

## Nathan Lanzendorfer Statement

I, Nathan Lanzendorfer was with Craig Cochran when we decided to go Oakland the night of September 25<sup>th</sup> 2009. We began our walk across the Birmingham bridge over to Forbes. When we made our way up Forbes we started to see more and more people, and cars waiting at green lights. We made it to Bouquet St. and saw the cops had the intersection blocked off with a police unit.

There were hundreds of people, many of which were students and civilians. Everyone was investigating the many flashing lights and sounds coming from up the street - all with a curious look and a camera in hand. We saw no signs or banners, and no chanting - not many (if any) protesters at all. A line of ten or so bike cops were blocking the street in front of the David Lawrence Center.

We then decided to make our way up South Bouquet street to see if we could observe what was going on from there. There were still many people walking to and from Fifth Avenue at this time. We made our way up toward more people gathering in front of the Litchfield towers. We saw yet more reinforcements coming down Fifth and eventually coming down Thackeray street. Soon the LRAD van was parked up the street near the dozens and dozens of police swarming from the quad area. They eventually assembled a line and began to slowly walk up the street towards us.

At this time, very few people were actually in the street itself, but instead were on the sidewalk behind the railing. People then started to back up and take pictures as they approached. No one was going toward them, and no one was opposing. No warning was verbally announced. I then heard the ting of a can landing near us and saw the clouds of gas that began pour out. Instantly people began to panic. Craig was behind me as we started to flee away from the gas.

Suddenly, I heard a loud bang and my right leg instantly went numb. I turned and shouted to Craig, "They're shooting at us!" and before I could rationally begin to understand what was happening, I received a second shot to my left leg. With both legs tingling and numb, adrenaline began to take over and I started to yell and push the crowd to run faster up the sidewalk. I then received the third shot to the back of my left arm, and finally a fourth shot

to my lower back as I was trying to run away.

I continued running toward Bouquet but could see panic on that end of the street as well - more gas had been deployed. They had each side of the Litchfield tower stairs blocked off. People then began to climb the wall and railing to the top of the platform in front of the entrance to the tower. As if enough people weren't already frightened - even more gas was thrown onto the deck.

Instinctively, people rushed for the double set of doors to enter the tower. They were funneling in like scared sheep on a ranch. Everyone was coughing, and some girls were crying as people helped them get inside away from the gas cloud. Anyone who was left on street or tried to leave the tower was instantly detained. We were then barricaded inside the tower. Four or five police came in and rounded up a few people and then went back out.

I began to frantically look for Craig. He was not inside and was not answering his cell phone - I later found out during the time I was in the tower, he had been assaulted and detained on the street right outside. We were in the tower for around 30-45 minutes before they released us - students and citizens alike.

After being released I walked to The Original Hot Dog Shop to calm down and collect my thoughts. It was there I realized the severity to my wounds. I was then treated at the UPMC Presbyterian Hospital for multiple contusions to the back of both knees, on the inside of my left bicep, and to my lower back.