

ON WAY TO COURT WITH SIGNS 5/25/25:

Matthew Reardon (livestream):

What's going on? What's going on, social media. I can't just say YouTube because I'm on all five of them: We The People News, Patriot News Activism, Matthew Reardon on Facebook, We The People News on Facebook, and even LinkedIn.

Please, when you come on to this livestream, share this link around. Drop a comment in the feed.

[Comment from supporter appears]

Hey, I appreciate that. Somebody blessed me last night with a donation, and because of that, I was able to go out and get some materials today. I'm going to go hold some signs. Let me show you the first one.

[Holds up sign]

Happy National "Fuck the U.S. Marshals Day."

Operation Silence the Press.

[Flips the sign]

Journalism and cameras are not criminal. They do not justify BOLOs and surveillance. Operation Silence the Press.

[Turns sign over again]

See the scandal unfold at www.wtpnews.org and on YouTube at We The People News.

I need to get somebody to write my signs out for me — I suck at writing with a Sharpie. But you get the point.

I'll be heading out in about fifteen minutes. It's going to be a fun day. I'm going to peacefully exercise my First Amendment rights to the fullest, and I'm going to tell the U.S. Marshals Service where they can stick it for circulating BOLOs on me just for filming inside public lobbies.

This is probably going to turn into a lawsuit. I don't think I'm even going to wait on an appeal — they're going to have to turn the records over anyway.

Check the evidence at www.wtpnews.org. I always publish with proof.

I'll be back live at 3:00 p.m. Central Standard Time. It'll stream through StreamYard, broadcast across all platforms, but I'll push folks to the main We The People News channel.

[Closes stream with donation note]

If anybody wants to help with materials or travel expenses, CashApp is on the screen, Venmo at Patriot News Activism, or Buy Me A Coffee at WTPNews. Appreciate the support. See you all at three.

Arriving to Courthouse 5/25/25

What's going on, everybody? I actually hope to be boots on the ground. I'm actually going to be here in just about five seconds, I think. Somewhere around here. Yep. How's everybody doing today? Right there. There we go. So, yeah, I just got a nice friendly reminder to put my phone on do not disturb. Whenever some jackass decided to call me just now, probably knew I was live, actually. So it's on do not disturb now.

Jeff mods. I'm gonna need you to keep this one tight for me. Get that band him that that. Yeah, the band hammer. Andy Hey, you know it's serious when I pull that press pass out. Hey, y'all, do me a favor, hit that like button. Share this live stream out. I made it an intentional goal this time to go live horizontally so that it's a better quality video and so that it sees a little bit better monetization for YouTube. I mean, got to do what I got to do. As far as can't get it through donations, I'm going to get it through ad revenue.

So, unfortunately with that, there's a downfall of it just doesn't have quite the reach of a vertical live stream but that's all right because I'm going to rely on y'all. We the people on a pair of socks real quickly mods don't take any shit first time a boot licker jumps on here knock them off and they are gonna jump on trust me.

See here's the thing so I know for a fact? Well, I'm not going to say I know for a fact. I'm going to say I know for, well, just about certain. Let me get my charging cord too. Who knows how long I could be out here. I'm pretty sure that—alright. I'm pretty sure that the Department of Justice and/or the U.S. Marshals Service sent out a BOLO. Not sure exactly which court that I would show up to because I've been doing obviously a lot of traveling, pretty much every day in a different state. So where could I go?

You know, I was in Mississippi. Of course, they put a BOLO out saying that I'm going to show up in Mississippi to Greenville or Aberdeen at some point. I started out doing that and I didn't. I'm over here where the scandal started. That's right. Might as well let the cat out of the bag, because I'm here. Lafayette, Louisiana.

Home of Jonathan. If Jonathan doesn't know that I'm here, he probably knows now. So I'm outside of the John M. Hall Record. There we go. I'm outside of the John Hall. Or the John Shaw. Federal. Courthouse. Where it started, this is where the scandal—the scandal really started in Lafayette County, Mississippi.

I'm outside of the John Hall. Or the John Shaw. Federal. Courthouse. Where it started, this is where the scandal. The scandal really started in Lafayette County, Mississippi. All right. All right. Peace.

MR: There we go. No, I can't get rid of that one. Move that one to the trash. I should have put something on the sign, something about honk if you don't trust the government. I've done a good test for what the temperature of people is out here.

MR: There we go. So you're tuning in live for National Fuck the U.S. Marshals Day. This is We The People News. We're live outside the John M. Shaw United States Courthouse where these tyrants with the U.S. Marshals Service think that it's okay to criminalize journalism and the First Amendment.

MR: ... had, had BOLOs put out. Had, uh, had BOLOs put out. You ought to see—like, those that haven't seen the evidence, haven't seen the FOIA request. I knew that there was funny business going on.

MR: What the fuck is going on with this phone? Come on. I might just have to run it and run it like this.

MR: Happy National—the U.S., uh, Marshal's Office Day. Almost said Happy National Governor Day because I was used to that one.

MR: Check out some of these comments. All right. What's going on there, YouTube, Facebook? Go ahead and give some shout-outs for a second. That one right there.

MR: All right. So... Jeff, good to see you, of course. USA, GSA, Richard Moore, good to see you. Good to see you. Keeping the Swine in Line, good to see you. BZ Watchdog, good to see you. Hey, I may be going to New Mexico, by the way. So let's get in, let's touch base.

MR: I'm actually going to be heading west still. Let's see. Who do we got? I got stuff in New Mexico, Texas. And you know I know about the New Mexico story, BZ. Oklahoma and Arizona brewing. Yeah, you got your hands full for sure.

MR: Michael Dolan, welcome to the stream, man. Thanks for being a supporter. I saw that you had become a paid member of this channel, of We The People News. I definitely appreciate that.

MR: [reading comment] “Need to quit chewing on fucking rocks, bro.” I’m not sure what that means. I wasn’t chewing on rocks. But I’m going to let it slide for right now because I don’t know what it means. Just simply because you put bro on the end of it. Yes, sir.

MR: All right. Let’s see. I Am the Clit Commander, welcome to the live. Strengths—hey, Happy National the U.S. Marshals Day. Yes, that’s what today is.

MR: They actually ran—they put BOLOs out around the country because I’m a journalist that was recording inside of a public lobby. I actually did a FOIA request. The U.S. Department of Justice and the U.S. Marshals Service are criminalizing journalism in the First Amendment.

MR: And so what am I going to do? I’m going to go out there and exercise my First Amendment rights even more to have National Fuck the U.S. Marshals Day.

MR: I’ve got right here. Let’s see. Journalism and cameras are not criminal. They do not justify BOLOs and surveillance. Operation Silence the Press. See the scandal unfold at WTPNews.org and on YouTube at We The People News.

MR: You’ll actually see yourself on We The People News. Thank you.

MR: Oh, it’s the pole-ice. It’s the pole-ice. Y’all want me to come in? Hey—

MR: [to Marshal inside] They’re trying to wave me in the courthouse. So he just waved me in. Should I accept the invitation? I think I should accept the invitation.

MR: Because I wasn't going to go in there. I was perfectly fine staying out here. But I just got an invitation into the courthouse. So let's go into the courthouse.

MR: Okay. We're going in. I'll never turn down an invitation such as that. I will never turn down an invitation such as that. Yes, sir.

MR: [enters doorway] But you locked the doors on me. But y'all locked the doors on me. Hello. After you.

MR: Well, look who it is. Okay, you called me in here. You son of a bitch, I was outside on the fucking sidewalk. You told me to come in here, motherfucker. I'm going outside.

MR: You called me in here, motherfucker. You baited me in here, you piece of shit. Fucking pussy. You fucking pussy. Fuck your mom.

MR: He literally waved me in here. He tried to tell, he told me to come inside, was grinning, and then told me he was going to throw me in handcuffs as soon as I walked in the doors.

MR: A public building. A public building. And then they're going to threaten me immediately with arrest as soon as I come in the fucking door. Now they just asked for it. Piece of shit. Cock-sucking motherfucker.

MR: I can't—I can believe that, actually. I can a hundred percent believe that because I actually, that's why I wanted to go over there and test them is because he told me to come inside and waved me inside.

MR: I'm over there at the gate out there on the public sidewalk by the road, peacefully exercising my rights. And he's over there smiling, telling me to come inside. I'm not scared. I'm going to take the invitation.

MR: I wasn't going to actually go in there until I was told—or I was asked to come in.

MR: There's a big part of me that wants to go back in and take the arrest. There's a big part of me that wants to go back in and take the arrest. Because that's that—I mean, that's a hundred percent, that's entrapment and violation of my First Amendment rights.

MR: They want it. They want it.

MR: Because that's that. I mean, that's a hundred percent. That's entrapment and violation of my First Amendment rights. They want it. They want it.

MR: Let's see. Where are we going to put this? Here's what we're going to do. I don't know what we're going to do. We're going to hang some signs like it's—so I can't even see what y'all are seeing right now. I've got it above the sign, all I see is the sign, so I can't even see what the, um, what the weak bastards are doing.

MR: But I do know this. This is not their property. This is We the People's.

MR: Hey, happy National Fuck the U.S. Marshals Day. Bunch of corrupt bastards inside that love to... They're a bunch of criminals, is what they are. They're the real criminals.

MR: Yeah, fuck the police too. Fuck the U.S. Marshals and fuck the police. See, I've got that one. I should have brought some tape with me. That's what I should have done. Tape this sign up here on the window.

MR: Oh yeah. See, this is where they take an issue and they pour gasoline on it, and they make it ten times worse. Ten times worse. Okay? When they openly invited me up there just for me to go through the door and for them to try to threaten me with arrest.

MR: Happy National Fuck the U.S. Marshals Day. Here's what we're going to do here. I'll put this right here. Let's see. There we go. So we got that one there. That one's reporting right against the glass. To get the tyrants on the inside.

MR: These are a bunch of animals. Yeah, the real—yeah, these are the real sovereign citizens inside. That's right. These are the real sovereign citizens. And this is how they get exposed, okay? This is what happens when they go and criminalize free speech. This is what happens when they criminalize journalism. This is what happens when they criminalize a camera of mass destruction.

MR: Let's see. I'm trying to find a good place to put this down at. I wish I had another tripod. This is all part of just extra gear that I just need. I just need.

MR: And if—because my other one, my other backup, broke. So Cash Apps are very much appreciated. Got one yesterday that helped restock some needed materials to get the posters, poster boards, to get the—covered travel costs. That was a huge help.

MR: Um, Cash Apps, Venmos cover things right now, not having to wait until next month.

MR: I can, uh—here's the thing. If the expense account was full, okay, I could have gotten a loudspeaker and come out here. See, this is the thing, like—like John Paul Reyes with Long Island Audit, all right?

MR: Because he's got a popping channel, because he's got the backing that he's got, he can go and spend the money to rent a video screen truck. There's no telling how much that thing costs. He's not having to pay it out of his own pocket, though, I guarantee you that.

MR: You know, it's a collective effort. And this is one thing. This is not—it's far from, it's far from grifting. It's a look. I'm out here. I'm boots on the ground. I'm not scared of these people. Okay? I'll let them know.

MR: And I think that everybody—it's a collective effort of everybody to stand up for their rights. Or else you have tyrants like these push them over with the help of the Department of Corruption, Department of Justice.

MR: And, you know, I got several followers of mine, they're on disability. They draw a small check every month. That's hard enough to get by. I don't expect you. I don't want you. If you're on disability, you need your money for getting by. It's already tough enough.

MR: But you have the ability. And if you're not actively going out and putting these people in check, a few dollars here and there to help support the cause goes a long way. Because this stuff is definitely—our freedoms come at a price.

MR: Let's see. I can actually put this right here.

Unidentified Bystander: All right, man, you too.

MR: Just always record the government. Always record public servants. They lie, they gaslight, try to strip you of your rights. Cut your legs out from underneath you while you're not—if you're not paying close enough attention to everything that's going on.

MR: Daring to try some stupid shit. Come on. Test me today. Test me today.

MR: So there's definitely a time and a place for this one right here. Let me turn this back around to the back so I'm not going to see the comments. That's all right. I can't hardly keep up with them anyways.

MR: I need to go with back ultra wide. Let me see. Back ultra wide. Got back triple camera. Got back dual camera. No. No. Back ultra wide.

Unidentified Officer: [inaudible]

MR: The fuck you talking to me for? Where does it say stay off? I said, what gives you the authority to tell me a damn thing? You need to keep on stepping. And I mean it, buddy. I ain't playing your games.

MR: That's why I say Happy National Fuck the U.S. Marshals Day. Tyrant, go ten-eight. Keep on stepping. I'm going to make you look like an idiot today. You might want to go ten-eight.

MR: You might want to go ten-eight. You might want to go ten-eight. You might want to go ten-eight.

MR: You put hands on me, I'm going to defend myself. I'm going to tell you that right now. All right? You're going to get sprayed down.

MR: What? All right. I have every right to defend myself against unlawful attack. And that's what that is.

MR: Oh shit, I lost the press pass, damn it.

MR: Hey, what's up? Popeyes Transparency. We got us a tyrant. We got a bunch of tyrants in there. That's a tyrant den right there.

MR: I wonder what he's going to tell them. I wonder what they're going to tell him. I know he better not put his hands on me and I know he ain't telling me to leave. Fuck that. That shit is not happening. That shit is not happening.

MR: Put hands on me, I'm defending myself. I'm sick and tired of being—of being assaulted, pushed around, and that's just not happening no more. Because people are not fucking holding these people accountable.

MR: So if they're not going to actually hold those assaulters accountable, then I have—then I have to defend myself. Have to.

MR: What are you doing, Buster? What they tell you inside? Huh? Well, I know you went in to go talk to him.

MR: Oh, I'm not going anywhere. Absolutely not. I haven't done a thing wrong. I'm not going a place, and you can't make me go a place. I'm not trespassing. I'm on public property.

MR: Okay, let's see. I'll take—I'll take the—I'll take the arrest. I'll take the arrest right here. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Come on with it. Come on with it. Come on with it. Come on.

MR: That's just stopping today. That is stopping today. That is stopping today.

MR: He said I'm trespassing out here outside of the federal courthouse. I'm not even inside of it, and—and I'm trespassing outside of the federal courthouse when they baited me up there in there. They can suck it.

MR: Here we go. We're going to take it today.

MR: Y'all share this stream, because they clearly called the polis up here, and they clearly think they're going to get a trespassing arrest telling me not to leave. I wasn't going to leave anyway.

MR: There ain't a damn thing this motherfucker can do to make me leave. It ain't happening. It is not happening.

MR: These people put out BOLOs for no reason, circulating my picture. Criminalizing journalism.

MR: And when they try to silence our voice, we the people get louder. Operation Silence the Press.

MR: Hey, those on here, please hit that like button and share this stream out. Invite some people on.

MR: If this was vertical right now, I guarantee you, I guarantee you there'd be a thousand people at least on it, live, watching right now. But it's horizontal, and the algorithm, it just doesn't—it doesn't get out there without your help on horizontal.

MR: But I needed to further monetize this and get a better quality video for this. So I'm counting on We The People to spread this message loud and clear.

MR: Oh. Sounds like I'm losing my earbuds. Oh.

MR: I guarantee you. I guarantee he's on the phone right now with the police. He just came up to the window holding the phone.

MR: I guarantee you they're saying, "Nah, we're not fucking with that guy. He's not doing anything wrong. Nah, not getting us up there to be spotlighted."

MR: See, these people need to learn. Learn. And see, it starts right here with the 911 dispatchers. Because when somebody is actually well within their rights doing something, the 911 dispatchers don't even need to allow resources to get burned in the first place.

MR: If the 911 dispatchers would shut that down from the gate—if there was actually training done where 911 dispatchers would shut these pirates down from the gate—no resources would be burned.

MR: You'd probably save a lot of people from getting humiliated. As far as maybe the dumb cop that shows up and acts stupid, maybe he could have basically stayed in without the humiliation.

MR: It's so hard for me to check these comments on here.

MR: No, I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm standing my ground. I'm holding my ground on this one. I'm not—I'm—I'm not—I'm not leaving. I'm not getting pushed off my spot. I'm holding my ground. I'm holding the line.

MR: Got to hold the line. When you're well within your rights, you cannot get pushed away. I mean, you give them an inch and they take a mile.

MR: Got to hold the line, folks. Got to hold the line.

MR: Hey, look at the tyrant right there. Look at him. Look at the tyrant right there. Hey, you all see my press pass? There's my press pass right there. That's my press pass.

MR: Huh? You need to suck my dick. I'm on public fucking property. Let's go. Let's go.

Unidentified Officer: No, you're not.

MR: I'm getting it. You ain't gonna touch my camera. You ain't touching my camera. You ain't touching my camera. I'm getting my camera.

Unidentified Officer: You grab your camera and you move it right now. If you don't, I am seizing this camera.

MR: Is that right?

Unidentified Officer: That is absolutely right.

MR: So this door—

Unidentified Officer: You've got one second.

MR: This door is locked.

Unidentified Officer: You've got one second.

MR: This door is locked. This is an entryway.

Unidentified Officer: You can put it on the other side of the barricade.

MR: I'm fine right here.

Unidentified Officer: Three, two, one.

MR: Really? Oh, oh, oh, oh! Ah! Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! Ah! Ah!

MR: I want attorney. I want attorney. I want an attorney. Attorney. Attorney. Y'all gonna have to carry me everywhere.

MR: Get my earbud! Get my earbud!

MR: Just take that. Thank you. Let's go. Go, go, go.

(Unidentified officer identified as US Marshal Hayden Newsom

On 5/27/25 I did a public address to the public:

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.