

# COMMUNITIES UNDER ATTACK



## Pushing Back Against the Criminalization of Everyday Life

By Sheley Secrest and Danisha Christian



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# INTRODUCTION

IN the past four decades, mass incarceration and immigration control in the U.S. has skyrocketed. § The U.S. incarcerates more of its population than any other country in the world — rates unmatched in modern history. Today, more than 7 million people are under control of the criminal justice system.<sup>1</sup> The United States has less than 5% of the world's population. But it has almost a quarter of the world's prisoners. China, which has four times more people than the United States, is a distant second in incarceration numbers, with 1.6 million people in prison.<sup>2</sup>

## CORPORATIONS: PRISON FOR PROFITS

Through ALEC (the American Legislative Exchange Council), corporations and their lawmaker allies have voted to change America's criminal justice system and enrich profits. On the surface, many ALEC bills look like basic tough-on-crime legislation, but, in reality, they are pre-approved by corporations prior to being introduced. Examples include:

- **Bills that prop up the for-profit bail bond industry** through: Expanding the list of offenses for which a person must pay a for-profit bail-bondsman for their release.<sup>3</sup> Eliminating pre-trial release agencies that pursue evidence-based, public safety-oriented methods of release that don't require paying a for-profit business,<sup>4</sup> or imposing new burdens on those agencies.<sup>5</sup> Offering bail bond companies opportunities to avoid paying debts to states by allowing debts to expire<sup>6</sup> or imposing notification technicalities<sup>7</sup> on courts.
- **Bills that benefit the global for-profit prison industry**, like the Corrections Corporation of America, by increasing time served for drug offenses through mandatory minimum sentencing,<sup>8</sup> creating barriers to alternatives to prison such as community-based corrections programs,<sup>9</sup> and treating juveniles like adults.<sup>10</sup>
- **Bills that add new penalties for retail theft** — which increase prison population and aid ALEC corporations that are retailers — such as making it a felony to steal from three retail establishments regardless of the value of the property stolen<sup>11</sup> and adding a penalty-enhancer for thieves who use the emergency exit.<sup>12</sup>
- **Drug use-related bills that would require that any college student convicted of a drug crime lose financial aid**; promote drug testing in American workplaces;<sup>13</sup> and suspend the driver's license of anyone convicted of a drug crime.<sup>14</sup>
- **Anti-immigrant bills, such as Arizona's SB-1070**, that require local law enforcement to enforce complex federal law, result in racial or ethnic profiling, and destroy the law enforcement-community relationship.<sup>15</sup>
- **Bills would also that overturn long-standing rules designed to protect Americans' constitutional rights**, including the right to be free from warrantless searches and the right to confront one's accusers.
- **Bills that punish homeowners for the mortgage crisis** by creating the crime of "mortgage fraud," that focuses primarily on consumers, but no corresponding new crimes for the Wall Street shell game that sank the U.S. economy.<sup>16</sup>

With corporate campaign donations and lobbying dollars' influence over government, we have seen an increase in laws and regulations that protect and promote profits over the common good of people. The overreach of the private sector has increased the criminalization of everyday life, making it easier get caught up in a system that is more interested in profits and control than the common good. As prisons become privatized, and with increased profits from fines and fees, we are seeing a criminalization of everyday life. For instance, in the remote areas of the Alaskan Yukon Flats, hunters, trappers, and fishers are issued government infractions for violating laws foreign to them, which infringe on their traditional way of life and challenge their very survival. Young Black boys are pushed out of the classroom and driven into the detention

centers by school policies that punish typical child-like behaviors. When traffic infractions become unaffordable to pay in this economic downturn, drivers across the country are criminalized simply for being poor.

As a result of prioritizing corporate profits over human dignity, the cellblock has become the solution of choice to maintain and protect current systems of inequity. Those with capital and power must protect their status by controlling any threat to the current class structure or potential for disruption by a mass social movement. In order to secure corporate interests and the interests of the 1%, communities are over-policed, over-incarcerated, economically depressed, subjected to surveillance, controlled by immigration enforcement and otherwise disenfranchised and dehumanized.

Millions of people have become casualties of this neoliberal system that is rooted in racism. For it to prevail, communities of people must be deemed “throw-away” or “castaways” in order to gain maximum profits and drive a robust free-market that exists beyond the realm of ethics and humanity. These communities are almost always low-income and disproportionately, communities of color. For example, Blacks comprise 13% of the

national population, but 30% of people arrested, 41% of people in jail, and 49% of those in prison. Nationwide, blacks are incarcerated at 8.2 times the rate of whites.<sup>17</sup>

Examples of systematic dehumanization manifest differently in different communities, but the purpose and function are the same. Communities are deemed irrelevant unless they (or their resources) can be turned into something of market value. Not unlike Darwin’s theory of “Natural Selection,” this phenomenon is almost an “unnatural selection” process, wherein communities are “othered” for the sake of distinguishing those who are worthy of living fulfilling lives, enjoying access to food, housing, living wages, their families and freedom, from those who are not.

The following stories come from men and women, students and youth targeted and affected by these policies, but are rarely heard. In the following pages, their voices reconnect us to them, and them to us as people; as our neighbors, family and friends. Experts, practitioners also relate how alternatives to incarceration and to over-policing have had tremendous results in communities throughout the nation.

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# VOICES



Alienated community members are often silenced by systems that prioritize profits over life.

“Communities Under Attack” attempts to provide a platform to share personal experiences of disenfranchisement, dehumanization and alienation.

These are personal stories of people who have first-hand accounts of how these systems do not serve the common good of our communities.



# Asim Hashim § Tacoma, WA

## DRIVING WITH LICENSE SUSPENDED

I can't recall the last time I had a valid driver's license. I think I've been riding dirty off and on for twenty years now — since I was 18. It's been crazy. My license became suspended because I failed to pay a traffic infraction for speeding and driving with no car insurance. The ticket cost around five hundred bucks. I didn't have that kind of money.

Once my license became suspended, it's been hell trying to get it back.



Driving while Black is a big issue in Washington. Cops in this area are quick to pull a brother over for no reason. They will get behind you and randomly run your plates. If you show up in their computer systems as having an invalid license they will arrest you, charge you with Driving While License Suspended (DWLS) and impound your car for two months. Oh, and once that happens, you can kiss your car goodbye because you cannot afford the high storage fees of a tow-yard. It's robbery.

Over the years, I've learned how to avoid detection: I buy my cars and put them under my girlfriend's name. She has a good license. This way when they run a random check, it's clean. Also, if I should get pulled over — she's able to have the car released from the tow yard.

Not driving has never been an option: college, work, shuffling the family to and from daycare and the kids' activities. There's no way we could do all of that on a bus. I had to drive — with or without my license.

At some point, getting arrested for driving with a suspended license just became a common routine: I'd get pulled over for stupid reasons like having a car freshener hanging from the rearview mirror, and get a new charge of DWLS. I'd spend a day in jail, the judge would release me and I'd get more fines that I couldn't pay. I'd drive again, and get arrested, get a new charge, and get more fines — a continuous cycle.

I was able to get by like this for a few years without any major problems until one year, the judge saw the number of times I was in and out of the courtroom and wanted to make a point. She sentenced me to three months in jail. I lost my job. I had two kids and a girl in college that depended strictly on me to provide for and I was sitting in jail because I couldn't afford to pay the fees. I felt like a failure.

I didn't want my children to see me in jail. I was too ashamed. They insisted on visiting me though because they weren't used to not having their dad around. Three months is a long time for children so I gave in and let them visit. I recall looking at them through the thick jail glass. I couldn't touch them, I couldn't hold them. We spoke through a telephone. It was the hardest thing I've ever had to endure.

I think that people shouldn't have to go to jail for traffic infractions. I don't think suspensions should occur because you can't afford the fee. I'd rather they put a negative mark on my credit rating.

I live my life looking over my shoulder, driving through back alleys to avoid the cops. Trying to do what I can to escape the jail cell.

# Lawrence DiAngelus § Broomall, PA

## DRIVING WITH LICENSE SUSPENDED

I am the co-owner of License Restoration Services Inc., and have been in this field for over 21 years. I've seen it all and know very well the hardships that come with driving while license suspended. The typical client that comes into my office is a repeat offender, meaning they drive and have been pulled over for not having a valid license on more than one occasion. There is a law here in Pennsylvania that if drivers are caught without a valid license three or more times they become habitual traffic offenders and will be thrown in jail.

This happens all of the time. I'd say over half of our clients fall into this jail trap. I've personally seen matters where a driver gets arrested numerous times, goes to jail, loses their job, and completely has their life fall apart over this stuff. It's sad to watch.

Often, they've paid their traffic and court fines; but make the legal mistake of pleading guilty to the driving while license suspended charge. When this happens, getting their license reinstated becomes more complicated than is necessary. If they come to our office before pleading guilty, we can usually get their license back right away. It kills me when they enter a plea; but over the years of serving in this business, I've become an expert at appealing my clients' guilty pleas to get their lives back on track with the restoration of their license.

The costs are high for my services. I'm constantly forced to warn my clients that they've dug themselves into a deep, black hole and it will be a high price to get them out. That's just the honest truth of the often desperate situation.

Often, I try to keep clients from getting caught up in the legal debt trap. Pennsylvania is one of the few states that allows license suspensions to become administratively restored simply by waiting out the required suspension period, mailing in their license back to the State, and filing for a new one. If they can't afford the fees, this approach is usually the most economical. However, most don't even know that this is an option. For years, they hold onto their license to use as a photo I.D., and needlessly waste this opportunity. The state doesn't allow credit for the license suspension until you send them the actual license.

It's the legal hoops like these that really hang people out to dry; but that's the system. The politics to punish the "wrong-doers" outweigh the economic crises that affect most traffic offenders. You don't help someone by sending them to jail and causing them to lose their jobs. They're not criminals; they're just too poor to pay for getting their licenses reinstated.

Sometimes, I get employers who pay for my services to help their employees out. These are usually your construction owners and landscaping companies. Their workers are good, and they don't want to lose money on the job they are assigned to perform so they assist with getting their licenses restored.

It's a cycle that really is rooted in money — or rather, the lack thereof. Those that can afford to pay can buy their way out from the hardships that come with license suspensions. Those that cannot, pay the price with their freedom.

Freedom isn't always free.



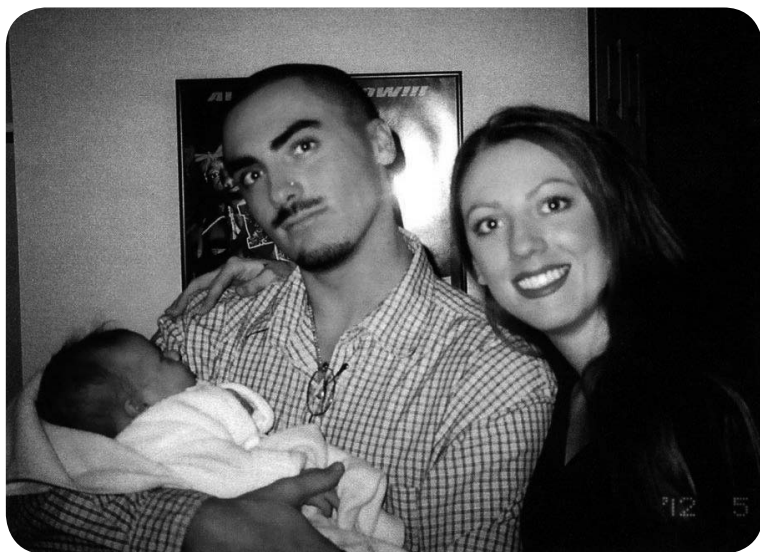
**License Restoration Services, Inc.**  
HELPING PENNSYLVANIA'S SUSPENDED DRIVERS



# Lisa Angelos & Sandy, UT

## DRUG SENTENCE REFORM

In 2004, my brother, Weldon Angelos, was sentenced to a mandatory minimum of 55 years in federal prison, without parole, despite never committing or even threatening an act of violence. Just a few years before, he was on his way to becoming a superstar in the music industry. He had established his own record label and wrote and recorded songs with famous artists like Snoop Dogg. Unfortunately, he also used and sold marijuana. In 2002, Salt Lake City police used a confidential informant to buy marijuana from my brother on two occasions. The informant said that my brother had a gun on both occasions; he said it was visible in Weldon's car the first time and was in an ankle holster the second time.



When police searched my brother's house, they found additional drug paraphernalia, as well as guns stored in a locked safe. My family and I knew Weldon was in trouble and would most likely face jail time. But we also knew that he had never been in trouble with the law before, except for a nonviolent misdemeanor offense as a kid. Weldon had a young family and a promising career, and we hoped he would get a second chance before too long.

I know my brother would have taken advantage of it. Growing up, we were very close. Our father suffered from physical disabilities that made him unable to work. Our parents separated, and Weldon and I found comfort and encouragement in the bond we had.

Weldon was the primary support and backbone of our family unit. He was a good father to his children and a good son to our ailing father. He was also a very talented, creative musician and was respected by the artists he worked with.

Though he was breaking the law and doing wrong, he also had a bright future in the music industry and the ambition and determination to make that future a reality. Prior to his arrest, he had just signed a record deal with Bayside Distribution, a branch of Tower Records, and was preparing to release his own album.

Unfortunately, mandatory minimum sentencing laws denied Weldon a second chance. What many people do not realize is that federal gun mandatory minimum sentences can send people away for decades, even if the gun owner has a right to own the gun and never uses it to threaten or harm anyone. In my brother's case, having a gun in his car and ankle holster — and another gun in a safe in his apartment, which the police found during their search — were considered three separate crimes. He was deemed to have possessed those guns "in furtherance" of his marijuana sales.

Under federal law, one count of possessing a gun "in furtherance" of a drug crime adds a mandatory minimum term of five years to the underlying sentence. Every count after the first two adds another 25 years. After being convicted of possessing a gun in those three instances, my brother received a sentence of 55 years (5+25+25) without parole in federal prison. One of the most frustrating things we learned during Weldon's ordeal is that the judge had no discretion to avoid such an excessive sentence. Judge Paul Cassell, who was



appointed by President George W. Bush, was frustrated, too. He wanted to give my brother a stiff sentence — eight to 10 years, based on the sentencing guidelines — but thought 55 years was absurd.

At sentencing, Judge Cassell called Weldon's punishment "unjust, cruel, and even irrational." He said that repeat child rapists and airplane hijackers get much shorter sentences.

Weldon has been serving his sentence in Southern California, far from his family. His relationship with his children's mother has not survived his incarceration. His boys, who were five and six when he was sentenced, are growing up without their father.

He talks with them every day, and I do everything I can to let them know that their father still loves and supports them, but no one in my family can fill Weldon's shoes or give them what only a father can give them. Weldon knows that it is his fault that he got into trouble, and he has to live with that pain and guilt. But 55 years for a drug offense in which no one was hurt or even threatened is an inappropriate punishment.

Weldon has been an exceptional person while incarcerated, completing enough college credits to earn a degree and completing vocational training in dental laboratory management and graphic design, as well as other classes. Weldon recently earned a Certificate of Achievement in General Business from Coastline Community College. He is also currently a tutor for the FCC Lompoc Education Department.

My family prays that President Obama will commute Weldon's sentence — as Judge Cassell had requested when he sentenced Weldon — so that my nephews will get a chance to know their father before they become fathers themselves. But we also pray that no other family has to go through what we have.

U.S. Attorney General Eric Holder last month announced that the Justice Department was going to change how it prosecuted nonviolent individuals who buy or sell illegal drugs. Mr. Holder said, "By reserving the most severe penalties for serious, high-level, or violent drug traffickers, we can better promote public safety, deterrence, and rehabilitation — while making our expenditures smarter and more productive." Unfortunately, his proposed changes would not have helped Weldon, even though he did not commit a violent crime.

I am glad that Utah's two senators — Senator Hatch and Senator Lee — understand that existing mandatory minimum laws need to be reconsidered. I understand that Senator Lee has co-sponsored a bill, S. 1410, the Smarter Sentencing Act, which would reduce the mandatory minimum sentences in drug cases. My concern is that, like the attorney general's proposal, this Act would not prevent others from getting the same excessive sentence Weldon received. I hope the members of this committee understand that I do not seek leniency for violent criminals.

I have a child of my own, and I want him to live in a safe neighborhood. But not everyone who owns or carries a gun is a violent criminal or drug kingpin. In cases where a defendant does not even use or threaten to use a gun, I think federal courts should have some discretion to avoid the mandatory minimum sentences that Congress intended for violent criminals.

“55 years for a drug offense in which no one was hurt or even threatened is an inappropriate punishment.”

# Marco Saavedra § Bronx, NY

## IMMIGRANT DETENTION

I went into the immigration detention with the determination that when I walked out with my freedom, that I was going to bring others with me. I am one of the DREAM 9 activists who voluntarily entered Mexico and crossed back onto the United States border with the intent of being arrested. I wanted to infiltrate the detention center to expose the horrors that detainees and their families face from an immigration policy that badly needs to be reformed.

The inside of the detention center looks similar to a motel. Each room has three bunk beds making for six adults in each room. The rooms have a television and a bathroom with a door that we are all forced to share.

It's not a resort by any stretch; but we learned to work together in the cramped quarters.



During the intake processing you are stripped away from all of your personal belongings. There are no cell phones, and no personal photos. You can't wear your own clothes. Instead, the males are issued standard orange jumpsuits; and the females are issued sweats.

They allow you to work — encourage it in fact. If you take up one of their jobs, they'll pay you \$1 each day. This is well below any type of minimum wage law protections. They do provide you with the incentive of gaining additional visitation privileges. If you work and accept their scraps of payment, they'll reward you with weekly visits; but if you don't work, then you are only given the chance to see your friends and family every other weekend.

You are allowed to purchase new items; however, the commissary-type store is extremely overpriced. The money that you earn or are given is spent fast in the detention centers. We were given phone privileges, but this too was financially burdensome. One call could easily rack up to \$30 in just a matter of minutes.

A lot of the men suffered from depression; and understandably so — many were the main bread winners of their family, and locking them up in detention centers interrupted their ability to provide for those they cared most about. It wasn't just the individual whose lives were deeply impacted, it was their entire family.

The legal counseling provided to the detainees was minimal. There were efforts made by some attorneys to provide free services; however there are just too many people in need to really make a deep impact. As a result, most of the men that I came into contact with only had two options: sign the deportation papers, or stay sitting in the detention center for months on end.

My three-week incarceration taught me a lot about the hardships faced by millions living within the United States borders. I went into detention knowing of the safety nets in place that would demand my release. I am one of the lucky ones. When I left the detention center, I was determined to create a net for others who could also be released after me.

# Gustavo Hernandez § Boise, ID

## IMMIGRANT DETENTION

The cry for a clear path to citizenship is made not only from those who risk being deported; the cry comes from the families who love, support, and depend on the person who is taken away as well. My uncle has been deported. I recall how his sudden absence devastated our family.

Our families are separated by an invisible line. On one side stands his mother, siblings, aunts, uncles and childhood friends; while on the other stands his life and everything he's worked for, including his wife, children, and our family here. One day, my uncle had to leave for Mexico to attend his brother's funeral. He had considered not going, but couldn't bear the thought of missing the opportunity to say goodbye and pay his final respects. He shouldn't be forced to choose between us; choosing family based on which side of the line they fall on, which side he can offer his love and comfort to in a time of need. It's ridiculous. I could see that it tore him apart. It's a choice that no one should ever be forced to make.

We all knew the risk my uncle was taking. He gave us all a reassuring hug that things will be okay. He kissed his wife and their children goodbye with a promise to return in a matter of days.

It was a promise he couldn't keep.

My uncle's detention was emotionally difficult to endure. No one knew what to expect. We couldn't see him, and often had to rely on news of his well-being from other family members who had loved ones locked away. It was very frustrating because we had so many questions that couldn't be addressed. Was he okay; what was going to happen; when would he come home? We all sat and were left to fret and wonder.

Meanwhile, our family had to think up a plan to fill my uncle's shoes while he was away. He had been the sole provider for his family. So, with his unexpected absence, we all scrambled to find a way of meeting my aunt and cousins' day-to-day financial need. It was really tough because we aren't rich. My family struggles just to keep our own heads above water; but, we all pitched in and gave what we could. We've got to be there for one another.

It was scary to wonder if I would ever see my uncle again. What would happen to my aunt? It was really hard on my cousins. They missed their dad. I was told that if they couldn't get my uncle back here in the states that she and my cousins were going to have to move down to Mexico.

It's sad how families like ours are split apart. One day we are all together, and then the next day we are left to question if we'll ever see each other again. You just never know what may happen.



# Paul Herbert § Yukon Flats, AK

## NATIVE VOICES: SUBSISTENCE RIGHTS

I am a hunter, a fisherman. It's not just what I do, it is who I am. My life is hunting, trapping, fishing and living off the land and water to make a living. With the food that I hunt and fish, I am able to feed 800 people. We feed each other, we share, we help each other.

Getting food has never been a problem for me. I know the land well. I learned how to hunt and fish like the way my grandparents lived and their parents from the beginning of time. Here, people usually don't shop at grocery stores for food. I mean, we may buy a few items such as tea, sugar, coffee, rice and flour; but everything else is grown, hunted or fished.



Now, I am being told I'm wrong, my hunting and fishing are criminal. I don't know what I will do if I cannot eat my traditional foods. I am 65 years old and have been eating my food all of my life. Traditional foods have been my acquired taste from childhood. I do not want to eat anything else.

Several tickets have been issued to me and other hunters by the Fish and Wild life. I have had to go to court more than once. I am not doing anything wrong.

I am not committing a crime. I simply fish and hunt on the land that has always belonged to us all.

"I am not committing a crime. I simply fish and hunt on the land that has always belonged to us all."

I wish the political leaders would stop focusing on subsistence users, and start focusing on the commercial fishers and hunters and the laws that are supposed to protect us. The federal government and lawmakers need to get rid of the Fish and Game wardens

that patrol the river and land with their big new snow machines and fancy planes. We need our traditions protected.

Instead for years, we are being told by others not familiar with our ways, how and when we are supposed to trap, hunt and fish.

# Paul Williams, Sr. § Yukon Flats, AK

## NATIVE VOICES: SUBSISTENCE RIGHTS

The land is under new management and I don't think they know what they're doing exactly. The Native people 10,000, or even 500 years ago, they did the same thing, had rules and regulations as to how you could manage the lands and the animals.

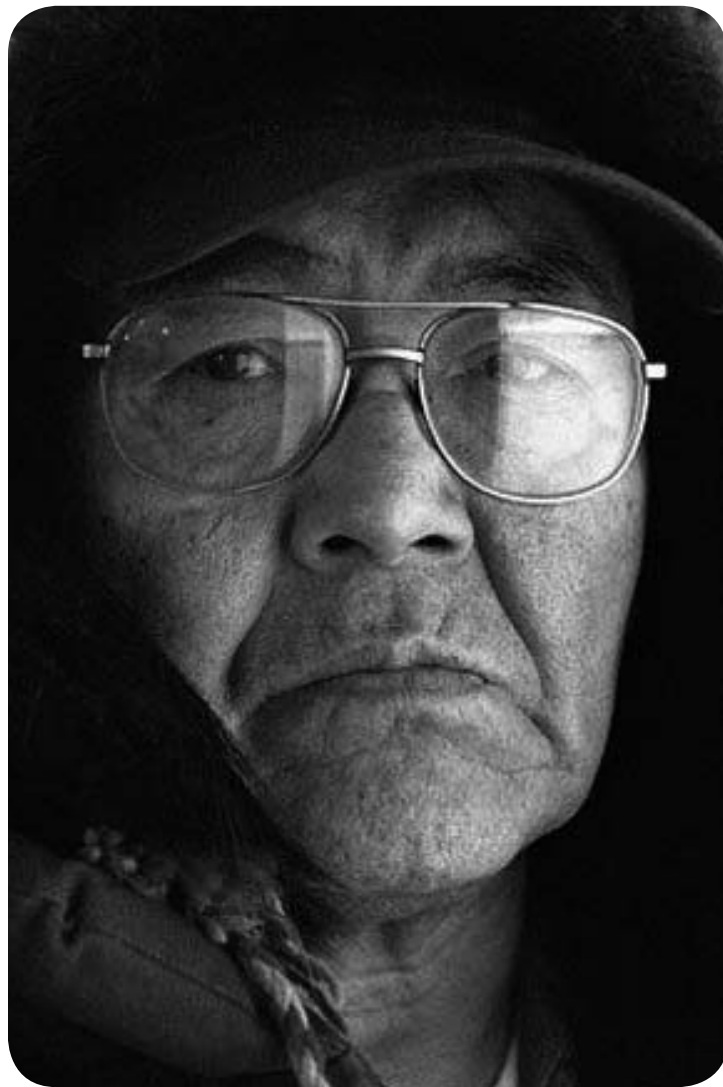
When the Western people first came they thought that nobody lived here because we never hurt the land. We had trails, and people who had dog teams knew each other, but that was about it. If you had a tent, or a teepee, you would carry all the sticks with you so you didn't have to cut down a lot of wood.

We've been here a long time, and we've got our own ways. Regulations are made in Juneau and D.C., and people here are forced to live by these regulations and try to fit them in. All these orders and laws from Congress aren't even followed because nobody knows what they are. Mostly people don't understand English. They speak English, but it's limited. It's hard to interpret the law, that's where the conflict comes in.

I know we're different from the lower 48 Native Americans, and a lot of them manage their own land. And we're not doing that up here; the people who manage the land up here, they learn what they learn from university and colleges. They should lie among us to see firsthand how we do these subsistence activities.

I think the regulations should be made by the Native people. We know our practices are tested ways that have been done over and over and were successful over thousands of years. One of the things that I would like to see is Native people possibly partnering with federal and state to manage the lands and waters. There's no true partnership, at least one I haven't seen. Under current laws, we're supposed to have a special relationship with the federal government, and it's down on paper. But I don't see an action being done by government-to-government consultation.

We're still being native. Somebody wrote down on paper one time, you can't stop a little puppy from barking, or a little bunny from hopping, because it's still a bunny. I compare that to us, we will always be what we are.



“We will always be what we are.”

# Lisa Haynes § Portland, OR

## RACIAL PROFILING

As the male officers' hands went across my body, all I could wonder was "why me?" I asked him — begged and pleaded in fact for them both to tell me — but my cries for answers fell on deaf ears.

I felt violated, humiliated, and threatened for my life.

The incident occurred last fall, but I can recall each detail as if it were yesterday. It was mid-morning, around 10 a.m. I was waiting for the bus near my home heading for downtown. It was raining outside, so I took cover under an awning of a local business to escape being drenched. That's when they saw me.

The officers were driving their patrol car down the street. They pulled a U-turn in the middle of the road and approached me. At first, I didn't pay too much attention to them. I saw they were walking in my direction, but assumed they were looking for someone or something else.



I was wrong.

The first officer began asking me where I was going. I answered and told them that I was headed downtown. The questions continued. They asked what I was going to do when I got there. I continued to explain, but the more I answered the more questions they began to ask. When I gave them my name, they walked back to their car to run my ID for warrants. I began to wonder what was going on. I was getting scared. I've never experienced this type of interaction with an officer before.

While they were at their car, I called my son, because something wasn't feeling quite right. I didn't feel like the officers had a right to question me like this. My son confirmed my suspicion and began telling me that if I wasn't being arrested, that I had a right to leave.

I started walking away. That's when things became horrific. The cops began yelling at me to stop. Before I had a chance to even turn back around, one of them reached out and forcefully grabbed me by my backpack.

It completely took me by surprise. I couldn't understand how he could manhandle me this way. I thought to myself, "This can't be right."

What did I do wrong? I asked them; but received no response.

I was terrified. Thoughts of what they might do to me were racing through my mind. I'm only 4-foot-10 and both of these officers were giants by comparison. As he was yanking me toward him, instinctively, I pulled away from what I perceived as their threatening behavior. It caused them to get even more physical.

They forced me down to the ground and put me in some type of force-hold. He pulled my arm high above my head, and put his knee deep into my back. It hurt so badly.

I again asked why they were doing this. I pleaded to know. I told them that this was against my rights. They responded, "Shut the fuck up you Black bitch; you have no fucking rights."

I was completely at their mercy. I felt powerless. They handcuffed me and sat me in the back of their patrol car. Within minutes the officers brought two white males to the car where I was being held to look at me. They peered in, shook their heads, and were taken away.

The officers then told me that I was free to leave. No apology, no explanation, just told to go home. I was furious!

As soon as I could, I filed a complaint against the officers demanding an investigation.

I later learned that a 911 call had been placed that a 5'6" Hispanic male had been rifling through mailboxes earlier in the same area. I didn't match the description at all. It occurred to me that's why the two men who peered at me while I was handcuffed in the police car were shaking their heads no.

All along I had been asking the officers why this was happening to me. Alas, I knew the answer: it was because I was Black. No other reason. They treated me like this — violated me like this — because I'm Black.

## David Armendariz § San Antonio, TX

### RACIAL PROFILING

I am a litigating partner of De Mott, McChesney, Curtright & Armendáriz, LLP in San Antonio, Texas. I have been suing the government for unfair practices of racial profiling for over five years now. The problem is the illegal roaming patrols.

The Border Patrol is flush with money and manpower. Due to a sharp rise in federal funding for border enforcement, the federal government has greatly increased the number of Border Patrol agents. For fiscal year 2011, Custom Border Patrol (CBP) had a projected goal of more than 21,000 Border Patrol agents. This more than doubles the number of agents employed in 2004. The vast majority of its agents are assigned to the Border Patrol sectors along the southern border of the United States abutting Mexico. This tremendous increase in manpower has allowed the Border Patrol to increase its roving patrols, which are one part of the Border Patrol's overall strategy for immigration enforcement. The Border Patrol says it has a "three-tiered, defense-in-depth strategy" to secure the border between ports of entry involving "the use of line-watch operations on the border, roving patrol operations near the border, and traffic checkpoints on highways leading away from the border." At the border. Near the border. Leading away from the border. As it does here, the eponymous agency generally defends its sphere of activities as involving or being in relation to the actual border.



The problem is that the Border Patrol is actually engaged in roving patrol operations at a greater distance from the border than its own regulations appear to contemplate. More to the point, its modus operandi



often appears to be to conduct these operations in a manner that clearly violates not only its own operating regulations but also applicable statutory law and constitutional limitations. The predictable result is a degraded agency, racial profiling, and unlawful seizures of the undocumented, of non-citizens with legal status, and of U.S. citizens. The principle underlying reason for this abuse of power (beyond our imperfect human nature) is uncomplicated; the Border Patrol is insufficiently restrained. There are neither adequate internal nor sufficient external restraints on the exercise of its powers. It has been left to self-regulate and this experiment has been a failure, but a failure that largely goes unnoticed because of the legal and factual context in which the Border Patrol operates.

Through litigation, I assist my clients with challenging CBP actions. Take for instance the matter of a recent case I had here in Texas:

On the morning of January 31, 2012, Francisco Jaimes-Villegas was driving with two of his Hispanic coworkers on Highway 84 outside of Santa Anna, Texas, when he was pulled over by two Custom Border Patrol (CBP) agents using their emergency lights. Mr. Jaimes-Villegas was driving an unaltered, uncovered pickup truck, with a tool box and a generator in the truck bed, and was obeying all relevant traffic laws when he was stopped. When the two CBP agents approached, one on each side of the truck, one agent immediately handcuffed Mr. Jaimes-Villegas to the person sitting in the rear, and the other agent handcuffed the person sitting in the passenger seat to himself, before asking them any questions. The agents then interrogated the handcuffed men as to whether they had any “papers,” after which they pulled the three men out of the truck and put them in the back seat of their own car. Mr. Jaimes-Villegas and his co-workers remained in the car while the CBP agents similarly stopped another truck and arrested two more men who were then squeezed into the back seat of the CBP vehicle as well. The agents continued looking for people on the same road, arresting one other man who was put in a second vehicle, until they finally brought the men to the Border Patrol station in San Angelo.

At the station, Mr. Jaimes-Villegas was questioned by one of the arresting agents. Mr. Jaimes-Villegas informed the agent that he did not want to sign a form agreeing to be sent out of the country. He then was questioned a second time by a different CBP agent, who told him that he had to sign, and tried to convince him that it would be better for him to do so, telling him he was going to be deported anyway. Mr. Jaimes-Villegas refused to sign, which appeared to upset the agent. CBP proceeded to hold Mr. Jaimes-Villegas in a cell for three hours and then transported him to another holding facility where he spent the night in a room with ten other people.

The common factor of the arrest of Mr. Jaimes-Villegas and the clients that come through my office are that they are Hispanic men having no proximity to the US-Mexican border. The government documentation pertaining to the arrests includes statements by Border Patrol agents claiming the vehicles were stopped because the occupants purportedly looked nervous, or stoic and nervous, or for other highly subjective reasons.

Racial profiling at the hands of CBP infringes on the rights of my clients.

# David Yusem § Oakland, CA

## RESTORATIVE JUSTICE

Restorative justice is a strategy used to address racial disproportionality in suspensions. Currently, our school district has a voluntary resolution plan agreement with the United States Department of Education Office for Civil rights to change the way we are disciplining the young, black males — and a growing number of female — students. The restorative justice program started in one school, and immediately had positive results. As such, we've initiated the program throughout our entire district. Our restorative justice program is working.



Restorative justice isn't just about discipline. It's about how we work together as a community. I'll share a story from a Restorative Justice Coordinator at one of our middle schools that shows how teachers, students, and the administration as a whole worked together as a community to address an issue that arose on campus:

"Two girls, once friends, got into a fight- it was violent and it took place in front of several members of the school. The Assistant Principal was knocked to the ground and had a bloody lip. The two girls were suspended and with them gone, the school community grappled with rumors and instigating between the circle of friends around the two girls to the point that there were six girls who wanted to fight each other — all who used to be friends. This all took place on a Monday.

The next day, we conducted a circle in an attempt to temper the fear and anger boiling up within the six friends so that they could make it to the end of the week when the two girls returned from suspension. Throughout the week, rumors and instigation continued, other students got involved as body guards for the girls and the girls sought support from teachers to help them with their anger. The community was tense; the girls were distracted from academics and were afraid. Tension continued to build. By Friday, three of the girls arrived in sweats ready to fight, the other three were afraid to go anywhere in the school. In partnership with two other teachers, we provided safe spaces for the groups to remain apart while I brought together the two central girls. I worked with each individually first and then brought them together.

The girls came together and built understanding and slowly opened to a place of true vulnerability and accountability for their actions and their impact - not just upon themselves but upon their friends, the AP and the school community. They then helped to plan their next steps to repair the harm they caused — they wanted to bring their friends together — so they planned a circle and designed the questions. They each met with their friends separately, and then brought them together and the two girls that fought on Monday, facilitated a circle to repair the harm among their friends on Friday. By the end, they all felt closer and could laugh again. Now, their next step is to design and facilitate a final circle to address the external instigators.

I met with the six girls from the initial circle and together the girls designed and prepped three more girls to join them and talk about instigating. The teachers, both trained in basic community building circles, provided a space and supported the girls during the conversation. They did an INCREDIBLE job running the follow up circle. I was so impressed, not only with the maturity and honesty of the girls, but with the process itself."

It is stories like these that really show that Restorative Justice works. It is a philosophy that serves to hold students accountable for their actions, while keeping them in the community and healing harm. Through the circles students are able to address what happened, the impact on those affected, and ultimately break the cycle of harm and aggression. That is where healing begins for the student, the school, and the entire community.

# Kathleen Mosely § Chicago, IL

## RESTORATIVE JUSTICE

We take a Restorative Justice approach to deal with the difficult challenges faced by youths in crises. The children that come through our program have deep-seeded problems which must be addressed. Our clients' ages range between 14 and 24.

One never knows what the day may bring, or what situation may appear at our door. We've pretty much seen and dealt with it all — children that are dealing with parents that are drug addicted; teen pregnancies, sexually abused victims, physically abused victims — there's no challenge that we haven't encountered. The method that has been helpful in getting to the root of the underlying matters that the children are dealing with has been restorative justice.

The program works because the process allows the participants to break down their own walls. They identify the problems openly for themselves, and are then encouraged to place themselves in becoming their own solution. It empowers not just the individual that committed the "misbehavior" but it also empowers the person who was "harmed" so that "healing" from both parties can begin.

Most of the children here aren't open to the idea of traditional therapy; however, they are receptive to Restorative Justice Peace Circles which in and of itself is therapeutic in that it allows the individuals to share what is happening in their lives without risking judgment.



“One never knows what the day may bring, or what situation may appear at our door.”

Sometimes, it just feels good to get it out. What do you do when your world is crumbling and that world is inside your mind? You've got to find a release someplace. Restorative Justice affords an opportunity to speak on what is happening at home, school, on the streets — everywhere they are facing challenges — and get out what is often kept bottled. They listen to others in the circle and learn their issues may not be different from what another participant is facing. The exchange is healing and opens the window for finding solutions. The Peace Circles allows us to help our participants find that release in a helpful, healthy, and constructive way.

Restorative Justice works well in meeting the needs of our participants.

# Ted Evans § Seattle, WA

## RE-ENTRY

I went away to prison for a number of years on non-violent, drug related offenses. I made bad choices and had to pay my debt to society for them. I've served my time and made my amends; so to me – the debt has been paid in full. I'm ready for a new start — but unfortunately, not everyone is ready to free me from the past.

Rebuilding your life is hard coming out of prison. For real, it's no joke. Housing applications ask for your criminal history, and once you tell them that you've had a felony — it's over. They're not trying to offer you a lease. Just to get into the apartment that I have now, which is located in the rough side of town, I had to find a co-signer. I had a similar experience when it came to finding a job. Employers look down on you when they see you've been convicted. Hopefully that'll change. Seattle's started a new Ban- the-Box program. Basically, if you apply for a job in Seattle, the applications can't ask about your criminal history until after you've been called in for the job interview. It should help ex-felons get their foot in the door; but it's too early to tell if it'll work just yet.



If you don't come out of prison with a plan in place for getting your money, food, and housing squared away, then you are already setting yourself up to struggle trying to re-enter the community. A lot of brothers mess up thinking they can just jump out on their own and will land on their feet. It doesn't work that way. There are a lot of obstacles out there against you, so you'll need to build a strong support system.

I had a team working with me while I was still locked up, and had a team ready to help when I was released. I needed them both.

The Black Prisoner's Caucus in the Washington State Monroe Penitentiary gave me the re-entry support I needed. While inside, they squared me away with job-ready trainings through a program called Career Bridges. With their help, I planned ahead, and started preparing for my release while I was still locked up. I saved about \$600 of what I earned while still in prison. Then, as soon as I was released, I worked with a local church which partnered with Career Bridges to help get me a job with AmeriCorps. The job didn't pay much, so I had to get two of them just to make ends meet.

It's tough, but I'm out here making it work. I know that I'm one of the lucky ones. If it wasn't for the brothers in the Black Prisoners Caucus, and the church programs through the Village of Hope, I don't know if I would have been able to pull it together on my own.

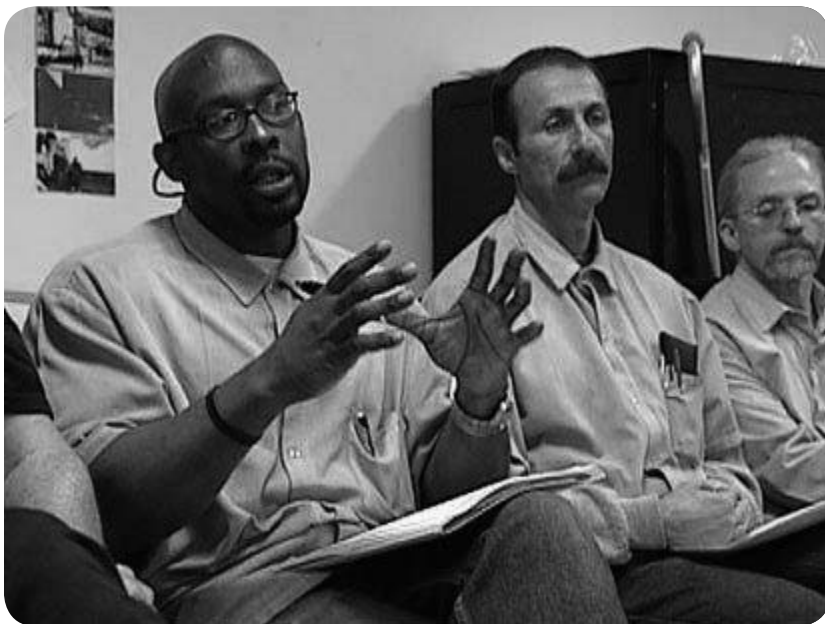
# Kevin Penn § Oakland, CA

## RE-ENTRY

I was given a life sentence in the San Quentin, California penitentiary. I didn't know if I would ever be free again. I was twenty-three years old when I was sent away. I was age 47 when I got released.

I spent my adult life behind bars. I used my time wisely to transform my way of thinking and to unlearn the behaviors I had picked up on the streets. I use the things I learned on the inside, to apply here in the outside world.

My biggest challenge was convincing the parole board that I've made this change. I got into the gang life when I was just 11. It was during the 1980s in L.A. and drugs and gangs were at its peak. Crack and cocaine came in like a tornado; I along with many other Black men in the area got swept up in it. I lived a very violent life. Today, I've learned to reject violence. It's not about fear; it's not a reaction to my time in prison — it's about self-reflection. It's about knowing yourself and knowing how self-image causes young men to act violently, even when they don't want to or don't need to. I started teaching this while inside the prison to other inmates so they could get themselves out of the mental prison they had built for themselves. The parole board could see that I had changed; but still needed to see that I could maintain a productive lifestyle out in the community.



While in prison, I had the challenge of saving money for my release, securing a job, and finding housing. It's hard enough doing this outside the prison walls — it was mission impossible doing so from my cell. But, I was determined not to fail.

Luckily, I was able to save up about \$2,000, and easily got into a house that was already owned by my family. The job prospects, however, were going to be a bit more challenging.

I had started building my support network while I was in prison. Different organizations would work with the inmates and were often impressed with the leadership I had shown. They promised me jobs upon my release, but some weren't always true to their word. Luckily, that wasn't the case for the executive working at Goodwill. He attended one of the forums I was hosting, was impressed with what I was doing with the men, and offered me a job. He stayed true and had something lined up for me when I came out.

All it really took was a chance and opportunity to show the changes that I've made in my life; someone who believed in the talent that I had to set others on the right path. He saw it in me, and now I've committed my career to extending the same opportunities for others re-entering the community.

People like me deserve a second chance to learn from our mistakes and show that we can offer something back to the community.

# Alonzo Otherbull § Butte, MT

## SCHOOL TO PRISON PIPELINE

I've never been the type to go out looking for trouble, but somehow trouble seemed to find its way to my door. I was attending public school in Butte, Montana. It was my sixth grade year. The school was small, which my parents thought would be a good thing because smaller classrooms meant more one-on-one learning time from my teachers.

Things didn't work out the way they had hoped.

Being the only Native in school, I stuck out like a sore thumb. Kids picked on me a lot. I would tell the teachers what was happening, but they did nothing. It seemed they didn't care.

Eventually, I got tired of the school turning a blind eye, and I took matters into my own hands. If someone pushed me, I pushed back. If they called me a name, I'd give it right back. I wasn't going to just sit, and let everyone pick on me. I was going to protect myself.

It was only when I started fighting back that the school decided to get involved; but not in the way I expected. No one came to my aid to tell the other students to stop picking on the only child that looked different from them. Teachers didn't teach about cultural tolerance. No one pulled the bullies aside and told them to stop bullying.

Instead of helping me, the school teachers and administrators turned against me. Instead of being the victim — they saw me as the threat. I got suspended all the time. As the year went on, I found myself getting pulled out of the classroom, taken away from the teacher's instruction. Luckily, my parents were determined not to let the suspensions interfere with my learning and saw to it that the school sent the homework to my house. I had to teach myself lessons that other student had the advantage of getting from trained teachers. Teaching myself was hard, but I did it. Otherwise, I would have fallen behind in my schoolwork, and my grades would have dropped. Without good grades, doors to getting into college would have been closed before I could even get to the front steps. They didn't — I've always been too smart to let that happen.

What occurred next is impossible to imagine: things went from bad to worse. The Vice-Principal began getting law enforcement involved in the matter. When altercations arose, I now had the threat of being sent to juvenile detention — from the classroom to the jail cell.

The school saw it as more important to lock me up than to educate me. Finally, my parents had enough and transferred me to a school on the Indian reservation. I had to live with my grandmother.

It was difficult being away from my parents and little brother, but education is important to my family, so it was a sacrifice that we agreed to make. In the end it worked out well. I thrived academically and wasn't sent to jail.



“Without good grades, doors to getting into college would have been closed ... I've always been too smart to let that happen.”

# Maria Holt § Dayton, OH

## SCHOOL TO PRISON PIPELINE

Clogging the school to prison pipeline for young, Black boys starts early. Before they get to the detention centers, they are pushed out of the classrooms. For me and my son Amir, our school challenges reached our front door early in his preschool education.

Amir was the only African American child in his classroom. We lived in middle- to upper-class neighborhood in a predominantly White school. At 2 years old, my son was labeled as a problem-child. I was being called by the teacher discussing “concerns” she had of his class performance. Immediately, he was singled out. She complained that he wasn’t learning the way that the other children were learning, and something must have been wrong with him.



I suspected foul play and became the advocate in education that my son needed me to be. I am a nurse by profession — not an educator — but, I was determined to find ways to support him. I researched high and low for materials that would help us. I put together a team of advocates that were familiar with the issues that my son faced. It was infuriating for us to find that he was not alone.

The teachers continued their insistence that he couldn’t learn. The more I challenged their notion with the fact that Amir was a bright and capable child, the more complaints were filed against him. It was frustrating, but I endured it with all the strength I could muster. When they instructed me to have him tested for Attention Deficit Disorder, I consulted an independent psychologist who concluded that he was fine. I shared the testing results with the school but they wouldn’t change their beliefs against him.

Learning centers aren’t supposed to tear a child down like that. They were breaking his spirit and leaving him to feel like he was less than the other students in the classroom. Eventually, I was forced to file a complaint against the school with the Ohio Civil Rights office.

I withdrew him from that school because I didn’t want to expose him to further harm. That really got under their skin. In registering him from his old school to a new one, tales of me being a “problem parent-of a problem-child” followed us. He couldn’t get a fresh start from the cloud hanging over his past. There was no escape.

My only recourse in breaking the vicious web of lies was to tell the past teachers that I planned to home-school Amir. This prevented them from contacting other schools in area and “warning” them about us.

Thankfully, it worked. I have now found a great school that is known nationally on educating young, bright African American boys just like Amir. He is age 6 now and is progressing just fine.

I hate to imagine what would have happened to him if I let those adult educators convince us of anything other than his ability to succeed in the classroom. Too many young men, just like Amir, are pushed out of the classroom and told they are not bright and capable enough. Not my son. I’m working to make certain other students don’t face being pushed out as well.



# Makkai Griffin § Tacoma, WA

## SCHOOL TO PRISON PIPELINE

I don't know how I ended up behind the walls of the Raman Hall Juvenile Detention, but I was there. I did everything that I was ever told to do: I was the captain of my basketball team; I was not only on the honor roll — I got the highest grades of my entire 7th grade class; I stayed away from drugs; and stayed clear from gangs. But there I was, in an orange jumper as if I were some type of thug criminal.

At first I was scared. I've have never been in jail before; but then I became pissed. I never should have been there.

Kids like me should never know what it feels like to have handcuffs wrapped tightly around their wrists. I shouldn't have been called out of the classroom, taken to the office and apprehended by a police officer for all to see. I don't want to know how hard the seats are in the back of a patrol car. I never should have had to find out. Kids like me shouldn't know what it means to be "processed" at the detention center. But I was forced to experience and learn all of these things — and the only reason why this happened to someone like me is because I am Black.

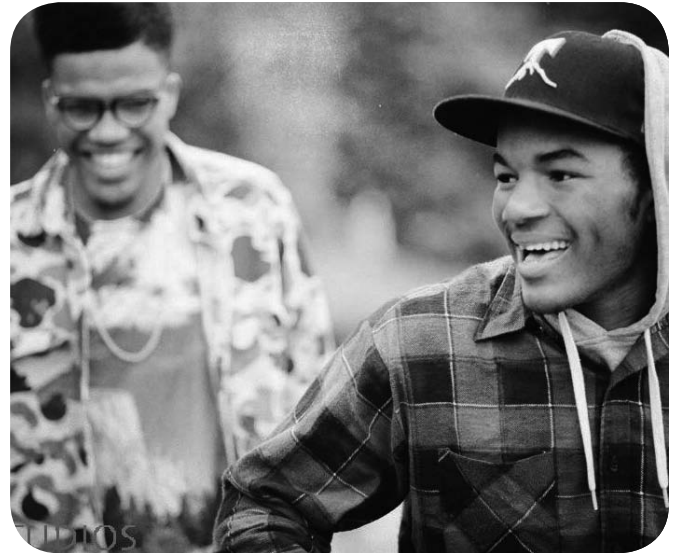
I'm not pulling a race card. I don't go around calling people racist without reason. But, I'll tell you what: the Franklin Pierce School Resource Officer is a racist. He looks at me and doesn't see anything good that I offer my school or campus community. He sees my nappy hair, my wide nose, and dark skin and sees a boy destined for prison.

I was pulled out of class, arrested in front of my classmates, and put into detention because the school resource officer heard that I was walking across campus after school-hours. I understand that the school district is closed-campus and no one is allowed on the property after 6 p.m. I get it — but, to put me in jail because someone said they saw me walking across the field is absolutely ridiculous.

When the prosecuting attorney heard why I was placed at Raman Hall, she called my parents and had me released immediately. The lawyer said she wasn't even going to bother pressing legal charges against me because it was stupid that I was even arrested.

My dad was even more upset than I was. He pulled me out of the entire school district for the rest of the year. His friend was the principal at a school in a neighboring city. My parents enrolled me there. It was inconvenient because I had to catch the city bus there which took an extra two hours out of my day, but it beat the alternative of getting arrested by our over-the-top school resource officer.

Schools should do a better job of protecting us from the very officers who are hired to give us protection. I'm a good student, and a leader on campus. I never should have been treated like a criminal and sent away to jail.

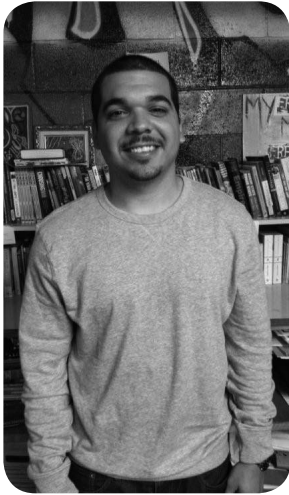


"I'm a good student and a leader on campus. I should never have been treated like a criminal."

# Alberto Cazarez § Los Angeles, CA

## SCHOOL TO PRISON PIPELINE

"Stop, and put your hands in the air," the officers demanded with their guns drawn and pointed. I won't lie, I was scared. I didn't know what they were going to do. One of the officers grabbed my hands and twisted a pair of handcuffs around them. I didn't try to run. I know they hate it when we do that, plus they had guns pointed at me. Instead, I complied with all of their barked out orders. They lifted up my shirt and checked for any tattoos. They took pictures of me as if I were some sort of freak of nature. Then, just as suddenly as they had appeared — they were gone. I was only 13 years old at the time. This was the first time I had ever had any interaction with the cops. It definitely wouldn't be my last.



LA has gang activity; however, everyone that lives here aren't gang members. Still, cops often treat us as if we're all criminals. I was entered into the gang database with the pictures the officers took of me. I was going to school every day, staying off of drugs, and being an overall good kid; however, this didn't matter to the cops.

I was a Latino, male living in the projects of California. To them, that was enough to arouse suspicion of gang activity.

The following three years were met with similar harassment. Cops would routinely stop me and perform frisk searches for weapons. I was stopped weekly — sometimes they'd stop me every day if there was a shooting in my neighborhood. It became so frequent; I pretty much knew what to do before they even told me to do it. The cops would ask about other people and what I knew about them. They would ask if I heard about anything happening in the neighborhood. I never answered their questions because I never knew the information they were seeking. Still, they continually asked. Some officers were tougher than others. The mean ones were forceful when searching and demanding answers. They would accuse me of withholding information from them on crimes committed in the area. The nicer ones were more inquisitive in their approach; however, no cop ever took the time to be courteous and actually speak to me respectfully.

I was 18, when out from nowhere, officers came to the community center where I was hanging with my friends. They served me with a gang injunction. I didn't understand why. Again, my inquiries fell on deaf ears. They tried to hand me the injunction; but I refused to accept it. This was so unfair. They threw the paperwork at my feet and walked away.

Today, my rights have been taken away for no reason. If I go for a walk, I can't stand around for longer than five minutes, otherwise they will say I'm loitering and haul me off to jail. Worse, I can't be within 200 feet of another person who is arbitrarily placed on the gang injunction. Take, for instance, my next-door neighbor, who's been my childhood friend since I can remember; we can't talk to each other anymore. If he leaves his house for school, I've got to wait for him to be far enough ahead so that I don't get within too close of a distance. Who wants to live their life looking over their shoulder to see who's in a 200-foot radius? It's ridiculous!

Under the injunction, I was required to be home by 10 each night until sunrise. It didn't matter if I was with my family or not. I had to stop what I was doing and obey the curfew or risk getting seen by an officer and put in jail. It ruined my dating life. I couldn't do simple things like take my girlfriend to a dinner and a movie.

My neighbor and I started a class-action lawsuit that allows others in my situation to fight against the injustice of the Gang Injunction. It's still making its way through the justice system.

I'm 22 years old now and remain on the gang injunction. I've graduated from high school at the top of my class and have received a full-ride scholarship to attend college. No matter what success I will achieve in life, to the police out here in California, I will only be seen as another gang member.

# RECOMMENDATIONS

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Across the nation, millions of people are fighting to stave off further erosion, and restore the rights taken away by corporate greed. While there is no silver bullet that will magically save the rights that have been stripped away, the work of organizers are making distinct and meaningful impacts. Only through systemic changes will trends of mass incarceration and deportation be curved. These changes include creation of the following programs and policies:

**Economic Empowerment and Community Interdependence Programs and Policies** that promote alternative economic structures that benefit systemically disenfranchised communities, including individuals that are formally incarcerated and regardless of immigration status. This removes the dependence on economic structures that are in place to maintain current economic equities in place.

**A Political System Independent of Corporate Financial Influence** which removes the power that corporations have over law-making. It includes an effort which fights against Citizens United and other corporate personhood policies as well as requires the implementation of clean elections laws that forbid corporate giving and caps contributions to candidates.

**Self-Determination Policies**, which take the dependency out of the hands of corporate interests and puts control of resources in the hands of the community for the common good. The campaign for Athabaskan Co-Management (or self-management) and community policing are a couple of the best practices which should be promoted.

**Strong Families and United Communities** must be encouraged and supported. The criminal justice and immigration systems both systematically disperse the power that communities could have by removing their most valuable resources, the people. By removing matriarchs, patriarchs, and entire communities of people, the fabric of communities of color across America are being destroyed, making it nearly impossible to build significant political and structural power.

Furthermore, this removal process impacts generations in ways that almost guarantee a family's future interactions with the systems. For example, children with incarcerated parents are at increased risk for abusing drugs and alcohol, engaging in antisocial behavior, dropping out of school or experiencing a decline in school work, as well as having high levels of truancy, aggression, and disruptive behaviors, compared to other children. (Snyder, 2001).

By involving families in all rehabilitative processes, we are able to keep families intact.

By exploring alternatives to the criminal justice system, we can keep people out of these systems altogether. Employing Restorative Justice Programs and Family Involvement in Rehabilitation are just a few of the best practices that should be utilized. Avoiding the criminal justice system that capture and keeps them lost in the criminal justice system.

# CONCLUSION

Dehumanization is a process that does not occur over night. It occurs with the slow, steady, consistent erosion of social, economic, and political rights over time. Dehumanization occurs when fathers found in the remote areas of the Yukon Flats of Alaska are forced to look into the eyes of a hungry child and struggle with the decision of whether or not to take the risk of becoming criminalized simply by fishing and hunting in the ways of tradition that honored the earth and preserved cultural norms.

It's the Dreamer who lives in fear of whether or not his mother will be sent to detention before her citizenship request is approved. Dehumanization occurs when a young teenage girl passes through metal detectors to enter her classroom and stares out of a window lined with hard, thick metal bars like those found on prison cell doors.

It's the piercing glare from an officer's eye who yells in public places for all to see, demanding hands against the wall, and the humiliating feeling of getting patted down for the unwarranted suspicion of criminal activity. Human rights are stripped from the convicted felon who served his debt to society; but can never have a voice to change the condition of his circumstances through the power of a voting ballot.

Voices from across the country are rallying together to restore humanity and stop the mass incarceration and deportation that places profits over lives.

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5. Citizens' Right to Know: Pretrial Release Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/8/80/7A10-Citizens\\_Right\\_to\\_Know\\_-\\_Pretrial\\_Release\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/8/80/7A10-Citizens_Right_to_Know_-_Pretrial_Release_Act_Exposed.pdf)
6. Bail Bond Expiration Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/0/0e/7A4-Bail\\_Bond\\_Expiration\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/0/0e/7A4-Bail_Bond_Expiration_Act_Exposed.pdf)
7. Bail Forfeiture Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/4/41/7A5-Bail\\_Forfeiture\\_Notification\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/4/41/7A5-Bail_Forfeiture_Notification_Act_Exposed.pdf)
8. Minimum-Mandatory Sentencing Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/e/eb/7D6-Minimum-Mandatory\\_Sentencing\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/e/eb/7D6-Minimum-Mandatory_Sentencing_Act_Exposed.pdf)
9. Community Corrections Performance Measurement Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/6/60/7C2-Community\\_Corrections\\_Performance\\_Measurement\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/6/60/7C2-Community_Corrections_Performance_Measurement_Act_Exposed.pdf)
10. Habitual Juvenile Offender Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/3/31/7I0-Habitual\\_Juvenile\\_Offender\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/3/31/7I0-Habitual_Juvenile_Offender_Act_Exposed.pdf)
11. Theft From Three Separate Mercantile Establishments Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/a/a5/7B7-Theft\\_From\\_Three\\_Separate\\_Mercantile\\_Establishments\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/a/a5/7B7-Theft_From_Three_Separate_Mercantile_Establishments_Act_Exposed.pdf)
12. Theft Using Emergency Exit to Avoid Apprehension or Detection Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/1/13/7B8-Theft\\_Using\\_Emergency\\_Exit\\_to\\_Avoid\\_Apprehension\\_or\\_Detection\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/1/13/7B8-Theft_Using_Emergency_Exit_to_Avoid_Apprehension_or_Detection_Act_Exposed.pdf)
13. Workplace Drug Testing Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/2/22/7F14-Workplace\\_Drug\\_Testing\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/2/22/7F14-Workplace_Drug_Testing_Act_Exposed.pdf)
14. Suspension of Driving Privileges Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/f/f1/7Q5-Suspension\\_of\\_Driving\\_Privileges\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/f/f1/7Q5-Suspension_of_Driving_Privileges_Act_Exposed.pdf)
15. No Sanctuary Cities for Illegal Immigration Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/2/2d/7K5-No\\_Sanctuary\\_Cities\\_for\\_Illegal\\_Immigrants\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/2/2d/7K5-No_Sanctuary_Cities_for_Illegal_Immigrants_Act_Exposed.pdf)
16. Mortgage Fraud Act available at: [http://alecexposed.org/w/images/d/d7/7I1-Mortgage\\_Fraud\\_Act\\_Exposed.pdf](http://alecexposed.org/w/images/d/d7/7I1-Mortgage_Fraud_Act_Exposed.pdf)
17. Incarceration and Race available at: <http://www.hrw.org/reports/2000/usa/Rcdrg00-01.htm>

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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License Restoration Services Inc., helps suspended drivers throughout Pennsylvania to reduce suspension time or remove driving record errors and prevent points and additional suspension. LRS assists with limited work license or OLL/bread and butter license applications, and even probationary license help.

The Chicago Area Project (CAP) is a private, not-for-profit organization with a distinguished history and demonstrable track record of over 75 years of work in delinquency prevention and service in disadvantaged urban neighborhoods. The mission of the Chicago Area Project is to work toward the prevention and eradication of juvenile delinquency through the development and support of affiliated local community self-help efforts in communities where the need is the greatest.

Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM) is the national voice for fair and proportionate sentencing laws. We shine a light on the human face of sentencing, advocate for state and federal sentencing reform, and mobilize thousands of individuals and families whose lives are adversely impacted by unjust sentencing laws.

De Mott, McChesney, Curtrights & Armendariz, (DMCA) effectively delivers high-quality, competent legal representation to employers, employees, families and individuals in the global community at a fair price; preserves and represents clients' best interests and objectives with professional integrity, honesty and confidentiality; provides rewarding careers and satisfaction to our employees; and achieves profitability that will enable us to continue to grow and reward our staff.

The Youth Justice Coalition (YJC) works to build a youth-led movement to challenge race, gender and class inequality in the Los Angeles County juvenile injustice system. YJC works to transform a system that has ensured the massive lock-up of people of color, widespread police violence, corruption and distrust between police and communities, violation of youth and communities' Constitutional rights, and the build-up of the world's largest prison system through the use of direct action organizing, advocacy, political education and activist arts to mobilize youth, and their allies – both in the community and within government – to bring about change.

The Council of Athabascan Tribal Governments (CATG) is a grassroots organization founded in 1985 on the principals of tribal self-governance, working to empower and build capacity of local member Tribal Governments to assume management responsibility of programs within their villages. It works to conserve and protect tribal land and other resources; to encourage and support the exercise of tribal powers of self government; to aid and support economic development; to promote the general welfare of each member tribe and its respective individual members; to preserve and maintain justice for all and, to otherwise, exercise all powers granted by its member villages.



# COMMUNITIES UNDER ATTACK

