

In 1971, the Court drew a line in *Cohen v. California*. Paul Cohen's "Fuck the Draft" jacket wasn't polite, but it was speech. Justice Harlan's reminder—"one man's vulgarity is another's lyric"—wasn't just clever phrasing, it was constitutional bedrock. The First Amendment protects the raw and the uncomfortable, because power doesn't get to dictate tone.

Seventeen years later, N.W.A. pushed that line further. *Fuck the Police* was banned from radio, condemned by politicians, and earned the group a warning letter from the FBI. But it survived, not because gatekeepers approved, but because courts had already established in cases like *Cohen* that profanity and anger are protected when they are political speech. The music didn't just survive—it became an anthem against police abuse, echoing what the Court had acknowledged years before: offensiveness is not a crime.

Now in 2025, I found myself living that same fight in flesh and bone. My camera was my lyric. My audit was my anthem. Yet the U.S. Marshals tried to crush it with fists instead of bans. They treated journalism like contraband, seizing equipment as if recording itself were illegal. They dragged me into cells, beat me, mocked me, and tried to

rewrite the law with violence. What they could not silence with statutes, they tried to silence with shackles.

The irony is bitter. The FBI once threatened N.W.A. for words. Today, federal agents brutalize citizens for cameras—tools of transparency. Both reveal the same truth: when speech exposes authority, authority will try to call it dangerous.

Through FOIA, I had already uncovered evidence of U.S. Marshals Service bulletins and BOLOs targeting me—documents redacted so heavily you could barely read them, but enough to show they were treating journalism and First Amendment auditing as crimes

Those documents foreshadowed what came next. And now, because of what has happened, those pages must be unredacted. The conspiracy is no longer theoretical. It is lived proof.

On August 25th, 2025, outside the federal courthouse in Lafayette, Louisiana, Marshal Hayden Newsom ordered me to move my camera away from a locked courthouse door. He threatened to seize it if I didn't comply.

I complied. I backed up with my tripod and 4K camera in hand. That's when he attacked.

He slammed me to the ground. My brand new gimbal was destroyed. My tripod shattered into pieces against me and underneath me. My 4K camera was wrecked. He violently accosted me as if press equipment was contraband.

They dragged me into a holding cell. That's where Newsom drove his knuckles into my chest while I struggled to breathe. My heart was pounding 140 to 160 beats a minute. When I knocked his arm away to stop the pain, he threatened me again and again: "Assault on a federal officer."

They laughed while I gasped for air. They delayed calling 911 for nearly an hour. And when paramedics finally arrived, they mocked me, saying I was just trying to delay jail.

At the hospital, the indifference continued. Dismissive, condescending, unwilling to acknowledge the injuries inflicted by federal hands.

When I was discharged late at night, Marshal Newsom shackled me and handed me off to Deputy Olliviette of St. Martin Parish Jail.

I asked before they even pulled out of the lot: What am I being booked on?

Deputy Olliviette admitted there was no charge. Just a “hold for the U.S. Marshals.”

I told him directly: transporting me without charge is kidnapping under 18 U.S.C. § 1202. He claimed he was following orders. I reminded him of Nuremberg—that “just following orders” is never a defense.

He drove me anyway.

At St. Martin Parish Jail, the abuse escalated. Deputy Olliviette and a female booking officer nearly broke my wrists, hoisting me by handcuffs ratcheted down so tight I could feel my bones grinding. It was torture, plain and simple.

They threw me into a tiny freezing cell with only a torn blanket. I had no food the entire day. I lay on concrete, in pain from my chest, my wrists, my ribs—mocked by guards who treated my suffering as entertainment.

And all the while, the Marshals laughed about what they had done. Laughing at destroyed equipment, laughing at a broken body, laughing at constitutional rights discarded like trash.

This is not law enforcement. This is not justice. This is a conspiracy—one already foreshadowed in the FOIA

records, one that has now spilled into the open through violent arrests, torture, medical neglect, and unlawful detention.

In 1971, the Supreme Court said the government cannot criminalize vulgar speech. In 2025, the U.S. Marshals Service tried to erase that ruling with fists, with broken equipment, with shackles and cold cells.

But here is the truth: they failed.

I am still here. I am still speaking. And I will not stop.

Because history will not absolve those who hide behind “just following orders.” It will remember those who stood.

This is the warning. This is the record. And this is not the end.

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