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[40] Kroll, Cynthia. (1987). *Downtown Oakland and the Regional Economy*. Berkeley, CA: University-Oakland Metropolitan Forum, pp. 5-6, 84-5. Environmental Design Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[41] Starling (1985), p. 53. "The areas rated least safe were the flatlands and the downtown areas, followed by the Lake Merritt district…and the areas closest to the poorer neighborhoods" (ibid.).
[42] Williams (2017, September 5).
[43] As of 1995, there were 6,600 housing units and 11,000 residents Downtown. See Oakland Community and Economic Development Agency. (1998). *Envision Oakland: City of Oakland General Plan, Land Use and Transportation Element*. Oakland, CA: Community and Economic Development Agency, City of Oakland, p. 64. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[44] Oakland – Sharing the Vision Inc. (1992). *The Oakland Strategic Plan*. Oakland, CA: Oakland – Sharing the Vision Inc., pp. 10-4. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.
[45] Interview with Ed Blakely, former City Planner and Mayoral Candidate, June 24, 2017. Thanks to Trisha Barua for putting us in touch.
[46] Tilton (2010), pp. 163-4.
[47] Quoted in DuPont, Jim et al. (1999, November 23). Oakland for the elite only? As city officials urge housing downtown, don't forget the others. *San Francisco Chronicle*. www.sfgate.com/opinion/openforum/article/Oakland-for-the-Elite-Only-As-city-officials-2893875.php.
[48] Tilton (2010), p. 164.
[49] Rhomberg (2004), pp. 189-90.
[50] Quoted in Thompson, Chris. (2000, October 20). With a little help from the City… *East Bay Express*, p. 23. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[51] Parks, Richard. (2009, April 8). The Uptown Apartments look nice, but are still mostly empty. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/the-uptown-apartments-look-nice-but-are-still-mostly-empty/Content?oid=1369267.
[52] Richards, Kathleen. (2007, July 25). Out Foxed? The City of Oakland is banking on the Fox Theater to revive Uptown, but where will that leave the Paramount? *East Bay Express*, p. 9. Oakland. Theaters. Fox. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Woodall, Angela. (2005, February 5). Fox Theater reopens in all its splendor. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2009/02/05/fox-theater-reopens-in-all-its-splendor/.
[53] Hildebrand (2017, April 20).
[54] Greene and Hawthorne (2017, March 4).
[55] Quoted in Fabio, Cheryl (Director). (2017). *Evolutionary Blues: West Oakland's Musical Legacy* (Motion Picture). U.S.: KTOP.
[56] Becker, Dave. (1996, May 19). Promoters, rappers debate future of concerts. *Oakland Tribune*. Music. Rap. 1996. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[57] Levingston (2003), p. 64.
[58] This seems to contrast with Paul Chevigny's account of the "cabaret laws" in New York City, which, according to Chevigny, used restrictions around jazz music as a means to enforce racial, economic, and sexual hierarchies as early as the 1920s. Oakland saw a rise in licensing activity and oversight in relation to nightspots, especially vis-à-vis alcohol, during the Progressive and Prohibition Eras, as well. But, as far as I can tell, it didn't begin to regulate musical genres and practices in earnest until the post–Civil Rights Era, coincident with the rise of rap. Prior to that, regulation in Oakland seemed to occur on a more private basis through the actions, as mentioned,

of venue owners and union reps. See Chevigny, Paul. (2005 [1991]). *Gigs: Jazz and the Cabaret Laws in New York City*. New York, NY: Routledge.

[59] Greene and Hawthorne (2017, March 4). The desegregation of the American Federation of Musicians Local 6 might've mean higher wages for some musicians of color. But many artists complained that the union hurt them as much as it helped. In 1974, for instance, the union added the New Royce Club, Spider's Web, and My Club in Oakland to its "national unfair list" after alleging that these venues refused to hire union workers. This, then, barred union members from playing there, or else risk losing their privileges. According to the *Tribune*: "Local president J.J. Spain labeled the three clubs as 'little, raunchy upholstered ghetto sewers' and said the intention of the union action was to make the clubs 'die.'" But Black musicians like the renowned Ed Kelly, who organized jazz sessions at the New Royce, criticized this move. "The union never does anything for you. They don't support the brothers in the clubs. I've been in the union for 12 years and have never been called for a job. The only time you hear from them is when they want dues money." No Author. (1974, December 15). Oakland jazz in a union jam. *Oakland Tribune*. Musicians Federation, American. San Francisco Bay Area, Calif. Local 6. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.

[60] Blakely (2017, June 24).

[61] Williams (2017, September 5).

[62] Campus, Michael (Director). (1973). *The Mack* (Motion Picture). U.S.: Harbor Productions, Harvey Bernhard Enterprises. *The Mack* is an iconic blaxploitation film shot in Oakland. The narrative follows a pimp named Goldie (Isaac Julien) as he navigates the city's geographies of racial oppression and patriarchal sexual exploitation. One of the central tensions in the movie revolves around the conflict between Goldie and his brother Olinga—a Black radical who wants to improve the community by ridding it of not only racist police, but also pimps and drug pushers like Goldie. This tension—which was thematized in Sun Ra's *Space Is the Place* (1974), too (see Ch. 1)—mirrored the actual struggle in Oakland between the Black Panthers and Black crime organizations like that of Frank and Teddy Ward. The latter, in fact, make an appearance in the movie during the famous "player's ball"—which, held in real life at Don Barksdale's Showcase Club, was presided over by emcee and entertainer Jay Payton (see Ch. 1). See Vincent (2013), pp. 259-60. The film went on to serve as a sort of style guide to Black heteromasculine power among future generations in Oakland and other U.S. cities. It's remembered, for instance, as creating the template for Too Short as one of the first rappers to mold himself in the image of the pimp. In addition, the song "I Choose You" (1973) by Willie Hutch, which appeared on the soundtrack, was later sampled by 50 Cent on "Pimpin', Pt. 2" (2007) and UGK feat. Outkast on "Int'l Players Anthem (I Choose You)" (2007).

[63] MC Hammer, "Let's Get It Started," *Let's Get It Started* (1988). MC Hammer, "U Can't Touch This," *Please Hammer, Don't Hurt 'Em* (1990).

[64] Kelley (1997). Rose (1994).

[65] Arnold (2011, February 23). Kelp, Larry. (1989, October 8). Welcome to "Oaktown," rap capital U.S.A. *Oakland Tribune*. Music. Rap. Dec 1985-Dec 1990. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.

[66] Clemmons, C.J. and Anderson, Craig. (1989, October 15). Shooting reports conflict at rap concert. *Oakland Tribune*. Music. Rap. Dec 1985-Dec 1990. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Clemmons, C.J. and Harris, Harry (1989, October 17). Coliseum will screen rap acts to avert concert violence. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-7. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. Hildebrand (2017, April 20).

[67] Fagan, Kevin. (1990, November 18). Oakland to host first major concert in a year. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[68] Ibid.

[69] Arnold (2011, February 23).
[70] Kelp, Larry. (1990, August 19). Oaktown revival. *Oakland Tribune*. Music. Rap. Dec 1985-Dec 1990. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA. Williams (2017, September 5).
[71] N.W.A., "Fuck the Police," *Straight Outta Compton* (1988). Phillips, Chuck. (1991, February 10). Beating the rap of concert violence. *Los Angeles Times*. www.latimes.com/archives/la-xpm-1991-02-10-ca-1404-story.html.
[72] Rose (1993), pp. 124-39.
[73] Brooks, Ronald et al. (1990, November 18). Media distorts rap-music violence. *Oakland Tribune*. Music. Rap. Dec 1985-Dec 1990. Hayward Area Historical Society, Hayward, CA.
[74] Quoted in Fagan (1990, November 18).
[75] Quoted in Brand, William. (1990, December 28). Rap on trial: Event outcome to decide future policy. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[76] Quoted in Lopez, Robert J. (1990, December 30). Rappers return with safe show: Tight security keeps night peaceful. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[77] Rose (1993), p. 127.
[78] Williams Diana M. (1996, April 23). Cops opposed rap concert, but city allowed it. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[79] Oakland City Manager. (1996, April 30). *Informational Report from the Office of the City Manager and Director of Police Services Pertaining to the Disturbance on April 20, 1996 at the Eastmont Pavilion in Eastmont Mall*. Oakland, CA: Office of the City Manager, City of Oakland. Institute for Governmental Studies Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA.

Chapter 6

[1] Jidenna, "The Let Out," *Quavo* (2017).
[2] Quoted in Hubbard, Lee. (1999, July 30). Are Black clubs welcome in Jerry Brown's new Oakland? *East Bay Express*, p. 3. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[3] Field notes from SambaFunk! Joy Funkraiser, December 9, 2017.
[4] See interview at www.youtube.com/watch?v=8Yjm-py0gy4.
[5] Platoni, Kara. (2003, April 16). Where the cops don't say "TGIF." *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/where-the-cops-dont-say-tgif/Content?oid=1069890.
[6] Mistah F.A.B. (2006).
[7] Quoted in Oakland Community and Economic Development Agency. (1997). *Request for Proposals: Uptown Oakland Fox Theater*. Oakland, CA: Community and Economic Development Agency, City of Oakland, p. 2. Oakland. Theaters. Fox. Oakland History Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA. The desire to lure these activities north out of Jack London Square was also motivated by a longstanding competition between the City and the Port of Oakland, which is fiscally and administratively separate from the former. According to Ed Blakely, many who worked for the City felt that—as a stated entertainment district, and a de facto White-serving one at that (see Ch. 5)—Jack London Square was a "knife in the back." It pulled commercial activity, and the tax dollars that came with it, out of the domain of the City, e.g. Downtown, and into that of the Port. Blakely (2017, June 24).
[8] Report related to OPD Incident (Number Unknown), March 1996. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[9] Quoted in Williams, Diana M. (1995, November 29). City admits lapse in rave party permit. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-9. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library,

Oakland, CA. Then, in another stark display of disparity, the City went on to grant the promoter, Cool World Productions, a permit to hold another rave on New Years Eve the very next month (albeit with some restrictions on alcohol and an increase in security guards). Williams, Diana M. (1995, December 23). Officials defuse all-night rave for New Year's. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A-9. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[10] Wells, Stacey. (1998, November 8). Oakland's tab for OT: $25 million. *Oakland Tribune*, p. News 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.

[11] Hubbard (1999, July 30).

[12] This sort of arrangement dated as far back as 1867. At the time, residents of San Francisco and remote parts of the East Bay would visit Oakland on Sundays in search of outdoor recreation and other pleasures. These diversions, in turn, would generate "public nuisances." So the City called upon the OPD to hire temporary "Special Officers" to help maintain the public order on Sundays. These officers, in turn, were paid not by the City, but rather local business and property owners. See McArdle (1980), p. 10.

[13] Ordinance #12132 C.M.S. (1999). Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. This three-part definition remained in place until 2008, when, after several Black motorcycle club parties at Sweet's Ballroom and Karibbean City attracted a large police response, the City Attorney amended existing cabaret permits to define biker parties—which, in Oakland, were typically Black—as an event that required a special permit under the assumption that they'd require excessive policing, as well. Club members, in turn, came out to contest this decision at the City Council. "We're not asking for money," stated Ronald Muhammad. "We're just asking the council not to put shackles on us as we try to do our civic duty and exercise our civic rights." See Woodall, Angela. (2008, September 16). Oakland's bikers run up against city's nightlife bureaucracy. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2008/09/16/oaklands-bikers-run-up-against-citys-nightlife-bureaucracy/.

[14] Ordinance #12132 C.M.S. (1999).

[15] Interview with Andy McNeil, Sergeant, Special Events Unit, Oakland Police Department, February 16, 2017.

[16] See Davis (1992).

[17] Williams (2017, September 5).

[18] Ordinance #12132 C.M.S. (1999). In the event that they deemed these requirements unfair, the law provided for special-event applicants to appeal the decisions of the SEU all the way up to the City Council. In practice, however, this was another onerous and costly procedure.

[19] Rayburn, Kelly. (2008, November 25). Oakland mayor lifts police overtime restrictions. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2008/11/25/oakland-mayor-lifts-police-overtime-restrictions/. Rayburn, Kelly. (2009, March 30). Oakland facing more budget challenges. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2009/03/30/oakland-facing-more-budget-challenges/amp/. The City of Oakland would eventually lose an estimated $100 million in tax revenues during the Great Recession. See Gammon, Robert. (2010, December 22) Closed for business. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/closed-for-business/Content?oid=2295052.

[20] Epstein, Kitty K. (2012). *Organizing to Change a City*. New York, NY: Peter Lang Publishing, pp. 3-7.

[21] MacDonald, Heather. (2007, March 1). City, cops' union at impasse. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2007/03/01/city-cops-union-at-impasse/. Rayburn, Kelly. (2007, November 13). OPD cops to work 12-hour shifts. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2007/11/13/opd-cops-to-work-12-hour-shifts/.

[22] The consequences of such a move could prove disastrous. In 1933, a campaign to reduce the salaries of OPD officers during the Great Depression—another time when the City of Oakland risked insolvency—led to the ouster of City Manager Ossian Carr. See McArdle (1980), p. 20.

[23] Gammon, Robert. (2011, March 9). Oakland cops make bank on overtime. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/oakland-cops-make-bank-on-overtime/Content?oid=2507210.
[24] Pete (2017, October 17).
[25] Email from David Kozicki to Geoffrey Pete, October 30, 2008. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[26] Kozicki (2017, December 7).
[27] Report on administrative hearing for Mingles, May 15, 2006. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[28] Gammon (2011, March 9).
[29] Gammon, Robert. (2011, March 2). Cops charging overtime to clubs. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/cops-charging-overtime-to-clubs/Content?oid=2491919.
[30] Pete (2017, October 17).
[31] Complaint in Pete v. City of Oakland et al. (2009). U.S. Court Case #C09-06097.
[32] Decision in Pete v. City of Oakland et al. (2011). U.S. Court Case #C09-06097.
[33] Ibid.
[34] Ibid.
[35] Ibid.
[36] Bonilla-Silva (2003). Crenshaw, Kimberlé W. (1988). Race, reform, and retrenchment: Transformation and legitimation in antidiscrimination law. *Harvard Law Review*, 101(7), pp. 1331-87. Freeman, Alan D. (1977). Legitimizing racial discrimination through antidiscrimination law: A critical review of Supreme Court doctrine. *Minnesota Law Review*, 62, pp. 1049-1119. Goldberg (2009). Melamed (2011). Omi and Winant (2014).
[37] Lipsitz (2011), p. 35.
[38] Pete v. City of Oakland et al. (2011).
[39] No Author. (2010, February 10). "Sweet Jimmie" Ward, 74. *Oakland Post*, p. 1. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[40] Brown, Elaine. (1992). *A Taste of Power: A Black Woman's Story*. New York, NY: Pantheon Books, pp. 329-33. Elaine Brown writes that, at first, Ward was a "reluctant lessor." "Huey had asked him to rent to us at a reduced price, so that we could realize enough income to support our Survival Programs. The owner had challenged Huey's reasoning that blacks like him who had gained an economic foothold in America had a duty to assist in elevating their Brothers and Sisters. He told Huey that he had earned 'his' and owed nothing to anyone. He had clung to that position until faced with the prospect of having nothing" (ibid.).
[41] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on Jimmie's Entertainment Complex. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. Sweet Jimmie's also featured Saturday-night lip-synching contests that were broadcast on *Soul Beat*, a local Black-owned television station, thus bringing the venue into the lives of Black Oaklanders and vice versa. Interview with JE, General Manager, New Parish, June 21, 2017.
[42] St. Clair, Katy. (2003, February 26). Jimmie's sour grapes. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/jimmies-sour-grapes/Content?oid=1069453.
[43] Per the California Business and Professions Code, Item 25601, a "disorderly house" is business with a liquor license that causes a "disturbance of the neighborhood" or is used in such a way that is "injurious to the public morals, health, convenience, or safety." As a designation, it's used by the CA Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, in conjunction with local law enforcement, to take punitive action against such businesses, including the suspension, probation, or revocation of their liquor license.
[44] Report related to OPD Incident #2758, April 1, 2002. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[45] Complaint in Jimmie's Limousine Service, Inc. v. City of Oakland et al. (2004). U.S. Court Case #C04-3321.
[46] Decision in Jimmie's Limousine Service, Inc. v. City of Oakland et al. (2004). U.S. Court Case #C04-3321.
[47] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on Jimmie's Entertainment Complex. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.
[48] Ibid. These documents further reveal the way in which the City and the OPD's views of crowds were colored by race. The crime report from an earlier Yukmouth concert in 2002, for instance, stated: "We determined that people who were attending this event had come from as far away as Sacramento." In the context of Jerry Brown's campaign to turn the Uptown into an entertainment destination, this might've been read as a sign of success. Indeed, when the Fox Theater opened in 2009, the local media would rave about the venue's ability to draw out-of-town tourists. With young people of color, especially working-class Black youth, however, the exact same scenario was taken as evidence of the dangerous role of rap concerts in attracting riff raff from across the region. See report related to OPD Incident #2758, March 31, 2002.
[49] Ibid.
[50] Quoted in Burt, Cecily and Maher, Sean. (2010, February 11). Salute to legendary Oakland bar owner. *Oakland Tribune*, p. A3. Magazine and Newspaper Room, Main Branch, Oakland Public Library, Oakland, CA.
[51] I wasn't able to determine the race of the applicants in this case. But, interestingly, the case itself reveals that they were denied due to their rap-centered musical programming and apparent incapacity to control violence in previous endeavors. This, I argue, points to the way that these frequencies of government racialize the spatial politics of nightlife in ways that extend beyond, without exceeding, phenotype.
[52] Interview with Arturo Sanchez, former Deputy City Administrator, City of Oakland, November 11, 2016.
[53] This sense of risk can extend to the risk of legal, political, and financial liabilities for the City, which, charged with protecting the public safety and welfare, can be held responsible (e.g. sued for negligence) if it fails to regulate space in a way that leads to harm. In the ongoing case of the Ghost Ship Fire, for instance, the families of the victims are suing the City for failing to inspect and preempt unsafe conditions at the warehouse. See DeBolt, David. (2018, November 15). State supreme court allows Ghost Ship lawsuit against Oakland to proceed. *East Bay Times*. www.mercurynews.com/2018/11/15/state-supreme-court-allows-ghost-ship-lawsuit-to-proceed/.
[54] Oakland Police Department (1912), pp. 7, 20-1.
[55] Ordinances #148 N.S. (1912) and #553 N.S. (1913). Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. The 1913 law amended the original ordinance to put the Chief, rather than the City Council, in charge of reviews.
[56] Kelley (2016), p. 17.
[57] See Oakland Municipal Code, Section 5.12.010 – Definitions. www.library.municode.com/ca/oakland/codes/code_of_ordinances?nodeId=TIT5BUTAPERE_CH5.12CA_5.12.010DE.
[58] Interview with Greg Minor, Assistant to the City Administrator, City of Oakland, March 2, 2017. Still, according to his colleague, Nancy Marcus, Minor will often meet with applicants who have a negative mark on their background check to give them a chance to explain the context of their criminal record. Interview with Nancy Marcus, Analyst, City Administrator's Office, City of Oakland, August 15, 2017.
[59] Interview with Angela Woodall, former Nightlife Reporter, *Oakland Tribune*, October 7, 2016. It's important to note, as I point out in various places throughout this study, that it wasn't just the police who saw rap as "trouble." Rather, this view was widely shared among officials, club

owners, event producers, community leaders, and residents across a range of racial and class identities.

[60] Report on proposal to amend the 300-foot rule, November 13, 2007. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[61] Report on appeal of Tycoon's cabaret permit denial, April 17, 2017. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. Here, we can see the relays of responsibility that animate the relationship between business owners and regulators. See Note 51.

[62] Marcus (2017, August 15).

[63] Letter from Zachary Wasserman to City Council regarding appeal of Tycoon's cabaret permit denial, March 19, 2007. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[64] The struggle over Tycoon's not only put the antiquated contradictions of the 300-foot rule on the City Council's agenda, but also catalyzed the amendment of the law (albeit not before the rule was used to build a case against the club). In 2007, around the same time that it denied the appeal for Tycoon's, the City Council reworked the law so that—as with massage parlors and cannabis clubs—the SAPD could use "discretion" in permitting a cabaret within 300 feet of a protected land use so long as it determined that the club "will not have an impact on public safety or neighborhood quality of life." See report on proposal to amend the 300-foot rule, November 13, 2007.

[65] Interview with Jason Perkins, Co-Owner, Parish Entertainment Group, June 5, 2017. As a mid-sized company with multiple properties, PEG entered the East Bay market with more access to capital than their Oakland competitors. Part of this was racial. According to Perkins, even at 24 years old, it was "easy" for him and O'Connor to receive a loan to purchase their first building in San Francisco. Over time, he told me, PEG had become more of a "developer" than a club operator. They'd leveraged their holdings to purchase a number of buildings (13 as of 2017), often clustered together to transform gentrifying blocks, like Eighteenth Street and San Pablo Avenue, through a curated mix of restaurants, retail, and nightlife.

[66] Swan, Rachel. (2009, August 5). Goapele gets closer to home. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/goapele-gets-closer-to-home/Content?oid=1370645&showFullText=true.

[67] Cabaret permit application for the New Parish, October 29, 2008. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[68] Cabaret permit approval for the New Parish, November 25, 2009. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[69] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on the New Parish. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[70] Minor (2017, March 2).

[71] Perkins (2017, June 5). The sale records are based on data from www.propertyshark.com.

[72] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on the New Parish. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. Since the time of writing, PEG has relinquished control of the New Parish. But not because of regulatory action. First, in 2018, Perkins was forced out of PEG after it came to light that he'd attacked one homeless person and threatened violence against others camped out near the company's holdings in San Francisco's Mission District. Then, PEG came under fire from several ticketing providers, who sued the company for accepting signing bonuses and then breaking their contracts. In this context, O'Connor sold a controlling interest in the New Parish to Allen Scott, head of concerts and festivals for Another Planet Entertainment, which, as the largest independent entertainment company in the Bay Area, also runs the Fox Theater. This transition completed the transfer of the venue in a little over a decade from the ownership of Jimmie Ward, a Black migrant to Oakland during the Jim Crow Era, to the most powerful and White-owned concert promoter in the region. See Brooks, Dave. (2018, September 5). After rough spell, Oakland's New Parish sold to Allen

Scott from Another Planet Entertainment. *Billboard*. www.billboard.com/articles/business/8473757/new-parish-oakland-sold-allen-scott-another-planet-entertainment. Lefebvre, Sam. (2018, June 27). Parish Entertainment Group dissolves amid allegations against Jason Perkins. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/parish-entertainment-group-dissolves-amid-allegations-against-jason-perkins/Content?oid=17480110.

[73] Sanchez (2016, November 11).

[74] Perkins (2017, June 5).

[75] Eberhardt, Jennifer L. (2019). *Biased: Uncovering the Hidden Prejudice That Shapes What We See, Think, and Do*. New York, NY: Viking. For the last several years, Eberhardt's work on the role of racist and anti-Black bias in policing in particular has been based on her analysis of data from the OPD.

[76] Interview with Danielle Shaver, Supervising Agent, Bay Area Enforcement Office, California Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, March 15, 2017.

[77] Interview with Barbara Killey, former Administrative Hearing Officer, City of Oakland, June 19, 2017. Killey also noted that, given the desire of city officials to foster a more secure nightlife as a means to redevelop Downtown (see Ch. 5), she also felt a political pressure to find alternatives to revocation. Certain members of the City Council, in particular, she told me, made it clear that revocation should be treated as a "last resort." Interview with Barbara Killey, former Administrative Hearing Officer, City of Oakland, August 18, 2017.

[78] Letter from OPD Alcoholic Beverage Action Team to Barbara Killey, April 21, 2006. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[79] Document listing "@17th's Operations and Protocol," 2006. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[80] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on @17th. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[81] Report on administrative hearing for @17th, September 20, 2007. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[82] See California Business and Professions Code, Section 24200 – Suspension and Revocation of Licenses. www.leginfo.legislature.ca.gov/faces/codes_displaySection.xhtml?lawCode=BPC&sectionNum=24200.

[83] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on the Starline Social Club. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[84] Interview with Rick Mitchell, Co-Owner, Luka's Taproom, June 1, 2017.

[85] @17th "'Venue Plan," 2007. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA.

[86] Smith (2008), p. 111.

[87] Report on administrative hearing for @17th, September 20, 2007.

[88] Ibid.

[89] @17th "Venue Plan," 2007.

[90] Ibid.

[91] Killey (2017, August 18).

[92] Rose (1993). Shabbaz (2015).

[93] Cited in Collins (1997), p. 314.

[94] The Chief Justice Earl Warren Institute on Law and Social Policy. (2014). *Crime Trends in the City of Oakland: A 25-Year Look (1987-2012)*. www.law.berkeley.edu/files/Crime_Trends_in_the_City_of_Oakland_-_A_25-Year_Look.pdf. These figures are based on the FBI's Uniform Crime Reporting (UCR) program, which collects data on all of the reported crimes within a given jurisdiction by type. The category of "violent

crime," for the purposes of the UCR, consists of homicides, aggravated assaults, robberies, and rapes. The comparison cities are Fresno, Richmond, Stockton, and Sacramento.

[95] Sanchez (2016, November 11).

[96] Minor (2017, March 2).

[97] Email from Old Oakland resident to the OPD, August 22, 2008. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. According to local policy, the resident's name was redacted for privacy reasons.

[98] Interview with Ron Wolf, Chair, Old Oakland Neighbors, May 15, 2017.

[99] Minor (2017, March 2). This is in no way unique to Minor or the SAPD. Rather, the official use of residential or homeowner groups to collect evidence and press the case against neighborhood "nuisances" is a constitutive part of governing through nuisance. Entities like the Neighborhood Crime Prevention Councils—a core part of Oakland's system of community policing—are often conscripted into such campaigns. See Cielo (2005). Tilton (2010). Interview with Ed Kikumoto, former Executive Director, Alcohol Policy Network, September 28, 2017. Interview with Grace Neufeld, Director, American Neighborhood Solutions Inc., June 7, 2017.

[100] Email from Old Oakland resident to the OPD, October 1, 2014. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. According to local policy, the resident's name was redacted for privacy reasons. The video can be seen here: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vuJu33bkR9M. It's also important to note that, given the raced and classed disparities and anxieties that marked this struggle, it's very unlikely that any of the residents issuing complaints against Bella ever set foot inside the club during operating hours. They thus relied upon online media as a supposedly transparent window into the world of the venue. Other emails, for instance, cited reviews from Yelp that commented on dangerous conditions, including a "stairway from hell" and railings that "needed work," in order to claim that the management was negligent. The case records for other venues also reflect this tendency of middle-class residents to use online media in order to read the interior, but alien, world of a "problem" club.

[101] Minor (2017, March 2).

[102] Wolf (2017, May 15).

[103] Cosgrove, Denis. (2001). *Apollo's Eye: A Cartographic Genealogy of the Earth in the Western Imagination*. Baltimore, MD: John Hopkins University Press. Harley, John B. (1989). Deconstructing the map. *Cartographica: The International Journal for Geographic Information and Geovisualization*, 26(2), pp. 1-20.

[104] Minor (2017, March 2).

[105] This account is based on records maintained by the City of Oakland as part of its case file on Bella. Retrieved through public record request. City Clerk, City of Oakland, CA. Wolf (2017, May 15).

[106] The ORA originally explored having the City-owned Paramount Theatre run the Fox. But in 2005, they solicited interest from Bill Graham Presents, Another Planet Entertainment, and other leading promoters. According to the ORA's Jeff Chew, the main goal was to find an operator that wouldn't require any public support. (The renovation itself had already received tens of millions of dollars from the City [see Ch. 5]). In the end, Another Planet beat out the competition in part because of its connections with national-level artists, but in part because it relied upon non-union labor. In contrast to the union Paramount, then, Another Planet seemed cheaper from the City's standpoint. Richards (2007, July 25). Stinnett, Peggy. (2005, September 29). City will handpick who runs the Fox. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2005/09/29/city-will-handpick-who-runs-the-fox/.

[107] Woodall, Angela. (2009, March 12). An entertainment commission could open the door for many. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2009/03/12/an-entertainment-commission-could-open-the-door-for-many/.

[108] The year 2009, in fact, opened with a tragic incident of violent anti-Blackness. On New Years Eve, while returning, as was common, from a night out in San Francisco, Oscar Grant, 22, was murdered while unarmed and detained by a White transit cop named Johannes Mehserle at the Fruitvale BART station. This sparked a wave of massive protests, many of which involved the destruction of property amidst the renovated areas of Downtown Oakland. For instance, protesters smashed windows at the Fox, Flora, and the Uptown nightclub. Hill, Angela et al. (2009, January 8). Grant's family pleads for peace. *Oakland Tribune*. www.eastbaytimes.com/2009/01/08/grants-family-pleads-for-peace/.
[109] See Ch. 5, Note 15.
[110] Interview with Bijou McDaniel, DJ and Event Producer, Oakhella, July 5, 2017. Interview with Leon "DNas" Sykes, Promoter and Host, Streets Is Talking Radio, August 17, 2016.
[111] McDaniel (2017, July 5).
[112] See Ch. 5, Note 15.
[113] Interview with Eli Ferran, Deputy City Attorney, Alcohol Beverage Action Team, November 16, 2017.
[114] Interview with Pato Vigil, Co-Owner, Golden Bull, June 8, 2017.
[115] Buenning (1998, April 26).
[116] Interview with Bobby Hookfin, OPD Special Resource Commander, Area 1, Oakland Police Department, November 28, 2017.

Outro

[1] Quoted in Butler, Judith and Athanasiou, Athena. (2013). *Dispossession: The Performative in the Political*. Malden, MA: Polity Press, p. 3.
[2] Moten (2018), p. 131.
[3] Lipsitz (2011).
[4] Sharpe (2016).
[5] Quoted in Goldberg (2018).
[6] Community Task Force on Sports and Entertainment. (2009). *Entertainment Subcommittee Report and Recommendations*. Oakland, CA: City of Oakland, pp. 2-5. www2.oaklandnet.com/oakca1/groups/ceda/documents/agenda/dowd008436.pdf.
[7] Interview with Kitty Kelly Epstein, Chair, Mayor Ron Dellums's Task Force Process, October 20, 2016.
[8] Interview with Jocelyn Kane, Executive Director, San Francisco Entertainment Commission, February 9, 2017.
[9] Ibid.
[10] Lefebvre, Sam. (2017, April 26). Blacklisted: How the Oakland Police Department discriminates against rappers and music venues. *East Bay Express*. www.eastbayexpress.com/oakland/blacklisted-how-the-oakland-police-department-discriminates-against-rappers-and-music-venues/Content?oid=6482231.
[11] Barbara Killey, Greg Minor, and Arturo Sanchez all moved into the SAPD after working in the Neighborhood Law Corps, a program in the City Attorney's Office that employs new law-school graduates in prosecuting neighborhood-level "nuisances."
[12] Iton (2008), p. 11.
[13] Cf. Lefebvre 1991 [1974]), p. 54.
[14] See Oakland Municipal Code, Section 8.18.010 – Excessive and Annoying Noises Prohibited. www.library.municode.com/ca/oakland/codes/code_of_ordinances?nodeId=TIT8HESA_CH8.18NU_8.18.010EXANNOPR.

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Andy McNeil, Sergeant, Special Events Unit, Oakland Police Department, February 16, 2017.

Angela Woodall, former Nightlife Reporter, *Oakland Tribune*, October 7, 2016 and October 28, 2016.

Armando Ramos and Michael Ramos, Co-Owners, SomaR, June 6, 2017.

Arturo Sanchez, former Deputy City Administrator, City of Oakland, November 11, 2016.

Aubrey Rose, Planner, Planning and Building Department, City of Oakland, November 4, 2016 and December 8, 2016.

Barbara Killey, former Administrative Hearing Officer, City of Oakland, June 19, 2017 and August 18, 2017.

Bijou McDaniel, DJ and Event Producer, Oakhella, July 5, 2017.

Bobby Hookfin, Special Resource Commander, Area 1, Oakland Police Department, November 28, 2017.

Carl Greene and Edward Hawthorne, Saxophonist and Drummer, Soul Messengers, March 4, 2017.

Chris Candell, Zoning Inspector, City of Oakland, February 23, 2017.

Chris De Benedetti, former Co-Chair, Community Task Force on Sports and Entertainment, City of Oakland, October 28, 2016.

C.N.E. Corbin, PRAC Commissioner, City of Oakland, May 16, 2016 and December 5, 2016.

Coire Reilly, PRAC Commissioner, City of Oakland, December 11, 2016.

Danielle Shaver, Supervising Agent, Bay Area Enforcement Office, California Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, March 15, 2017.

David Kozicki, former Deputy Chief, Oakland Police Department, December 7, 2017.

David Oertel, President, Humanist Hall, September 28, 2016.

Desi Mundo, Executive Director, Community Rejuvenation Project, September 14, 2016 and September 21, 2016.

Ed Blakely, former City Planner and Mayoral Candidate, June 24, 2017.

Ed Kikumoto, former Executive Director, Alcohol Policy Network, September 28, 2017.

Eli Ferran, Deputy City Attorney, Alcohol Beverage Action Team, November 16, 2017.

Geoffrey Pete, Owner, Geoffrey's Inner Circle, October 17, 2017.

Grace Neufeld, Director, American Neighborhood Solutions Inc., June 7, 2017.

Greg Bridges, DJ, KPFA and KCSM, January 19, 2018.

Greg Minor, Assistant to the City Administrator, City of Oakland, March 2, 2017.

Jason Perkins, Co-Owner, Parish Entertainment Group, June 5, 2017.

JE, General Manager, New Parish, June 21, 2017.

Jocelyn Kane, Executive Director, San Francisco Entertainment Commission, February 9, 2017.

Karen Sulkis, former Nightlife Reporter, *Oakland Tribune*, April 23, 2017.

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