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June 2018; and last updated on
November 23, 2018

*Notes and Suggestions from Chapter 9, The Great Divides,
Immigration Law and Society (Polity, 2018)*

College is where you meet people who can change your life, although they're never quite the people whom you *thought* would change your life. Here at UCSB, I've heard many amusing roommate stories, but one of my favorites involved three first-year roommates who took my course together: one was a Korean American guy from Cerritos; another was a student from India, from a hyper-affluent family in New Delhi; and the third was a Mexican immigrant kid from Bakersfield. They really had nothing in common, they took my class to satisfy their GE requirements, and yet they ended up enjoying it for different reasons. The Korean American kid found out more about his parents in part II of the syllabus, when we were discussing the post-colonial migrations into the United States after 1965. The Indian guy found himself and his family in part VIII, in the section about the “knowledge class” and the migration of the highly skilled. His father was a Stanford graduate, and a programmer and an entrepreneur for a wildly successful tech company with offices in Hyderabad, New Delhi, and San Jose.

And the kid from Bakersfield was an AB 540 student—he was undocumented. His entire family was out of status: his father worked in construction, his mother as a maid, and they both had cried uncontrollably when their kid got into UCSB, as he'd be the first in his extended family to attend college of any kind. When we got to parts VII and IX, these three roommates were discussing at length how different they really were, as well as how much they were learning from each other. These young men would have these long conversations at Freebirds—I know because they once invited me—and I was amazed, as each of them could eat a whole steak burrito in one sitting, beans, rice, and the vegetables and guacamole, all rolled over a big pile of tasty meats. It was amazing, like watching three lions each working slowly to dismantle and consume a small wildebeest. Burritos were bringing these people together, the short Korean, the thin Indian, and the stout Mexican.



In a small but meaningful way, I was inspired to write about the “great divides” discussed in Chapter 9 because of these three young men who saw one another nearly every day during

their first term at UCSB. It's easier to learn how to place others when we know more about ourselves and our own backgrounds—distances are relative things, and to measure how fortunate or how challenged we are, we can benefit from multiple points of reference. I don't think, for example, that my student from India knew just how wealthy and affluent he was until he'd met that kid from Bakersfield. Growing up, the Korean American student had heard a racist comment here and there—LA is still not a multi-racial utopia—but he admitted that some things in his life, like getting a driver's license or voting, were straightforward; it just wasn't like that for his Mexican roommate. That kid from Bakersfield appreciated much better why his parents decided to come to America, despite the significant challenges that he and his family had faced as undocumented immigrants. He was in all respects a "Mexican American," as he'd grown up in California his whole life, but he said something that still surprised me: "I understand why some people want to deport us, but I also love my parents more right now than before, especially after this class. I am so lucky to be in college."

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I wish more of my students felt that way.

Not all of my students are as happy to have found each other, or me. Among my faculty colleagues, we often notice instead an "affluenza," a strange affliction that strikes many people who are relatively well-off, a condition associated with lethargy, self-absorption, and a general malaise. Students who suffer affluenza seem grateful for nothing. They usually did well in school, though, at least well enough to be admitted to some of the best colleges and universities in the United States, but they're certainly not among the most motivated students when they get here. Once their parents are no longer putting as much day-to-day pressure on these children, they seem rather uninterested in their studies, or in anything else for that matter. Imagine for a moment that college is a giant burrito—some people just don't have an appetite, even though UCSB is a super tasty burrito. Compared to the 1990, it's an far more expensive burrito, too.

I've had many, many students who've suffered from affluenza, and yet some of the rudest have also been the most amusing. I had one student who missed an exam, her explanation being that she "had to go skiing." Another offered me money to re-schedule a final, and still another said, "I don't care what grade you give me, because I really don't need a degree." When I asked what she'd meant by this, and why she might be in college at all, she replied, "I'm in college mostly for the experience." She didn't elaborate further, I think I was speechless. And then there was the young man who said, without me asking him, "I got baked, dude, all weekend!" He was in my office that morning to discuss his F. He was a rather amusing, jovial young man, and it's too bad that he was dismissed from UCSB a few months later.¹

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Oh, your professors meet all kinds of people. Of course, because of this class, I've met students who've "fallen out of status" and who've "entered without inspection," as well as

people who are F's, J's, L's, O's, AB 540's, and even H-4's (these are the children and other dependents of H-1B's). Immigration rules since 1965 have produced an alphabet soup of immigration categories, and so on a college campus like this one, it's easy to meet all kinds. Many F, J, L, O, and H-4 people are pretty well-off, and some do suffer boredom and malaise. I've not met anyone who is an AB 540 person, though, who's suffered from affluenza. AB 540 refers to the state rule in California: in 2001, Governor Gray Davis signed Assembly Bill 540, a state law that allowed certain undocumented students to pay in-state tuition at the state's public colleges and universities. The rule was an extension of the majority opinion in *Plyler*—students who were out of status, through no fault of their own, would be treated as “residents” in California colleges and universities. I've since had many AB 540 students, and none of these people have come to my office hours totally baked, nor do they break off and go skiing in the middle of the term, nor do they tell me that they “don't need a degree.” I'm sure that some AB 540 students *may* be affluent, but statistically, the vast majority were not, and the ones I knew were all struggling to make it through college.²

Before 2011, before these students were eligible for state financial aid, most of the ones I'd met didn't make it through UCSB. Many were from poorer families to begin with, and without access to federal or state financial aid, they had an exceptionally difficult time paying for college. This was made more challenging still by the fact that they couldn't legally work. It was like watching someone trying to eat an extra-large Freebird's with just two fingers. For many college students, sixteen units is a Great Big Challenge, it's quite often overwhelming, and so to worry about those sixteen units *and* deportation, family separation, and financial limits—they were, on the very first day, at great risk of not finishing. After 2011, when California legislators amended state rules to allow these students to access state-financed financial aid, things did get better, at least financially, but until there's a solution in the federal law, being out of status in college will remain a strange and difficult condition.³

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Not everyone is sympathetic, of course, to students who are out of status. The skier, for example, complained that “there are just too many illegals,” and even though they were maybe not all over the ski slopes, she still evinced a dislike in her tone and mood. She did not think of “illegals” as her classmates, nor did she think deeply of her own privileged position, but then, such oversights are common among people of that age. Without thought or consideration, I could easily see how she (and millions of other Americans) might vote to have these “illegals” deported, again without questioning their own right to vote, how they got that, or how their political actions might or might not be just or fair. It never ceases to amaze me, how the very privileged can often gloss over their own privileged position.

In recent years, some of the wealthiest, luckiest people that I've taught have been immigrants themselves, from China, South Korea, and Europe, and a few are just as hostile to the “illegals” as the Trumpiest American citizen. Maybe because they pay so much more in tuition,

maybe because they've gone through so much paperwork and effort to study on the edge of another continent, far, far away from home, they're sometimes not thrilled to learn that undocumented students pay in-state tuition at UCSB. "It doesn't seem fair," according to one of my South Korean students. When I asked him about his own background, though, he told me that his family was from Gangnam in Seoul, the same place that gave us "Gangnam Style." He'd graduated from an international school there. I know Seoul, I know Gangnam: the international schools in that most expensive part of that city often charge more than \$20,000 per year in tuition for *grammar* school, much more for high school, and this student had started in kindergarten. As I was doing the math in my head, I was wondering how it was just unfair that this young man had had so much money invested in his brain already, even before he started college.⁴

But it's hard to persuade such a person, in polite conversation, that he was not "morally deserving" of the giant sums of money that his parents had spent upon him, or that it might be in poor taste for someone like him to complain about "illegals" and the "unfairness" of helping them get an education. What might have been most annoying about this particular student was that he was not especially bright—I could tell that without the advantages that he'd enjoyed so thoughtlessly in his own life, he would have been a rather mediocre student. Of course, I did not write, on his exams, "Your parents are not getting their money's worth," and yet the thought did cross my mind. It crosses my mind often: many of the skiers, the stoners, the people in college "for the experience"—they could never have gotten this far without substantial sums of money and supervision to which none of them were morally entitled. Alas, acting like an entitled brat does not entail a moral entitlement.

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In a similar way, because the UC campuses have tried very hard to encourage a broad cross-section of young people in California to apply, we have students who are from rural areas of California, from its poorest inner cities, and from other places where academic resources were less than robust. Many high schools in the state don't offer a broad range of Advanced Placements courses, for example: in more rural areas and in inner city districts, some high schools offer fewer than six AP classes per year; by contrast, schools in the most affluent suburbs offer about two dozen AP classes every year, plus special academies for art, engineering, or for complex International Baccalaureate programs. Finishing in IB diploma or taking a dozen AP classes can entail huge advantages in college—these students have had much more experience with college-level writing, math, and reading. They import so many units that they often appear as sophomores.⁵

And there really are stark differences between students who've taken just three or four AP classes, compared to the ones who've taken more than a dozen. I can tell. First-year students at UCSB *start* with great divides among them, and I can easily see what they are as early as the first midterm. Some write much better than others. But of all my students, how many *chose* their high schools, or chose their school districts, or chose the parents who'd made

these decisions for them? Is it Anakin's fault that he was born on Tatooine? There's a certain brutal randomness to the opportunities available to young people in California, and this is why many faculty members at the University want to admit people from less privileged schools and districts, because it's not their fault that they were in less enriching environments, and because we are obliged to offer world-class educational opportunities to promising students from throughout the state. For many of them, this will be the most enriching educational community that they've ever experienced, and so if you're from a school that offered only four AP classes, but you fived all four, we would be so pleased to admit you.

Such students are often excellent, and yet again, compared to a peer who took eight or nine AP classes, plus a few from community college, there are still substantial risks during the first year of college. Students from rural schools and students from poorer districts often have a rougher, harder adjustment. Students from affluent districts have had more practice: usually, for one successful AP exam, the University converts to four units of UC-level coursework; many first-year students at UCSB had taken one AP course in the first year of high school, then two in the sophomore year, then three (sometimes four) each in the junior and senior years. This pattern is becoming somewhat common. Now, a student who's been taking AP classes since she was fourteen years old, and then two or three or four at a time for two or three years before college—that's just crazy amounts of work. They should levitate small objects with their mind powers after so much intense intellectual activity. Indeed, a student who's had this kind of pattern often doesn't find the first year of college so unmanageable or challenging, especially when they're taking fewer than sixteen units. They do fine, even though high school may have been miserable and full of suffering. Perhaps *because* high school was painful and full of suffering, they can manage college.

I have three daughters going through these patterns right now—one is in college, and the twins are trudging through high school. When they were together, suffering through AP and IB classes at the same time, I'd often felt like the warden of a women's prison: the girls would go to school; afterwards, they would go straight to their rooms for homework; they would come down to eat dinner, quickly; and then "back to the salt mines" (my daughter's clever phrase) for four or five hours of studying before conking out. Sports and extracurricular activities had to be smashed in, somehow, but then on the weekends, these kids would exercise for only one hour each day. They were otherwise homeworking all day, they would break only for meals, and then study, more study, followed by more study. To make life harder, and to cram in as much school as possible, these people got up at 6 for a hellish "zero period," a class that started at 7 o'clock in the morning. All of this did resemble the schedule and regimentation of a penitentiary or a super strict convent. My children were majoring in sleep deprivation and minoring in surliness.

To make them feel better, I once mentioned that some kids in California didn't have so many AP classes, they didn't have as many opportunities as my lucky darlings. One of my daughters, though, was jealous: how lovely it must be, to have only two or three AP classes throughout *all* of high school! Let's move there, dad! Not so fast, little one. Your mother and father did not move to this area and choose that particular set of public schools because we were

sadists, but because we loved you, and we wanted you to have a good shot at the best colleges and universities possible. Your studying and suffering and sleep deprivation will pay off, or so was the hope that motivated us when we chucked you into IB and AP, into a high school that had a full-blown engineering academy, plus a foundation that collects thousands of dollars to support its programs. My children were attending a public school, but if you included all of the money that my family and dozens of other families donated there every year, the school was semi-public, semi-private—it had “special resources” that were simply unavailable in a rural or inner-city high school. Many families had drop kicked the kids from Dos Pueblos High School here in Goleta into the finest colleges in the United States, including all of the UC campuses.⁶

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By contrast, over a third of students at UCSB are from lower-income families, and these first-year students are often the very first in their families to attend college—indeed, about forty percent of our students are “first generation.” More than half of our students are students of color. Because of prevailing patterns of inequality, all of these factors are often inter-related: that is, a first-generation college student is more likely to be a student of color from a low-income family, and she is coming to UCSB from an inner-city school, just as a first-generation student from a rural area of California might be white, but he, too, is often from a lower income home, and he’s often coming from a high school that wasn’t especially enriching compared to others. Without question, many students who are first-generation, lower-income, and from rural or inner-city backgrounds have had, through no fault of their own, significantly less experience with college-level academic work prior to the first year of college.

But the UC system is not the only set of colleges and universities to invite and to matriculate students from such “disadvantaged” backgrounds: many of the most prestigious colleges now pursue these admissions policies, because a generation of social science research



confirms that for low-income, first-generation college students, a college degree has profound inter-generational effects. Once they have a college degree, graduates from poorer families earn way more than their parents, they are far more likely to enter the skilled professions, and then they pass on significant advantages to their own children. They thus can break what could have been an inter-generational cycle of poverty. Princeton University has always been a leading, elite institution, one of the three (big) Ivies along

with Harvard and Yale, and in recent years, its admissions policies have changed to accommodate more “disadvantaged” students, including students of color, students from rural areas, and students from poorer inner-city schools. Once admitted, many of these students pay

no tuition; Princeton also covers room and board, plus other foreseeable expenses. Princeton has pursued this policy even though it's had to *disfavor* the sons and daughters of its own alumni, some of whom are so angry that their prince or princess has been denied from Princeton that they send hate mail and they promise never to donate another dollar ever again.⁷

Like UCSB, though, Princeton has discovered that it's one thing to matriculate low-income, first-generation college students, and then it's quite another to have them succeed and thrive in college, and to complete their degrees intact, in a timely manner. Here at UCSB, for many of my own students, the sixth months between April of their senior year of high school and October of the first year in college can be the most harrowing and horrifying: in April, they are admitted to one of the best universities in the world, they and their families are thrilled, it's such a high, but then in October, when they get their midterms graded and returned to them, it's not amusing at all, this overwhelming evidence that they're not doing so hot in college. Sometimes, they have no idea *why* they bombed their exams. It's terrifying, from the swing up and then the drop down. It's hard to cope with that great gap, between the external validation that comes from being admitted to an elite college, followed by the abrupt shock of doing poorly, which is almost made worse by the fact that not everyone bombed. (Some students did fine on the first exam.) That sense of isolation and failure can be crippling for any eighteen-year-old person.

When I was in college, I did notice that by the middle of the fall term, the parties were changing—at the beginning of the year, they were “get-to-know-you” parties, places where people would mingle, get to know one another, hang out and be friendly. After midterms, though, the parties felt darker, much more alcoholic and harder, edgier, the people in them more determined to have a strange kind of “fun” that was both a stress-relieving blow-off of pressure and anxiety, and almost a deliberate effort toward forgetting and numbing. Some students were “experimenting” with controlled substances. They were “self-medicating,” almost fighting for their right to party. Others didn't leave their dorm rooms at all; they stopped going to class, they stopped socializing. Dozens sank into video games. One of my classmates disappeared from my sociology class for about two weeks, and when he reappeared and sat next to me, he looked and smelled as though he hadn't bathed in that entire time. I also had many friends who became inexplicably religious: perhaps they were homesick, perhaps they were looking for a surrogate family, perhaps they were worried that their parents had more of a conditional love for them, and so maybe they were now turning to Jesus, because He Would Love Me No Matter What. I remember how, in the first term in college, over half of my classmates were coping with some heavy things in a variety of ways.



As was I. I myself was and wasn't a first-generation college student. Technically, I was “first-generation,” because my late father and my mother had not attended college in South Korea or in the United States, but in reality, my older brother had gone first, and so I knew in advance that college could be a place of great suffering, with mountains of intense intellectual

work, all covered in anxiety and wrapped around a near constant, persistent fear of failure. College was like a dangerous, frightening burrito. It could be delicious and lovely, but could you finish it? Ed had warned me, I was not naïve. I had seen several of his closest college buddies drop out, and so I knew that getting into college was only an invitation to *attempt* a degree, not actually a guarantee of getting one. I thought that I was prepared, but then, like a majority of first-year students, I got mauled after my first midterms and papers, and it was painful and horrifying, and I felt my world coming apart. Ever since I was a child, my mother had told me that she had come to America for me and my brother, and so you can imagine my despair at the thought that I might not be, after all, her American dream come true. I was once resentful of my mother's expectations, and yet to my knowledge, no one migrating from South Korea in the 1970s was hoping to raise a college dropout.

Of course, as I am writing this now, I'm doing so as a college professor, and so you can infer that things turned out fine, I did well in college, and I even loved it so much that I never really left. Here I am, still on a college campus, thirty years after those horrifying first midterms. But it wasn't me, though, who was chiefly responsible for the fact that I survived and then thrived in college. I benefited from having compassionate, excellent professors, people who knew and remembered themselves that college could be a struggle. They were so patient with me. There were also, in the late 1980s, new institutions at the UC campuses where students could get help with writing, tutoring, and other academic support services, and just two or three visits there helped me beyond measure. It occurred to me much later that kind-hearted professors and staff members had envisioned and established those places for students like me, knowing in advance that college was a more challenging burrito for some than for others.⁸ In addition, my classmates helped me, too, and through their insights, I discovered what I'd been missing, in ways that made these classmates life-long friends. And my mother and my brother pretended that my poor grades were but a speed-bump on a much longer road to greatness—they expressed complete confidence that I would recover and be fine.

How do we value the people who've loved us, who've supported us, the people who've helped us close those distances that once seemed impossible? At the end of college, it seemed to me so strange that only my name should appear on my diploma. So many other people deserved credit for what was essentially a group project.

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Many of the great divides that we see and experience and discover more about in college—they are not impossible. Every year, when I attend graduation here at UCSB, I see students who've recovered from affluenza, others who finished a college degree in good shape, despite less than wonderful academic preparation in high school, and still others who've finished college with such academic distinction that they'll go on to the best graduate and professional schools in the world. About eight percent of first-year students at UCSB will not complete a bachelor's degree in six years, but this means that a very large majority do make it in time. First-

generation students and students from poorer families are at greater risk of not finishing, and yet the rate at which they've finished, in spite of some very difficult circumstances, has been encouraging. Of course, not all students from poorer families are mature, appreciative, or especially persistent—some also disappear into video games or dissolve into alcohol, and when they have, they and their families have had far fewer resources to recover from these unfortunate turns.

In light of these trends, some of my own colleagues in the UC system have argued that we should not admit students who are “unprepared,” who are “mismatched” in elite institutions—these students have often struggled and failed, they've felt terrible about themselves, and they may have been “better off” in institutions more suited to their actual academic preparation. This view, however, has not prevailed at many elite institutions, including the Princetons and UCSBs of American higher education; instead, these colleges and universities have strengthened their commitments to first-generation students and to other students who may not have had excellent academic preparation in high school. They've devoted substantial resources toward that end: learning centers, special counselors, smaller classes, better orientation programs—all of these tend to lift the entire student body, and they also allay concerns that elite institutions will only serve elite people and their super lucky children. Princeton can fill its entire first-year class with the children of privileged Princeton alums; UCSB could admit classes where everyone has a crazy-high 4.5 GPA or above. Such admissions policies, however, would favor only the top 1% of American families—they would result in institutions that are hyper-affluent, with few (if any) students from lower-income families. Rich children would meet only other rich children. I believe, to their credit, many elite institutions will and should continue to cast a much wider net, so that they will do their part to ameliorate social inequality rather than simply reinforcing it.⁹

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Those who persist and graduate at the top of their class at UCSB compare favorably to graduates at the fanciest colleges and universities anywhere. Many people can recover from influenza, and some grow out of it. My AB 540 student never had it—he finished with a 3.7 in Chemistry, and when I met his parents at graduation, imagine the joy that filled my heart. They were thanking me, but I was just as thankful to them, and then to him, for having been such an excellent student. After graduation, his classmates would find jobs, pursue graduate degrees, and start families, in ways that might seem familiar and normal for people in their early and mid-twenties. I did those things in my mid-twenties.

But what of my AB 540 student? Where would he go to graduate school, how would he work legally, and if he wanted to date, to get married, and to start a family, what would that feel like for him, as he still had no legal status in the United States? We discussed this toward the end of his senior year: he could apply for “cancellation of removal,” but this process would expose his parents and him to a level of scrutiny that might result in their deportation rather than

in permanent legal status. We agreed that a 3.7 in Chemistry at UCSB was truly, truly hard, but it was nothing compared to this strange condition—it presented as a vexing “master” status that no amount of study or worry could resolve. As a nation, we’ve yet to resolve it.

For over two decades, hundreds of thousands of undocumented students had protested, pressed, and agitated for changes in local, state, and federal rules to improve their condition. In California, they protested and marched and petitioned Chancellors, Governors, and legislators from all levels of government, and they accomplished deep and profound changes in the public law, even though, because of their status, they could not vote or run for office. Formally disempowered, their organizing created its own power. As individuals, many students such as my student had achieved something staggering—in the space of one generation, they had moved their families from a working-class position into an enviable professional one. My own student’s MCAT scores suggesting that he’d make a fine candidate for medical school anywhere in North America. In light of his immigration status, however, he wasn’t sure that medical school was even possible when he graduated from UCSB in 2012. Like other undocumented young people, the vast majority of whom did not or could not attend college, he was at risk of finding that his college degree did not entail an obvious professional pathway afterwards.

It’s not obvious to me, what we gain as Americans, by keeping this college graduate and his parents within a permanent unlawful status, literally “disabled” in the law for going on two decades. Some American citizens will look upon this family and think “removal,” “deportation”; other American citizens will look upon them and think “adjustment,” “relief,” “amnesty.” This itself is a great divide, a persistent one. In our public law, since about 1986, these folks have suffered most from a political stalemate—neither deported or adjusted, they live “lives in limbo,” here and not here, present and yet unincorporated. George W. Bush, Barack Obama, and even Donald Trump tried to unknot this problem, only to see the knot grow tighter, the country more polarized. President Trump said that he “loved these kids,” these Dreamers, but his advisors reminded him that he had also said, numerous times during his campaign, that any kind of “amnesty” would be “political suicide” for the Republicans, as these young voters were very likely to support the other party if they passed into American citizens. President Trump conceded in private that adjusting the Dreamers was the right thing to do, but that it wasn’t politically possible if he wanted to retain Republican support. So, he didn’t do it.

If anything, the political divides have grown greater, wider, and thus every year that I’ve taught this class, I’ve had the strange fortune of meeting highly motivated students who’ve suffered from this unfortunate condition. Toward week nine, I can see how they’re often sitting right next to the kids with affluenza.

Endnotes

¹ About 15% of undergraduates on the campuses of the University of California will not finish a bachelor's degree within six years. Of those, about half will never finish. The University of California regularly publishes studies of freshman and transfer student graduation rate, and the one from 2017 is here:

<https://www.universityofcalifornia.edu/infocenter/ug-outcomes>

² For accounts of undocumented students at American colleges and universities, see: Terry Ann-Jone and Laura Nichols, *Undocumented and in College* (2017); and William Perez and Daniel Solorzano, *We Are Americans* (2009).

³ For a set of stories about undocumented persons and their lives, see: *Forced Out and Fenced In* (Tanya Golash-Boza, ed., 2017). I've contributed to this volume, and my stories were based on three undocumented students I'd met at UCSB.

⁴ For a detailed study of South Korean students and their pathways into the United States, see: *South Korea's Education Exodus* (Adrienne Lo et. al, 2015).

⁵ The University of California publishes statistical profiles of each incoming first-year class. They are here: <http://admission.universityofcalifornia.edu/freshman/profiles/index.html>

⁶ The scholarly literature on inequality and education is voluminous. Here are a few recent titles: Sonya Horsford, *Learning in a Burning House* (2011); Elizabeth Armstrong and Laura Hamilton, *Paying for the Party* (2015); and *The Working Classes and Higher Education* (Amy Stich and Carrie Freie, eds., 2017).

⁷ See, for example, Nick Anderson, "How an Ivy Got Less Preppy," *Washington Post* (Oct. 23, 2017), and Melissa Korn, "Princeton, Others Aim to Accept More Low-Income Students," *Wall Street Journal* (Mar. 1, 2018).

⁸ I would highly encourage students at UCSB to take advantage of programs available through the Division of Student Affairs and the College of Letters and Science, including the Educational Opportunity Program (EOP), the Campus Learning Assistance Services (CLAS), and the College of Letters and Science Academic Advising offices, among others. CLAS is an unusually successful resource: originally designed for first-generation college students, CLAS helps pretty much the entire student population.

⁹ For the "mismatch" argument, see Richard Sanders and Stuart Taylor, *Mismatch: How Affirmative Action Hurts the Students It's Intended to Help, and Why Universities Won't Admit It* (2012). I've offered the longer title because it's misleading—college faculties are rather quite aware of this problem, and we've taken steps to address it rather than burying it, as the authors suggest here. For examples of scholarly works that criticize colleges and universities for being too elitist, and for works that promote equal access to colleges and universities, see: Derek Bok and William Bowen, *The Shape of the River* (2000); Sara Goldrick-Rab, *Paying the Price* (2016); and W. Carson Byrd, *Poison in the Ivy* (2017).