1	IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS
2	EASTERN DIVISION
3	STATE OF ILLINOIS,)) Docket No. 17 CV 6260
4	Plaintiff,
5	VS.
6) Chicago, Illinois CITY OF CHICAGO,) August 20, 2020) 1:00 PM
7	Defendant.
8	TRANSCRIPT OF PROCEEDINGS - INDEPENDENT MONITOR LISTENING
9	SESSIONS BEFORE THE HONORABLE ROBERT M. DOW, JR.
10	
APPEARANCES:	APPEARANCES:
12	Independent Monitor: MS. MAGGIE HICKEY
13	Denote: Maritana CHIEF (DET.) DODNEY MONDOE
14	Deputy Monitor: CHIEF (RET.) RODNEY MONROE
15	Inspector General City of Chicago: MR. JOSEPH M. FERGUSON
16	City of Chicago: MR. JOSEPH M. FERGUSON
17	
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19	
20	Court Reporter: SANDRA M. MULLIN, CSR, RMR, FCRR
21	Official Court Reporter 219 S. Dearborn Street, Room 2260
22	Chicago, 111inois 60604 (312) 554-8244
23	sandra_mullin@ilnd.uscourts.gov
24	
25	

(The following listening session proceedings were held via telephonic and videoconference.)

THE CLERK: Okay. 17 Civil 6260, State of Illinois versus the City of Chicago.

THE COURT: Okay. Thank you, Carolyn.

Good afternoon, everybody. Welcome to the second day of this special session of court in State of Illinois versus City of Chicago.

Today will be another opportunity for members of the community to speak, so I will keep my remarks very short. You may notice today that I'm not wearing a mask because I have changed the venue into my office. It's really for my own convenience of not having to wear a mask, since I have to speak a lot in the next four hours, and also my court reporters don't also have to wear a mask. And I'm sure they can do their job better if they don't have to wear a mask. So that's why I'm in back here in my chambers without a mask. But other than that, we will try to proceed today in exactly the same fashion we did yesterday.

And, again, I give my great thanks to the folks who put this together, both from the monitoring team and also from the clerk's office of our district court, that we have a great technology platform. We have the help of our sign language interpreters, our captioning service, and court reporters for today's proceeding, and I want to thank everybody for all their

great effort in pulling this together. We have tried our best to model these sessions on the fairness hearings that were held in October of 2018. And I think yesterday, technologically, this went very smoothly. So I thank everybody.

I want to take a quick moment to introduce the individuals whom you will see on your screen for the entire afternoon. The Independent Monitor, Maggie Hickey, the Inspector General, Joe Ferguson, and the Deputy Monitor Rodney Monroe. So I want to thank them.

And, of course, you'll be able to see our sign language interpreters all day too. And I know it's a very arduous task for them to go an hour and a half or two hours at a time, so I thank them.

These listening sessions and the accompanying written comment period arise out of the Independent Monitor's invocation of her authority to prepare special reports on issues that are covered by the consent decree. The report that she is currently preparing focuses on the response of the Chicago Police Department and the City of Chicago to the rise in First Amendment activity, the civil unrest, and the related law enforcement activities over the past few months.

As with the fairness hearings, it is important that we hear from everybody who would like to be heard in this process. We're only able to accommodate approximately 100 people between these two days to give oral comments, but we

invite written comments from anybody who is interested in providing them. The deadline for that is 4:30 today. And the procedures for providing the comments are available both on the docket of this case and also on the Monitor's website.

To make sure that everyone is clear on how we're going to proceed today, especially technologically, I am going to ask the Monitor to please briefly summarize the mechanics and the ground rules for today on the platform. And I do also want to remind everybody that this is an on-the-record federal court proceeding, and the rules that apply in our district to court proceedings apply today, including those that prohibit recording and picture taking. I would just ask that everyone kindly respect those rules.

So if I could ask the Monitor, if you could, again, lay out the framework for today, that would be very helpful. Thank you.

MS. HICKEY: Thank you, your Honor, I am happy to do that. I want to thank everyone in advance for their participation, and I want to offer a special thank you to Judge Dow's team, Inspector General Ferguson's team, and my own team, for working and facilitating this virtual listening session.

We had over 540 registered to sign up for these Zoom listening sessions, and the speakers for the listening sessions were randomly selected from that group. To maximize our connection and to increase efficiency, only the people who are

scheduled to appear or speak are on the Zoom meeting. The public may view each session live on YouTube with a slight delay, about 20 seconds. The YouTube links for today are available on the Independent Monitoring team's website, cpdmonitoringteam.com. I'll repeat that, cpdmonitoringteam.com. Our website also includes a link to live transcription, which is available during the session. The court's listening session order is also available on our website, which provides instructions on how to file written comments.

For the speakers on today's call, you will not have the ability to turn on your microphone or camera until Judge Dow calls your number. He will only be calling the number, for efficiency sake, and also because there have been some movement of names. So only your number will be called. You should have received your speaker number via e-mail last Friday, August 17th.

When the court calls your number, the meeting host will make you a Zoom panelist to begin speaking. For those of you on a computer, Zoom will automatically log you in and out, you may see your screen switch, and then you will be prompted to turn on your camera and microphone and begin speaking. For those of you on telephone, your line will be un-muted after the judge calls your number.

You will also be provided a visual cue. The speakers

will see green to start, yellow means you have 30 seconds left, and red means you are out of time. For people who call into the meeting, we will provide a virtual 30-second warning. For those speakers, please also keep an eye on the chat function, as the IMT may send messages through that service, if necessary.

If you are not available when the court calls your number, you will be moved to the end of the list for today, and the court will call your number again at the end of the day.

If you have any logistical questions during the session, please contact this e-mail: Listeningsessions -- with an s -- @cpdmonitoringteam.com, which is also listed on the IMT's website.

Finally, these hearings are for the community to have a direct voice with the court. The Independent Monitoring Team and the Inspector General's office, though, do want to hear from the community on a continuing basis.

Thank you again for your patience and your understanding as we use a virtual platform during this unprecedented time.

Thank you, your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. Thank you very much. And I also wanted, again, to offer the Inspector General a moment to say anything that he would like at the beginning of the proceeding.

So, Mr. Ferguson, anything you would like to say.

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MR. FERGUSON: Thank you, Judge. Very briefly, and working off of where Maggie's remarks ended, just one other quick note before turning to the important business of hearing from everyone who is in the queue and signed up. These court-hosted listening sessions are just one of several avenues for community input and the expression of lived experience to inform this joint inquiry on which we will be publicly Today's listening sessions are, by their nature, reporting. both public and part of the official record of the court proceedings being conducted pursuant to the authority of the consent decree. So if for whatever reason anyone who is speaking, listening or watching today wishes further opportunity to provide feedback, input or articulate their particular experiences, or wishes to provide it to the IMT or to the Inspector General's office in a less public setting or format, please be aware that there are opportunities to do so, including doing so anonymously. And we strongly encourage you to do so.

For those purposes, the IMT's contact information, again, is www.cpdmonitoringteam.com. And the Inspector General's office contact information is found at www.iqchicago.org.

Thank you, Judge.

THE COURT: Okay. Thank you. So I would like to commend our speakers yesterday for adhering to the time limits,

and I'd just like to again ask for, out of respect for all speakers, that every speaker please conclude their remarks at the three-minute mark.

And I just want to also advise everybody that, as we did yesterday, we will take a 15-minute break at 3:00 o'clock, which will allow the court reporters to switch out. And it takes them a few minutes to uninstall one set of equipment and install the other set. So that will be our only break for today.

And the monitor and I will try to help each other out again by trying to confirm who is in the speaker queue and who is not so we can proceed efficiently.

And, with that, I believe we're ready to start with Speaker 1 for today, but I do not see that speaker in the queue.

Maggie, do you see that speaker in the queue?

MS. HICKEY: I am double checking. I do not, your
Honor, but I will still call out No. 1 in case they may have
registered under, you know, somebody else's e-mail or their,
you know, partner's, or something. So if we --

THE COURT: Sure. That makes good sense.

MS. HICKEY: Yes.

THE COURT: Okay. So if Speaker No. 1 could proceed, that would be great -- a great thing to do, so please start.

MS. HICKEY: It does appear that Speaker 1 is not

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present, so let's go to Speaker No. 2.

THE COURT: Okay. Speaker No. 2 I see is in the queue, so we can go on to Speaker No. 2, please.

MR. TORRES: Hello. I am Speaker No. 2 in the queue. Can everyone hear me okay?

THE COURT: Yes, thank you very much.

MR. TORRES: Thank you. Hi, my name is Seth, and I use he/him or they/them pronouns. I am a 24-year-old transgender Latino person. I work as a theatrical lighting designer and a live event Zoom specialist.

On July 27th in Grant Park, I was with a group of protesters demanding the removal of all racist statues, including Columbus, as well as the demand to pass CPAC, reduce CPD budget by at least 75 percent, and return the stolen land we were on to Indigenous people.

I became an impromptu medic. Usually people with some kind of medical training sign up in advance, bring first-aid supplies, and coordinate to treat anyone injured. There weren't enough medics for everyone injured. I've had extensive first-aid training, and I had some first-aid supplies on me, so I started helping people.

For about an hour, I circled the outside of the protest to catch anyone injured. The air was thick with pepper spray, and at times it was hard to see and breath. It was chaos with everyone running around and trying to avoid being

beaten by the police.

In that time, I watched the police hit at least five people in the head or neck with their batons and hit so many more in the leg, arm, back and chest. I watched the police spray multiple people directly in the face with pepper spray.

When we started to retreat, there was still many people who -- injured people who needed help. The police had formed a perimeter around the statue, so I thought it was safe to keep treating people where I was. I was so focused on helping people who were bleeding and blinded, but I didn't see the police continue pushing forward. My friend kept saying: Seth, we've got to go. And I look up to see the police continuing to move towards us and using their batons to beat people and pepper spray, those around injured, and the medics trying to help them.

At that time, everyone was at least 500 feet away from the statue, and I was at least a thousand feet away. There was no reason to continue pushing forward and hurting people after we had clearly moved away and had no intention of going back towards the statue.

Every time I watched a police officer hit someone or spray someone in the face, I just kept thinking to myself that these officers do not think we are people. I feel a trauma around that night. I'm grateful I walked away physically unharmed, but I still get flashbacks on watching the police

Thank you for your time, your Honor.

THE COURT: I thank you for your time as well.

If we could move on, I don't see No. 3 in the queue, but let's find out if No. 3 is actually present.

hurt those who were already injured and the medics who

volunteered to help. We hadn't done anything to deserve this.

never felt less cared about, less protected, and less safe than

police officer again because I know that those officers do not

care about me as a person. Their actions prove it. No one who

says they protect and serve and then turns around to beat and

pepper spray people can expect me to believe them.

I never saw a protester harm a police officer in any way. I

I did that night. I will never feel safe around a Chicago

MS. HICKEY: I do not believe they are, your Honor. If you want to move on to the next number.

THE COURT: Okay. So Speaker No. 4 could be let into the participation room, please.

> OLIVIA: Hi, can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

OLIVIA: Excellent. I'm Olivia Lopattlsad (phonetic), she/they pronouns. I'm a 23-year-old artist, and I'm here to discuss the police brutality I experienced while I protested police brutality, specifically on the night of June 1st in Uptown. I will also preface by saying that I often walk with a cane as a result of a 30-foot-fall I survived three

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years ago. And I say this not for you to offer me more sympathy as a disabled person, but because I want everyone listening to understand that CPD did what they did to me as I screamed and clutched my cane.

As I thought about how to fill this time, I considered what I might say that could make you understand. I could talk about how they beat my knees as I tried to run towards someone who was being beaten worse than me, causing me to fall and taking my cane from me.

I could tell you how three of them dug their boots into my shoulders and knee and screamed threats masklessly in my face.

I could talk about how officers held my partner down in a fetal position and beat his genitals and his leg until his phone in his pocket bent and his shin split open.

I could tell you about how I was clubbed on the head from behind, glasses shattering into my skull bone, and an officer in front of me yelled: That's what you get. Have you ever wondered what it feels like to pull glass shards out of your own head, to see your best friend screaming and sobbing and know there is nothing you could do to make her safe? Have you ever thought your partner might be dead? Because I could tell you about that.

I could talk about all the ways in which CPD broke their own rules in order to prey on their citizens, emboldened

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by an unconstitutional emergency curfew -- thank you Lori Lightfoot -- that made our active protest de facto illegal.

But ultimately what I need you to understand, because I didn't understand it until I experienced it, is that police have a monopoly on violence. They dress in gear designed for warfare, and at their disposal are weapons banned in warfare. And on a whim, they may use unbridled amounts of violence against you. This is not a felony for them, it is rarely even a citation, it is their job. It is a probable felony for you to defend yourself against them. That means that, if and when an officer decides to attack you, no matter who you are or what you have done, that officer has 100 percent jurisdiction over your body, your pain, and your survival.

That night, my partner and I were both hospitalized. I would be treated for my head wound and diagnosed with a concussion, and he wouldn't stop steadily bleeding until they stitched him up four hours later. We weren't arrested. They weren't interested in actually enforcing the curfew, rather, they waited for curfew so they would have an excuse to beat us.

Countless times since that night I have looked at my partner brutalized, traumatized, unable to walk, and I reflect on the fact that, if it had not been for our simultaneous beating, if I had seen him being brutalized, there is not one thing in the world I would not have done to make that stop. I promise you that, in order to keep him from being harmed, I

would have done anything, and I would absolutely be in jail right now. It's something I haven't stopped thinking about since that night.

When it comes down to it, we are legally bound to watch the police slaughter anyone they see fit. To intervene is literally illegal. I defy anyone to look me in the eye and claim that they would defer to the judgment of a stranger beating their loved one to death.

Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you.

I think we have Speaker No. 5 is in the queue, please.

MS. LEYVA: Hello, can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can.

MS. LEYVA: Hi, my name is Jailene, and I'm from Chicago. I am here today to share what I witnessed and experienced on July 17th. Before this call, and even before registering, I felt anxious, and my hands began to tremble at the memory of the police brutalizing members of my community.

The police (unintelligible) on people and sprayed them directly in the face. I personally could not breathe and was constantly gagging and crying so badly that most of the people tried to comfort me in the middle of the police brutalizing everybody.

I saw the police trample people with their own bikes.

I saw one young black man being assaulted with his own bike after being pushed to the ground, his legs were caught underneath his bike, and he was helpless. And, yet, the police pushed the bike onto his body and kept trying to beat him.

I also saw a young man of color bleeding profusely after being hit by the police. His head, face, entirely, and glasses were -- and his shirt, too, were completely covered in blood, and he was still bleeding as the police continued to attack him. No, they did not pull him aside for medical attention. Like, they just kept beating him and pulling his shirt, and even ripping it.

I saw a person on the ground ask me for my help and for water. They begged for comfort and reassurance as they were being beaten by the police. At another point, the police moved together to another side, but one of the officers looked so enraged by just, like, our right to protest that he disobeyed this collective decision and went back just to lunge at a protester.

A dear friend of mine was also attacked by the police. Her bike was taken. But before her bike was taken, she was beat by it. She was stuck underneath the bike as well. And she actually had to spend a lot of time on her own to recover physically and emotionally from this event.

Although I am a Latina, I know that I have a privilege. So when all of this was happening I tried -- gave

my white privilege to help people out. And in the middle of this chaos caused by the police I saw that, despite me getting injuries and feeling almost, like, almost breaking down after all the strain of, I don't know what, there were moments where the police didn't even try to attack me because they saw me as a small white woman. They attacked men. They attacked men of color. They attacked black men. They attacked white people too, but you could see the bias in action when I was there in the front lines and I was selectively seen.

After the police finally took control of the Columbus statue and pushed everyone out brutally, I saw one police officer take off his hat and (unintelligible) as though this were some type of game where, I don't know, we were some criminals, or some thugs, or something, and not there as our civil, like, right to protest. They even cheered and started, like, joking with each other and laughing despite multiple people sustaining so many injuries that medics -- the few medics that we had could not keep up with how many people were being injured.

And even as we were moving back to Grant Park, just to continue with the general protest and march, the police, we were all walking away because the police told us to. And one of the people that stayed back to make sure everyone left safely was taken by the police. And so it doesn't even matter if we, like, left or not, the police were still harassing us,

they were still yelling at us. They still tried to intimidate people. And even though this person asked for the help of white people when they were taken, the police didn't care.

And I know that there was people there that were minors, there was high schoolers there, there was young college students, there was members of the community who tried to, like, help each other out because nobody, nobody that I saw there ever tried to reach out for the police, that were helping us.

We held each other. We hugged each other. We communicated sometimes as strangers to make sure that we got home safe because the police were not the ones to talk to, especially considering that they made people bleed, they stole their bikes, they crushed their bodies under the tires and under bikes.

And so I, as a community member, would like to see the police defunded by at least 75 percent because they did not keep the community safe. They prefer to beat on people and spray them directly in the face over a statue that does not take kindly over human life.

Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for your time as well.

Speaker No. 6 in the queue?

MS. HICKEY: I don't believe so, your Honor. We will also call seven, who I don't see in the queue, but I know eight

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is. But just in case there is a phone number, we will call No. 6 and then No. 7.

THE COURT: Okay. Thank you. So if No. 6 does not sound like is available at this time, we will skip to No. 7. Is No. 7 available?

Okay. Maybe we will move on to No. 8, then, please.

AMBER: Can everyone hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

AMBER: My name is Amber, she/her, I'm black, I'm 26-years-old, and I work in a research center at the University of Chicago. I have been to a number of protests this summer where I have seen CPD officers initiate attacks and use unprovoked violence against protesters. Today I'll focus my comments on an incident that happened to me, specifically on July 17th at Grant Park. During a Black Indigenous Solidarity Rally, I witnessed a CPD officer grab a woman's bike and pull it away from her. As he pulled it, she fell to the ground, and he started pepper spraying her as she laid on the ground. I ran over to help her -- help pull her up and pull her away from the attack, and when I got to her, he started spraying me too. I turned to run, and as I was running away from him, I felt his baton crack down on my head. So to be clear, after he finished pepper spraying the woman who was laying on the ground, he hit me over the head as I was running away from him. Right away I lost the ability to hear anything. I lost my balance. My head

started bleeding profusely. My clothes were immediately soaked in blood.

Later that day, at that same event, I was detained by CPD officers. They put zip ties on me, first so loosely that my hands slipped out of them, and they accused me of breaking out of them. So then they put them on so tightly that they were cutting into my wrists and left bruises around my wrists for days, actually. I repeatedly asked officers why I was being arrested. I never got an answer. I asked officers repeatedly to please loosen the zip ties because they were causing extreme pain, and one officer told me verbatim: That's too bad, you shouldn't have been protesting.

Eventually I was told that I had been wrongfully detained, and I was free to go. And I immediately went to the hospital to get staples in my head from the baton injury.

I just want to say that swinging a baton at the head of unarmed, fleeing young people doesn't feel like public safety to me, it feels like terrorism. Refusing to loosen zip ties from around someone's wrist because they shouldn't have been protesting doesn't feel like protection, it feels like political repression. Pepper spraying a woman who is laying on the ground does not feel like doing your job, it feels personal, and it feels completely barbaric.

I was -- that was sincerely the most horrific thing that I ever experienced. Outside of the physical pain I was

in, I was completely terrified the entire time. I'm still traumatized. I never did anything wrong. I never posed a threat to any officer, and, yet, I still experienced this level of violence and complete disregard for my safety and my life. And beyond the disregard for my life, it's clear to me, after the experiences that I had this summer, that these officers are completely blood-thirsty and sadistic, and they are eager to inflict this cruelty towards anyone who dares to speak out against them, especially Indigenous people.

We cannot train this away. We have to defund this racist, murderist, torturist police department, abolish the police and rethink public safety entirely. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments. I appreciate it.

Speaker No. 9, please.

MS. HAYDEN: Hi. Can everybody hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can, thank you.

MS. HAYDEN: Wonderful. My name is Megan Hayden. I am white, 25 years old, my pronouns are they/them. My bike is my primary transportation.

On July 17th, I was bike-marshalling for the first time. Bike marshals are used to facilitate a protest and create a barrier between protesters and the police when needed.

I'm going to jump to the moment when things escalated. So fireworks were thrown by protesters. The police

were pushed back from the statue. Another marshal and I threw down our bikes and ran towards what appeared to be like a growing skirmish. I saw three officers dragging and beating a man who was bleeding from the head. I approached with my hands open, yelling to get them to stop. A hand grabbed the front of my shirt, and I was thrown out of the way by an officer, and then I watched them take the man away.

And then shortly after, I was -- my attention was sort of pulled to the right where the police were surrounded around a tree, like up a hill and around some trees, to try to surround us, and then we rushed to create a bike line. Once the line was established, we were harassed by an especially irate officer who was threatening a protester with a baton. I got hit because I put my hand to shield them. I saw the same officer threatening protesters with jail time. He was clearly bothered by people's disrespect and took it out with aggression.

I continually de-escalated officers from retaliating at protesters who were insulting them. There was some friendly banter with one officer. He even told me I was doing a good job. I wish I told him that he needed to do a better job at de-escalating his co-worker. It's not my job to make sure his fellow officer keeps his cool.

Things broke into chaos as soon as the people in brown uniforms came. I heard no order of dispersal, and there

was no warning of gas. They sprayed a brown chemical agent in the air and our line broke. People started running, (unintelligible) assisting them. The police gave no exit plan. Instead, they caused chaos. I watched officers beat people with batons until they let go of their bikes and the police took them away. None of the bikes were abandoned willingly.

I was helping people move away from the gas and was aware of an officer nearby using pepper spray indiscriminantly. His actions were uncontrolled and erratic. A protester near me held up their umbrella to shield us. One officer grabbed the umbrella, while the other sprayed us. I was sprayed in the face from less than two feet away. In pain and shock, I let go of my bike to shield my eyes. After someone flushed my eyes, I tried to find my bike. It's my primary form of transportation. Another protester managed to get the frame back, but the front wheel had been ripped off by a police officer.

I had bruises for days afterwards, and the burning lasted well past 24 hours. Sometimes I still have trouble sleeping, getting all -- angry -- getting angry all over again.

Nothing the police endured matched what they unleashed. It was wildly unjust, and I hope the court takes that into account.

Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for your time as well.

Speaker No. 10, please.

MS. DAVIS: Hello. Hi. Can you hear me okay?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. DAVIS: Hi everybody. My name is Kimberly Davis. She/her/hers. I am a 24-year-old black woman and organizer. I am the founder of the abolition focus group Black Lives Coalition Lake County, which focuses on policy change, antiracism education and community engagement. I am currently studying clinical social work at the University of Chicago.

On July 17, 2020, I attended the decolonized Zhigaagoong protest to show local and national solidarity against police brutality. When I arrived at the Buckingham Fountain, protesters were gathered, waiting for further instruction. Shortly after, the protest began to move uphill and then downhill towards the Columbus statue. As we approached, I saw CPD in riot gear circled around the statue, blocking it from protesters. As we approached, I saw -- as we continued, popping sounds filled the air, and I began to see thick black and grey smoke and sparks of red.

When the protesters attempted to pass the statue, CPD took batons and began beating dozens of protesters attempting to pass the statue. They then began to throw bicycles at protesters and steal the bicycles of safety marshals. I saw dozens of protesters, mainly black, with bloody face injuries fleeing from the statue.

As this happened, chemicals began to fill the air,

making my eyes water and my lungs irritated. We were forced to run backwards up the hill and then back down to the main street. As we started walking back to the fountain, CPD was lined on either side of the road. I was also informed that my friend, who also attended the protest, was severely maced after having a bicycle thrown at her face.

Every day I bear witness to the genocide of my people. I have attended over a dozen protests in the last two months, and I know what I have witnessed has changed my psychological well-being forever.

By doing this work, I am reminded of the damage White Supremacy has done to myself and the Black and Brown people of this nation. Every day I live with the ongoing fear that I will die at the hands of police brutality. This fear stays with me on the streets that I march in, the home that I live in, and in the future I see for myself and my people. As steps are not taken towards defunding and abolishing the police, we sacrifice the well-being of our youth and future generations to come.

As long as there is air in my lungs, I will use every last breath I have to fight against this system and what it has done to my people.

Thank you for your time, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you very much for your comments. I do appreciate them.

Let's see, I don't see No. 11, Speaker No. 11, in the queue, but we'll make a call out and see if Speaker No. 11 is present.

MS. HICKEY: I believe you can move on, your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. I do see the next several speakers in the queue, so Speaker No. 12, please?

Okay. How about No. 13?

Oh, there is No. 12.

MR. RAFAEL: Hi, my name is Luis Rafael. I attended the Black and Indigenous Solidarity Rally. And for full disclosure, I just want to say that I usually don't participate in protests. I'm an introvert. I feel left out when I don't chant along, so that day, I went because it was, like, just a very peaceful protest. It was endorsed by, like, the Chicago Teachers Union. And the reason I mostly went was because, in the past, I seen that it's usually about 60, 70, even 100 police officers in riot gear, but not one paramedic in site. And that, to me, is very alarming, especially because of the brutality that we've been noticing nationwide, not just in our city.

With prior knowledge from an EMT course at Malcolm X, I went in as just a medic in incognito mode. And it wasn't until when I saw that a police officer was beating a person on the floor, it was -- I believe it was a person who was Caucasian because usually they're the ones on the bikes under

the title of marshal. They put themselves in front of the people and the police. So the police threw the person on the floor and (unintelligible) punching them in the face, which then -- so I jumped off from my EMT course two years ago to pursue philosophy and public policy. So at that point I told the police officer, hey, there is no need to -- there is no need to keep on punching the person in the face. If you have to arrest him, if you must, arrest him, but please stop punching him. The police -- you could tell he was high on adrenaline, so I knew that if I touched his hands, that would be, for some way it would be an act of violence on my end. So to stop the punching, I threw my body over his face -- well, over the person on the floor's face. I expected the blows on my back, but then the police officer's partner came from the other side and whacked me in the head with a -- I wish it was a baton, it was a pole he found on the floor. And then I looked up and that same police officer was whacking people just with that pole he found on the floor. It was like from -- it was from a sign.

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So I just -- I told him, I said: Hey, man, at this point, you know, you're no longer serving the people, you're no longer protecting the people, now you're terrorizing them.

Look at yourself. And then he saw the blood gushing down. And I said: Actually, can I get your badge number? Because I knew that he saw the blood, and he got scared, he started walking

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back. And then he kept on turning around so I wouldn't see his badge number, which, at that point, the blood started gushing down my glasses so I couldn't see any longer. And I'm very blessed and grateful that there was a lot of other medics who were there as volunteers.

And that's what I saw, just a lack of the city sending out medics. And, yeah, I saw a lack of accountability for police. And I think even doctors have a more strict --well, if doctors keep on making mistakes, like their license will get revoked. But there is no such thing with police. There is no one there holding them accountable.

So the only thing that, if I can, if I may ask is that we take a look at the need of exchange of power and defund police. And, actually, just prevent violence by sending -- or creating, like, a crisis response team where you have, like, sociologists go and attend situations. And, again, fund our schools. The ones here in the south side of Englewood, which is where I live, they're very underfunded. And this is where we would like to see the money go, rather than police who are just reacting to situations like this one.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments, sir. I appreciate it.

Speaker No. 13, please.

MS. OWA: Hello, can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, I can hear you. I'm sorry, yes, I

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was muted myself. I apologize. Yes, we can hear you. Thank you.

My name is Ashabi Owa. I am an organizer MS. OWA: and artist in Chicago. My pronouns are she/they. currently about to start at Loyola University in Clinical Mental Health Counseling Program. And I would just like to talk about my experiences on May 30th, as well as July 17th.

The protest May 30th, was, again, a peaceful one. Ιt only started to escalate when the police got notice that they were able to use brute force against protesters. I, amongst several other people, were in the crowd trying to make sure that other people that were hurt (unintelligible) were staying safe. Whenever I go to protests, if I'm not organizing them myself, I usually try to document everything. And at the protest of May 30th, I was present with my partner and their other partner, and we were there being present, trying to make sure that people were staying safe. I had to step away and make sure that the people who were protecting us were able to do that. Those people happened to be white. They were not the police. The police were antagonizing us and beating us with their batons and grabbing people and shoving them to the ground and also beating them until they were bleeding. I had to watch as my partner, who was trying to protect me, had a baton shoved in their face by a police officer who would not let up. And from there, I had to put my body in front of the police and my

partner so that they were okay.

After that incident, we had to run and get away because they kept hitting us, shooting flares into the air and throwing smoke bombs and tear gas into the crowd when the National Guard came. And we had to run away and find an area to escape because all the bridges were lifted when the curfew was enacted at least 20 minutes before police started attacking us.

That was the incident on the 30th, and I'd like to continue with the incident on July 17th at Grant Park.

That protest, again, started very peacefully. There was no antagonation from us. We were first at Buckingham Fountain, and then we walked towards Grant Park. From there, police officers started grabbing umbrellas, started shredding banners, started attacking protesters with batons and tear gas. Again, like I mentioned, I have my camera on me whenever I go to protests, and I was able to document all of these things that occurred. I was able to see that the police were attacking other people. They were attacking my friends. I saw police teargassing other people in their face, not even two feet away from them. As I was documenting, I had police come and kettle around us. There was a police officer that whipped out their baton and started yelling, "Get back before I beat the fuck out of you." From there, one other protester, who is an organizer, came and started recording them, and that was the

incident that led to them calming down.

Me, as a black woman, I usually don't feel safe coming to protests because I'm fully aware that police don't look out for me and take care of me. And the only time I felt safe was when I was around people of community. The police officers were not there to take care of me or make sure that I was okay, they just came after blood and came to attack people.

At one point I was standing, watching this man who was on the ground kneeling, with his fist in the air, and the police started to move forward. As I was trying to see why this man was kneeling on the ground, I walked around, and I saw that he had a gash in his head, and he was bleeding profusely, from his head down to his pants. There was blood, and he wouldn't get up off the ground until police started to stop. At that point, I had to call a medic to make sure this person stopped blooding off from his head, and, from there, police officers started teargassing us and making sure that we were being pushed away back to Buckingham Fountain. From this moment forward, I didn't realize that I was also teargassed, and the moment I realized that was when I started crying after seeing one of my friends who came to see if I was okay.

I think something that is reiterated in a lot of these conversations is that police are here to protect us. There is no reason for us to be at these protests in fear for our lives when we're just here to make sure our voices are

being heard, our demands are being met.

It's very clear the money that's being to allocated CPD is not being used to protect the people that are paying their taxes and paying their bills and paying the communities to make sure that we're okay. It's very clear that CPD needs to be defunded and that all of those funds would be allocated towards schools and underfunded areas in Chicago.

That's all I have to say. Thank you so much for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for yours. I appreciate it.

If we could move on to Speaker No. 14, please.

MS. JACKSON: Hello. Can everybody hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. JACKSON: Hello, my name is India Jackson.

She/hers. I am a black, 19-year-old college student from the south side of Chicago, and I am with an organization called GoodKids MadCity. I am going to try my best to keep this short and concise.

On August 15, 2020, I attended a protest downtown in the loop. While we were marching, I overheard somebody say that the police were going to start teargassing folks, so we all started running, but to no avail. We ended up being kettled in as the police started teargassing the crowd and started beating people with their batons and sticks, and stuff. And I was hit in my back with a baton, like, four times. And I

was teargassed. Luckily the tear gas didn't make it into my eyes, but I have permanent marks and discoloration on my arm and my legs from the tear gas touching my skin.

As I was trying to run, I saw the police ram a man so hard down on the concrete that his forehead started gashing blood. And I was hoping that seeing him bleeding would be enough to make them stop attacking this man, but they proceeded to haul him up and starting hitting him some more with his batons before they arrested him.

So we were eventually all kettled in until the police started going "bag check" and letting people out. And they didn't really let everybody out because they were specifically looking for people to arrest. I was one of the lucky ones that got out. But as I was pushed out of the scene, they closed it off, and, like, I watched helplessly as five of my friends were wrongly beaten and detained.

I hope that people can see this and see that this is a perfect example of (audio breaking up) CPD because at this point they are being paid (unintelligible) color, and that's not right. They are being paid, and we need money for resources.

That's all I have to say. Thank you for your time, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you very much for yours.

Let's see, we can move on to No. 15, then, please.

SPEAKER KERSTETTER: Hello. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. KERSTETTER: Okay. Thank you. Hello. My name is River Kerstetter. I am 28-years-old, and I am an Indigenous artist and teacher living in Chicago. My pronouns are she/her.

On July 17th, I attended the Black Indigenous Solidarity Rally in Grant Park to show solidarity with my Black and Indigenous sibling, working for an end to structural racism and police brutality and to protest the statue of Christopher Columbus, a racist and violent man who represents hundreds of years of genocide slavery and white supremacy.

When the crowd arrived at the statue, police surrounded us, leaving us with no way to leave. I joined other protesters in linking arms in order to protect more vulnerable people from potential violence. Many police officers were not wearing masks and many were laughing or openly cursing at protesters. Soon after surrounding us, police began to shove and teargas people without warning or explanation. I'd like to remind all those listening that tear gas is banned in war by the 1925 Geneva Convention, but for some reason police are allowed to use it on protesters.

At some point, I asked a nearby officer: Why are you hurting us? To which he responded: Because you're not listening. This is how this works.

This comment was very alarming to me because the

police were telling us to move but left us no way to leave, and I couldn't see how our presence could justify such disproportionate violence.

Without warning, a police officer shoved me to the ground and beat me repeatedly on my back and ribs with a baton. I tucked my head beneath my arms and didn't fight back. I don't remember much from this moment because all I could feel was blinding pain from being hit over and over with a baton.

After some time, others helped separate me from the officers. Police continued to beat and gas other people. Many people, including many young people, were screaming out for medical attention, but police did nothing to help them.

When we tried to leave, officers let my friend pass, but told me I would have to go another way, although it was unclear as to why. Because my friend is white and I am Indigenous, I couldn't help but wonder if the officer was treating us differently because of the color of our skin.

Eventually, the police did let me pass, and my friend and I went home. I was left with a large bruise on my back, cuts on my legs and sharp pain in my ribs. These injuries and memories of the violence I witnessed made it extremely difficult for me to sleep and go about my days for several weeks.

Later, on July 27th, my doctor diagnosed me with a bruised rib. As I'm speaking today, almost a month later, my

rib is still in pain. Many of my friends who attended the protest that day were also hurt, gassed and traumatized by police.

I am horrified at how violent the police acted towards protesters that day and how they have hurt many other protesters recently. I was left with a bruised rib, but I know that Black Chicagoans and other people of color are treated far worse by Chicago police every day.

I feel that the Chicago police abuse their power, and our city would be much safer for everyone if we defunded the police and fund things that actually keep us safe, such as housing, healthcare, education and food for all.

Thank you, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you very much for your comments. I appreciate it.

I do not see 16 or 17 in the queue, but let me ask if No. 16 is available to speak now.

MS. HICKEY: I believe you are correct, your Honor. And if you want to just call out 17, and then we can move to 18.

THE COURT: All right. How about, is 17 available to speak now?

Okay. It appears that Speaker No. 18 is in the queue, so if we could move on to Speaker 18, please.

MS. ARTIS: Hello.

THE COURT:

Hi.

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MS. ARTIS:

Sorry, do you hear an echo at all?

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THE COURT:

I did, but now I just hear you.

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MS. ARTIS: Okay, great. My name is Elizia. I am a

resident of Chicago, here to talk about my experiences this

spring.

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On Saturday, May 30, 2020, I chose to protest the lack of humanity afforded to Black individuals when they encounter the police. That Saturday was not my first or last protest in this vein, as I am a Black woman with a Black mother, father, and brother, hoping to raise a Black child.

My encounter with the Chicago Police Department took place at roughly 6:30 PM. I say roughly because my first correspondence with friends about the incident began at It took us at least ten minutes to run to our car 6:45 p.m. safely from where the incident took place, the intersection of North State and West Kinzie, in the patio section of the restaurant called the Public House.

CPD blocked off State and Kinzie in front of us, and they were encroaching on State and Hubbard behind us. While witnessing minor spats in which protesters yelled at the police, I was under the impression that we were being let through the police line to meet up with other protesters approaching from the west on Kinzie. This was not the case.

As we moved towards our friends and peers, the police

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used shields and batons to push people back. This is when I saw a young man pushed to the ground by a police officer and beaten while he used his hand to try to shield his face. Since the surrounding officers were not trying to stop this from happening, I shouted: You can't do that. Simultaneously, a younger woman next to me threw a dirt clod from the Public House patio in the police's direction. I want to make this very clear, not at them, and not even a symbol of something like that would ever cause an armed officer to say that they feared for their lives.

Three officers approached us while, due to poor crowd control, a small group of protesters also fled toward us. The protesters knocked over the young woman next to me. As more protesters and police approached, I chose to cover her body so she would not get trampled. At this point, the police reached us, and I was beaten with a baton on my back. I estimate the officer beat me for 15 to 30 seconds. I can't say for sure because I was focused on blocking the young woman who was covering her head as an officer reached around me to beat her. I also focused on the uniqueness of my screams. This was the first time I heard myself make a sound I could only describe as a combination of shock, fear, and gurgling pain.

When the officers stopped beating me, he said: Get the "F" out of here. This was the first time an officer told me I couldn't be in that location. I froze for a moment and

said "no" because I was helping the young woman look for her phone that fell out of her hand as she covered her head from the beating. The officer who beat me, and another, began shouting at the two of us. So I said: Okay, but tell us where to go so we don't get beaten again. There is no where to go.

The police slowly rearranged the human-made barricade around the mayhem to let us out. My husband and I then ran through a series of alleyways to avoid the many police barricades.

Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you very much for your comments.

I think we can move on to No. 19, then, please.

MS. GALLO: Hello. Can you hear me all right?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. GALLO: Good. My name is Stephanie Gallo. I am a Master's nursing student and EMT. I am a volunteer street medic for Chicago Action Medical and attended the July 17, 2020, Black and Indigenous Solidarity Rally as a medic. I did not see any city or publicly funded medical group there. All the medics I know of are volunteers. My statements do not represent Chicago Action Medical or any other organization.

For the past decade, I have worked as a wilderness EMT in some of the wildest and most extreme regions of our earth. I have seen and treated grizzly bear attacks, sea lion bites, jellyfish stings, extreme heat and extreme cold

injuries. I have saved near-drowning victims. None of those incidents echo in my mind as much as the violent police brutality and subsequent civilian injuries I witnessed on July 17, 2020, at the Indigenous People's Rally in Chicago.

I will not be comparing these police actions to anything I have seen in nature because they are incredibly unnatural and inhuman actions. I saw one police officer bounce from foot to foot and wave their arms and baton around, mocking protesters. I saw police officers spray peaceful people with sensory-crippling sprays and hit their hands to rip away their bicycles. The police then shoved and threw people. The police were not being judicious in who they chose to brutalize. The police were targeting every single person they encountered, even my fellow medics. I saw people beg for police to stop touching them and hurting them and to leave them alone.

At one point, I was assisting a woman self-administer her inhaler for her asthma that was exacerbated by the chemicals the police were spraying. I looked up to see a line of six police with helmets on and batons out walking towards us. I turned to my fellow medic and said: I'd really like to not get beat up today. He agreed, and we grabbed this woman under her shoulders and helped her to an area away from the oncoming police.

It was reported by CPD and media that civilians were using broken-off parts of banners as weapons. The only people

I saw do this were police officers. I saw an officer pick up a piece of PVC pipe and swing it at a line of people with interlinked arms, while these people backed away from the threatening officer. The officer then threw the pipe at the legs of these retreating people.

As I treated patients, clouds of sensory-crippling sprays rained down on me. On that evening, I could feel the burning effects on my skin, in my nose and eyes for hours afterwards. We ran out of water we were using to flush chemicals out of the eyes of those that the police sprayed.

I have attended multiple protests in Chicago as a civilian and a medic. And as you already know, my observations are not an island. This is a part of a pattern of brutality on civilians at the hands of the Chicago Police Department. The City of Chicago and the Chicago Police Department has failed the people and will continue to fail the people if drastic changes are not made right now. Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you very much for your time.

I think we're on to No. 20; is that right?

MS. HICKEY: Yes, your Honor, that's correct. And I believe No. 20 is ready in the queue.

MS. REYNOLDS-TYLER: Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. REYNOLDS-TYLER: Thank you. My name is Trina Reynolds-Tyler, and my pronouns are she/they, and I'm 27 years

old. I'm a Chicago native and a recent graduate of the University of Chicago here at School of Public Policy. I am a data analyst and an organizer.

On May 30th, minutes after I arrived downtown, I saw police attempting to illegally arrest friends of mine. The police were shoving the crowd who was peacefully marching down the street. This peaceful march was met with police shoving and pulling people into them in an attempt to disrupt the protests and arrest them. While they were not successful, many people were bruised and stepped on, including myself. As soon as the police began to engage with people, everyone began to scream, and the order that existed before police had arrived dissipated. People were confused and began to swarm. Police contributed to a vortex of chaos and escalation.

As I approached a bridge near the Trump Tower, I realized that we had been kettled. Hundreds were surrounded by police officers. This felt incredibly unsafe. Not only because the police were closing in on us, but also because there was little room for space to protect ourselves from COVID-19. At that point, many people started sitting on the bridge, unsure of where to go next.

I noticed the officers began to ready themselves to move because they positioned their batons across their bodies and formed a stronger line. Officers began to synchronicity say "move," while pushing the people who were already packed

like sardines on the bridge. People were screaming for them to stop, yelling that they couldn't breathe and demanding that -- to let people through.

It felt like I was in the middle of a rugby scrum, squeezed between people and often being lifted off of the ground because the pressure of my body was so intense. I repeatedly told officers stop pushing because someone behind me was having trouble breathing and was laying on the ground. I repeatedly told officers to stop pushing because they were hurting me. An officer hit my leg with a baton multiple times during an arrest of someone beside me who was dragged in, head first, and thrown across the police line by police officers. Because of the police pushing, I was separated from the people that I came with, the people who would keep me safe.

On that day, police participated in reckless endangerment. They put the lives of so many people in jeopardy, while -- who were protesting, practicing their First Amendment right to protest. Police presence escalated tensions and created a dangerous space for everyone near or around the protest. They did not report the force that they used. My friend, through FOIA request and footage, has confirmed that the police do not always submit tactical response reports when they use force, and thus TRRs are not an accurate measurement of the use of force and abuse of power.

When police are in proximity to people, situations

become violent. The data generation -- generating process or the data that we use to determine that police are doing a better job is flawed. I know people who have been stopped and searched without receiving records of that search, seen complaints of violence by police where TRRs were only generated after being called out, and body cameras that police -- where police officers have the discretion about whether or not they turn them on.

We need to reduce the power of police and have first responders that are rooted in care.

Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you very much.

I don't see Speaker 21 in the queue, but I'll ask if Speaker 21 is available.

MS. HICKEY: I don't believe so, your Honor. I believe No. 22 is ready, though, so if you want to call No. 22.

THE COURT: Speaker No. 22, then, please. Thank you.

MS. DELANEY: Hello. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. DELANEY: Thank you so much. Hello, my name is Erin Delaney, she/her. I am a labor organizer. I will focus today on one of the instances of police violence I have experienced over the past few months in Chicago.

On July 17th, I was attacked by a Chicago police officer while on Roosevelt Boulevard. I attended the march

that day which led Chicagoans to the Columbus statue. While watching police flood the green leading up to the statue, with no audible call for dispersal, and no opportunity to do so, unprotected Chicagoans were met with a sea of swinging batons. Screams of help came from the crowd. People were climbing on top of each other trying to find a way out. Someone, pulled out by protesters, bleeding from their head so badly that they could not stand. They were covered in blood. I saw orange Mace streaming up from the crowd like fountains.

My husband and I ran to the concrete barrier on the south side of the statue. We were assisting injured people trying to disperse. My husband attended to one person who was maced so badly they could not walk or see. He put him on his back and carried him to safety away from police. There was an officer approximately two feet in front of me wearing no protective mask. I said: I am just trying to get people out of here safely. He said nothing and maced me directly in my face. I could feel the Mace soaking the front of my body completely. He then beat me repeatedly with his baton, hitting it on my left arm and back multiple times with enough force to draw blood. The officer then maced me again on the left side of my face, soaking the side of my body.

My husband returned to pull me away from the peace officer who was beating his wife. Fortunately -- I'm sorry, my husband was maced as well. The officer tore his bike from his

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1 hands and whipped his baton at his head. Fortunately, the bike 2 got in the way of the officer's swing and only a small cut was 3 left on my husband's forehead. His bike was confiscated. could not see. I pulled my mask off. This was the only time I 4 5 had to remove my mask at a protest. I struggled to breathe. have severe asthma. I was not only incapable but afraid of 6 destroying my only inhaler by contaminating it with Mace. 7 8 burning was unbearable. I was shaking uncontrollably. I 9 remember stumbling, my bike still in my hands, just screaming down the street. My husband pulled me along. I cried out for 10 11 water. While surrounded by officers sworn to protect and 12 serve, only volunteer medics came to my aid. The burning did

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still healing.

I would like to remind the judge that I pay the salary of the man who saw it fit, who without a word, maced me, beat me, and then maced me again.

not subside for days. The injuries on my arm and back are

The Chicago Police Department should have been disbanded a century ago when they murdered labor organizers at Haymarket, decades ago when Jon Burge's torture became public knowledge, the day after Rekia Boyd was murdered. appalled by Lori Lightfoot's obviously clouded judgment in respect to the wildly irresponsible police force. The thin blue line is choking the life out of the city.

Free Mohawk Johnson, who remains incarcerated at Cook

County Jail after his bail has been paid and dismantle CPD.

Thank you for your time today.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

Speaker No. 23, please.

MS. NOEL: Hello, your Honor. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can hear you. Thank you.

MS. NOEL: Thank you, your Honor. I say this in honor of: I am Rekia Boyd. I watched it. The criminals, the froth, and the cowards. Men who have no right to be police officers and women unnecessarily wielding military weapons. We have pictures of cops with no masks during the COVID pandemic that has been devastating the community from which they work. And they have had massive COVID infection rates at CPD and at least three confirmed deaths.

I saw women who weren't protesting. Mia Wright, Tnika Tate, Kim Woods, snatched out of their car, and a cop put his knee on Mia's neck, which can only be described as a pure act of terrorism and a hate crime after the George Floyd incident. They totaled Tnika's car with their baton. And to add insult to injury and further harm, they charged Mia criminally, an innocent young woman.

I absolutely do believe Mayor Lightfoot sacrificed the south and west sides, and I expect full economic recovery by next election, or you, your Honor, should hold her solely responsible for all of the consent decree violations.

Additionally, I am disappointed in both Kim Fox and the mayor in their handling of violent police action versus looting and other rebellious violence. Therefore, Womens' All Points Bulletin, WAPB, as a Campbell plaintiff and coalition member with the power to enforce the consent decree orally moves this court to:

One: Use your inherent power to launch federal investigations under DOJ law against the officers who violated both the consent decree and the constitutional rights of our constituents, citizens and protect them federally -- I'm sorry, and prosecute them federally.

Two: Order a line-item budget of the police and fire department budgets, under the CD's transparency paragraphs to uncover waste and inefficiency.

Three: To recognize the community working groups and order a one-on-one meeting with the MOU stakeholders in regards to the inclusion of community working groups and policy creation, improvements, monitoring and guiding principles of enforcement.

Four: To order CPD to provide the data necessary to assist each working group in writing policy that can be statistically measured for improvement.

We have recommendations. We have specifically recommended to the Chicago Police Department the enactment of two successful programs that include Crisis Assessment Cars and

Oregon's CAHOOTS Program. We would like to submit these programs' successes for your approval to include in the consent decree. Please let us know if we need to move the court in writing, or our oral motions will suffice.

And I have one question for you, your Honor. Can you have two police safety unions in one city?

THE COURT: That question I'll have to take under advisement because I don't have the answer off the top of my head.

I thank you for your comments, and I think it would be helpful, actually, if there is specific things you want to put them in writing. I mean, obviously there will be a transcript of this proceeding, but there may need to be some background and some context for your request that would be more than you could possibly do in three minutes. So it would be helpful if you wanted to put anything in writing that would be in the nature of a specific request for relief. Okay?

MS. NOEL: Yes, sir. Thank you, your Honor.

THE COURT: Okay. Thank you very much for your comments.

I do not see Speaker 24 in the queue specifically, but that doesn't mean Speaker 24 is not available. So if Speaker 24 is available, this will be your time.

MS. HICKEY: Your Honor, I do not believe Speaker No. 24 is available, or online, so if we could move to 25.

THE COURT: Okay. Speaker No. 25, then, please. Thank you.

MS. HIYAMA: Hello, can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. HIYAMA: Hi, my name is Clare Hiyama. I use she/her pronouns. I'm 26, and I'm a health educator living in Ravinswood Chicago. And when schools are in person and in session, I teach all over the city.

As a Chicago resident, it has pained me greatly to see the gulf between what we would expect as public servants and what we are actually experiencing at the hands of the Chicago Police Department. I have been and continue to be appalled at the actions of CPD over the last three months. They have terrorized many people in the city for decades. And in recent months, they have shown no willingness to change or to take responsibility for their actions. Even in the face of overwhelming video evidence of their violence, they have not been able to admit that their actions have been excessive.

I was at the protest in Grant Park on July 17th, where I saw CPD's brutality firsthand. Like many others have said, I saw them hit a protester in the head, and I saw the blood running down his face from his temple. I saw them spraying protesters without warning with an unknown substance from hoses, and immediately after, everyone in the vicinity was coughing and crying and throwing up. And this is all during an

airborne respiratory pandemic. I saw them push down individual protesters and rip their bikes out of their hands. I saw them beat people who were trying to run away from them. Even when they were looking right at people in clear need of medical assistance, CPD offered none. Only later did I see a video of them beating the friend I attended with. We had gotten separated in the chaos that night. And that was really hard to watch.

One of the things that showed me the most that night was the way that the officers on the scene laughed at us. When we begged them to leave people alone, they laughed. When we were walking away from the scene, they were mocking us. It felt like they view Chicagoans who are fighting for justice as enemies, and they treat us that way.

I was there that night because I believe the city needs to invest in marginalized communities through healthcare, housing, mental health services, help fund schools, and to diet us from punitive carceral systems of control.

What I saw that night reaffirmed my belief that CPD cannot create or uphold public safety and that we must defund them.

As a culture, we think that it's really important to have police to protect us, but I, as a young white-passing woman would be so reluctant to call upon them because of the risks that that would entail. Not only of how they might treat

me, but also of how they might treat people in my neighborhood if they came in response to a call.

As a health educator, I often get questions from my students about what they should do if they experience sexual violence. And it's one of the most emotionally difficult parts of my job. I wish I could tell them there are people that you could call who would come quickly, who would treat you with respect, who would keep you physically and emotionally safe and who would help you get long-term support, but I feel it would be completely irresponsible as an educator to tell them that CPD are those people. The possible costs are too great.

Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

I don't see Speaker 26 in the queue, but if Speaker 26 is available, please go ahead.

MS. HICKEY: I believe you can move on, your Honor, to No. 27.

THE COURT: Okay. Speaker 27, then, please.

MR. JOYNT: Hello, can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MR. JOYNT: Great. Hello, my name is Matthew Joynt, and I am a 36-year-old film composer, artist, small business owner and resident of Chicago. I'm white, and I use he/him pronouns.

For the last six years, I've regularly engaged in

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public protest against policing. During that time, I've witnessed and experienced a dramatic increase in police brutality, including extensive retaliatory use of lethal force against BLM and the movement to defund CPD. This summer has been no exception.

At the protest on May 31st, I witnessed an officer deliberately hit a teenage girl in the face with his baton, visibly shattering the bridge of her nose.

On June 2nd, I witnessed a young protester ask CPD Officer Andrew Gorlewski, Badge No. 7804: Don't you care about my black life? Won't you even think about why we're here?" He responded: I don't care about black lives, and I will not think about it.

On July 17th, I witnessed CPD pepper spray an adult educator continuously until she began to go into shock.

Moments later, officers laughed as they pepper sprayed me at one-foot range, stole my bike, beat me to the ground and hit me repeatedly in the face and body.

Since the approval of the consent decree, the 2019 federal mandate allegedly designed to bring reform, de-escalation training and accountability to the hellish policing practices witnessed by the DOJ in Chicago, we've been met with nothing but the opposite. This is because this is not an issue of police reform or a few bad apples. The entire institution of policing from the time of its inception in this

country as slave patrol to the present is a racist project designed to protect the power, property and capital of white people. But we fail to address our shameful legacies of community disinvestment, segregation, planned impoverishment and the ongoing criminalization of our Black and Brown neighbors, whose ancestors were kidnaped into slavery and exploited to build this country on stolen, Indigenous land.

If we want to talk about looting, let's start with white people. If we want to talk about public safety, let's establish a civilian police accountability counsel and defund the police by 75 percent, investing instead in non-carseral social services, education and mental health.

As one protest sign recently read: The safest communities don't have the most police, they have the most resources, which is why we will continue to be in the streets even in the face of the police intimidating us, lying about us, doxing us online, beating us, arresting us, kettling us, stealing from us, mocking us and smearing us in the press until we see the resourcing of Black and Brown communities and the defunding of the violent, ineffectual and racist system called the police. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you, sir. Our next speaker is No. 28, please.

MR. DRAKE: Hello. Can everybody hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MR. DRAKE: Thank you. Good afternoon. I want to begin by saying that, if the city was half as committed to the consent decree as the attorney represented to this court yesterday, then in the words of the late Senator Abe Bernicoff, we wouldn't have gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago.

My name is Michael Drake. I'm a 2020 graduate of the UIC JM Law School, where I graduated in the top ten percent of my class. I'm also a veteran. I deployed to Afghanistan as an infantryman with the 2nd Cavalry Regiment from 2010, 2011. I bring up my service to fully contextualize what I say next:

CPD's use of force against peaceful protesters has horrified me.

On May 30th I attended protests as a legal observer with the NLG. On that day, I witnessed CPD officers attack protesters with a viciousness and a disregard for human life that I have not seen since witnessing Afghan police officers attack suspected Taliban members. I was at Trump Tower when CPD attempted to push protesters off of the Wabash bridge. I was in the very front of the protesters, wearing a legal observer hat. Officers are pushing us back with batons and protesters behind us were pushing us forward. To my left, CPD dragged a young woman to the ground and began kicking her and beating her with a baton. Another protester attempted to shield her and got the same treatment.

I attempted to get their names to send to the Mass

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Defense Committee, which provides free legal representation to arrested protesters. While trying to get the names of the people being assaulted by the CPD, an officer hit me in the throat with his baton. As he attempted to do so again, I put my arm up to block it. After that, a number of officers began hitting me in the head with a baton. Other officers grabbed me from behind, ripped me over a concrete barrier, where they continued to beat me. Two other protesters attempted to stop the CPD from beating me and was beaten as well. I'm unsure of how long I was kicked, punched and hit with batons. After the beating, I was unable to sit or move for a week without extreme pain.

I was arrested and taken to the 18th Precinct where I was held without charge in a urine-soaked cell for over 12 hours. Multiple attorneys and recent law grads were unable to ascertain my location for hours. No one in jail was given any informational or allowed any phone call until after NLG attorneys managed to find me, figure out where I was and send me legal representation.

All that pales in comparison to what I saw last Saturday, August 15th. In the most heinous act of (unintelligible) violence that I've witnessed in 29 years of life, I watched CPD officers clear out media before attacking injured people being treated by medics on the sidewalk. The CPD kicked people and medics, hit them with batons and

destroyed medical supplies. CPD officers hit me, shoved me and called me a pussy for pointing out the people who they were assaulting were injured. I was wearing a NLG legal observer hat that day as well.

CPD's behavior last Saturday was barbaric. If our country followed any international human rights allegation, that act alone would have violated multiple human rights treatment. If that act occurred during international conflict, it would have violated the Geneva Convention. But none of that, nor the consent decree, stopped CPD.

After that act, the CPD only became more aggressive. They kettled protesters (unintelligible) exit. They ran into kettled crowds while screaming and banging the sides of their batons. It was textbook psychological warfare.

CPD removed all legal observers from the area and prevented medical aid while they did God knows what to two unlucky protesters who did not manage to escape who were primarily young Black and Brown people.

The CPD is the (unintelligible) of the junta, and the city thanks them for it. I imagine some officers already (unintelligible) their awards of valor due to rogue acts of beating teenagers senseless. The city blames agitators and umbrellas for the August 16th violence. However, those that were there know what happened, and no enhanced suspected edited video submitted by the CPD can (unintelligible) what they did

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that day.

As I address this honorable court, CPD has not been made to answer to the crimes. I doubt they will and never have been. Regardless, I urge the honorable court to require the CPD to follow the consent decree which requires, amongst other things, proportional use of force. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

I do not see 29, 30, or 31 in the attendee's queue.

Maggie, do you see any of the next three?

MS. HICKEY: No, your Honor. I believe you've now called them, and No. 32 is ready.

THE COURT: Okay. So we can go ahead and move to 32 then, please.

MS. MULLEN: Hi. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. MULLEN: All right. One second. Good afternoon and thank you for the opportunity to speak. My name is Margaret Mullen, and I am a 24-year-old DePaul graduate, Chicago native and daughter of two Chicago police officers. My mother retired as a Sergeant from the First District, and my father was shot in the line of duty when I was six months old, catastrophically injuring him and initiating me into the Chicago Police Memorial Foundation and Gold Star family communities.

As a person who has grown up within the police

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and listen to me.

On May 31st and July 17th, I bore witness to the way the people I was taught would keep me safe attacked my peers, brutalized young people and blatantly lied to the public about their actions afterwards.

the same respect that they treat those in their circle.

community, I have an intimate understanding of how the police

think, what they talk about, how they spend their time, and I

detest the fact that the police venerate the people in their

protesting, I rarely identify myself as a Gold Star family

member. But when I did, I watched officers soften their glares

the Black body is so normalized that, until I identified myself

as a Gold Star member, the police would not consider what I had

The police should treat every community member with

It is unacceptable that the subjugation of

circle and demonize the people outside of it. While

On May 31st, we openly denounced looting in every intersection where we rallied while we watched people break into stores and run across intersections with cash registers and other goods. There was a clear distinction between those participating in the protest and those who were looting. And it is important to note that, until we reached downtown Hyde Park, there was not a single officer to be seen.

When the protest disbanded around 7:00 PM at 53rd and Lake Park, there was a rush of approximately 15 squad cars that arrived in riot gear and started a police line blocking people

from heading west to make it back home before curfew.

On July 17th, I participated in the decolonized Zhigaagoong march from Buckingham Fountain to Grant Park. I witnessed police officers get trapped inside the area taken over by protesters. I saw the look of terror on their face when they realized they were circled, and they were allowed to walk out without a scratch. Ten minutes later, they beat young people silly. I witnessed people screaming and crying with swollen appendages, cracked skulls, blood streaming down their faces and accumulating all their clothes. There was coughing and vomiting from the chemicals released in the area, and I was dumbfounded by the level of force exhibited against the people the police claim to serve and protect.

With all of these experiences being hurtful and traumatic, the absolute worse part of the July 17th experience was Superintendent Brown's press conference the following day. I watched as Super Brown blatantly lied to the public regarding what prompted the violence on July 17th. He presented a video claiming to be evidence of protesters taking apart a banner with pre-sharpened PVC to jab and throw at the police. What I saw was the police pull the banner apart in order to hit the people behind the banner with their batons. The moment I saw Superintendent Brown lie to the public, any remainder of good faith in our leaders was destroyed.

There is a bridge that must be built between the

police and the community they serve. With public servants like Super Brown and Mayor Lightfoot, publicly demonizing protesters to maintain a good public image, the people of Chicago are going to continue to suffer. How are we serving and protecting the community when we lie to the public?

Judge Dow and Monitor Hickey, the people of Chicago need you to step in. CPD is not upholding the standards set by the consent decree, and it is actively hurting people. I am hurting. My life was fundamentally altered because of the violence against the police, and for far too long we have accepted excuses from our leaders and scapegoated the actions of individuals like Jason Van Dyke, rather than acknowledge the role that police have played in protecting property and the suppression of Black and Brown people.

I believe that meeting 100 percent of the milestones set by the consent decree is a start, but only by defunding CPD by a minimum of 75 percent will we be able to treat the root causes of crime instead of relying on a reactionary system that hurts people every day. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

I think Speaker No. 33, I believe, is -- I think I saw. Well, I'm not sure. Is Speaker No. 33 in the queue, please?

MS. HICKEY: Your Honor, I don't believe Speaker 33 is. I, like yourself, mistakenly thought they were. But if

you want to call 33 and 34, I do not believe they have signed on. But No. 35 is ready.

THE COURT: Okay. Well, let's do one more call for 33 and 34.

Okay. Let's try No. 35, then, please.

THE COURT: I think you may be on mute. I think we're getting there. I think you still may be -- there we go.

MR. JAWORSKI: Can you hear me?

THE COURT: We can hear you now. Thank you.

MR. JAWORSKI: Okay. Thank you so much, your Honor. My name is David Jaworski. My pronouns are he/him. I'm 29, and I live on the north side of Chicago.

On July 17th, I attended the Black Indigenous
Solidarity Rally at Buckingham Fountain. Afterwards, we started marching and ended up at the Columbus statue.

Immediately I heard screaming and calls for help as police in riot gear with batons surged towards the statue. I walked my bike to a line of bike marshals standing, unmoving, not given official calls to disperse. We were trying to slow a group of police about to beat protesters. I was targeted by a white-shirt officer about twice my size. He was un-gloved, unmasked, and he picked me up by the throat, lifted me off the ground and threw me. I was choke-slammed by a police officer acting look a professional wrestler fighting to the audience. I got back on my feet and got ahold on my bike as he tried to

steal it from me. During the scuffle, I was being trampled and lost my left shoe. I was shoved again and fell onto a bike. My foot caught between the spokes. I was shoved and trampled again while on the ground and my pinky toe snapped between those spokes. Panicked and injured, I had to pull myself and my bike from the officers and hobbled away. Had I not been wearing my helmet, I would have likely been concussed from being thrown so many times. I was separated from my two friends that I went with and began calling them so we could leave. However, police had everyone surrounded so it would have been impossible anyway.

After ten minutes, I found one of my friends and told them about my foot. Concerned, they offered to take me to the paramedics. The ambulances were parked on Columbus near the Roosevelt entry section, next to all the cop cars, beyond the line of armed police, brutalizing protesters, making it impossible to get proper medical care, even if one could trust those that were standing with the very people beating them.

I finally got through to my second friend who had got swept up and was standing with protesters on the south side of the statue, beyond the police that had just beaten me. My friend had sounded scared and did not want to be there but also was not about to leave the people by their side opened and more harm. I lost contact with that friend and saw a red-orange cloud in the area. Everyone around me started coughing, and I

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heard calls for medic every ten seconds. They were coughing, and they had to take off their mask because they had been pepper sprayed. I found out my friend was hit on their arms with a baton until they could no longer hold their bike. Their bike was stolen from them, and they were pepper sprayed, their whole body burned, and that it soaked into their genitals for hours afterwards. My bike was broken, my friend's stolen, and had we not been able to get a ride from another friend, I would have had to walk the five miles home on a swollen injured foot.

I am testifying today because I believe my story should be heard. I am a peaceful person that was attacked by a violent, uncaring organization. I lost already scarce work because of my injury and possible exposure to COVID.

My story and identity are now known to the police and their supporters who released the name and addresses of people who already have suffered trauma at the hands of the CPD. We saw this on their Twitter account on the 15th of August. My friend, who is an organizer had to -- I had to move them because they were doxxed and people had showed up to their home, faces covered, trying to attack them and terrorize them. We feel scared and vulnerable from the very people designated to serve and protect us, but they don't care.

Thank you, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you.

If I'm right, No. 36 was already a cancellation at

the beginning; is that right?

MS. HICKEY: I believe so, your Honor.

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THE COURT: Okay. So we're on to Speaker No. 37,

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MR. MERCADO: Hello, your Honor. Hello, everyone.

My name is Juan Mercado. I use he/him pronouns, and I am a Latino person of color. I am currently employed by Howe Corporation as an inside sales coordinator. I do not represent them with these statements.

I was at the decolonized rally and march on July 17th, along with my partner, which began at Buckingham Fountain and made its way to the Columbus statue. We were there in solidarity with the Black and Indigenous organizers, demanding to defund CPD, get police out of CPS, and amongst other demands.

I will focus my testimony on what I witnessed at the Columbus statue. And I also want to point out that there is a video of, you know, things being thrown at officers. rumors that there was rocks and frozen water bottles. I can confirm that I personally did not see anything of the sort. And, even so, police dispersed from the statue and were safe and then returned. And, here, as protesters were finally surrounding the statue, police were on our perimeter at this point, and they were up on the street, they were in the walkway. For a while, everyone was just standing around,

including police. And then at some point CPD made multiple attempts to try and get through the crowd and get to the statute. They used the batons and their Mace to beat and spray anyone in their path, and, you know, against unarmed protesters who were of no physical threat to them. In one specific instance, I recall two officers laying on top of a gentleman who was lying on the ground. They were on top of him. And knowing that people have suffocated when police have been on top of them and died, I yelled at them to get off of him. that time, one police officer stood up, walked toward me and yelled something at me. I believe he said: What you're doing is wrong, as he proceeded to hit me with his baton on my left And then I backed up, and I got caught up with someone's arm. bike. And as I'm frantically trying to get uncaught, you know,

we're afraid that we're going to get hit again, that we're going to get sprayed, I see two more officers get on top of the man lying now in a fetal position on the ground and all of them started to beat him with the batons.

Finally, once I got relief, I began tending to people who were maced, or sprayed, giving them eye flushes. Many of them were screaming in agony, gagging, coughing. And a couple of them mentioned that the police sprayed them directly into their eyes, targeting their eyes.

You know, at this point it felt like a battle zone. It felt -- it was scary to see. I couldn't believe what I was

seeing with my own eyes. It wasn't on a phone screen.

Anyway, eventually the police rallied back onto the street and later, once more police arrived, and I believe National Guard, or people in olive fatigues, they finally rushed the crowd one last time, breaking through, using their Mace again and using their batons.

And I just want to say that was not a display of the police protecting people, this was a display of police protecting inanimate objects. And it's clear to me now that we do need to defund CPD and reinvest in communities. There were so many cops there from different districts that those resources can be better used to serve our communities. And that's all I have to say. Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for your time.

I don't see No. 38 in the queue, but I do see Speaker No. 39. So if we could move on to Speaker No. 39, please.

MR. HOLDAHL: Hi. Can everyone hear me okay?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MR. HOLDAHL: Hi, my name is Val Holdahl. I'm white, I use they/them pronouns, and I am 28 years old. I have participated in community organizing for the last four years, one of my primary roles being in direct action setting serving as a street medic. I was trained in 2017 as a street medic by a collective called Chicago Action Medical. I'm speaking on behalf of myself as a voluntary street medic and protester and

cpd. My statements do not represent Chicago Action Medical the Street Med Org, or any organization. Although I do voice my support on behalf of the 2018 Black Lives Matter Chicago consent decree and any Black Indigenous people of color, community members who reinforce their complaints regarding the violent, physical and emotional harm caused by Chicago Police Officers and their department.

Although there are several incidences I could speak on, I will be focusing on July 17, 2020, the Black and Indigenous People's Rally held at Buckingham Fountain.

When we began marching, there were already dozens of fully armored officers waiting for our arrival with batons, multiple types of guns harnessed on their bodies and chemical devices that released toxic sprays. Crowds began to gather around the statue. Police lined up surrounding everyone with their bikes and blocking off most paths to exit. You may recognize this tactic as kettling. Protesters were non-violently attempting to protect the most vulnerable people, and they were met with brutal force by the police for doing so.

This led to the dozens of people getting pushed down or off their bikes, having their bikes taken, destroyed or stolen and used as weapons by the police to knock down more bystanders. I watched multiple individuals get beat with batons directly to their head, face, chest, arms, nearly

everywhere on their body for nearly standing in the middle of the commotion. I watched people I love get that, happen to them too. None of the protesters I saw were fighting the officers, even while they were being beaten and provoked. Ι could not count the number of protesters affected by the chemical weapon sprayed that evening. I also was affected by the sprays they were using. It felt like sharp and stinging objects were stuck in my throat, and I coughed so hard I almost vomited. This happened to me multiple times that night. protesters having asthma and panic attacks from the spray, in addition to the debilitating injuries from being beaten with batons, bikes, and even PVC pipes. Along with the other medics, I spent most of the time rinsing protesters' red and inflamed eyes out with water to delete the effects of the chemical weapons. I continued to see bloody head injuries, contusions, raw abrasions to skin and numerous other injury. Later in the evening, there was jail support

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Later in the evening, there was jail support organized at 51st and Wentworth and Division and Laramie precincts. The detained individuals were not provided medical care and were held for hours with chemical spray burning on their skin and their eyes. My partner was one of those detained. It destroyed her glasses, and she couldn't see for hours on top of the damage to her eyes.

One protester even had a seizure while under arrest and being detained and was transported to a hospital, only for

the care of that seizure, not to address the intense bodily harm caused that evening by the police officers. The police department demanded this protester's return to the precinct after becoming stabilized from the seizure.

I hope that by sharing what I have witnessed due to a very small insight to only a few of the times I have seen police brutality against protesters, this is not even including the ongoing police brutality against Black and Brown lives, people experiencing homelessness and people with disabilities that I've seen as a bystander. I have seen the use -- police use protests and demonstrations as an excuse to bully, intimidate and abuse people exercising their First Amendment rights because protesters are seen as quote-unquote "resisting."

Since I don't have the time to go over other events where I have seen lethal force against protesters by police, I will just say the dates: May 30, June 1st, August 9th and 15th, all within 2020. And none of these officers were wearing masks or even practicing COVID-19 precautions.

Police should be prohibited from harassing and trolling the families and communities of people murdered by the police. The police need to be held accountable for their actions. They need to be removed from protests, and the police department budget needs to be reallocated because their presence promotes the opposite of feeling protected. They want

to instill scare, and they know that. Even you all know that, and so do the political leaders of Chicago. Yes, that includes Lori Lightfoot. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

We have Speaker No. 40, then, please.

MS. BETZEL: Can everyone hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. BETZEL: Thank you. My name is Alex Betzel. My pronouns are she/her/hers. I'm white, I'm 30 years old, and I'm a fundraiser at WTTW Channel 11 and classical WFMT 98.7.

On May 30th, at about 2:00 PM, I rode my bike down to Daley Plaza to join the protests there against the pattern of police brutality by the Chicago Police Department, as well as the brutal death of George Floyd and Breonna Taylor.

I got off my bike and started to March with the other protesters, and at about 4:00 o'clock, we started to approach the Trump Tower. That is when police began to push into the crowd. I turned, and I started to walk away from the police, and at that time one officer ripped my bike out of my hand and another threw me on the ground. They trailered back into the crowd of protesters, and over about the next hours they continued to push into the protesters.

I was on the front line of protesters, and at that time Officer Angelo Gallegos pressed his baton horizontally against my chest and also my neck. I turned my head so the

baton wouldn't be directly against my windpipe, and he continued to push. He pinned me up against the protesters behind me until I couldn't talk. And then at that point I couldn't breath anymore, and I couldn't keep my feet underneath me, the crowd was moving so much, and my knees gave out. So he was pressing the baton against my neck so hard that I couldn't fall to my knees. I was hanging by his baton.

When I started to go completely limp, another protester called him off, said, she is choking, she can't breathe, she can't breathe, take off your baton. I think that protester saved my life that day.

Later that day, I also watched the police swing their batons and hit protesters in the head, the neck, the shoulders the face. Mainly protesters of color. I watched groups of six or seven officers target individual, unarmed protesters and chase them down, tackle them, beat them with their batons and arrest them.

For the next couple of days, my throat hurt so bad. It hurt to talk and cough. I had pain in my neck for almost two months following that protest, and I still have trouble focusing at work because of the intrusive memories and the rising sense of panic. I am seeking additional therapy for the emotional trauma, and it haunts me to this day.

Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments. We can move

that.

on to Speaker No. 41, then, please. I think you're on mute.

MR. HANNIGAN: Okay. How about now?

THE COURT: Much better. Thank you.

MR. HANNIGAN: All right. Thank you. Sorry about

THE COURT: That's okay.

MR. HANNIGAN: Hello, my name is Matt Hannigan. I'm a resident of Chicago, Illinois. Thank you for this opportunity to speak. I attended a demonstration which began at Millennium Park on Saturday, August 15th and would like to relay my observations.

Once the group of demonstrators convened at Michigan and Wacker, the police quickly surrounded us on the east, west and south, while the north side of the intersection was blocked by a raised drawbridge and a large truck, essentially trapping us. It was immediately apparent that the police, who outnumbered the protesters by a factor of at least 2-to-1, would not be treating us as the peaceful protesters that we were. The officers arrived clad in helmets, visors, batons and armed with pepper spray. Despite the ongoing pandemic, very few officers wore face masks.

Not long after the police surrounded the protesters, I witnessed a ranking officer in his 50s or 60s in white short-sleeve shirt and black vest walk from the west side of the intersection to the east. Instead of simply walking around

the perimeter, he chose to walk through the group, clearly as an act of intimidation. I saw him violently shove a young woman out of his way for no reason other than to assert his dominance over the crowd. The officer could have easily walked behind the large truck parked at the base of the bridge, a path that would have been clear of my protesters. I would like to stress the importance of this. His use of unwarranted violence was extreme and completely unnecessary and ultimately avoidable.

A few minutes later, I saw protesters take out umbrellas. The police violently ripped their umbrellas out of many of the protesters' hands and then began hitting them with their batons. I would like to make clear that the umbrellas were not used in any sort of menacing, threatening manner. I witnessed unarmed protesters wearing nothing but regular clothing get beat on the head and arms by Chicago police officers in full protective gear. How can it be a crime to carry an umbrella?

Soon after I witnessed pepper spray deployed within inches of protesters' faces. It's difficult to describe the feeling of seeing protesters being pepper sprayed by CPD, but I became extremely fearful for my safety. Not at the hands of the protesters, but at the hands of the Chicago Police Department. I witnessed young people stumble into the middle of the interaction, blinded by pepper spray, writhing in pain,

panic and confusion, ripping their masks off to breathe and screaming in agony. The use of pepper spray in the midst of a respiratory pandemic seems like an extremely cruel and callous response to a group of young people just trying to make their voices heard. With the smell of pepper spray fresh in my nostrils, I left the area.

I'd like to make clear that the violent police response to this peaceful protest was completely unwarranted. The protesters were simply exercising their First Amendment right to free speech and assembly. The police violated that right by beating and pepper spraying us. CPD clearly did not have safety of anyone in mind.

Thank you very much.

THE COURT: Thank you. Let's see, we have about ten minutes until we're going to take the midafternoon break, so let's move on to Speaker 42, then, please.

MS. ZELDIN: Hi. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. ZELDIN: Thank you, your Honor. My name is Wendy Zeldin. My pronouns are she/they. I am 35 years old. I'm a parent of an eight-year-old CPS student, and I manage a farmer's market on the south side.

On July 17th I attended the Black and Indigenous Solidarity Rally at Buckingham Fountain. I marched to the southern edge of Grant Park with a handful of my friends. We

were hopeful and energetic. I was happy to be out supporting the incredibly youth activists and was inspired by the kindness and generosity that I saw around me. Complete strangers offered me snacks, water, hand sanitizer as we walked. I felt encouraged and optimistic.

Where at first police were surrounding the Columbus statue, they quickly retreated to the outskirts of the park. My friends and I were also near the park edge, where we stood chanting and cheers, peacefully exercising our First Amendment rights. The police were blocking the one (unintelligible) exit by us, just sort of Roosevelt. They stood there for about 20 minutes, casually chatting and leaning against their bikes. I remember looking at their riot gear and thinking it was so ridiculous that they'd come with batons and helmets dressed for a battle. I had on overalls and a crop top, which I would have never worn, had I known what was coming.

After about 20 minutes, suddenly multiple vans pulled up right behind the officers. Dozens more cops in full riot gear came out, including a couple in white shirts. Within a minute of arriving, they began distributing cans of pepper spray. Some of them (unintelligible) all the cannisters and yelled out a warning. We started chanting: Don't do it. Don't do it. Those were the last words out of my mouth before my friends and I were assaulted by CPD. They gave us no warning whatsoever. They didn't ask us to move. They didn't

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ask us to leave. They didn't tell us that we needed to disperse or else they'd attack. There was no opportunity for compliance. They didn't care about our safety, our health, or our well-being. They didn't want us to disperse, or they wouldn't have been blocking the exit. They wanted to hurt us. They sprayed the chemicals directly toward my face. I ducked and squatted down, immediately blinded and coughing profusely, wanting to get my face away from other people because I am terrified of contracting COVID. The cops sprayed more straight onto the back my head, also the nape of my neck. My skin was on fire, and I couldn't breath. I knew I needed to run away and get fresh air, but as I tried to stand up to leave, they sprayed me again. I had no idea where any of my friends were. I couldn't see. I just heard batons cracking and people screaming on all sides of me.

(Audio breaking up) trying to escape, and strangers pulled me away and flushed my eyes out. When I could eventually see, the scene was horrific. Officers were brutalizing protesters with their batons and bikes. A young man walked by me with blood pouring out of his mouth, running down all over his shirt. It took me hours to clean the chemicals off of my clothing, my skin and my hair.

I went to sleep crying, my body still searing from the spray. I had to be up for work at 5:00 AM. I ran the farmer's market the next day with my hands, my neck, and my

knees still on fire. It took a whole 24 hours for the pain and burning to stop. I was covered in bruises on my ribs and my back. I use a birth control that makes it so that I don't menstruate. But after that night, I was bleeding for days. A nurse friend of mine told me it was potentially triggered by the chemicals, but most likely it was a result of the extreme trauma and stress. I have experienced disassociation, extreme anxiety and nightmares regularly since this event.

CPD assaulted me for doing nothing more than standing in a park peacefully chanting with my friends, exercising my right to protest, and I will never forget this. I am fully aware that this experience is nothing compared to what so many Black and Brown people encounter regularly from the CPD. This corrupt institution must be defunded, and those resources must be reallocated to social workers, mental health specialists and non-partial justice practitioners who will truly serve and protect us. Thank you very much.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

I don't see Speaker 43, but I do see Speaker 44. I don't see 45, but I do see 46. So, let's see, if we can move to Speakers 44 and 46, and then we'll take the break after that.

So if Speaker No. 44 is available, that will be great.

MS. FLORES: Hello. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MS. FLORES: My name is Patricia Flores. My pronouns are she/her, and I'm 26, and I'm white. I have volunteered to speak at this hearing today because I am deeply concerned about how CPD has handled the recent protests. I have attended various protests. The following will focus on my experience on May 30th and July 17th.

I have been shoved, hit and had to inhale pepper spray from CPD officers who most often have their badge numbers covered. I have seen protesters with head wounds gushing blood. I have seen them have their bikes stolen, and I have seen them kettled by cops, as well as trampled and beaten with batons.

I left most of May 30th and July 17th protests with bruises on my torso and calves from police hands and batons.

Although the role of police officers is supposed to be to serve and protect, they have shown at protests that they are only there to serve and protect their fellow officers.

They unite to unleash violence on people protesting police violence. They watch out for each other, but they do not care for protesters at all. They treat us not as people but as an inconvenience.

The way CPD has responded has only proven they cannot be trusted to keep us safe, as they repeatedly reign violence.

The fact that I have seen no officers stand up to

their colleagues in order to stop this violence, there is a violent and corrupt nature of CPD as a whole. The violence CPD has unleashed on protesters would be criminally punishable if anyone without their uniform did it, and I do not believe officers deserve to be exempt simply because they're officers.

CPD has shown us that they cannot be trusted over and over again. They have harmed our communities immensely in a time of great need, and I find their actions to be grotesque and despicable.

I cannot forget the violence I have seen and experienced on May 30th and July 17th. The memories weigh heavily on my mind, as I am sure it does on the other protesters' minds.

I do not want to leave today without mentioning that the violence from CPD during these protests will also have very negative mental health impacts on all who attended.

CPD has mentally and physically harmed the people they are supposed to protect. They need to be held accountable, and they need to be defunded. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you.

I think our final speaker before the break, then, will be Speaker No. 46.

MR. CRAIG: Can you all hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MR. CRAIG: Thank you for giving me a chance to speak

today. My name is Kyle, I'm a resident of Chicago. I'm here today to share my concern for the severe and unwarranted police violence I have witnessed during the Saturday, May 30th protest against systemic racism, police brutality in downtown Chicago.

At around 6:30 PM, my wife and I were standing at the intersection of north State Street and west Kinzie Street. We were standing in front of the Public House Restaurant, when a line of Chicago police officers passed us on foot going west on Kinzie. At this point, a protester said something to the group of officers that I was unable to hear. An officer who had already walked past us broke off with a group of officers, then turned around and walked back about 10 to 15 feet east towards the protester and began beating him with his club. Another officer then stepped in and also started hitting the protester. The two officers continued hitting the protester, even when he was on the ground, tucking his head into his chest and covering his head with his arms in an attempt to block their blows. Shocked protesters then began telling the officers to stop this brutality.

At this point, police officers began charging us from all sides, shoving us with their batons. A young woman fell to the ground and was getting trampled by the group. I stopped to help her before I was able to pull her -- and before I was able to pull her up, I felt a push from a police officer. This officer repeatedly shoved me extremely forcefully with his

baton, which he was holding horizontally with both his hands, hitting me in the face and chest. He pushed me about 20 feet down State Street until he caused me to fall to the ground, knocking my glasses off and breaking my camera, which I was holding in my hand. This interaction left a large, dark purple bruise on my right arm that lasted for weeks after the protest.

After getting helped up by other protesters, I couldn't see where my wife was. Distraught, I went to try and find her. I was confronted by the same officer that slammed me to the ground and said to him: Please, my wife is over there, pointing to the corner of State and Kinzie. This officer then shoved me again, striking me in the face three times with his baton and said: I don't care, you shouldn't have come here, you "F-er," but said the word.

A few seconds later, I reunited with my wife who had been struck repeatedly on her back by police. By this time, huge crowds of officers were now coming towards protesters from all streets in all directions and tear gas was being deployed. At this point, we left downtown, running through alleyways to escape from the officers' barricades. I'd also like to note that neither my wife nor I ever heard any warning from police that we needed to disperse. One second we were standing there and the next second getting hit with batons.

Thank you for your time, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

And I want to thank everybody, this first session, for comments. We're going to take a break until 3:15 to allow the court reporters to switch out, and then, when we pick up, it will be Speaker No. 47 is where we'll pick up for the second session today. So, again, thank you all for your attention, and we'll resume at 3:15.

(Recess from 3:00 p.m. to 3:15 p.m.)

THE COURT: Good afternoon, everybody. Thank you for your patience. I've tried to go through with the Monitor during the break to make sure that we do not miss anybody. So we'll pick up with Nos. 47 through 60, and then we'll go back and make another pass through those who were skipped over previously to see if anyone has gotten back on the line here. So with that, I think -- I don't see 47, 48 or 49 in the queue, but if any of those folks is in the queue if they could please speak up now. If not, I think we'll move to No. 50, please.

MS. HICKEY: I believe, your Honor, No. 50 was a phone number which seems to have dropped off. So maybe they'll call back in and we'll recall the numbers at the end. Maybe they dropped off at the break and they will be calling back in.

THE COURT: Okay. That will be fine. And as I said, we'll make another sweep here after we get to 60. So I don't see No. 51 but I do see No. 52, so if No. 52 could be admitted into the participant space, and then we will hear from No. 52.

I think you're still on mute.

MR. SAKER KUNKEL: Good afternoon, your Honor, members of the court. My name is Samuel Saker Kunkel. I use he/him and they/them pronouns and I work as a maker and repair person of orchestral stringed instruments. Thank you for the opportunity to address you directly.

I would like to use my time to describe my personal experience with the excessively brutal and zealously applied

crowd control tactics by the Chicago Police Department on July 17th, 2020. The purpose of today's action was to rally for solidarity with the Black and Indigenous citizens of our city, who are among the most marginalized ethnic groups in America both historically and critically. Today's chronology already being a well-established part of the public record, I will deal only with the actions taken directly on my own person. The exact order of events is cloudy somewhat, so please bear with me.

With the largest part of the group dispersing, I found myself unsure of what to do until I observed a women in indigenous dress resolutely standing her ground with her arms raised. In the spirit of solidarity, I chose to take a position beside her. Having already witnessed the making and the pawning of other protesters, I felt obliged to offer what protection my presence could possibly offer.

It was then that the small group of protesters, perhaps 15, I found myself among was approached by officers. After a single, half-mumbled order to move back went unacknowledged, we were rushed by a phalanx of police using batons to shove and grapple.

In the midst of this clash, I was dealt a burst of mace by an officer. The effects were rapid. I tasted a harsh, metallic bitterness and my eyes began to burn fiercely, reflexively clamping shut. The effects were disorienting and

 debilitating per design. Off balance and unaware of my surroundings, I was shoved to the ground, and upon landing dealt two blows of the baton by an officer. I was unable to see, much less menace.

Collecting myself as best as I was able, I pulled the closest person to me from the melee and began to retreat, feeling a sense of shame and cowardice at being so easily rebuffed, matched only by gratitude for my co-dissident flushing my eyes of chemicals outlawed for use in war by the Geneva Convention.

It was not until after I had reached the half mile to the safety of the medical tent at Buckingham Fountain that I was able to assess my injuries. A few scrapes from falling. A growing bruise on my right kneecap from the second club strike, and a nasty, deep cut on my left shin from the first, bleeding profusely. My wounds were not as bad as some, but we're not here to compare scars, we're here to assess the behavior of people who so callously applied such brutality. At no point did I provoke or provide pretext for such force to be applied against myself beyond the thin pretense of disobeyed order. (inaudible).

Any one of the methods applied against me could have been effective alone. Having sprayed chemicals -- illegal on a battlefield -- into my eyes, I very reasonably could have already been considered neutralized. Hurling me to the ground

was, shall we say, redundant, and the batoning spiteful. My interaction illustrates the eagerness on the part of police to use force not only as a method of detaining those suspected of committing a crime, but as a punitive measure alone.

This Court does not need me to outline how these practices subvert due process and cheat the Court and the citizenry, or how presumption of innocence becomes moot when the police add to their already overladen list of responsibilities, the role of the judge, jury, and all too often executioner.

I want to end by saying that police are the only group in America who possess a legal pretense to use violence against those who they identify as their political adversaries. A privilege actively defended by politicians, a powerful union, and popular mythology. Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for yours. I do not see speaker 53. I saw speaker 54 before the break, but I don't think that person has returned yet. So I think we're on to speaker No. 56, please.

MR. BAIRE: Hello, can you hear me?

THE COURT: Yes, we can. Thank you.

MR. BAIRE: Hi. Thank you, your Honor. Thank you, everyone. My name is Max Baire, and I'm a

Puerto Rican-Lebanese resident of Chicago's north side. On

July 17, 2020, I attended the solidarity rally in Grant Park in

Chicago. When I first arrived at the park to stand in solidarity with Chicagoland defenders, it was a peaceful scene. It was hot out and I was tired from a long week of work, but my spirits were lifted because of the immense outpouring of love and energy coming from the Black and Indigenous demonstrators. We were angry, yes, and we were protesting. But we were also singing and dancing and using this moment to celebrate just what it is what we're fighting for.

But, you know, as we heard already, what began as a peaceful protest eventually turned into a violent one.

Violence that was initiated, agitated, and exacerbated by the Chicago Police Department. We started at Buckingham Fountain and eventually made our way to the Christopher Columbus statue near the intersection of Columbus and Roosevelt. I walked myself and my bicycle along with the group and decided to integrate my bike with the marshals who were keeping us safe.

I positioned myself in a row of other cyclists around the Columbus monument, and we interlocked the axles of our bikes together to form a barrier protecting less-shielded demonstrators. At one point, we were knocked over by the police, and I became pinned between my bike and another. Eventually I had gotten up and we formed another barrier.

When one officer had enough of us, he had briefly asked us to make a hole. A difficult order to follow taking into account the sheer volume of people. When the officer

didn't immediately get his way, he attempted to rip my bike from my hands. I didn't let go and he began to club my wrists with his baton. An action he appeared to take pleasure in judging from the smile on his face. Two strikes on my left wrist and a third on my right. On the third blow I was reminded of a formerly broken wrist bone and I let go for fear of re-breaking it. So he had ripped the bike from my hands, and once it was in his possession, I witnessed him toss it behind him and that was the last I ever saw my bike.

Shortly after, I witnessed a different officer standing with a few cops to the right of my assailant, spraying a red can over and into the crowd I was a part of. I was very suddenly overcome with a burning sensation in my eyes, which quickly spread to my nose, throat, and the rest of my body.

Within minutes the pain from getting struck in my wrists was now secondary to the burning sensation consuming my body. The burning in my nose and throat caused me to take off my mask, and being that we are in the midst of a pandemic, this was a tremendous risk for those around me, but the police gave me no choice. I wailed for help for a medic I had no way of getting to. But the only ones in eyeshot were surrounded by police officers that had proven distrustful to me.

Fortunately, my fellow demonstrators helped me as best they could. I couldn't see through the chemical in my eyes, so a kind stranger in the crowd had to guide me back to the fountain

where I would eventually regroup with my friends.

That was the longest half-mile I ever walked, and the pain only intensified all over my body. It was impossible not to notice that the police did nothing to help the people who were in pain, myself included, they were protecting property. When I eventually regrouped with my friends, we were able to recruit another to give us a ride from our park to our homes. With my bike stolen and my friend's bike broken by the police, this was our only option of getting home without walking or taking the train. A situation many had to endure after suffering similar or even worse acts of violence.

When I eventually made it home, I spent several hours in the shower and an ice bath to get this chemical burning off my body. The following day, after another shower, the burning was manageable. But then the pain in my wrist came into clearer focus. My right index finger was actually bruised as well and appeared infected, and I couldn't bend it without tremendous pain. I also had welts on my wrist from the baton strikes. These marks are still visible all over my body over a month later, but the emotional and mental trauma lingers as well.

The Chicago Police Department failed the people of Chicago on July 17th of 2020, as they have done before and continue to do. They failed to keep us safe; rather they actively endangered the lives of people protesting the very

1 injustices that they commit.

THE COURT: Thank you. Thank you for your comments.

MR. BAIRE: Thank you.

I think speaker No. 57 is in the queue, though, so we'll please admit speaker 57.

MS. HICKEY: Your Honor, if after 57 you want to go back to 56, I believe 56 is in the room. So we'll let 57 go and then go back to 56.

THE COURT: Okay. Very good.

MS. SUTTLE: Hello. Can you hear me?

THE COURT: There we go. Yes, now we can hear you.

MS. SUTTLE: So good afternoon, your Honor, and others who have joined us today for day two of this Federal Court Listening Session. My name is La'Rie Suttle. I'm 24 years old. I use she/her/hers pronouns, and I'm working with the City of Chicago and members in the Chicago community on the use of force policy for the Chicago Police Department.

I think that it is important to state that the things that I'm about to say are a reflection of my own views and experiences, not the use of force task force as a whole. This task force was created June 15, 2020, and so far this year I've only attended two protests in the Bronzeville community, both of which were peaceful, thank God.

But last month in July, I decided to attend a press conference for a young community organizer named Miracle Boyd

after watching the video that went viral on the web of an officer knocking her cell phone to the ground and punching her in the face, knocking out some of her teeth and walking away.

In the viral video, I saw a lot of things taking place between blue-shirt officers and protesters, but what stood out to me was the white-shirt officers watching and allowing whatever took place to go on. So as a member of the use of force task force, I immediately raised an issue in our group. I asked to review three legal bulletins from the Office of Legal Affairs on police protesters encounters, use of force, and the First Amendment and the modified consent decree.

Additionally, I also reviewed eight general orders, which I will physically include in my written statement due August 28th by 4:30 p.m. But if this is not true I will follow up with the appropriate parties following this listening session. But the general orders relate to the duties, responsibilities, procedures, and investigations involving use of force in general, but specifically in terms of the First Amendment.

Currently, I don't have the authority to tell you more about that, if there is a violation or not. But I do want to state on the record that I am growing deep concern for how the Chicago Police Department trains officers to handle situations involving use of force in general. But specifically encounters with protesters, as well as internal and external

accountability and transparency measures involving situations with use of force in general, but especially with police and protesters.

So I thank you for allowing me the opportunity to speak on the record today. And moving forward, I pray that this police department doesn't miss an opportunity to effectively and constitutionally police. With that, I will hold back and thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you very much. I appreciate it.

I think speaker 56 was the previous person who spoke was Max Baire, that's what I have here. So it looks to me just from the queue that I -- that nobody up through 60 is in the queue, but I think I see some names in the queue that were amongst the original group from the morning. So I'm going to start back at the top of the list here and I see speaker No. 3 is now in the cue. So if speaker No. 3 -- it's Delaney Coe is the name I have here. That would be great. Thank you.

MS. HICKEY: I believe a person will be speaking on behalf of Delaney Coe. Mike, if you will admit No. 3.

THE COURT: That is correct. Thank you.

MS. TENDAJI: I was there on May 30th, downtown where I saw protesters being kettled repeatedly by the police, being teargassed. I saw protesters also being beaten with batons.

Also on the 1st of June in Hyde Park -- I think it was the 1st of June -- I attended a very peaceful protest, organized by

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some young people, I am not sure who they actually were.

As the protest dispersed, police began pushing people towards the lake, and most folks had their cars west. And people couldn't get back to their cars. There was a very tense stand off when an officer brandished a rifle at the crowd.

Eventually we were able to get through and get to where our cars were parked, where some people were coming out looting an Ulta, we stopped to get their name and information, you know, to pass on to their family. And police began pushing me, my friends and my family against the wall with batons. then hitting us with the batons, which resulted in my friends coming in to stand between me and the officers and my family, particularly, children. They were beaten repeatedly with batons, laid on the ground, just covering themselves being hit by batons repeatedly.

At some point an officer put his knee on my friend's neck, the same way that George Floyd was killed. Another friend, she protected him, seeing that, just dove onto his body and took a lot of those baton hits for him.

At least five of my friends were badly bruised with baton marks and then thrown in jail for that that day.

Since then, I know as well a good friend in Black Lives Matter Chicago was beaten badly at a protest on Belmont. That person is disabled and walks with a cane. I was also there on the 17th, where my son was pepper sprayed badly.

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nephew had his tooth broken by cop with a baton. There was no opportunity for folks to disperse. The orders to disperse over these past two protests, I've witnessed officers doing nothing to protect and serve, but to brutalize, and who seemed to, as I heard another person testify today, to smile, seemed to enjoy brutalizing Chicagoans.

I -- the hardest was during the protest in Hyde Park. I was thrown to the ground. My ribs were cracked and I stood in front of an officer whose sleeve was covered in my friend's This officer was saying how he wanted to protect me. He wanted to protect us. Who stood there while other officers beat and brutalized folks. I just left town this weekend to return to find out that once again, young people, my nephew included, young folks who have been in my house, 17-year-olds who were pepper sprayed, and kettled, and beaten by police This was during the consent decree, so it's clear to me again. that the Chicago Police Department is not taking anything seriously about mandates to protect or serve or to follow the actual law that they are sworn to uphold. Their intention is clearly brutality and dehumanizing Chicagoans who don't believe that they should be receiving over \$4 million a day.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

Let's see. I think I see speaker No. 7, I think, is in the queue now, so perhaps we can admit speaker No. 7, please.

1 MS. MACLAUCHLIN: Hello.

THE COURT: Hi.

MS. MACLAUCHLIN: Hi. Thank you for the time. My name is Claire Maclauchlin. I am a 38-year-old mother of two. I work in publishing and I live in Avondale. On Saturday, May 30th, I attended the protest against police brutality at Daley Plaza. This was my first time attending a protest in Chicago, although I attended many protests in my former hometown of New York City.

At first, the protest felt like many others I had attended. There was a sense of joint purpose and community, albeit masked. My fellow protesters and I chanted. We held signs. I saw families with children, and I had, in fact, considered bringing my sons to this protest. I had brought them to others in the past. But my sister had been to a peaceful protest in Oakland, California, the previous day where the crowd was set upon by the police and pepper sprayed, so I left the kids at home and instead brought remedies for pepper spray.

So, again, it was largely a peaceful protest, albeit one that was about police brutality and a little bit negative towards the police, some of the chants, et cetera, but, again, that is our right to use our words to express displeasure about the people who are supposed to be serving us and who we pay.

When the police appeared on the scene, the mood

immediately shifted. They were dressed in riot gear. The majority of them were maskless. They had batons in their hands already, although, again, we were protesting peacefully.

I think the worst thing that I had seen up to then was somebody spray painting on the sidewalk. I don't think a baton is the answer. So, yes, batons in hand, zip ties in hand, they began setting up barricades and boundaries that were arbitrary. They sort of created a circle in the middle of one street to reroute us.

Being that it's the middle of a pandemic, there really wasn't anybody on the street, other than the protesters. Every car I saw was a car that was part of the protest, honking with signs in solidarity. The protest didn't seem to be stopping anybody going about their day, but the police were not treating us like we were allowed to be there.

I saw police knocking signs out of people's hands.

One young man was sitting on his car with a phone in his hand.

I saw a police officer come and knock that out of his hands.

So, yes, they created discord and chaos instead of allowing us to march peacefully.

At one point, I'm not sure what happened, there was a loud bang. People were running in panic. I was almost trampled. I was lucky to get behind a column. As the woman before me mentioned, she had a disabled friend with a cane. I saw a disabled woman with a cane who was luckily able to get

behind a column as well.

And, then, ultimately, I would just like to say that the decision on the part of the mayor to shut down the trains that day -- this was a protest that was set to go from 2:00 til 5:00. It trapped a lot people, myself included, in the downtown area. So I saw, as I tried to figure out how I was going to get home, people wandering aimlessly, running into groups of police officers that were also seeming to be looking for protesters. It was a very unsafe feeling as the police were there. Anytime I turned on a street and saw police, I went the other way, because I had a sign. I was obviously part of the protest. The only people I saw were either part of the protest or police.

I just -- we pay them to protect and serve us, and that is not what they are doing. And major change is needed. I'm shaking thinking about this experience, but also just sort of the response that there has been to the protest, sort of the tone, the reporting on the protest. People are out here saying, "A change needs to be made," and instead of the police sitting down and talking to the people, they are attacking them. And I just -- it boggles my mind. That's all. Thank you for your time.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments.

I think speaker No. 33, I think, is in the queue now. If we could go to speaker No. 33, please.

MS. BOYD: Hello?

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THE COURT: Yes, hi, we can hear you.

MS. MIRACLE BOYD: Hi. This is Miracle Boyd. youth member of Good Kids/Mad City on the south side of I'm here to talk about what happened on the night of I was attending the decolonizing police and Chicago June 17th. protesting rally, and I was (inaudible) approached by a police officer for recording a man being arrested.

At first I was moving away, because I had heard that they were, like, trying to, like, tear down the statue. decided to leave because I had been out there for a long while. But I heard my friend crying, and so I went over to help. I started a video of what was going on. And as our video was going on, I saw a white woman being beat with batons by two police officers on the two. They had a bike stand on top of I see a guy who was beaten at first with a baton had his her. head busted open and blood was gushing from his head.

And so I was recording a guy being arrested by the police, and the police were dragging him away and I was walking towards him, like, trying to get him to say his last name so that he could get legal help, and two police officers walked up to me and one of them punched me. And my phone hit me in the mouth and my tooth was knocked out. I had to get a root canal and still today -- just yesterday, I finally received my final dental work.

I have been distraught ever since the event happen. I haven't been able to eat correctly. Every time I see police now, I have some sort of fear that they'll, like, try to harm me again or whatever, something like that.

But the events that happened that night were truly traumatizing. I have never experienced something so horrific like that, and just to be assaulted by one member of the biggest union in America, it was like a slap in the face because I am a youth organizer, and this is what we fight for, so...

There were a lot of these incidents transpired, and, you know, I'm not really excited about what happened. I wasn't even calling for officers to be arrested, but to have restorative justice circle with me because I focus on restorative justice in my community, and I believe that jail is a place for no one.

Also, the fact that this cop who was talking to me, he also assaulted a Muslim woman before in the year of 2012. When I found out who he was, I did my research myself, and also found out that he uses force more than 96 percent of other officers, so I want to highlight what is happening and the type of people who the Chicago Police Department are hiring, you know, to deal with civilians. And all of the protests have not been peaceful at times, but I don't think that protesters should ever be attacked by police. And like I said, it was a

slap in the face that I was harassed by police and, you know physically attacked and this is now something I have to deal with.

And afterwards I was receiving death threats on social media, and a lot of pain has been coming my way. That is all I wanted to say. Thank you for hearing me, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you for your comments, and I really thank everybody for their comments.

I am looking in the queue right now, and Maggie maybe you can help me, but I don't see anybody in the queue right now who has not spoken. But if I am mistaken, if there's anybody who needs to be admitted into the queue, I think this would be the time because I think we have gone through the entire list. Do you see anybody who I've missed Maggie?

MS. HICKEY: I have not seen anybody else, your Honor, and I am just checking with my IT team here to see if there's anyone else, but I believe everybody that is in the queue has had an opportunity to speak, and all of the rest that had signed up for various reasons, I'm sure, were unable to join us today.

THE COURT: Okay. Very well. I want to again thank everybody and remind everybody of what both the Inspector General and the Monitor said, which is this was not the only way to participate.

We have written comments that I will be happy to

receive on my docket, and I'm sure both the Inspector General and the Monitor will be happy to receive your comments in all sorts of different ways, whatever is most comfortable for you, I think, is really what the touchstone is for submitting your views. And I know the Monitor is hard at work with her team and there will be a report at the end of this. This is just part of the information gathering, so, again, with gratitude to our clerk's office, and all of the IT folks of the Monitoring team and her law firm for setting this up.

I have nothing further to add for today, but I did want to give both the Monitor and the Inspector General an opportunity to say any final words they want to say. So I will turn to you first, Maggie.

MS. HICKEY: Thank you very much, your Honor. I would just like to say thank you to everyone who participated today and lent their voice and allowed us to hear what was happening in our city. Again, thank you very much for sharing your story.

THE COURT: And Joe, any final words from the Inspector General's Office?

INSPECTOR GENERAL FERGUSON: I echo that. I appreciate everyone's willingness to step into the space and step in it in such a public way. If there is more to be said or anyone watching has more that they want to say, again, the Monitor's website or the IG's website. Thank you.

THE COURT: Okay. Very well. Thank you, everybody. 1 2 I also want to make a special thanks to the interpreters who 3 are still going and the court reporters who are still going as Those are very hard jobs and it's very intense to do 4 5 this for this period of time, and you all are magnificent and I 6 thank you for your help. So thank you, everybody. And this 7 session is in recess. 8 MS. HICKEY: Thank you. 9 (Proceedings concluded at 3:48 P.M.) 10 11 CERTIFICATE 12 We certify that the foregoing is a correct transcript from 13 the record of proceedings in the above-entitled matter. 14 15 /s/ SANDRA M. MULLIN, CSR RMR, FCRR 16 /s/KRISTIN M. ASHENHURST, CSR, RDR, CRR August 25, 2020 17 Date 18 Federal Official Court Reporters United States District Court 19 Northern District of Illinois Eastern Division 20 21 22 23 24 25