Abstract:
Informal labor in the U.S. city is a structural labor position wrought from exclusion and/or precarious attachment to the formal labor market. Drawing upon over two years of ethnographic research conducted in drug and alcohol recovery houses and treatment centers in Philadelphia, this essay makes a case for the racialization of informal labor in the Urban U.S. Building upon scholarship that theorizes urban informality as a mode of exchange and development, this essay argues that informal labor is also a site of cultural formation with its own sets of practices and meanings. Tracing the historical emergence of the pairing of labor and surveillance, this article locates the racialization of informal labor in the lived experience of anticipation and evasion of these structures of surveillance. Informality, then, offers a space of intimate truth in response to public surveillance and the misrecognition that such surveillance can bring. By pairing insights from urban anthropology on informality with those from Black and racialization studies, I argue that the political developments of market liberalization, urbanization, and the devolution of state authority with which urban informality is associated build upon older historical and cultural forms that racialize informal labor in the Urban U.S.

Keywords: Urban; Labor; Informality; Political-economy; Crime; Poverty

Finessing the System: On the racialization of U.S. urban informality

I’m sitting with Arturo on opposite ends of the intake desk of the Tapehouse East, a city-funded and regulated drug and alcohol recovery house in Philadelphia. Arturo has worked for the last year as a house monitor, and I have conducted fieldwork at the Tapehouse for the past two years. This house-monitor position, one that documents the happenings in the house each hour, is the first formal job Arturo has held in his life after decades of selling and using heroin and engaging in street-based scams. These are activities that older hustlers, like his father, would call “running con” [running confidence tricks] back in the 60s. I’m facing the street, watching the blurred life behind the black metal-thatched window, and he’s facing the computer, watching his phone and occasionally the tape-recorder between us. Every once in a while, I wonder if his long grey beard will skim the bottom of the desk as his focus intensifies, but it never does.

“There’s other ways of hustling,” he explains, I just don’t wanna sell dope. Anything else with some finesse and skill? I’m all on that.” Arturo sings and extends his vowels, and so the word “on” lasts for almost two seconds. “I ‘aint going on no corner…I mean I never really was a corner nigga, but everybody gotta eat though and it’s hard out here, Tali…It’s crazy because so many people wanna give me work, I can get in the game but I choose not to. You know what I mean?…But, don’t think I don’t think about it
though, shiiiit, I always think about how I can make a quick ten grand in a week I’m good, but then I gotta scout the area, see what’s going on, I gotta see who the opponent is, it’s too much work. It is. As bad as I want to. I can’t do it. Well today I can’t, I don’t know about tomorrow, all I know is today I don’t wanna sell no drugs.”

I reflect back, “So your line [that demarcates what he won’t do while hustling] is just selling dope.”

“I’m gonna hustle to the day I die, as long as it’s something with finesse? Yea. I’m a hustler. I just don’t wanna sell no dope.”

“What does finesse mean to you?” I ask, without pause.

“Finesse is what I’m doing now. That’s finesse.”

“What are you doing now?” He responds with a smile. I read this gesture as both a release for the annoyance from my back-to-back questions, and an expression of care. He finds this whole thing endearing.

“I’m working and I’m not working, I’m finessing the system. I’m just writing bullshit down, I’m getting paid to talk to you, finesse!” [He’s writing down observations without walking around the recovery house, and thus he’s able to use his work hours at the front desk for an interview]. He bursts out laughing, and before he’s finished I follow-up one more time,

“So finesse is…”

“Being smooth, smooth with it, you know what I mean, like slick. Under the radar, sis.”

Arturo anchors his identity as a “hustler” not only in street-based drug or racket markets, but in a broader set of activities that “finesse the system,” with practices that fly “under the radar.” What exactly does it mean “to finesse” and what is the “radar” that these finessing practices evade? This article takes these questions as its point of departure.

Drawing upon over two years of ethnographic research conducted in Philadelphia that engaged drug treatment alternatives to incarceration, I bring the insights of urban anthropologists to bear on those of Black studies and racialization scholars to argue for the racialization of urban informality. I build upon
the anthropological scholarship that theorizes informality as a mode of urbanization to assert that “urban informality” is not only a critical site of economic exchange (a market) but also a site of historical and cultural formation (labor) with its own sets of practices and meanings (Aronowitz 1991; Polanyi 1944; Roy and Alsayaad 2004). Urban informality is thus not only an economic sphere that capacitates formal economic markets, but a sphere of labor and thus culture as well that is historically informed (Lewis 2018).

This article conceptualizes informal labor in the U.S. city as a structurally precarious under and working class position, while framing informal practices as the cultural and historically-laden experience of occupying this position. In this configuration, then, informal practices can move beyond the informal labor position, carrying contextual meaning and historical power whenever informality is expressed in formal labor positions and the institutions/industries in which they are employed. This article posits that it is in the sphere of informal practice where we can locate the racialization of informal labor. In other words, the racialization of informal labor exists not only as a familiar structural marking of the informal labor position, but through the experience of living in it within the U.S city.

The article divides its analysis into five sections. I begin by identifying the range of activities that Arturo highlights – from selling heroin to fabricating recovery house observations – within the broader sphere of informality. This is a range of formally unregulated activities and practices – on a spectrum of legality/illegality – that joins street-based formations with formal institutional formations like those in a recovery house. Informal labor situates urban street-based “crime”, like illicit drug distribution, in a broader web of economic exchange (Portes, Castells, and Benton 1989), while informal practice, I suggest, opens-up the sociality and cultural forms around these exchanges. They carry the meaning of informality in the context in which it unfolds.

Next, I trace the historical and cultural development of surveillance and regulation that I argue is interwoven with the urban informal labor position. Informal labor is racialized by the experience of practicing anticipation and evasion of these forms of surveillance, offering a space of intimate truth outside of the misrecognition of racialization. To do this, I make a second series of historical returns that trace the development of informal labor formations specifically among the U.S. urban poor. The article then
concludes with an examination of how this intersection of informality and surveillance manifests in intimate relationships, particularly between one of my interlocutors, Crip, and me, implicating the ethnographer in these same forces of surveillance.

By engaging the social and experiential formations that surround informal labor, rather than solely the structural forces that create these labor formations, or the skin color of the actors performing enacting them, this article is able to locate the racialization of informal labor in the U.S. city in a deeper history of practicing within this labor position and resisting it. My use of the noun, “racialization,” or adjective, “racialized,” here is meant to index how these historical forces that once acted exclusively upon Black and Indigenous Americans now act on mixed populations and laboring positions who are racialized as Black or brown even when the skin color and ethnicities of these individuals vary (Muhammad 2010; Urciuoli 2011). Here, I figure Blackness or brownness as a structural position of class and lived experience within the city, not merely a marker of ethnicity and descent, so others who occupy this structural position can be racialized as Black or brown in the Urban U.S.

I do not begin to address all facets of urban informality in this essay, aspects that include undocumented day labor, temporary labor, and migrant agricultural labor, amongst others. Nor do I focus on how these forms of labor are differentially racialized. My attention instead is focused on the labor formations that unfold in Philadelphia’s poorest and most segregated communities, the foundation that provides the basis for a continuous spectrum of informal labor activities and comparative racialization across the city.iii

This article is part of a broader book project that places the labor of street-based informality in relation to the labor of the drug treatment institutions that manage urban poverty in Philadelphia to explore these carceral institutions within a deeper, global history of labor organization and racialization. In what follows, I outline a historical triangulation of labor, resistance, and surveillance to be able to reveal the origins of the tendency to conceal expressed by those practicing informality in this particular context. I suggest that it is this expectation of surveillance, and the pull to preserve a space of intimate truth outside of it, that racializes the informal labor position in the Urban U.S.
Informality: labor and practice

The definition of the informal economy is a heavily contested theoretical formation precisely because of the multiple activities and practices that fall under its umbrella – from street vendors, to house-hold based eateries, to “hack” taxis, to illicit drug distribution. Furthermore, this economy is often reduced to its illegal aspects, coined by names like the “underground” or “shady” economy (Venkatesh 2006). This collapse not only obscures the substance of these activities and racializes them, but also the continuous spectrum of informal labor on which they lie.\textsuperscript{\textdagger} The fundamental commonality that does tether these activities is their lack of regulation by a formal political regulatory body, and thus a lack of care and protection that such regulation can bring. Yet what does informality actually mean on the ground as a sphere of exchange and practice? It’s helpful here to be a bit typological and set up different categories that constitute the informal sphere.\textsuperscript{\textdaggerdbl}

*Informal associations* are a foundational pillar of this economic sphere. These are interactions between kin, friends, or other community members, that create opportunities for exchange (Stack 1974). Here’s a fabricated ethnographic example: a handyman is dating a woman in the neighborhood, and before leaving her home for work one day he fixes her toilet for her. This same handyman may get a free platter of food from a local corner store in exchange for his services. These are informal associations that are based on exchange but depend on extant familiarity. Informal associations take place in a majority of formal businesses in low-income neighborhoods and even in massive formal labor projects like construction sites. Examples of these might be the local corner store which has a problem with neighborhood alcoholics who enter the store to urinate. As a response, the owner pays a familiar neighborhood kid cash to watch out for these individuals and make sure they stay out of the store. Or, relatedly, a major local construction site is two men short for the day because two of the contractor’s men are out sick and so he hires two local workers in the neighborhood for a daily rate in cash. In these examples, the informal exchange is not the foundation for earning profit or at the heart of a business model.
Negatively reciprocal exchange (Sahlins 1972) occurs when these informal activities exceed the reciprocal, familiar exchange and enter the world of profit-seeking business. This is the core of the informal labor market. It is when the activities of the handyman extend into entrepreneurship, and he begins to extract profit from these exchanges rather than a simple reciprocal exchange. He is referred to unfamiliar customers and takes cash for fixing a door, or jigging a toilet, for example. The extreme end of negatively reciprocal exchange is the criminal economy that negotiates between strangers for services to profit from informal exchanges that are criminalized by the law: prostitution; gambling; illicit drugs, racketeering and their local and global distribution networks and regulatory violence. Part of this economy is of course theft and robbery – a one way swipe that isn’t based on consent, or in many cases, a preexisting contract. These activities and practices, from the handyman, to the corner store owner, to the construction contractor, to the pimp who runs a prostitution ring, exist on one long, integrated spectrum of informality.

The primary difference between informal practices and informal exchanges is that informal practices not only characterize reciprocal material or symbolic exchange, but are also embedded in the everyday socialities of both informal and formal markets. This is where I locate the demarcation between market (informal exchange) and the broader realm of labor (informal practice). In distinguishing practice and exchange, this essay argues that informal exchange always involves informal practice, together they constitute the informal labor position. Yet it’s critical to note that informal practice isn’t always bound to informal exchange in the same way. For example, the construction manager records the cash labor expenditures for the day as food costs on his project’s formal records. Or, the local pimp in the criminal economy protects the car of a john who is currently with his sex-worker despite the explicit rule that he does not provide car protection as a part of his services. He does it as a favor for a friend of his who knows the john. These practices are enacted with different goals in mind within the broader sphere of informal labor: some explicitly geared towards financial accumulation and the class mobility such accumulation could bring, while others are enacted for convenience, job protection, or the protection of personal relationships through the labor position (think of the john, here).
Informal practices move beyond the precarious, unprotected labor position, characterizing formal industry and political contexts (Tatenhove et al. 2006). As informal practices move from context to context they take on new historical meaning, develop new stakes, and unfold differentially depending on the particularities of the spaces in which they occur. Informality’s relationship to class, institutional power, and forms of gendering/sexuality/racialization are thus wildly variegated and shape the risk and consequences for engaging in these practices (Ditton 1977; Willis 1977). Despite this variegation, what all of these practices have in common is that they surround the market activity; they suture the social organization around it, they do not themselves constitute it. Though informal exchanges occur in the formal labor sphere, too, they are not at the heart of its social and economic reproduction that operates under regulation.

Thus, in this essay, when I refer to informal labor I am referring to the underclass/precarious working class position, the informal economies this position navigates, as well as the informal practices that I argue carry this position’s cultural and historical meaning in the Urban U.S. These economies have informal economic exchange at the heart of their operations. When I use the term informal practice, I am either drawing specific attention to the social and cultural forms that constitute urban informal labor, or to the expression of informality in a formal context. This article explores the cultural and historical opening that informal practice provides, teaching us not only about what’s at stake from an economic standpoint (market exchange), but also about the social forces surrounding these exchanges (labor and class mobility). By pairing insights from development and urbanization studies on informality with those from Black and racialization studies, I argue that the structural developments of market liberalization, urbanization, and the devolution of state authority with which urban informal labor is commonly associated build upon older historical and cultural forms that racialize informal labor in the Urban U.S (Fairbanks 2009).

Exploring informal labor in my fieldwork context, in tandem with the question of visibility, of being known, seen, on the radar rather than underneath it, this essay asks: what are the deeper social and
historical meanings of trafficking in the urban informal labor position? And how does it extend beyond the formal stakes of its regulation: incarceration, de-licensure, or loss of employment?

**Getting money**

I’ll never forget the first time I learned the richness of the phrase “get money.” I’m sitting with Wakil, a long-term resident of the Tapehouse, at a local eatery grabbing dinner, shooting the shit, and he starts reflecting on his job at Shoprite. His lips are in a slightly pursed position as they tend to be when he’s making an important point. “That’s like a hobby for me, keeps me from getting back into the lifestyle,” he says, his utterance squeezed in between bites of his burger.

“What do you mean, hobby?” I ask.

“It gives me structure, you know what I mean? Gives me something to do so I don’t go out there and do dumb shit. I mean I always get money, Tali, but the job keeps me from going back out there like I was.” He takes a long drag of his cigarette and makes the usual smirk when I’m asking questions he feels are either obvious or intrusive. Wakil earns an extra 500-1000 dollars every month for his “side hustle,” serving as a middleman between script holders looking to sell their prescription pills to a wholesale vendor. “I always get money, Tali.”

Meech, a man I met while he was incarcerated on a probation violation, speaks to me with the same conviction. We are seated across a worn and scarred wooden table during a slow visit to Kirkbride, an inpatient drug and alcohol center in Philadelphia, where he was court-mandated four months ago. We’re chatting about his imminent release. He’s scared because he doesn’t have anyone waiting for him in the community, no money, no women, “it’s like, ok you can go home, where even is home?” He starts talking about his plans to cook and distribute crack [the process of cooking cocaine down to the oils until it becomes crack cocaine] when he leaves to get back on his feet. I ask him if he has always sold drugs when he has had formal employment and he responds immediately: “yea I always get money, I’ve always gotten money, give me two weeks after I get out and I’ll be good. I move different out there, you’ll see, I’m different, I move around, get money, you’ll see.” Meech uses the phrase “getting money” here instead of
selling drugs or hustling, and, like Wakil, does not utilize it to describe his formal employment from which he has also drawn an income.

A phrase almost exclusively used for the informal sphere, “getting money” indexes a lucrative income generating activity, one that always points to an informal mode of subsistence if not a formal one that skirts loopholes and accumulates money with speed. “Getting money” also marks a level of ownership and control over the activity – you’re not earning money on anybody else’s time but your own. You’re manipulating and exploiting a market in creative and lucrative ways. You refer to this market as “a game.” Over the course of many interactions similar to mine with Arturo, Wakil, and Meech, it became clear that the intense investment my interlocutors place in mobility projects, life-building projects where they see the most opportunity and possibility, are not based in the formal economy. This investment is directed towards informal labor activities and practices; the ones that are “slick” and “move under the radar,” as Arturo puts it, even when they are embedded in a formally-regulated institution. This essay argues that this investment is rooted in a desire for intimate truth amidst the surveillance and misrecognition that under and working class racialization brings.

Ruben and Damien, the co-directors of the Tapehouse, can help us think through what informal practice looks like in a formal institution still embedded in urban poverty. Both directors had only recently escaped street-based addiction and entered the lower-middle class through this institutional endeavor. It’s the beginning of June, and BHAS, the governmental office in Philadelphia that funds, regulates, and manages referrals for about fifteen recovery houses, had just cut its first check to Ruben, the Tapehouse founder and director, since he had moved the business across town: the Tapehouse had become the Tapehouse East. vi

An older Italian man, Dan, shows up at the door saying that he paid Damien, the co-director, cash to stay in a Tapehouse East bed for a couple weeks. Damien accepted cash for the bed, assuming that BHAS would take time filling them up with formal referrals, and exchanged cash for the free bed. The last six months had been financially devastating for the co-directors. Unfortunately, things did not turn out the way Damien assumed they would. After only one week, the beds filled up and the day came
when the last BHAS-referred resident arrived and needed a bed. Kash, the house manager, is on the phone with Ruben who had not known about the arrangement Damien had made with Dan. “Well he’s gotta go,” Ruben says to Kash, who hangs up the phone and looks at me. “I hate this shit,” Kash says, shaking his head, “I always gotta kick the person out when I don’t have nothing to do with the decision.”

“I’ll go with you, Kash, come on,” I offer. We walk down the hallway from the office to the living room where the residents are all eating dinner, and midway Kash pauses, “hold on.” He braces himself on the wall for support, closes his eyes, looks down, and after a few seconds looks at me and says, “Ok, I’m ready.” Dan is livid. He comes storming down the hallway into the office demanding to speak with Damien, his hair and spit flying everywhere, “Call Damien, he’ll tell you, I’m supposed to have another two weeks, I ‘aint going nowhere or I want my money back!” Kash assures him that this is a decision the executive director, Ruben, had made, and it no longer involved Damien. I hear later from Kash that Damien reimbursed Dan a portion of his payment but kept the cash for the days that Dan had used the bed.

Sitting in the office a week later with Ruben, I reflect on how risky Damien’s informal practice was. I am often the arbitrator between informality and formality in our relationship, holding both perspectives and the weight of the risk and the reward of his informal practices. Dan could have gone to BHAS and created a fuss, but the cash was helpful for the house’s financial troubles. Every bed in an BHAS-funded building belongs to BHAS and cannot be rented or exchanged for a different amount. Again, I’m not making an argument about BHAS as a particular type of surveillance structure here, but rather engaging it as an entity that can illuminate how folks relate to and orient towards surveillance and regulation more generally. “That [informal practice] can work in the other building,” I say, referring to the building next door that Ruben was renting but for which he had yet to establish a formal BHAS contract. Ruben looks down, his thick glasses sliding a bit further down his nose, and fills in the second half of my sentence, “but we can’t do it in this one.” He nods his head in agreement, his smile slowly emerging from the corners of his mouth, as he continues on,
“I didn’t know nothing about that, I’m calling him [Damien] tonight,” Ruben says, clearing his throat as he spears chicken with the tip of his fork and gathers rice in between the spokes.

Only a few weeks later, residents receive word that Ruben had, in fact, received the first check from BHAS money in May, not June as he had announced. This created a conflict because the residents were only lured to the new facility in the first place by the BHAS subsidized rent rate that they were promised for six continuous months. In a regulated BHAS house, residents only pay $61.50 a month. Yet since the funding hadn’t come in, residents had been paying $300.00 a month for six months. Announcing that BHAS money had arrived in June, Ruben had charged the residents the non-BHAS rate of $300 dollars in May, only dropping to the BHAS rent-rate of $61.50 in June. This means that he now owed many SSI-paying [Social Security Insurance recipients] residents $300.00 for the month of May. I knew that Ruben had needed the money to get ahead given the financial disaster of the past six months, but he had not communicated this with the residents or with BHAS. The first resident went to BHAS to complain and so Ruben paid him back privately once BHAS admonished him. Yet soon after, this resident told the others that he had been paid. Ruben was suddenly inundated with complaints and reimbursement requests.

I understood why he wanted to approach reimbursement this way, having lived through the financial disaster of the past six months and witnessed the wreckage it caused. Every moment was an opportunity to save money and do it quickly. I still urged him to tell the residents all at once to stay on good terms with BHAS. It was advice that Ruben promised to heed but never did. “I shoulda took your advice and I didn’t,” he told me two weeks later as we sat in the office commiserating. “You all [referring to BHAS] gotta see the role that you played in this. You come at me with this “double dipping” [receiving rent money from both BHAS and individual residents] stuff but you all said the funding was coming in March, but I didn’t see no checks until July and all I kept hearing was ‘it’s coming, it’s coming.’” [Ruben insisted that he never received any funds before July]. He continued to pay the residents off one by one, hoping that at least a few wouldn’t complain and he would save a bit of money.
These institutional labor practices were without question based in a need for resources, a grasping at available straws to stay alive and get ahead. They were practices that occurred in dynamic relation to the formal structural constraints within which Ruben was operating, in relation to the “role” the city had played, as he formulated it. Yet there is something else present, something deeper, that I want to explore. An investment in the formal “rules,” as a Tapehouse staff member, Edward, once said, requires faith in the trajectories of mobility and normativity these rules afford in a particular context. Furthermore, they require a history of acceptance and possibility in the world where these rules apply. Investing in formality requires that formal pathways to class mobility are available to you. Following the formal rules requires the conviction that things will work out long enough for the rules to pay off, and the assumption that you will be alive to enjoy the benefits of that long-term investment. Furthermore, this practice requires the faith that the rules will allow you to accumulate fast enough to make up for lost time, for a lack of inherited wealth. It requires that you can make ends meet in the interim, that you can survive the space between “fast money” and “slow money”.

Ruben was invested in a present and future of formality, he would detail his dreams of a full wrap-around privately-run drug and alcohol service often. But a large part of him remained invested in informality as a way to get there, despite the risks that these types of practices can bring in this context of urban poverty. These informal practices were therefore as much about exchange and the possibilities of mobility as they were about the deeper forces surrounding them. Therefore, this article tells a story that is not only about financial mobility and the possibilities of accumulation, because questions of class mobility never end there. This is an account of the historical forces that have shaped and racialized this mobility and the labor practices that have emerged in response to such forces.

In what follows, I show how my interlocutors actively conceal their informal practices, even those that are not illegal or risky, as a response to the ways in which the structural informal labor position and the bodies that practice them are misrecognized through racialization as criminal and/or deviant. Thus, I argue that informality offers a space of intimate truth in response to public surveillance and the misrecognition that such surveillance can bring.
Cop Questions: surveillance as misrecognition, labor as resistance

Proving that I was not a cop was my part-time job during the course of my fieldwork. Proving might be a misleading verb to describe my activity, however, because no empirical evidence would be sufficient to fully dispel the possibility that I was police. The material realities of accompanying interlocutors as they got high, sold drugs, sold loose cigarettes, skirted city regulations somehow mattered and did not, at once. Every question I asked, every note I took, could always tip the paranoia over the edge: I could be an undercover FBI agent, a spy for BHAS, or an undercover local police officer. After a full year of working with Wakil, for example, he wanted to peruse my notes. I was eager for his response to ways in which I represented him in my fieldnotes, but he spent his time reviewing my notes ensuring that there was no “cop speak.” It became clear that this concern was not purely based in the empirical, but in a collective cultural realm. These anxieties were rooted in a pervasive sense of encroachment or surveillance that existed as truth but one that was not primarily rooted in the present.vii

Grace Hong (2006) would call this surveillance “imperialist surveillance,” a gaze that “regulates” racialized, sexualized, classed, and gendered difference and intrinsically value whiteness, masculinity, and heteronormativity. The imperial subject, for Hong, is disembodied, “omniscient,” and has no materiality, while every other deviant or non-normative subject becomes “marked” in their hypervisible materiality. This surveillance operates through an abstract space that then colonizes and assimilates all other differentiated, marked, what we might call, queer, spaces, or in this essay, practices. Hong uses the term “imperial” here because she’s engaging texts written about the Fordist era and the early 20th century industrial boom – the early consolidation of U.S. Empire alongside the integration of immigrant and migrant labor. I’m concerned less with the resonance or utility of the term “imperialism” than with the effects of this omnipresent, surveilling gaze. I follow Hong here in theorizing an abstract notion of surveillance to which my interlocutors continuously referred, rather than investigating a specific series of structures in this essay: the police, BHAS (the city), the jail, the probation officer.

Take the case of Kash. I am sitting with Kash, now a full eight years since his last criminal conviction, and three years since his last shot of dope; he is working as the director of the Tapehouse East.
Poring over the records of foodstamp payments in the house, I realize it’s the first time I’ve seen him with his new contact lenses, and so his bright eyes and curly lashes pop out from his face. He talks about his suboxone [a legal opioid replacement drug], or subs [suboxone’s street name], the only drug he “messes with.” He doesn’t even smoke weed anymore. I ask him how many milligrams of suboxone he takes, with my typical ethnographic curiosity, and he responds immediately, “Damn, Tali, with the cop questions!”, laughing. Our mutual laughter is interrupted by one of the residents who is knocking on the door.

Once they begin talking, I find myself drifting. The recovery house is now officially an BHAS program that is running smoothly and formally, just as Kash is a “civilian” taxpayer, working an on-the-books job for formal wages, yet somehow informal practice and its anathema – regulation, and the pursuit of knowledge and visibility that comes with such regulation – was still central to Kash’s life in the working class. I write this in one of my field reflections:

Why, after three years of close friendship and ethnographic work, does my desire to know the details of Kash’s suboxone prescription transmute into a matter of policing? And is this a transmutation at all? After all, what is the historical and social matter that produces the figure of the cop?

Over time, it became clear that the labor of informality was twinned with a deeper specter of surveillance or regulation, even when one could not logically pinpoint where that surveillance would come from. I want to argue that much of the practice around informal labor that crisscrosses the urban under and working classes is rooted in a deep anxiety about being fully known or seen. To be exposed is to be known, and to be known is to be policed. This policing isn’t only about the specter of illegality and punishment for that illegality – incarceration, employment termination, or another loss of status – but an even more destructive type of reduction and misrecognition that is foundational to the historic life of racialization and its class dynamics that wreak particular havoc on the lives of the racialized poor.

Laboring under the radar, as Arturo puts it, becomes a matter of life and death.

The question remains: where would one look for the origin of this tension between visibility and misrecognition? This origin story takes us far beyond the boundaries of city regulation, police, and the jails. It takes us beyond Kash’s life growing up in a particularly poor section of New Jersey, engaging in street-based informality to support his family at the young age of 14. This story takes us all the way back
to the colonial encounter where African descendant and Indigenous peoples were relegated to the lowest stratum of the New World labor structure, the stratum that was savage or subhuman (Byrd 2011; Hartman 1997). Let’s pause here for a while.

Poor and landless whites, though “trashed”, became racialized as white once African labor arrived in the Americas (Isenberg 2016). This valorization of whiteness in contradistinction to Blackness and brownness of the colonial encounter elaborated a metonymic function of skin. This is the marking that Spillers (1987) articulates as, “the precarious threshold where the person metamorphosis into the group.” Blackness – though we can also say brownness, here – becomes the only object, the body reduced to a metonym, an icon for “otherness.” Spillers uses the “vestibule” to index a sort of betwixtness, the cultural material born in this space of social death that then serves as the very origin of Black social life in the New World. Black social death and symbolic life were rendered co-extensive with the other. What I want to highlight here is that this co-extension was expressed through the laboring position of the slave. The metonym functioned as such: the slave was a slave because they were black or indigenous, and the black person or indigenous person was black/brown because they were a slave. In this way, Black and brown life was reduced to the laboring position.

This collapse, or metonymic function of Blackness/brownness in relationship to labor at the moment when it was conceived, is what I want to take up here as the historical forces of racialization that guide us towards a different understanding of informal labor and the pervasive figure of the cop. The “cultural vestibularity” among African-descendant and indigenous populations, and policing, emerged as co-constitutive forces in the New World. These forces of endurance, those that carved out an indecipherable Blackness that couldn’t be consumed by the metonym, emerged as resistance to the slave labor position and was to be disavowed through extreme punishment and surveillance. This is the origin of the triangulation we’ve been tracing thus far: labor, resistance, and surveillance. Simone Browne (2010) further theorizes these racializing surveillance technologies like slave patrols, wanted posters, and skin branding in New World colonies. She works with the concept of “sousveillance” to critique racializing forms of surveillance and elaborate strategies of counter surveillance. For Browne, contemporary forms of
surveillance must be understood as historically emergent from practices used to control and monitor African-descendant populations who were enslaved in New World contexts. In her words, this counter surveillance “anticipates” this racializing surveillance.

Surveillance and counter surveillance remained integral to racialized labor experiences in the early 20th century as southern states sought to preserve the slave labor system through convict leasing and sharecropping right as northern cities were drawing immigrant and southern Black labor for the industrial boom (Alexander 2016). In the North, the police were a brutalizing force for racialized “free” laborers, disciplining their lives in public space on their way to and from work and as they engaged in informal income-generating activities to get by. In the South, the police were a key component of the structural criminalization of Black laborers to feed the convict leasing and sharecropping systems (Burton 2015; Genovese 1992; Williams 2007). Surveillance and punishment by the police were as much about labor discipline as they were about extinguishing the sources of pleasure and resistance that formed around that labor (Ferguson 2003).x

Yet what do we make of Simone Browne’s term, “anticipation?” I want to suggest here the populations who historically endure the brunt of this monitoring do this work of anticipation in an active and everyday way (Simone 2004). The labor of anticipation characterizes the under and working class men with whom I worked and their relationship with informality, what we may theorize as a queer form of laboring and maneuvering from a surplus position in a capitalist economy (Hong 2006, Marx 1990). Perhaps this form of laboring is the ultimate rejection of the normatively racialized homo economicus. This tension between exposure and opacity shapes much of what’s at the heart of informality as an aspirational mobility and a cultural form of resistance: a form of active anticipation.

My question about Kash’s suboxone prescription, despite his formal laboring activities, was already a cop question before it was even uttered. Suboxone is distributed both formally and informally and my question about his dosage intimated a broader inquiry into how he obtained the drug. I could give the cop answer here, detailing how the informal method by which Kash obtains his suboxone rationalizes his exclamation, “Tali, with the cop questions!” But this would reinforce the notion that Kash’s response
is reducible to the informal exchange, and that exchange alone, rather than the social formations that inform his informal practice. Let’s direct our gaze towards a different explanatory possibility.

Without knowing, I was prodding at Kash’s opacity, the areas of life that are to remain private because by nature they are the only forms that can be. His optimism and investment in informality, like that of Ruben, Wakil, and Meech, is thus layered. It is not solely a question of economic mobility, and therefore a question of labor and class alone. It is also a deeper question of human life in contradistinction to metonymic death, a form of energizing endurance that McGlotten (2016) calls “pure, private, becoming.” This form of life occurs underneath and alongside the deadening forces of surveillance and exploitation, a multifaceted response to the racialization of the urban under and working classes.

Though anthropologists and political theorists have long identified the ways in which labor, class, and mobility are racialized (Holmes 2013; Ikyo 2016; Robinson 1983; Thomas 2008), I argue here that a key aspect of this racialization is expressed through informal labor practices. The racialization of labor and class mobility, as an active process, intimately binds labor with surveillance and/or regulation. Racialized through its reduction to the “shady” or “criminal economy” and position of exclusion from and/or precarious attachment to the formal labor market, I argue that informal labor offers a space of intimate truth that resists public metonymy through the lived practice of evasion and concealment. This creates a triangulation between informality, surveillance, and resistance.

I am not, however, making an ontological, trans-historical argument about colonial slavery formations or Blackness. Cultural and historical forces of racialization evolve over time and act on different bodies, laboring positions, and spaces in geographically and political-economically contingent ways (Shu-Mei-Shih 2008). What I’m committed to here is tracking the deadening and surveilling forces of the metonym and the resistance to it, the co-extension of social life and death forged through the labor position. I want to understand how these forces have transformed and manifested in the contemporary U.S. city among its under and working classes. To do so, I return to Philadelphia’s informal labor formations with a specific attention to policing.
Racialized Labor: a case for the informal

After going to the welfare office to get his food stamps turned on, Rob, a court-mandated Tapehouse resident, stands with me on the platform waiting for the subway. This is six months before the Tapehouse moves across town, when conditions in the house were extremely desperate and Ruben was engaging overt informal practices to get by. Rob leans back against the wall of one of the metal poles in the subway station, his eyes now exploring the ceiling above, and tells me that his court-appointed case manager applied for two jobs on his behalf. She also mentioned that he is eligible for SSI [Social Security Insurance for citizens who have not worked and can prove a disability]. I ask about his eligibility and he smirks, as a child would who has been caught in a lie, “I got bad nerves.” I laugh and say that nerves—a translation of Puerto Rican “nervios”—doesn’t constitute a serious enough condition to qualify for SSI. His smile widens, “I got anxiety, schizophrenia…I’m gonna walk in there like [starts shaking his whole body violently to imitate a seizure].” He pauses and then looks down at me with his head cynically cocked to the side, “you better not fuck shit up for me.”

“Why would I ever get in the way of you getting SSI?” I balk.

“You wanna end all that shit, like what’s going on in the recovery house,” he says, waving his hand through the air to demonstrate the broad range of activities he’s referring to.

Rob immediately magnifies my frustration about the informal practices in the Tapehouse, a frustration that is based in the negative effects it has on the residents—no hot water, not enough food, etc—to a global desire to “end all that shit.” “All that shit,” for Rob, glosses the spectrum of informal exchanges and practices that afford a certain type of accumulation or mobility, linking the practice of feigning a disability for welfare payments with not paying for a plumber to draw a small personal salary from recovery house operations. Though he is intimately harmed by what is occurring in the Tapehouse, he aligns with these realities in broader support of the informal. Rob sees the possibilities this same realm has for his own economic solvency or mobility. This broader realm of the informal is something I then have the policing power to “fuck up.”
We can also observe the power of surveillance or policing work in the opposite direction in relation to mobility. Wakil, who has gained entry into formal public housing through an agency I call Journey, and holds a formal job at Walmart, was recently arrested on a summary charge [the lowest possible criminal charge] and had to appear in court. He had called the police because he felt he was being discriminated against in a local Wawa store but was arrested for disorderly conduct once the cops arrived. He calls me desperate as I’m outside of the Tapehouse East waiting to sit in on the wrap-up meeting that closes the day.

“Tali, the guy from Journey [nonprofit public housing agency] emailed me asking how court went? How did he know I went to court? Like what the fuck? I texted him that I didn’t have court today, it was yesterday, but how did you know that I had court?” Wakil, incredulous and anxious, repeated the question over and over: how did he know I had court? How did he know I had court? The Journey employee responded by saying that one of their funders does routine criminal background checks on residents.

“Shit, Tali, if I had been in my own little world this wouldn’t of happened, I’m trying to be patient and do the right thing but this shit makes me wanna say fuck it and be done with this shit, I wouldn’t have been on no 20th and Market [where he called the police for assistance], I wouldn’t be in no Journey building.”

“What’s your own little world?” I probe.

“Donald Street [the street in North Philadelphia where Wakil was raised and hustled]. I know how to make my way, I know the rules, how to maneuver, I never woulda called the cops up there, man, never.” The figure of the cop, in this vignette both the Journey employee and the actual police officer who unjustly arrested him, coax him back into his life of informality, into his own little hidden world where he “knows how to maneuver,” where he not only “knows the rules” but he helps establish them, where they are transparent and he’s not unjustly misrecognized, excluded, or punished by them. It is a world that anticipates precisely this type of abstract imperialist surveillance, as Hong would have it, an omniscient force that seems to emerge from nowhere. How did he know I had court?

I argue that that in my field sites, the metonymic misrecognition is this essentialized under/precarious-working-class racialization. This is what Wakil bumps up against in his experience with
Journey. Exposed not in his individual and private truth, but in the public misrecognition produced by metonymy, Wakil calls me desperate: *how did he know I had court?* Shaka Mcglotten (2016) writes, “A good mask, one resistant to efforts to decode it, may in fact provide us with *a little room to maneuver* [emphasis mine], a little room outside of our ‘control society’” (270). For Wakil, this mask is street-based informality, a return to Donald Street, a place where he knows how to “make his way,” or otherwise endure underneath and alongside the deadening possibilities of full exposure.

This informality was endemic to Northern Black communities since their inception. Even at the height of the Fordist era, Black integration into the industrial labor force was only 12 percent (Gottchak 2015). Speakeasies, household eateries, number runners, and small street-based gangs were the norm in Irish and Italian enclaves that then became Black communities post World War II. During the 1960s, in the context of Civil Rights and near population-majority levels of unemployment for poor Black men, poor Black populations were left behind in concentrated enclaves of deep poverty by the Black middle class and the white middle and upper classes.

My larger book project argues that this transformation of poor Black communities in the 1960s was not only a *negative* one, in the philosophical sense, defined by empty space surrounding a lack of laboring opportunity and resources, but also a *positive* one; this period elaborated older informal formations and introduced new informal markets and labor forms, regulatory strategies, and entrenched novel informal practices deeper into the heart of community operations as poor Black men grew increasingly alienated from formal labor markets. Poor Black populations became synonymous with the “urban” and all of its violence and “criminality”, giving way to an extraordinary era of racialized policing and mass-incarceration (Hinton 2016; Ralph 2014). These structurally engendered informal labor formations were, and continue to be, reduced to individual acts of “crime”. This is where Wakil seeks to return. To the house where his grandmother ran a speakeasy, to the alleys where he grew up boosting from delivery trucks, to the streets where he accumulated from the crack-cocaine market. This is the structurally racialized informal labor position that offers him a little world of his own.
A few weeks later, standing in a Dunkin Doughnuts on the corner of the block of his subsidized apartment, Wakil grabs a handful of sugar packets and puts it in the bag with his sandwich that he purchased. Once we walk out he turns to me and grins. His smile has a deep youthful exuberance. “I love that shit, taking sugar, ketchup, from big corporations. I love when I swipe my pass [a rigged public transit pass he buys from a restaurant worker in his neighborhood] and hear that beeeep [he swipes the card through the air and grins] I smile at the driver, like ‘good morning.’ It the best feeling, getting over, that’s my reparations right there.” We could easily slot these comments into the historical discourses of criminality and deviance (Braithwaite 1989; Downes, Rock, and McLaughlin 2016; Shaw and McKay 1942), yet we’d be missing what’s at the heart of these practices, the historical forms and cultural meanings that coalesce around the practices of “getting over” and place them in relation to the broader structures of informal labor and surveillance we’ve discussed thus far. We can further trace this linkage between informality, surveillance, and resistance, a triangulation Wakil refers to with the noun “reparations” through Robin Kelley’s (1996) historical work on racialized labor in the Jim Crow, Race Rebels.

Kelley engages James Scott’s (1990) notion of “infrapolitics” to track the resistance among the Black working class in the Jim Crow South. “Infrapolitics” are what Scott refers to as the “politics of the everyday”, a view from “below” that thinks through hidden or invisibilized forms of resistance among the working classes. Infrapolitics are forged from “an invisible transcript” that expresses itself through cultural forms. Kelley writes, “I am not suggesting that the realm of infrapolitics is any more or less important or effective than what we traditionally understand to be politics. Instead, I want to suggest that the political history of oppressed people cannot be understood without reference to infrapolitics, for these daily acts have a cumulative effect on power relations” (21). Kelley cites the practice of “Pan-toting,” or work-place theft, as an example of one such practice that has been historically dominant across the working classes: “…Insisting that pan-toting was not theft, one Southern domestic worker declared, ‘We don’t steal; we just ‘take’ things – they are a part of the oral contract, exprest [sic] or implied. We understand it, and most of the white folks understand it (Kelley 1996: 29)”.
Kelley emphasizes the importance of tracing racialized working class resistance outside the formal spaces of labor – the workshop floor, the factory, the field – and into the households and public spaces where people learn cultural practices and spiritual forms. My attention to informality, however, argues that for underclass and precarious working class laborers, the partial or full exclusion from these formal labor spaces both historically and presently renders these public and private spaces critical sites of laboring. The sphere of informality, encompassing both economic exchange and practice, merge these spaces of cultural learning and labor in the U.S. city. The informal sphere is at once a structural class position marked as criminal, as it is a space of cultural practice and resistance, a form of labor that becomes racialized by these very forces.

These cultural and affective forms, the delight Wakil encases by the noun “reparations,” thus spill far beyond a particular deviance at the “illegal” or “criminal” end of the informal labor spectrum. These formations shape Kash’s orientation towards his suboxone dosage and Ruben’s informal practices to keep the Tapehouse East afloat. Rob and Wakil’s stories triangulates the connection between these cultural formulations of surveillance, informality, and economic mobility. Through this triangulation, we can fully conceptualize informality as a window that illuminates as much about economic exchange as it does about the labor practices through which they are negotiated and endured. Informal labor and its anathema, visibility, are inscribed as a form of resistance of the flesh, to return to Spillers, as much a practice of labor as a space of intimate truth, the co-extension of social life and death forged through the labor position.

Yet what do we make of this form of social life within the context of intimacy? Romantic, ethnographic, or otherwise? I conclude by exploring the anticipation of surveillance and the refuge of concealment that shapes informal practice as it manifests in the space of love. In so doing, this article closes by highlighting the importance of ethnographic complicity in racializing structures of surveillance.

Cop Questions: a relational return

Crip, who used to be a staff member of the Tapehouse East, explores the transformation in relational intimacy that occurred since he stopped hustling and using drugs. Sitting together at his kitchen table,
Crip with a platter of egg rolls and me with a platter of broccoli and rice from the Chinese take-out spot around the corner, he shares:

I would come home the wee hours of the night because I wouldn’t let nobody know where I lived and always think that I was being followed, you know what I mean? And it was crazy because I never got to really sleep in the bed, I always used to sleep on the chair downstairs watching the door with a gun in my lap. I mean it was fucking crazy. Some days I get up and I just come down here and cry. Like damn, I did all this without having to even sell a drug. Even though I had all this shit, it don’t compare to how I feel now. The way I feel now? [his gun isn’t even in his house in Philadelphia, it’s back in Baltimore, “I don’t need it here. I ‘aint living like that] I had two phones [You still had two phones when I met you!] and see now I only have one phone, because it’s too much. And see how my phone is sitting like that? I couldn’t sit my phone up like that because in my head I’d be like, oh another one [girlfriend] might text me…Now, my phone ring, I ‘aint gonna run downstairs and be like [grabs the phone and hugs it to his chest] I can say Brandy, get the phone. It was like a game, it was like playing chess.

Crip has left all the “games” behind. The drug game, the sexual game, he affirms again and again, “I ‘aint living like that, no more.” As a result, he can relax. He doesn’t sleep with a gun on his lap, paranoid, or run downstairs to make sure that Brandy doesn’t see his phone when his other girlfriends call. Crip is expressing what it’s like to experience a new form of visibility.

Soon after this recording, however, a moment when Crip had shared how he was living differently, how he was experiencing a new type of visibility, he relapsed. I only found out after the fact. After a month of unanswered calls and texts I told myself that he was “doing him,” as interlocutors always put it, and I should let him contact me if and when he was ready. Four months later he contacted me and told me that he wanted to meet up.

We are sitting in the same recovery house he first entered when he came to Philadelphia four years prior. He’s a resident again. This relapse happened only one year after he had accumulated enough money to leave the recovery house. So, three years in, one year out, now back again. Sitting on small wooden chairs in the front of an old TV set, he narrates his time back in Baltimore and casually references his relapse. Responding to my look of surprise, he asks, “Yea I was using [heroin], you didn’t know? Sis you know me better than that, when would I not take your phone calls? I was hiding.” It turns out that while we chatted at the kitchen table that day, when he explained that he was down to one phone, that he was “living different,” he still had a side hustle. He also had a wife back in Baltimore that was causing a lot of strain with Brandy. In all our time together, amidst all of the truths he had shared, he had never
mentioned either. He had a doctor who was prescribing him Percocet (percs) which he then sold wholesale. I had wondered how he afforded such a nice TV and sound system on his meager salary, but chalked it up to an informal “connect” in the neighborhood. He went to Baltimore after his girlfriend relapsed and sold everything they had accumulated together. He took all the pills he got that month from his doctor with him and planned to hustle back in Baltimore to make some of the money back that they had lost. In a cheap hotel for the night, overwhelmed by stress about his girlfriend and the anniversary of his Dad’s death, Crip popped a few. “After that, it was off to the races.”

About two months later, after almost daily texts with well wishes and blessings, Crip doesn’t answer my text on a Saturday. It was unusual but I tried not to over think it. On Monday, I receive a call from his girlfriend, Brandy, who was back in a recovery house starting another journey in recovery. “Sis, I have bad news. Crip passed away on Sunday.” Her voice wobbles from strain as I, too, try to hold back tears,

“Oh my god, what happened?”

“A major heart attack.”

Desperate for answers, I ask, “Was he using again?”

“No, he died clean,” she says, the end of her sentence on an uptick that communicated great relief, her voice floating without the weight of the stigma and shame that comes from drug overdoses. His death was “clean.” “He was visiting his friend in the hospital and he had a major heart attack in the bathroom. No one got to him fast enough.”

“Oh my god, Brandy, I’m so, so sorry.”

She cries, “Anyway I just thought you deserved to know, I know you two had such a tight bond and he would want you there [at the services in Baltimore].”

“Of course I’ll be there, I wouldn’t miss it.”

I hang up the phone, cry, and get myself together to make it to the celebration of another interlocutor’s two-year clean anniversary at his NA home group. Standing next to Edward, a Tapehouse East staff
member, in the back, he asks me how Crip died. “Of a heart attack, he was in the bathroom at the hospital,” I answer. He looks at me with skepticism,

“Tali, you know the family will say one thing to the public but…” and peers at me over the top of his glasses with doubt. It was clear that Edward and others were convinced Crip had overdosed, especially because his last relapse was so recent.

Driving to Baltimore three days later, listening to our recordings loudly in the car, I let Crip’s voice, thoughts, and experiences wash over me. In my mind though, I can’t shake the image of him in the bathroom. My mind fights itself. Crip is dead, his life is at rest, and I am compelled to know. He had died alone in the bathroom. It was his last moment of intimacy with himself, and yet still, my mind is searching for a way to make it visible. In his passing, in the car surrounded by his individual and private life, here I am haunted by the cop question. I am reproducing the very racializing structures of surveillance Crip had spent his life evading. This time, the gaze sought to reduce his death, the intimacy of it, to a consequence of informality: drug overdose. To respond to the fieldnote I wrote over a year ago after the interaction with Kash: this is the historical and social matter that produces the figure of the cop.
References:


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i Recovery houses are one node in a network of institutions that function as a community-based safety net for the drug-involved urban poor. Emerging in the sixties but only formally collaborating with intensive outpatient treatment centers (IOPs) in the 80s and the city’s jails in the late 90s, this network provides housing and a parallel treatment structure for its participants. Recovery houses function as privately-owned properties that an owner rents as individual beds or as a program to the city for those deemed to have a substance abuse issue by themselves or the state.

ii I use the term underclass in the Marxian sense here, the surplus or sub-proletariat, rather than in the denigrating sociological sense of the 1970s [see Wacquant (2009) *Punishing the Poor*].

iii See Peck and Theodore (2011) “Contingent Chicago: Restructuring the Spaces of Temporary Labor” for how Black Americans are racialized as less reliable in relation to their Chicano counterparts in the temporary labor market.


v Theorists like E.P. Thompson (1963) have demonstrated the complex forms of consciousness and sociality that are made by actors in particular class positions, precisely the historical and cultural aspects of the labour process (Marx 1990) I am seeking to open up through the use of the term “practice.” These inspired much of Marx’s humanistic philosophy on alienation (Fromm 1961).

vi BHAS (a de-identified pseudonym) is the only regulatory and funding body in Philadelphia dedicated to recovery houses. The Tapehouse East is BHAS-funded but went through a period of six months where city funding was delayed after the facility moved from West Philly. There are about twelve city-funded and regulated recovery houses in Philadelphia, but they are contracted as private providers who are supplied a regular check and are licensed to utilize the food stamp benefits of their residents. As a result, their buildings are subject to formal city regulations. The legion of unregulated recovery houses in the city are only subject to the regulation of the beleaguered Licensing and Inspection department [L and I] for property inspection and licensure.
See Deborah Thomas’ (2019) discussion of collective political affect in Jamaica. In particular, her focus on “paranoia” in Chapter Three links the beginnings of self-sovereignty in Jamaica to a broader context of imperial surveillance anchored in historic capitalist empire formation.

It is critical to note here that the tension around being seen is a central aspect of addiction treatment and the process of recovery. In the rooms of AA and NA, the prospect of intimacy and being loved completely – even for one’s flaws – shapes much of the discussion. Though this is powerful clinical reality, this article further elaborates this trend in the historically-informed context of urban poverty. The question of concealment is indeed multivalent.

The “will to know” was a pillar that supported 16th-19th century colonialism (Said 1978), and is part of a global formulation that the larger book project engages to situate informal labor in the northeast city within a deeper and broader set of historical and structural forces.

See Juan Herrera’s (2016) brilliant analysis of “racialized illegality” amongst day laborers in Oakland California that analyzes how forms of racialized difference forged in Latin America produce new forms of discrimination in the United States and create uneven experiences for those who share the same legal status.

Homo-economicus is the 19th century subject of liberal economics who operates under rational self-interest and economic logic. He is thus a European subject maneuvering in a perfect (and thus, entirely fantastical) economy that has no historical inequality and/or contemporary racialized, gendered, and sexualized hierarchies. “Human capital theory” builds upon this subject formation to establish the basis for the theoretically sound, neoliberal entrepreneur (Shultz 1972).

In the larger book project, I theorize masculinity as articulated with this queer form of laboring and engaging intimacy. It is critical to note here, however, that there has been a radically uneven attention to the impacts of police brutality and incarceration on racialized population, invisibilizing the experience of women and queer people [See Michelle Jacob’s (2017) “The Violent State: Black Women’s Invisible Struggle Against Police Violence” and Andrea Ritchie’s (2017) Invisible No More: Police Violence against Black Women and Women of Color].