

To: Joint Committee On Transparent Policing and Use of Force Reform  
RE: Police Use of Force

Dear Co-Chair Bynum, Co-Chair Manning, and members of the committee,

On June 12th: beaten by PPD batons, de-arrested by concerned female officer.

On June 12th I was leaving the demonstration after the police ordered us out. I was pushing my bike near the back of the large crowd marching down 4th away from the justice center. The Portland police fired various munitions indiscriminately and repeatedly charged us at a full run. I was fully complying with their orders, walking exactly as fast as the hundreds of people in front of me. In the first surge, an officer sprinted up to me and pressed their baton across my back, pushing me down the street all the way to the next block. Officers then lined up across the street, let us retreat further, and then charged again. This time a few officers followed right on my heels muttering all this stuff about, "getting all you little bitches," and shoving me. One started to yell the word, "no," repeatedly, punctuating each with a baton swing to my back and upper arms. The hand that was not pushing a bicycle was in the air. He hit that arm so hard that I thought it was broken. I stumbled and then he shoved me over my bike and to the ground, still swinging the baton. At this point, a smaller female officer intervened, pulled me up, gave me back my bike, and shouted, "Run!" She ran down the street behind me still keeping him at bay. I was utterly terrified. The panic and rage I felt at being attacked by someone that would kill me for fighting back returns at surprising moments and has become a constant factor in my dreams.



July 2nd: On this night I was again marching away from the justice center with the crowd, engaging in passive resistance. I had been playing my bucket drum along with the chants for hours. Police again did their running full tilt into a crowd thing. I didn't want to trample people

and joined the megaphone next to me in the, "Walk don't run," chant as we walked away peacefully. The police ran up behind me and started shoving, and then pushed me down to the ground. He then stomped on my hand to get my drumsticks away, in the process crushing my fingers like a rolling pin. He kneeled on my back hard enough to leave knee-shaped bruises.