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...and those who left behind their words
and thoughts via blog, twitter, and facebook
posts, journal entries, e-mails, and interviews.



Inside, at Night—Origins of an Uprising

TAMARACK
STUDIO & GALLERY

This work is dedicated to those citizens who have refused to stand by and witness a systematic attack on our democracy. Comprised of people of all ages and all walks of life, these citizens stood up against politicians perceived to be working on behalf of special interests rather than the common interest, ignoring the rule of law and of common decency in the process. Instead, with a mighty and joyous roar of outrage that was heard around the world, they mobilized to occupy the Capitol, the house of the people of Wisconsin, both *Inside, at Night* and by day, and to encircle it for weeks on end with an awe-inspiring concentration of collective energy.

This exhibit is not only a tribute to those who changed their lives to occupy the Capitol; it is also intended to evoke the memory of the awakening of that communal energy and to invite a conversation about the way forward in the context of that memory.

60% of the profits from the sales of this book and photographs in this exhibit will go towards the recall of Wisconsin's Governor Walker.

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Thanks

As a community funded project through Kickstarter, credit and gratitude to all who contributed to make this project possible. May the exhibit serve the community as well.

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Preface

In mounting *Inside, at Night—Origins of an Uprising*, our goal as photographers has been to go beyond merely congratulating and honoring those who occupied the Capitol. Even though many of them—often at significant personal sacrifice—devoted up to three weeks (and more) of their lives to igniting the flame of outrage and saying no to demagoguery, to give way to nostalgia would be but an empty intoxicant, a self-indulgent high without issue. Rather, our hope is to enable people to reflect on what we learned in ways that will inform our movement forward. We would hope that by reminding ourselves of the passions and lessons learned in the occupation we will further awaken the democratic spirit in all of us so that both as individuals and collectively we will be even more motivated, informed, and effective in our own civic engagement now and in the future.

We are telling this story now because we feel it is a story of a new political reality, of a New Union of interests committed to social justice in a broken political and economic environment. As in Zuccotti Park, Oakland, Denver, and elsewhere, we see forces from all sides of the political spectrum grappling with each other. We hold our breath at this critical juncture in the titanic (perhaps eternal) struggle between conservative and liberal forces, between hierarchy and our cherished democratic values, between the rich and poor and not-so-rich-anymore.

We feel the need to tell the story of what happened inside, at night, not so much as historical anecdote, but as testimony to a living moment that continues to expand throughout the land. We wish to add our energies (and yours) to that momentum. With this documentation we seek to inspire both ourselves and others to stand up for the values of social justice and equality that those “*Inside, at Night*” personified and

that ultimately is at the heart of our values as a country. As we create the world we want to live in, it will help to cast an eye toward the Madison experience.

The Occupation of the Capitol, along with the attendant protests and marches outside, was personally transformative to many, if not all of its participants. Many gave way to tears of joy prompted by the sense of communal awakening, a joy muted certainly by our outrage at the deceitful leadership on the part of the governor and other elected officials. Our hope therefore is that this show will help fuel our way forward. Let us tip our hat to the past, and allow it to reinvigorate and inform our way forward.

To that end, I am pleased to offer Tamarack Studio & Gallery, draped with the imagery of the Occupation, to all who may be involved in the recall effort to use however may be appropriate: for organizing, for recruiting, for educating, for training, for entertaining, for fundraising, for meeting and/or dining. What group activity would not benefit by taking place within this space?

We do not see the recall as a partisan event, though it has characteristics of partisanship. Rather, our first goal is to restore civil and honest discourse to our political life. Second, to put it baldly, we want to replace the current governor—because of his deceitful and opaque exercise of power—with someone who exemplifies integrity and a deep commitment to the democratic principles that have made this city, this state and our country so extraordinary. This is not a question of Republicans versus Democrats. We clearly would expect the people of Wisconsin to respond with the same outrage if a Democratic Governor behaved as Governor Walker does.

In 1835, the French political Philosopher Alexis de Toqueville wrote: *“Does anyone imagine that democracy, which has destroyed the feudal system and vanquished kings, will fall back before the middle classes and the rich? Will it stop now, when it has grown so strong...?”* De Toqueville was prescient, and his words remind us that we must fight to protect the democracy that we so cherish.

The words that serve as narrative to this story *Inside at Night*, are an almost random sample of the vast amount that has been written and expressed about the capitol occupation. They have been culled entirely from participant’s words, spoken in interviews or written down at the time in the form of facebook, twitter, or blog posts, journal entries, e-mails, and recorded interviews, in the heat of the moment. They are not meant to be definitive or comprehensive; rather suggestive and evocative, like little bits of overheard conversation that suddenly break open our hearts, or a smile from a passing stranger carrying a funny sign. Everyone has their own story in relationship with the occupation; what’s important is that we all tell all our stories to each other as clearly as we can, to hear and be heard while we build the world that will continue after our passing.

And so, with *Inside, at Night*, we add our energies, efforts, and high aspirations to the collective recall effort. Please join us in blowing a little wind in the sails of democracy to see that the ship of state remains responsive to the needs and desires of our citizens. Buy a print or three and 60% will flow directly to the recall. All profits from the sale of the first edition of the book likewise. Should the book have legs beyond the recall, profits will be distributed to the photographers according to their representation therein.

John Riggs



Inside the Wisconsin Occupation

BY TAYLAN ACAR, ROBERT CHILES, GARRETT GRAINGER, ALIZA LUFT, RAHUL MAHAJAN,
JOÃO PESCHANSKI, CHELSEA SCHELLY, JASON TUROWETZ AND IAN F. WALL

The Sociology program of the UW Madison shared their reflections on their Union's part in the Wisconsin occupation with the help of Myra Marx Ferree, Pamela Oliver, and Cameron McDonald. As the first state to allow collective bargaining for public employees, Wisconsin has had strong, active public sector unions since 1959. But in November 2010, Republican Scott Walker was elected governor, and union members like us began to nervously anticipate what his budget plan might mean for our community. The attack finally came in February 2011 with Governor Walker's announcement of a Budget Repair Bill (BRB). Walker's proposal went far beyond cuts in benefits and compensation; it cancelled virtually all public-sector employee contracts, severely limited collective bargaining rights for everyone but firefighters and most police, and required annual union re-certification.

Editors' note: In early 2011, much of the nation's attention focused on an unlikely place: Madison, WI. When Governor Scott Walker moved to severely curtail the bargaining rights and compensation of public sector workers in the name of budget repair, union activists and concerned citizens descended upon the state capitol in protest. Here, University of Wisconsin sociology graduate students who are also members of the Teaching Assistants Association (the TAA, which is the oldest graduate student union in the country), share their experiences motivating, sustaining, and experiencing a movement—what they called “creating community and making waves.”

Walker announced the bill on a Friday (a traditional tactic to minimize news coverage) and planned an

expedited debate so that the bill might pass within a week. Thanks, though, to some advance planning by union activists, it didn't quite work out that way.

Back in December 2010, our union, the TAA, was anxious about the upcoming budget and possible cuts to university funding. We sent Facebook invitations encouraging students to deliver Valentine's Day cards to the governor that read, “I ♥ UW: Governor Walker, don't break my ♥.” On February 14th, we met at the University of Wisconsin's Memorial Union prepared to march to the Capitol and drop off our valentines, but news of the BRB, announced three days earlier, had energized us all. What we expected to be a modest protest turned into 1,000 people filling the Capitol rotunda. We stood in our state's Capitol building, some of us for the very first time, chanting “Kill the Bill!”

Even in the blustery Wisconsin winter, tens of thousands rallied outside the state Capitol. The next day, Wisconsin's Joint Finance Committee began public BRB hearings inside the state capitol. The hearings were supposed to continue as long as there were people to testify, but each person was only allowed to speak for two minutes. We wanted to keep the hearings going for as long as possible, so the TAA organized a “citizen filibuster.” Along with union members from around the state and supportive members of the Madison community, we stayed up late, made phone calls, sent text messages, and posted on Facebook to encourage our friends to come down to testify. They did.

After 17 hours of straight testimony, despite several hundred people still waiting for their chance to testify,

the Republican co-chairs of the Joint Finance Committee terminated the hearing at 3:30am. Our crowd erupted in response, and we began to chant “Let us speak!” Many of us were prepared to stay the night. Again, text messages, tweets, and Facebook posts went out, this time announcing that the TAA had decided to hold a public “sleep-in.” We invited our friends to bring their sleeping bags to the Capitol. It was pretty fun, actually; we were excited and driven as a community to make a difference in the outcome of our state’s politics. The public occupation of the Wisconsin state Capitol was born.

During the sleep-in and for the rest of the occupation, many of us kept our laptops and smart-phones cued to local news sites. We discovered that, outside the Capitol, other unions and campuses were also mobilizing crowds of protesters. It was especially shocking when, after calls from the state teachers union, so many protesting teachers called in sick that schools were forced to close in Madison on February 16th and in at least 20 other districts in the following days. In solidarity, our union organized “teach-ins” for our students, holding discussion sections in and around the Capitol. Every day, local high school and college students marched to the Capitol in support of their teachers, and other workers (even non-union workers) took time off to come to the Capitol, many bringing their children with them. Even in the blustery Wisconsin winter, tens of thousands rallied outside the Capitol. The crowds grew steadily from Tuesday through Saturday in the first week of protests.

Tired after days of almost constant rallies, running on little sleep and taking shifts to run home and shower, we protesters gained hope on Thursday, February 17th. The legislature was scheduled to vote on the BRB. We worried that all of our efforts would turn out to have been in vain, but at 4pm, when we expected the verdict, we learned instead that the Democratic senators had fled the state. The shock was tremendous—we were thrilled! By leaving the state,

the “Fab 14,” as they are now known, denied Republicans the constitutionally required quorum to vote on fiscal bills. They also bought us protestors time to further plan our movement and express our fury over the bill (and how it was being pushed through). The day after the Fab 14 left, Assembly Republicans told Assembly Democrats that they would reconvene at 5pm to vote, but they met and called a vote at 4:56 instead. Democratic Assembly members and protesters were outraged, and YouTube videos capturing the event in its entirety spread widely. Local media helped get out the news, and Republicans rescinded the vote. A recess was called, and the rallies continued.

From this point on, we watched the protests grow larger and larger, especially on Saturdays when more people were free to travel to Madison. As a result, there were more demands on police to maintain order and safety. We TAA members began working with the officers, who were following the principles of “negotiated management” by talking with us and other protesters rather than simply enforcing top-down rules. These discussions led us to become marshals: members of the TAA and other supporters took turns donning neon orange vests and walking around the Capitol at all hours of the day and night making sure that everyone was safe and peaceful and that both the protesters and the police were comfortable with the flow of events. Many of us had pleasant, friendly interactions with Capitol Police and other Madison officers, and we appreciated that they, too, supported the protest.

Nevertheless, Republicans, the Department of Administration, and the conservative-led State Troopers gradually changed the rules in the Capitol. First, because none of us were legislators, our use of legislative space was restricted. The TAA was ordered to vacate the conference room that had served as our central coordination point, and, beginning Sunday, February 27th, State Troopers and Department of Natural Resources officers began patrolling the

entrance to the Capitol and searching belongings. Now we couldn't bring in sleeping gear, noise makers, or food. Many restrooms were locked. Worse, during the last four days of the occupation, virtually no one was allowed to enter the building anymore. On Thursday, March 3rd, the Chief of Police announced that the Capitol was closed and anyone who refused to leave would be considered in contempt of court. No one who stayed behind was arrested, but the occupation was officially over. Our protests moved to the street.

On March 9th, a parliamentary maneuver allowed the Senate to vote even though the Democrats were still out of the state. While many of us had started slowly trying to get back to our regular lives, word of this move spread instantly via Twitter, Facebook, and text messages, and within an hour, hundreds had gathered outside the Capitol. Some of us even made it inside before police locked the doors. Alongside hundreds of other protesters, our group of TAA members chanted angrily: "Whose house? Our house!" From inside the Capitol, some of us distracted the police so that hundreds more could swarm inside. When the Senate voted to support parts of the bill, we had tears in our eyes, but we called an emergency TAA meeting and met inside the Capitol to strategize. A number of us stayed overnight again in protest, but the following morning we were removed by the police, and the Assembly took the final vote.

Since then, our protest efforts have moved toward recall elections, court challenges, and long-term mobilization. There are still protesters outside the state Capitol, and on April 4th, in commemoration of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination, a coordinated rally was held in many locations to unite the past civil and labor rights movements with our workers movement. A lawsuit claiming that the BRB was passed illegally has led to an injunction against its implementation that is still in place at the time of this writing.

Co-occupation

For 17 days, many of us essentially lived in the state Capitol; it became our unique social world. To us, the Capitol was transformed into "Capitol City"—a newly defined space with its own rules, language, symbols, rituals, and meanings. Anyone could come and live in the Capitol, and hundreds of people, including students, members of various unions, environmental groups, disability rights organizations, police, firefighters, and others, did. We slept on marble floors with our fellow TAA members and friends, but also with others with whom we normally wouldn't share such intimate space. These experiences in our new city helped us develop a sense of common identity despite our diverse backgrounds. We were protesters, living in Capitol City, taking care of our common home. Of course, this home required basic necessities. Plenty of food was provided by restaurants and individual donors within Madison, but it was also delivered compliments of backers from every state in the U.S. and many countries around the world (including Egypt, which was just experiencing its own massive social movement). A medic station distributed sanitary and over-the-counter healthcare supplies free of charge. The generosity was truly astounding.

One wing of the building was cordoned off as a "family center" so that protestors' children could play together, and we helped set up an information center on the ground floor of the Capitol where daily schedules, fliers, petitions, and a "low-tech Twitter" poster were available for all to see. Other information was communicated via Facebook, Twitter, and other digital media to occupiers inside and protesters outside the Capitol building. We always felt "in the loop" with one another, and it was easy for people who might never meet otherwise to begin conversations about the new world we were living in. Firefighters, off-duty police officers, teachers, nurses, corrections officers, and many others joined together day after day, night after night, in a completely unique environment wherein everybody had a voice. Singing, chanting, and

speaking on the “people’s mic” contributed to our sense of common cause and community.

Despite having to make some difficult decisions, especially at critical junctures (like the passage of a portion of the BRB or sudden limitations on Capitol occupancy hours), we kept ourselves on the same page by emphasizing respect, communication, and cooperation. For instance, we knew it was important to take care of the Capitol building itself. In group cleanings, teams armed with garbage bags, rubber gloves, and catchy chants swept through the Capitol building and grounds picking up loose trash and encouraging others to do the same. Everyone made a special effort to recycle and we requested extra bins from janitors that we differentiated with signs or distinctive bags. Lots of us posted signs not only with political messages, but also listing “Rules for Our House” with quiet hours that occupants respected.

Capitol City was a newly defined space with its own rules, language, symbols, rituals, and meanings. Over time in Capitol City, the hand gesture for “peace” took on new meaning. It started as a plea for calm, when individuals or groups would become agitated, and it was often accompanied with a shouted reminder that “This is a peaceful protest!” After a while, those words became unnecessary: occupants now used the symbol often to silence masses, both inside the building and at demonstrations outside, so that announcements could be heard. It seemed as if we were all vested with a common interest in displaying midwestern niceties and demonstrating to everyone that we were not a violent crowd.

This may sound idyllic, but not everything was rosy all the time. Gendered political roles were glaringly apparent. Many of us noticed a clear division between who held the microphone versus handed out food or who carried the drum versus who played with children in the family center. Organizers often discussed gender and power, and, at times, we made special efforts to ensure that everyone was given a fair chance

to occupy all of the roles needed for continued successful protests. Perhaps because the occupation lasted so long, we had the time to negotiate how things would unfold and to make collective decisions that attempted to include everyone’s voices.

Ripple Effects

The events described above are just a sample of what is now Wisconsin history. They’ve created ripples far beyond the state, giving this protest its broader meaning.

For many of us, this time has been an opportunity to genuinely participate in a mass social movement and put our sociology training into practice. But these events have also demonstrated the potential of both unions and the Democratic Party to mobilize working people. The Democratic senators who fled Wisconsin to prevent a vote on the BRB were welcomed home on March 12th by a crowd of over 100,000. We protesters are now voters, focused on recalling eligible Republicans and maintaining our mobilization so that we can work to recall Governor Walker, too. Though time has passed, every weekend is now a new adventure in our ongoing protest: we’ve had “Tractorcades,” motorcycle rallies, and “zombie marches” against the bill, and in future elections, we’ll learn how well movement politics and our various mobilization tactics translate into electoral politics. For now, it seems our main task is to keep this energy and drive that propelled us in February going. It’s not time to let our hopes slip into political history.

This has been an opportunity to genuinely participate in a mass social movement and put our sociology training into practice.

We realize that the events in Capitol City and around the state are now recognized as part of a larger struggle. Battles are being waged across the country as “Wisconsin-style” attacks on collective bargaining are brought in the name of austerity politics.

Wisconsin may be the first domino in a broader effort to break public sector unions in the U.S., and protests like ours may spring up in response. We hope so. As members of the TAA and the sociology department, many of us feel a profound and important connection between our academic work and our public service to the community in which we live. We've held countless teach-ins, we've organized lectures with speakers from across the department, the university, and even the country, and we aim to continue our fight until it is clear that our democratic rights are secured.

Excerpts from Tom's Story:

On Thursday, February 17th I entered the Capitol building for the first time during these protests. I write this early in the morning on March 1st. 12 days have passed since this began for me but I cannot even comprehend those 12 days through my usual perception of time. It feels like a month. My life has been irreparably changed in ways that I am only starting to come to terms with. As I write this I am gripped with a sense of purpose that I have never felt before in my life.

At around 4am I entered the room where the hearings were taking place. Unfortunately I didn't get to testify until 7am but it was a powerful three hours. I saw, for the first time, several brave young men who I now view as my family. I heard incredibly articulate high school students give impassioned statements out of love for their teachers. I heard passionate teachers describe how collective bargaining allowed them to keep class sizes smaller. Not one word about pension contributions, not one word about salary. I heard downtrodden union workers describe how they would gladly see their salary go down (many of them already had) but merely wanted to protect their basic right to collectively bargain. It was emotional and incredible. The Assembly Democrats running the hearing listened intently and provided thoughtful, intelligent commentary. I began to fall in love with them. That sounds a bit cliché but it is the only language I know of to describe what I felt.

I found myself in the front row of the student march, locking arms with new friends I had just met. We slowly marched up State Street from campus to the Capitol square, in contact with the police who were

escorting us. It was my first taste of being an organizer. I decided to spend the night and testify again, but this time I had no other friends in the Capitol. Some students from Milwaukee had a megaphone and drum circle set up on the ground floor in the center of the rotunda. Emboldened by others who stepped up and talked into the megaphone, I did it for the first time. I testified again and thankfully ran into a friend whose group I slept next to that night.

Saturday the 19th saw even bigger protests outside, an estimated 70,000, which I cannot verify because I spent the entire day inside the Capitol building, staying close to the center of the rotunda. I spoke on the megaphone again, this time to a massive crowd. I merely decided to thank the 14 Senate Democrats, starting a "Fab 14" chant. At some point I joined the drum circle and started pounding on a plastic bucket with a drumstick. I began to meet the others drumming or running the megaphone who would become my family. There was still no organization at all amongst the protestors... just a beautiful open microphone for anyone to speak and all to listen. That night I joined some of my new drum circle friends to sleep in our little encampment on the 1st floor overlooking the rotunda floor. Eventually we would come to be called "the cuddle puddle", though the name came from a random passerby. I left valuables unattended several floors up the entire day as thousands poured through the building. Food orders were pouring in from across the country by this point. Some people had set up an information station, some people had set up a makeshift medic station, but there was no overall organization. The UW Teaching Assistant Association had access to a room where they

were distributing food and had an army of laptops set up. Volunteers donned marshall vests to help the police maintain order. It was a beautiful, organic thing. Everyone pitched in to keep the building clean. Monday the 21st through Wednesday 23rd were a bit of a blur. At some point, Tom Morello of Rage Against the Machine spent a night with us in the capitol. I stood next to him as he spoke into the megaphone to a packed building, reading a statement from one of the leaders of the Egyptian revolution offering complete support to our movement. I couldn't even fathom how that could happen at the time. I had spent the past few weeks following the situation in Egypt very intensely and was inspired by the incredible, brave struggle of the Egyptian people. I met Medea Benjamin of Code Pink, a wonderful person, just back from Egypt. She shared with us the lessons of Tahrir square, but there was still no formal organization so it merely planted ideas into our collective conscience.

The Republicans filed out of the chamber as the Democrats shouted "Shame! Shame!" The mood in the rotunda was incredibly tense. Many were angry, justifiably so. We knew this was an important moment to maintain peace. It was difficult but many of us quieted the crowd and kept it peaceful. Some of us gathered in the center of the rotunda on the ground floor for a group hug, preparing to be arrested. It was incredibly emotional. Several Assembly Democrats came down and spoke. A friend of mine gave a powerful, moving speech. I even gave a speech. That night, the different groups running various aspects of the new "Capitol City" began to organize. I was asked to stay in the center of the rotunda by the microphone and ensure that we kept a peaceful, open microphone for all to have their voices heard. We knew the coming weekend was important. Saturday the 26th was another massive protest day. A large snowstorm passed through yet the crowds likely surpassed 100,000. They began to limit what food we could bring into the building. The first half of the day I was reminded what caffeine deprivation felt like,

which wasn't pleasant. It was very stressful to watch over the megaphone and try to get as many people's voices heard while still making administrative announcements.

Sunday the 27th was an intense, emotional day. I finally told my own story on the megaphone, to a massive crowd and many many cameras. I was able to channel years of frustration with the Republican Party into a coherent, emotional message. It felt amazing. A group of musicians and actors spontaneously broke out into a song from Les Miserables in the rotunda at some point. One of my new friends, whose ancestors were Polish, brought a Polish flag with "Solidarity 1980" written on it. I stood next to him holding this flag as we sang a song written about the French revolution, in Madison Wisconsin.

As 4pm approached it became a bit chaotic. Rumors were constantly being spread that the police had dogs and were targeting the leaders. The police had protected us for nearly two weeks at this point and had been nothing short of incredible, so I did not believe those rumors. We were expecting to be asked to leave, and those of us who would refuse would be arrested. We constantly were imploring the crowd to cooperate (that is to say, those who wished to be arrested would at least go peacefully and not force the police to drag them out) over the megaphone while also continuing to let everyone who wished to speak do so. They announced over the speakers that we were being asked to leave, and for those who wished to refuse and be arrested to go up to the first floor. I made one last speech imploring people to cooperate and headed up to the first floor. It was starting to become apparent that maybe we wouldn't actually be arrested, so I jubilantly walked around the 1st floor with someone collecting signatures for recall petitions for the 8 Republican senators.

Those of us who stayed were not arrested. Later that night I eventually left, exhausted, as my sleeping supplies were no longer in the building. As I write this

the Capitol building has still been not reopened to the public since 4pm on Sunday the 27th. The longer they keep the building locked down, the more they lower their profile and raise ours. This was an unprecedented, beautiful, peaceful event. I believe that there are no rational, honest reasons for continuing to lock us out of the building. Some of my friends who I cherish as family are still inside and I do fear for them, but I can only hope that decency will prevail.

The Democratic representatives of the state of Wisconsin have converted me from being a cynic into being an activist. It is the greatest honor of my life that I have been a part of this fight, and I will do everything that I possibly can do to continue it.

Thomas M. Bird
U.W. Madison Alum & Graduate Student



Challenging shooting conditions in the Capitol, along with a mix of professional and amateur sources for the images in this book, has made it difficult to arrive at a consistent color "palette" throughout. Tungsten and fluorescent light sources mix with natural light from the skylights above in unpredictable, confusing, and uncontrollable ways.

So be it. The imagery is as varied and rich as the participants themselves, and we believe an accurate reflection of the event. Our goals in telling this story *Inside, at Night* naturally led us to select images that furthered the narrative over images that may have been better from a purely technical standpoint. Especially at night, when the wise quit shooting due to insufficient light, only the foolish among us kept shooting at ISO's up to 6400 and shutter speeds of up to 1/2 second. Blur, grain, noise, distortion abound between these covers. Please accept our offering, enjoy the diversity, and love the story...

John

January 2012

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This thing took me really by surprise. I thought that people had gotten so comfortable in the Midwest that nothing could provoke them to a collective response in this fashion. I'm really totally impressed. Not just the response but the dedication the way the people have self-organized and brought all their unique talents and their energy to this thing. I just met a guy from Argentina today who came up here from Chicago. He couldn't believe this was happening in the U.S. [WAJID JENKINS](#)

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This is different from the hatred and violence of the sixties (from both sides) that had frightened me then. Inside the Rotunda I sense many of us (elders) are looking to the younger people for leadership, guidance, and a fresh approach. There is no fear here, even in the face of intimidation and threats. The lesson of Tahrir square (remove the fear, remove the tyrant) is fresh in everyone's mind. Mothers bring their babies and children in to experience this moment in history. This is something new under the sun, or so it seems to me. Although tense at times, peace and joy prevail over fatigue and stress, and respect is accorded to all, including law enforcement. This is their fight too; it is their pensions we are fighting for. [JOHN RIGGS](#)



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I have been increasingly lacking in confidence in my leadership abilities. I've been worried that I'm lost in academia. But I've found people responding to me and myself capable of gaining trust and leadership in the space, among strangers. This is Wisconsin. I'm not alone, and I've been even more inspired here by the birth of leaders and committed fighters here in this space. Some people were active as leaders 10, 20, or 40 years ago, some people were leaders who had never tried to tackle big problems and some people were never leaders, always too afraid to step up. This movement has made us a family, but a family with a goal that works on itself to maintain our health and help each other navigate the rocky sea of political emotions that defines this space. [LUIS BRENNEN](#)

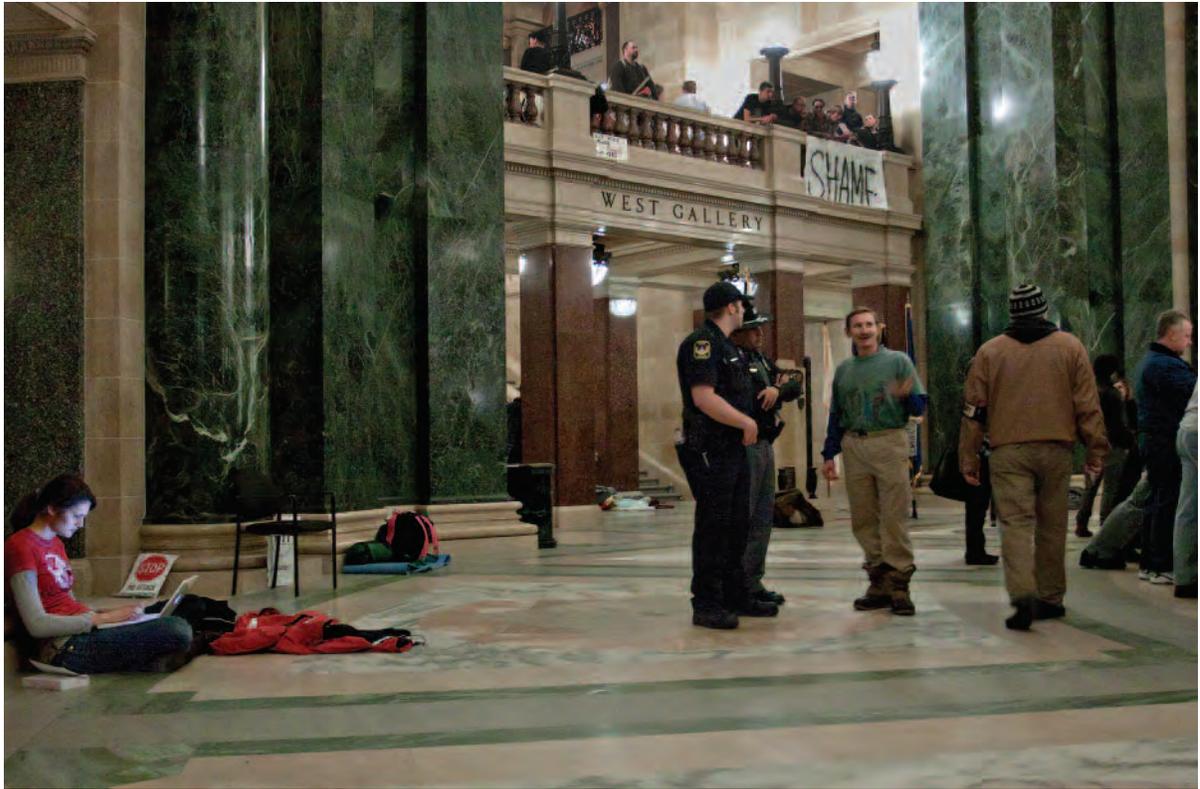


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Honestly what keeps me here is, it was the high school kids that did it. They haven't been able to be back; they've been in school. But they were the ones who walked out and marched up here and filled this Capitol with energy from day one. They were the ones who were jumping up and down and chanting in here before any of the unions had left the stage. They were the ones who kept me here. The energy of the youth, like always in all movements—they're the ones leading it and I say we gotta follow and keep it up. This thing is not gonna stop. [WAJID JENKINS](#)



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I don't like calling it an occupation, we're not occupying anything, this place was ours to begin with. [HARRIET ROWAN](#)





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The spirit of peaceful resistance spreads powerfully in waves from the Rotunda to the streets outside and beyond, winning hearts and minds and drawing citizens to Madison from every corner of the state, and beyond. Hundreds of thousands of people participate in and celebrate the “reawakening of the sleeping giant.” Exuberance and joy rule the day. [JOHN RIGGS](#)



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Getting the propaganda up on the walls was a big first success organizationally. We started that with markers and big rolls of paper & that idea hit like wildfire, and that was a big success because there was nothing on the walls until a group of us took over the State Street entrance and it became acceptable to put stuff up on the wall. We kind of broke that open. We thought they'd take everything down right away, and they did take it down, and we put it back up again and that's been a struggle. [WAJID JENKINS](#)





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My name is Ann Murphy, and I am so grateful to the many people who have dedicated themselves to holding this space at the capitol, day and night. I had hoped to be able to come in with my trumpet and serenade you, but the police made me leave my trumpet at the door. I hope it is still there when I leave, piled on top of the signs.

I've heard people describe the capitol as smelly over the last couple of weeks, but I have been in and out many times through Saturday, and it never smelled bad to me. Only the words of Scott Walker's goons add a tinge of bad fish to the environment. I had the pleasure of meeting a trombone player who knew the imperial march and I accompanied her on my trumpet.

This morning, I heard a man testify in court that he and about 20 other people were admitted to the capitol and to the assembly gallery for the Gov's speech—but they were told not to clap, cheer, boo, or make any form of disturbance. The Walker Supporters, also in the assembly gallery, could cheer as much as they wanted without repercussion, but when one of the 20 quietly said "boo", she was escorted out—AND they kicked out all of the other 20 as well!!!! It was a chilling testimony. I am so proud to be associated with all of those people who are standing against TYRRANY in Wisconsin.

Gov. Walker—this is not your palace! This is OUR HOUSE! The State Patrol is not your praetorian guard! Resign NOW! [ANN MURPHY](#)





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I feel, by contrast, a latecomer to the engagement. Even though I had been in the building 3 or 4 times earlier, it was only for brief times, to experience the headiness, to catch the high. It wasn't until Louis told me he was prepared to be arrested, and would I bail him out that the need to support him arose full force. As Harry said when he described a similar experience, "we learn from our children." I felt like if they were going to haul him away they would have to haul me away too. Then when they wouldn't let me back in Monday morning as promised after a really good night's sleep, shower, and warm food, I felt lied to, betrayed, tricked, and spent nine hours outside in the cold looking for an opportunity, a crack to slip through. [John Riggs](#)



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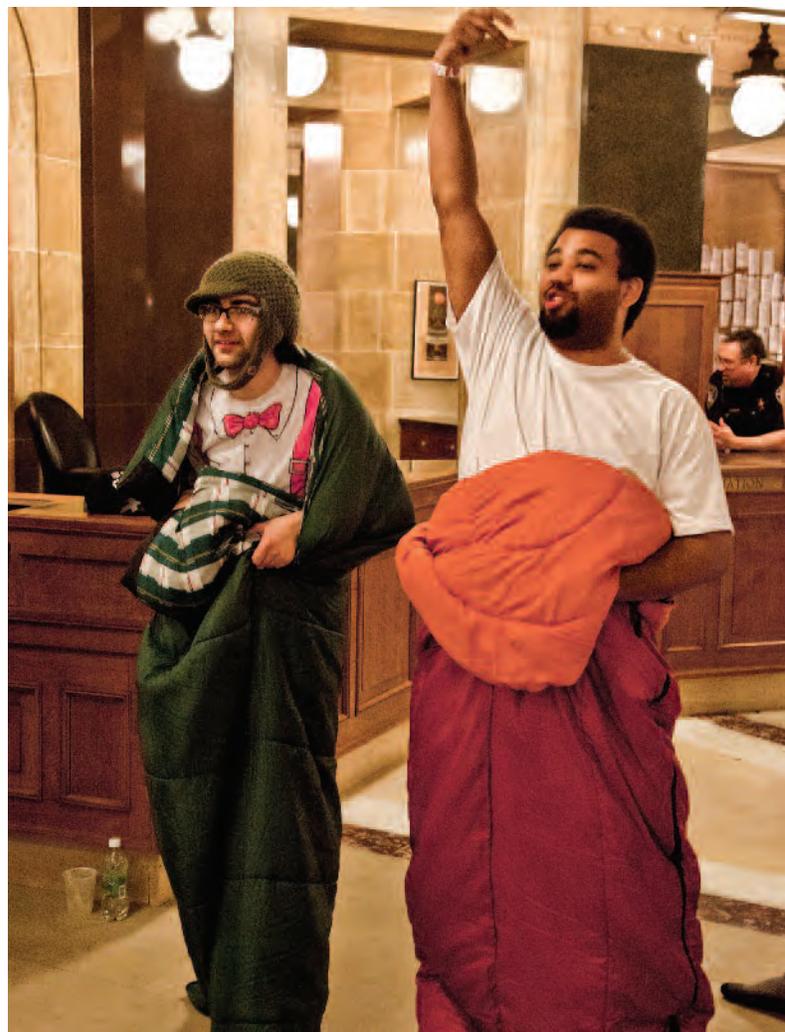


It came at 5:00 when Representative Roys came out to let in a few folks who had scheduled a meeting with her. I buttonholed her and told her I'd really like to get inside to see my son who had been on the inside from the beginning. She said to follow her in. They had airport-like security set up (why now? The press and others didn't have to go through security) and when I finally got in and started mingling I realized the governor was waging a war of attrition. Those who counted told me there had been 150 overnights the night before. Now there were, maybe 70. I knew then that I couldn't leave. It was clearly a slow, quiet, subtle war of attrition. They were still allowing some food in, negotiated somehow by someone (who I met later). But it was endless pizza, stacks upon stacks of pizza boxes that folks used for mattresses against the hard terrazzo because no bedding (sleeping bags, pillows, air or foam pads) had been allowed in for days. There was a small stockpile of such leftover and donated by the TAA in a corner that was meted out at night, then recollected in the morning. Since the numbers were dwindling, there was (fortunately for me) enough for one thin pad for everyone. [JOHN RIGGS](#)

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Many individual officers have come to understand that they are not the private army for the governor's agenda, but that they too are part of this new family, this New Union. Individual officers are able to relax their stony professionalism and talk to us as people. I passed several hours late last night chatting with one officer about his work as a police photographer. I saw another, obviously a father himself, his face dissolved in baby talk, tickling a baby's nose held in the baby's mother's arms, his head haloed by the gorgeous dome high above. By the time I got my camera up, the shot had dissolved. The one that got away. We all become more humanized. [JOHN RIGGS](#)



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We do not ask them not to do their jobs or not to follow orders, but I never would have been able to smuggle in my son's laptop and cell phone charger without their assistance. And when the siege intensified—all food locked out for several days, the heat turned off at night, and those leaving could no longer be replaced—where then did those two hundred Indian dinners come from in the middle of the night? And how did they get in...? No one asked, but every officer in the building was thanked repeatedly, in whispers, and again later, in the daytime chants of the crowds: "Thank You, Thank You." [JOHN RIGGS](#)

When I realized, on February 15, the broader implications of Walker’s bill, I felt something I’d only felt twice before: once during a car crash, and once while in labor for 49 hours, just before pushing. It’s a pure, complete shift in a body. The body and soul meet and agree: We’re seeing this through. We’re here. We’re not going anywhere. The implications of that for me personally in the Capitol was not in my mind at the time. Being someone who likes to do and not sit, I found that the best way to occupy—to “see it through”—was to plug into the mini-city fellow occupiers constructed and “work.” I spent shifts on trash clean-up, restocking restrooms, (wo)manning The People’s Mic, and then found myself in the kitchen. That’s really where everything came together for me. I come from a father who expresses love through cooking. It was the workplace within the occupation that made the most sense for me. Working alongside Katie, Mike, and the other shift volunteers I made hundreds of pita sandwiches, walked around serving Indian food, serving yogurt, finding out who had special dietary needs and looking through our “pantry” in an effort to meet those needs. I was saying I love you, Capitol Family. [MEG ROTHSTEIN](#)

43





UNION STRIKE TOGETHER

BLAME BANKSTERS NOT THE WORKERS!

MICHELLE SUPPORTS WIT

ART GALLERY

UNITED STEELWORKERS LOCAL 1500 DISTRICT 2

MAKING THE DIFFERENCE

For updates follow @michelle1500 to 40909



HONOR LABOR

HONOR LABOR

RAISED BY A TEACHER

JUST A MOVE NOT OUR UNIONS

SCOTTIE KOCH CALLED US SAID TEACHERS

Name Teachers & call SCARY





EAT
**TAX
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**LUCKIES
BADGERS**

**HANDS OFF
UNIONS**

SEIU

**MORE ABOUT
EDUCATORS,
THEY'RE ABOUT
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**ANY BUSH CANDIDATES
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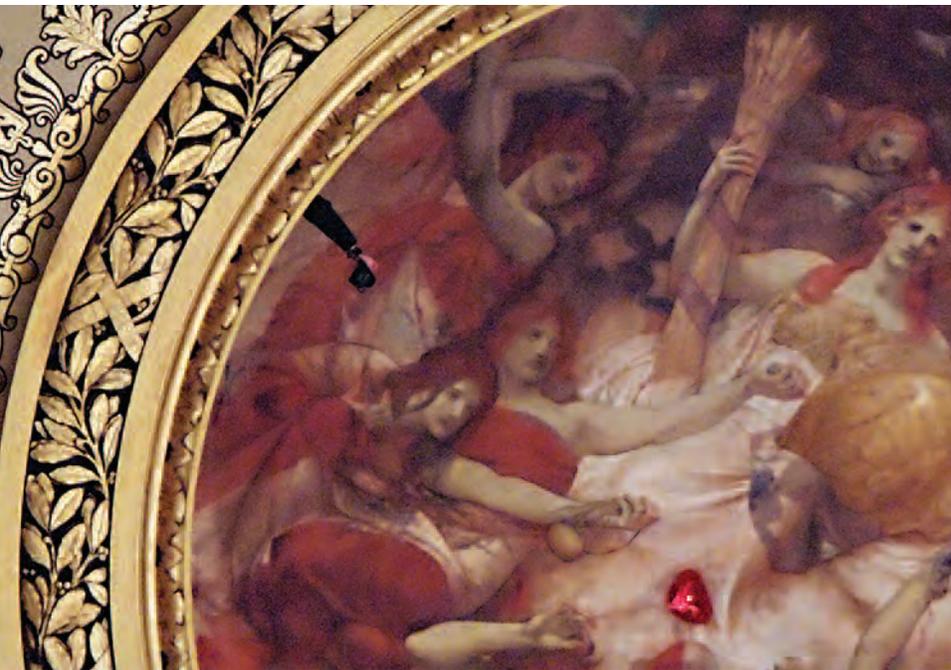
**ONE DAY
LONGER!
U-W**

**It's About
Freedom!**

**DON'T GIVE
UP THE FIGHT**

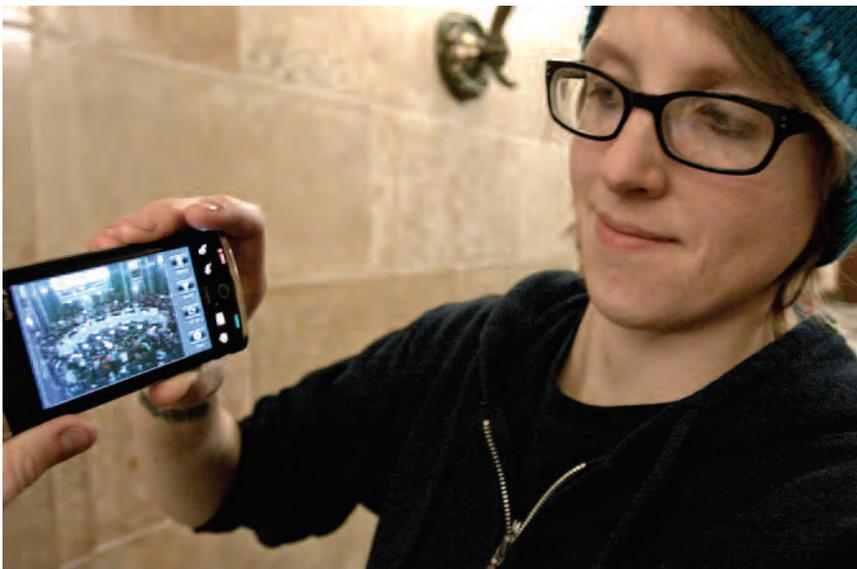
**CREATING
A BETTER
WORLD**

**UFCW
Rules**



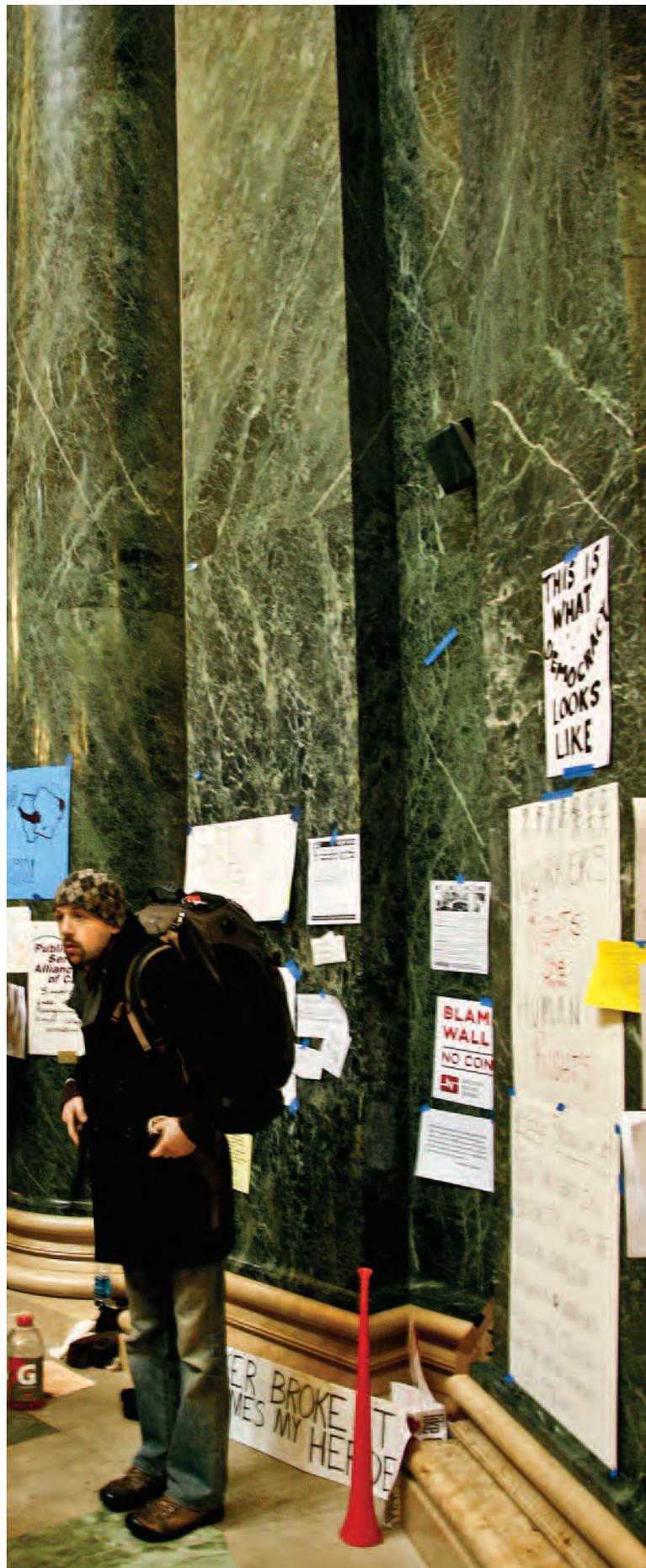
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I came here from Chicago because I wanted to be part of this movement. I was an activist tourist just like so many others. But I definitely STAYED because I knew I could help out and more importantly to gain skills and a history of struggle that I could bring to my other future work. This to me is where the real importance of the movement and community is going to be—how the individuals who have transformed their consciousness disperse and become seeds for similar changes and struggles. [LUIS BRENNEN](#)





[February 11 at 11:08am](#) > I wonder if the unions who endorsed Walker are having trouble taking the foot out of their ass. [February 14 at 10:43am](#) > just quit my job. feeling pretty good about it. [February 18 at 8:36am](#) > I need a ride from Milwaukee that leaves after 9am... Help a girl out! [February 19 at 11:01am](#) > Holy Crap. Utter madness. [February 19 at 10:18pm](#) > The great Madison sleepover, day 2. Data entry, bongo drums, pb & j's, dr. pepper, data entry, testify, water, data entry, dance party break time, data entry, data entry, data entry, sleep. [February 20 at 10:03am](#) > Did someone say data entry? Who knew protests required so much paperwork. Oh ya, I did. [February 21 at 12:19am](#) > home. [February 25 at 11:17am](#) > Holy shit, I've been here three minutes and I've already been assigned a task. It's gunna be a great day! [February 27 at 10:19am](#) > Was interviewed by WPR last night. That was pretty exciting. [February 28 at 11:10am](#) > The only people in the capital are people who spent the night and they're not letting anyone else in. People are getting kind of agitated... You all should come to Madison and get agitated outside the capital too. Shit's gettin real, son. [March 1 at 12:24am](#) > I'm so in love with Wisconsinites right now. I'm inside and they're outside and we're both spending the night at the capital. If you had any sense at all you'd be at the capital tomorrow at 2pm when Scott Walker gives his budget address. They'll prolly let in Walker supporters to fill the gallery with his friends, but they'll prolly not allow anyone else to come in. Where will you be when history is created? [March 1 at 11:21pm](#) > Today was a good day. They're still not really letting people into the capitol but we made a shitload of noise in the west hallway outside of the assembly chamber during Walker's budget address. It was high energy and inspiring. Hopefully the injunction that was filed will force Walker to open the doors tomorrow. We'll see. [March 2 at 4:58pm](#) > So... republicans today assigning each Democrat a republican "representative" that will periodically search their offices. Also, Senate Dem staffers no longer work for their bosses, they are to report to the republicans. Dems respond by telling their staff to shut down and go home. A little Fuck You to the Senate republicans. [March 2 at 4:58pm](#) > They weren't letting food in so people stood outside the capital today and handed it to the few people who they were letting in. We received enough food to feed an army for a week, one box of granola bars at a time. [March 5 at 6:52pm](#) > I got to meet Ian Murphy, the fake Koch brother. He had a videographer with him and we all took a picture. I'll be downloading pictures tonight and starting an album. [KATIE JESSE, FACEBOOK POSTS](#)







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This is very embarrassing for Walker. They had staged our exit on Sunday and we denied them that joy. We're here, we made the ground shake under his budget announcement yesterday—everybody in the hearing room could hear the protesters outside and inside the building. It's the only way we have to keep the public attention on his agenda. It's an atrocity. People from around the world are sending their support and we're not giving up. [WAJID JENKINS](#)



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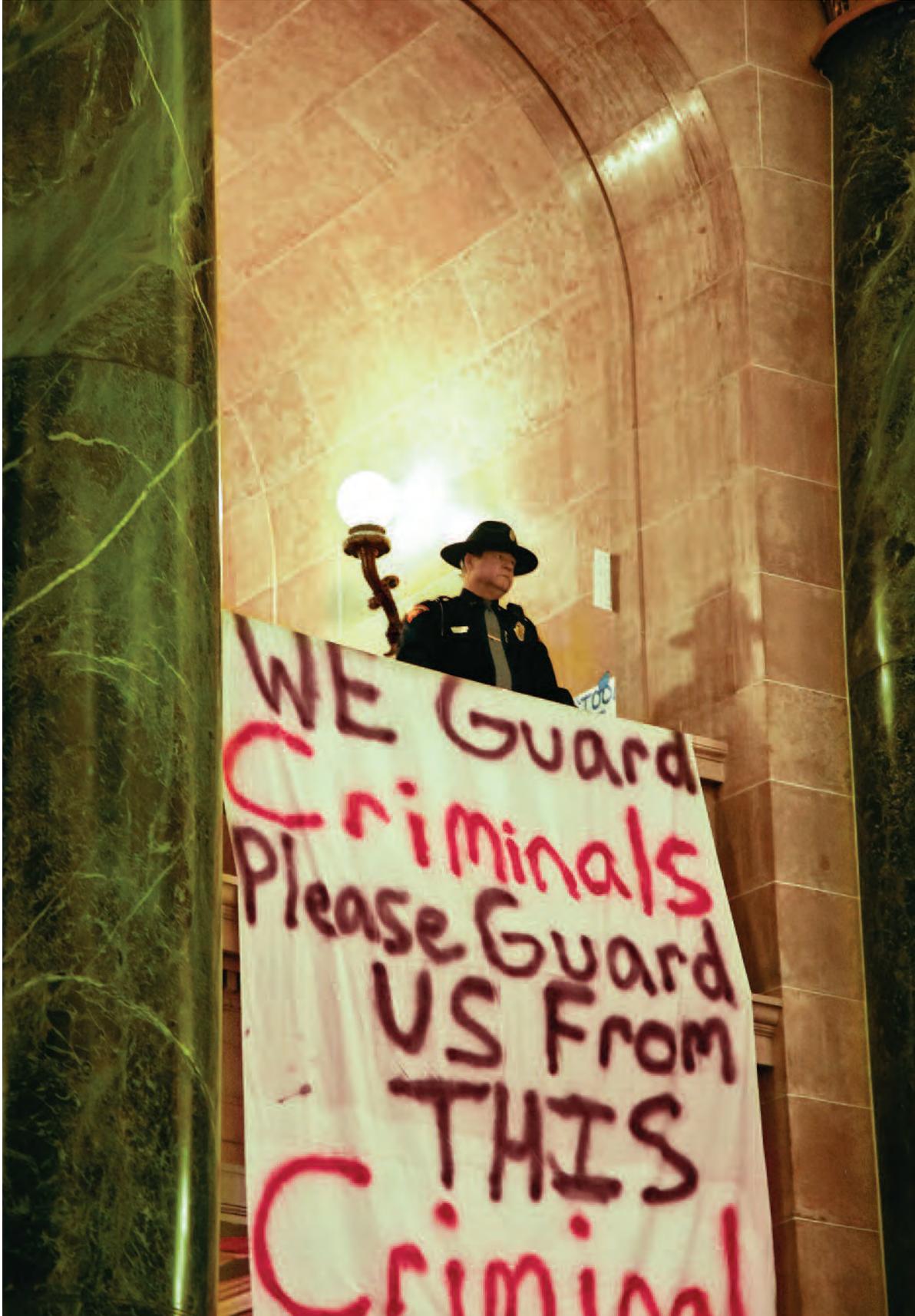
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One thing that I find interesting is how many people are here by accident. Many people here were let up to the hearing last night and snuck down to be with us. Many, like myself, happened to be standing outside yesterday and were asked to be part of an exchange. I've accidentally been here for 24 hours now and feel compelled to stay. [DANIEL SADOWSKY](#)

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It's great getting to see and be a part of expressions of solidarity, like someone just showing up with a backpack full of water bottles saying like "oh this is all filtered water, I did it myself just for you guys, so take one." That's not a mass solution but it's all part of the fabric of solidarity that I don't think in our culture we get to experience that much very often. [WAJID JENKINS](#)

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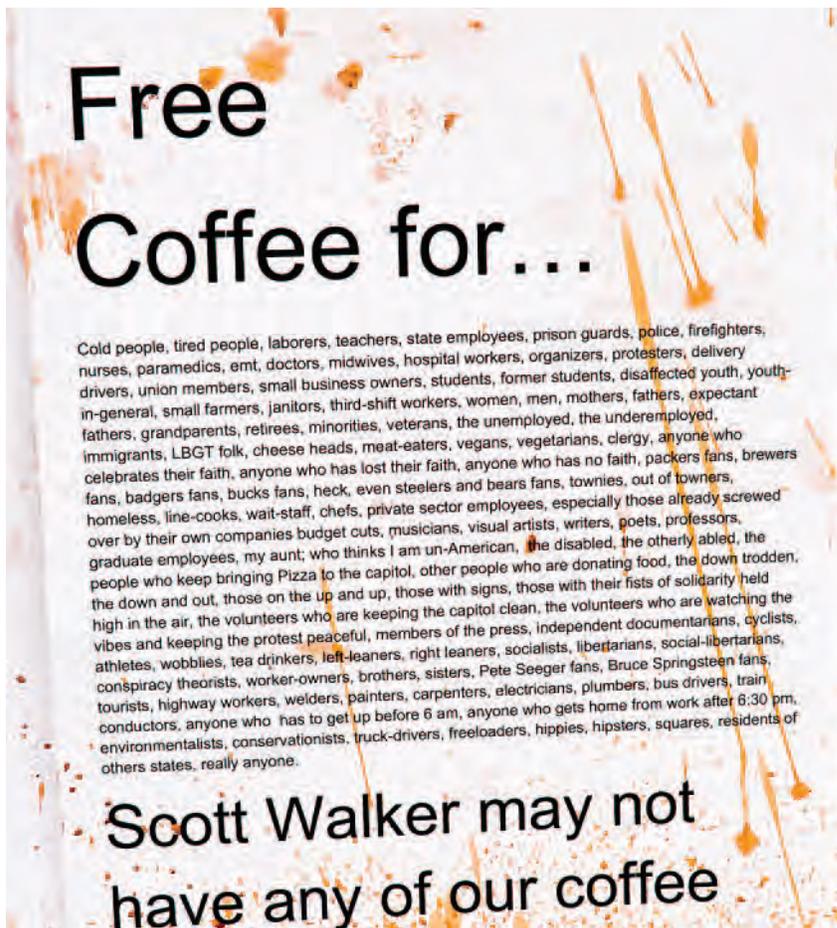
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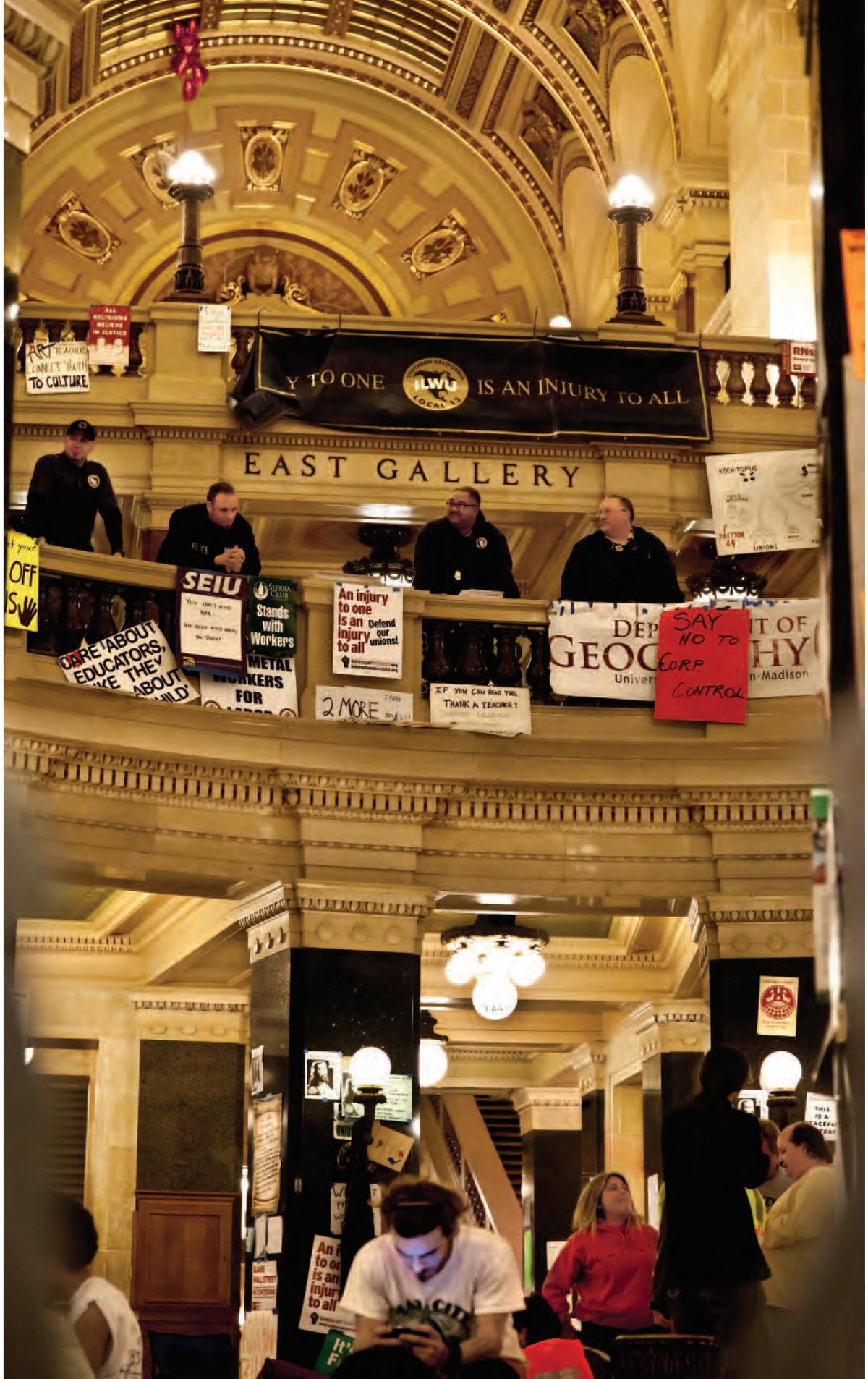
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I am from Hawaii— Aloha to our sisters and brothers in Wisconsin. I just flew in from New York to be with the defenders of the working class! In the short hours I have been here, I've met incredible people who have stayed in the State Capitol Rotunda ever since Governor Walker ordered the building closed to the public. The people forced the re-opening—the people just refused to leave. Now on Wednesday, 3 days after the closing, over 100 defenders are left in the Rotunda. As one person leaves only one person is allowed to enter. No more hot food is being allowed in—just cold foods, granola. The governor's strategy is to make conditions in the Rotunda more and more difficult to force them (us) to give up. I am able to stay only one night—I fly to Amsterdam tomorrow for an international coalition meeting for the May, 2011 Gaza Flotilla—challenging the Israeli & US blockade of Gaza! Peace and Power to the Workers! [ANN WRIGHT, US ARMY COLONEL \(RETIRED\) AND FORMER US DIPLOMAT WHO RESIGNED IN MARCH, 2003 IN OPPOSITION TO THE IRAQ WAR. HONOLULU, HAWAII](#)



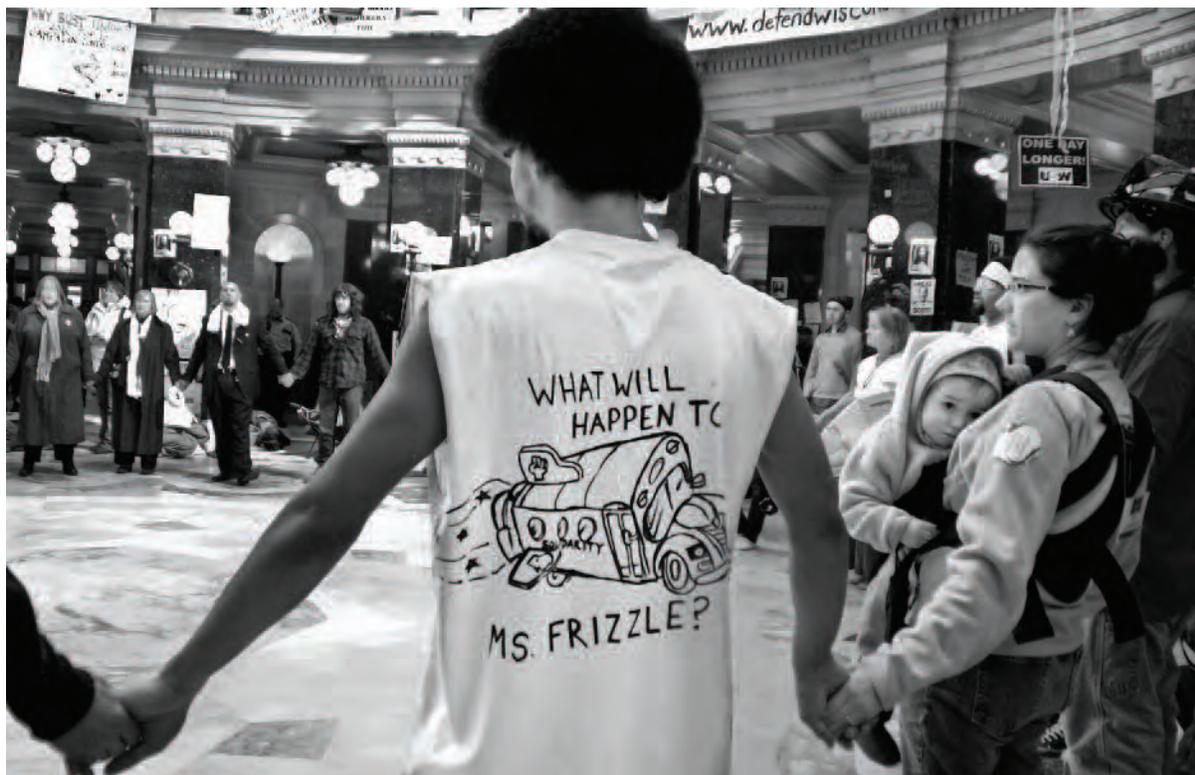
The only reason people in high places are huddled around conference tables is because of the presence of those inside and outside the building right now. Walker suffered an embarrassment last night when the building wasn't cleared. Looks however like he may yet achieve his goal, but by sneakier means. [JOHN RIGGS](#)





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So we've had seminars on organizing, labor history, immigrant rights—using it as a chance to get the word out to people. There are three thousand people in here sometimes. That's an opportunity not to be missed. Two town hall meetings were all about the Bill, breaking it down, with speaker after speaker talking about everything from privatizing the power plants, issues with Medicare and Medicaid—all the details that get by-passed when you just read a paragraph in the newspaper or chant slogans. [WAJID JENKINS](#)





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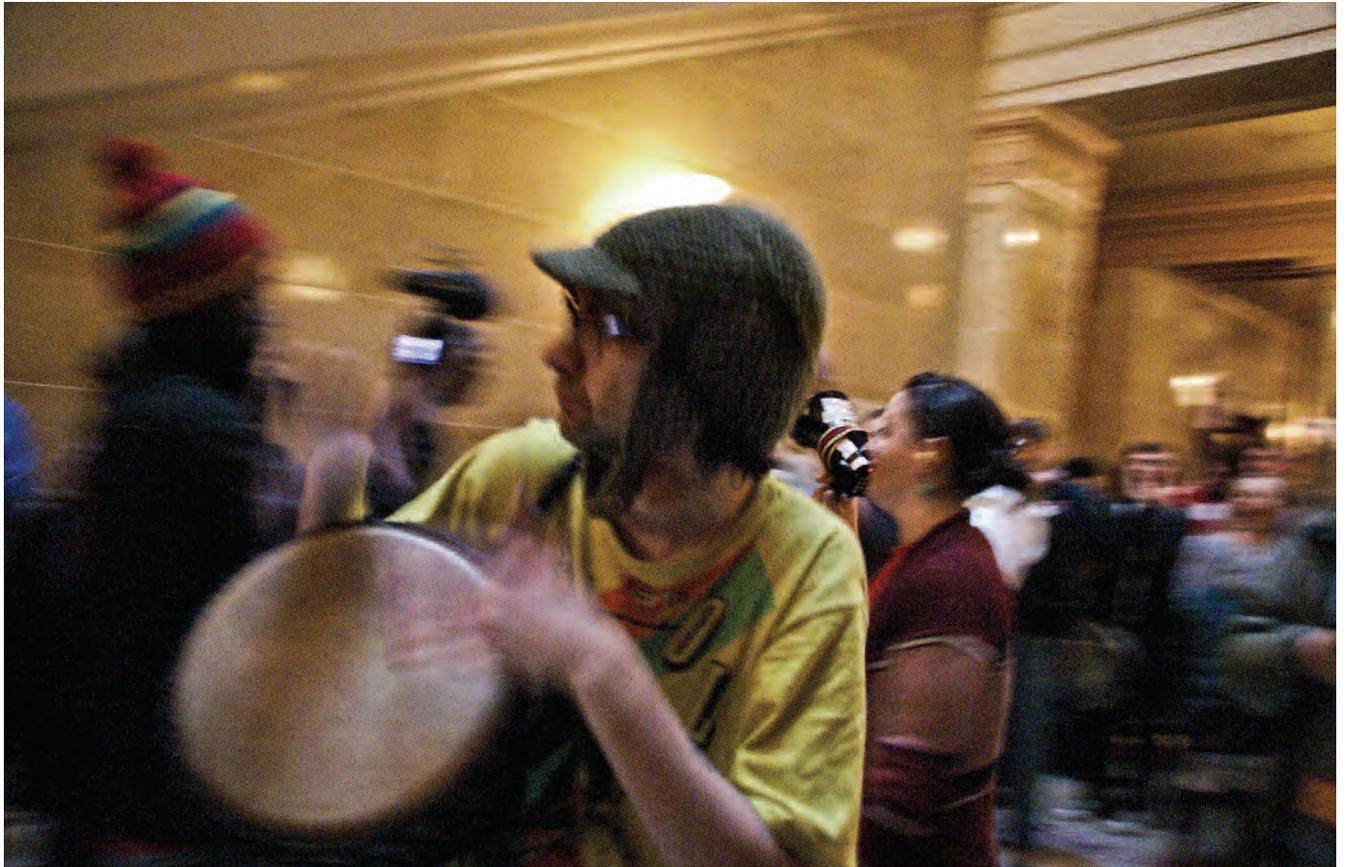




It tends to be a little stale in here, kind of rigid, very hard, echoey. But honestly, it's one of the most exciting things I've ever been a part of and that's because it breaks down the barriers that tend to keep people from being able to organize in a kind of old school, union sort of way, where you can get up on a soapbox and speak to a couple hundred people. There aren't that many opportunities to do that in the routines of modern daily life. [WAJID JENKINS](#)







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All the circumstances are in place for psychosis to develop, even in a normal mind: sleep deprivation, light levels, the intense focus of the outside world, and the palpable sense of being at ground zero of an historical moment in the evolution of democracy. The food, the air, being constantly watched and surrounded by police, the fact that the big press just never can get it right, being misunderstood. Current circumstances are like a heated cauldron, bringing out the very best (and some of the worst) in everyone.

JOHN RIGGS





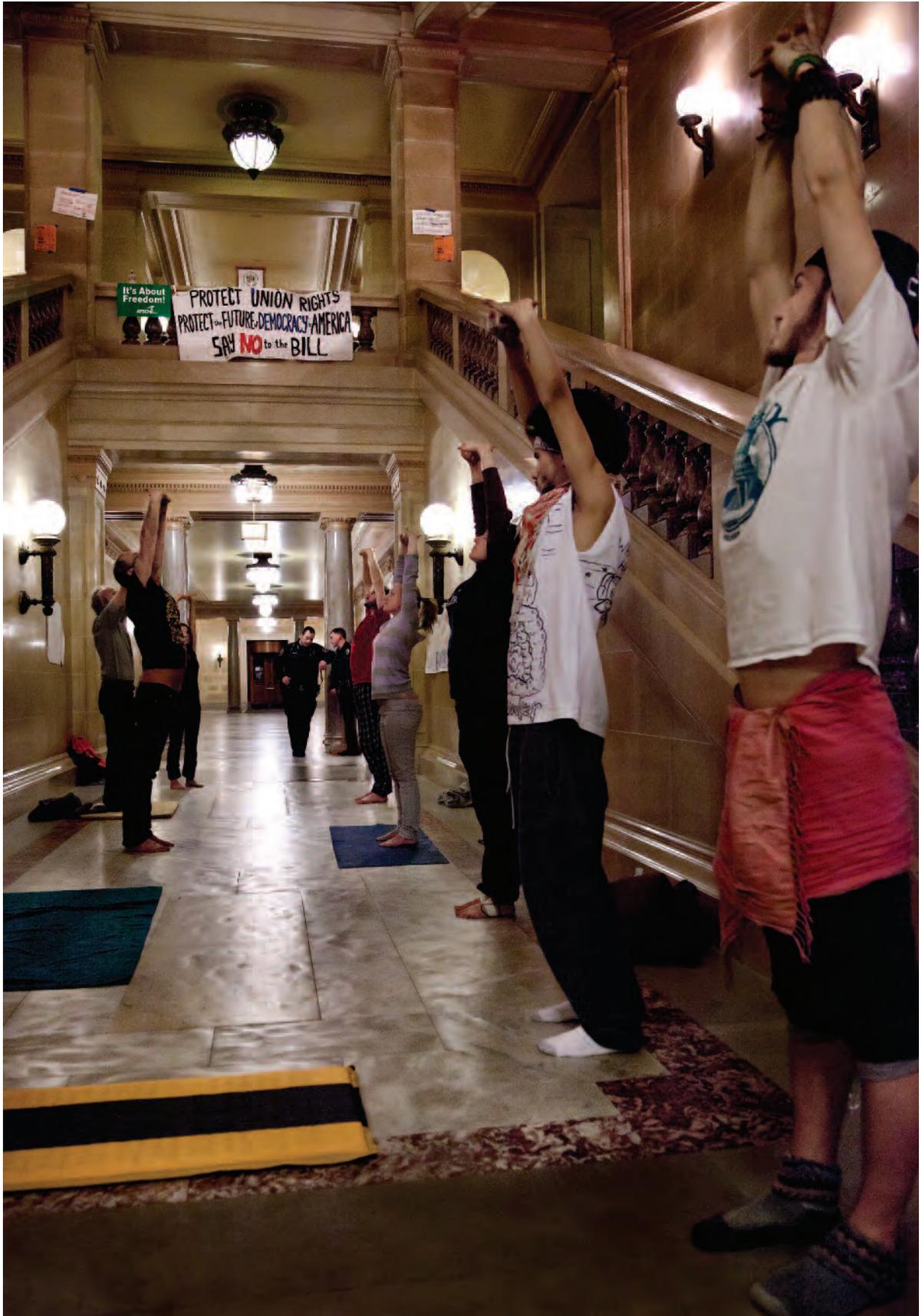


Sometimes the drum circle is insufferable. But, that's to be expected. After all, we aren't all Drum Circle people. I've never been in a drum circle and the last time I banged a drum I was a child. Everyone here is different, from a multitude of backgrounds and political stripes. We're all protesting against an extremist agenda, which means we can be anything but the farthest fringes of the right. I've talked to Anarchists, Marxists, Unionists, partisan Democrats, and moderate Republicans. I think the core of us who are still here are holding out because we're scared to lose what we've created. Yes, it's a political statement and yes, I'm a leftist, but this goes beyond that. The community



that's been built in the rotunda over the last 2 weeks is like nothing I've ever seen. The people have banded together and cooperated in a way that's more perfect and functional than any other. Of course it won't last forever. It's supported and held up by those on the outside and our common cause. That's what Rep. Hulseby didn't understand when he gave his speech on Sunday asking us to abandon our post. This isn't about a simple political maneuver for one issue. Look at the signs covering every wall. Feel the electricity. We don't want to see this go; losing this environment would be like the death of a friend. [MICHAEL ROY](#)







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The sense of community forming inside was reflected by this vision posted on a small card one morning in the hallway: *“What if the whole world was like this, every day? Free food. A free place to stay and sleep for everyone. No bosses, landlords, judges, or jails. Real Community. Action for social justice. Direct democracy. Consent. Autonomy. Mutual aid, helping without asking for anything in return. Inevitably, the time will come when we will have to leave this space. But if that weren’t so, would you ever leave? We are living in a vision of a world that could be. Will we quietly go back to our isolated lives and wage labor? Or will we create the world we want to live in?”*

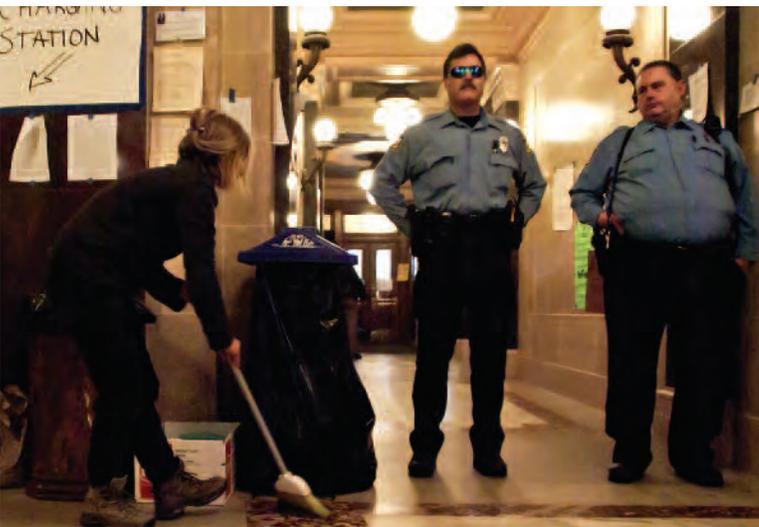
HARRIET ROWAN



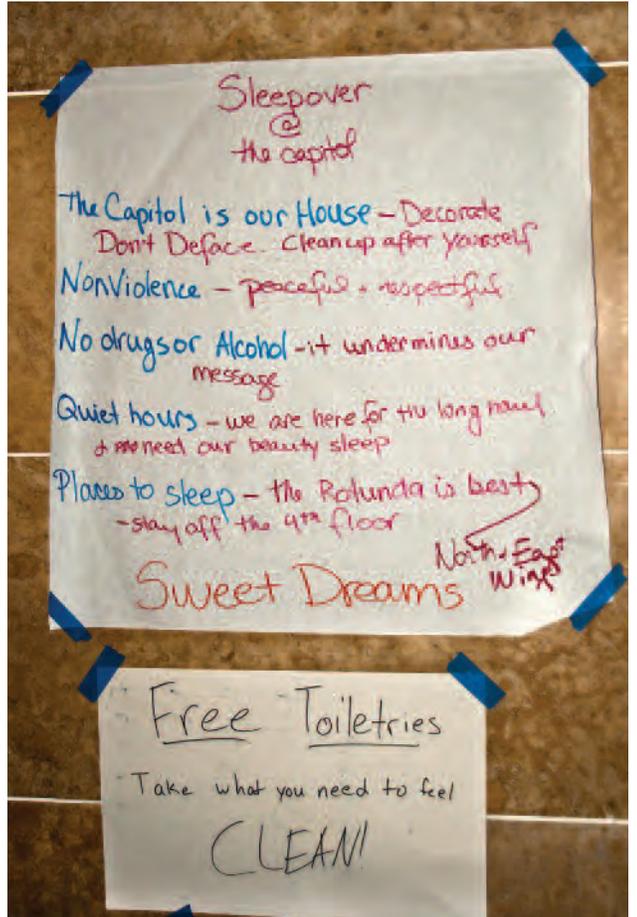


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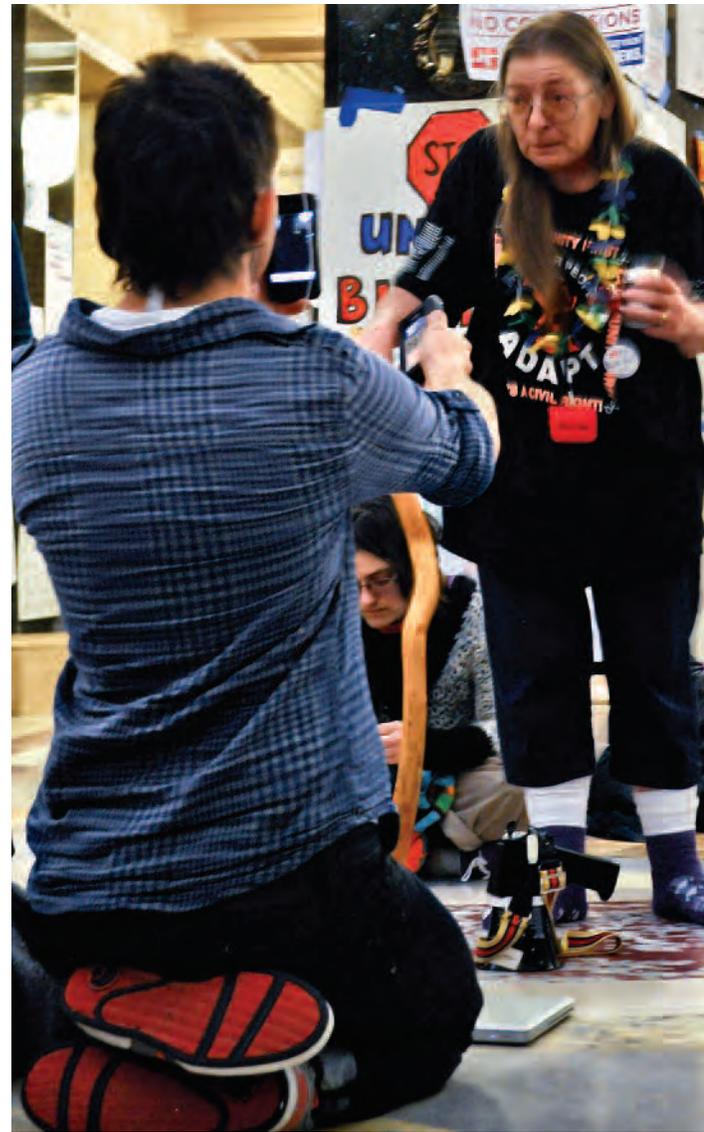
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Up until then there had been a constant low murmuring hum. The acoustics of that place are such that were there total silence, you could hear a pin drop from anywhere in the building, so when many are whispering and discussing in low voices scattered around the space, mixed with miscellaneous snoring, coughs, sneezes—with the occasional drone of a police scanner in a distant hallway—there becomes a sense of collective unconscious. Dreams spring out with exclamations and little phrases and mutterings, like we are one restless and unsettled body, an agitated collective mental continuum half asleep and half dreaming. The lady six feet from my head developed a terrific snore for about an hour in the night, interspersed with a few “oh shits” and apneatic collections of breath. When she stopped, someone from across the room took it up. Like bullfrogs in a pond. [JOHN RIGGS](#)

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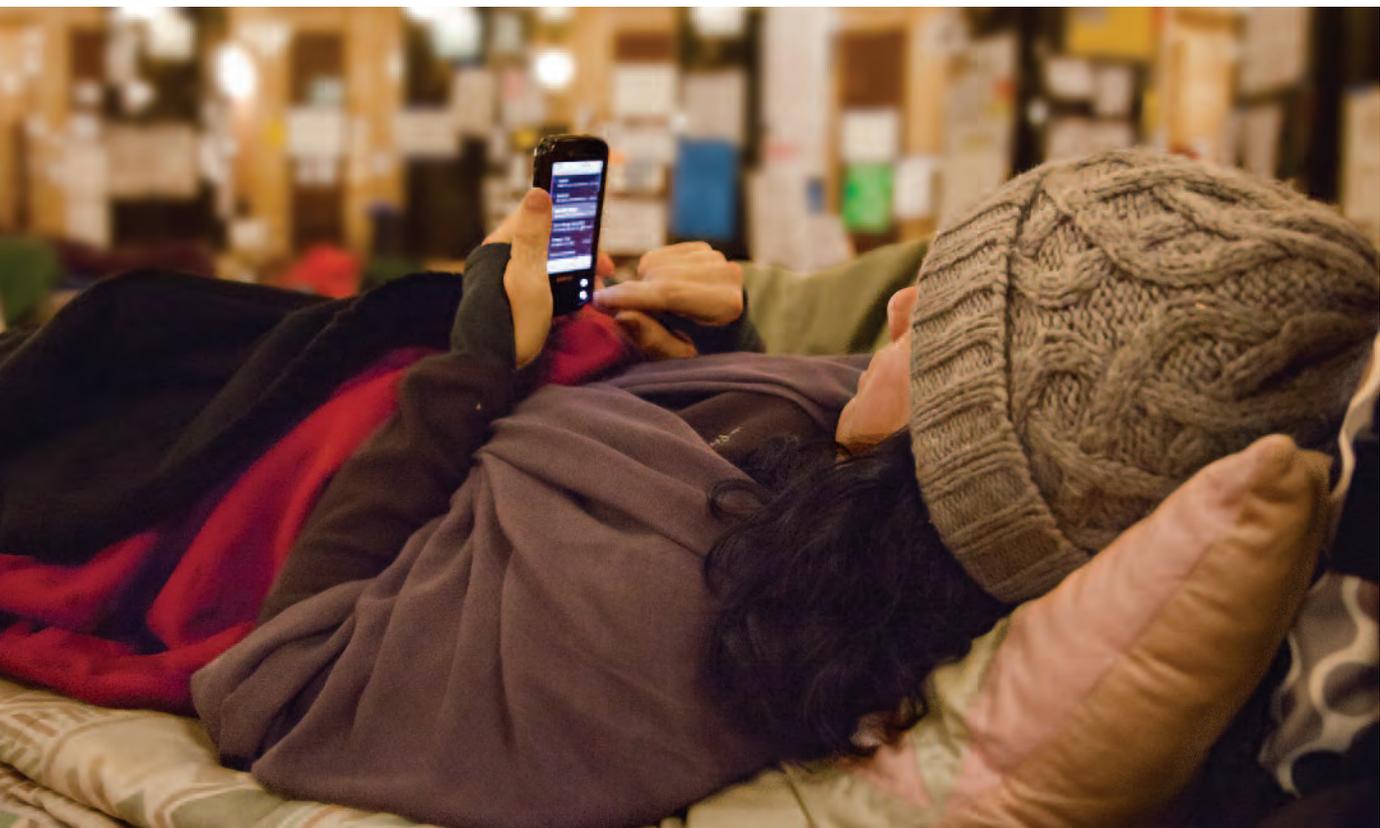
My family has been incredibly supportive. I saw my sister today. She came in was crying when she saw me. I think my daughter barely understands why I am so dedicated to it and it's really hard on her. Everyone else totally "gets it" though, and my parents have been here every day, outside or inside, and that's really inspiring because, you know, they always appreciated my dedication in the past, but now I feel like they have come themselves and so that's been... That just fills me with joy. But yeah, it's hard on my daughter I think. [WAJID JENKINS](#)





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This is the first time in my life I have seen so many people from so many different walks of life open to struggle. [WAJID JENKINS](#)

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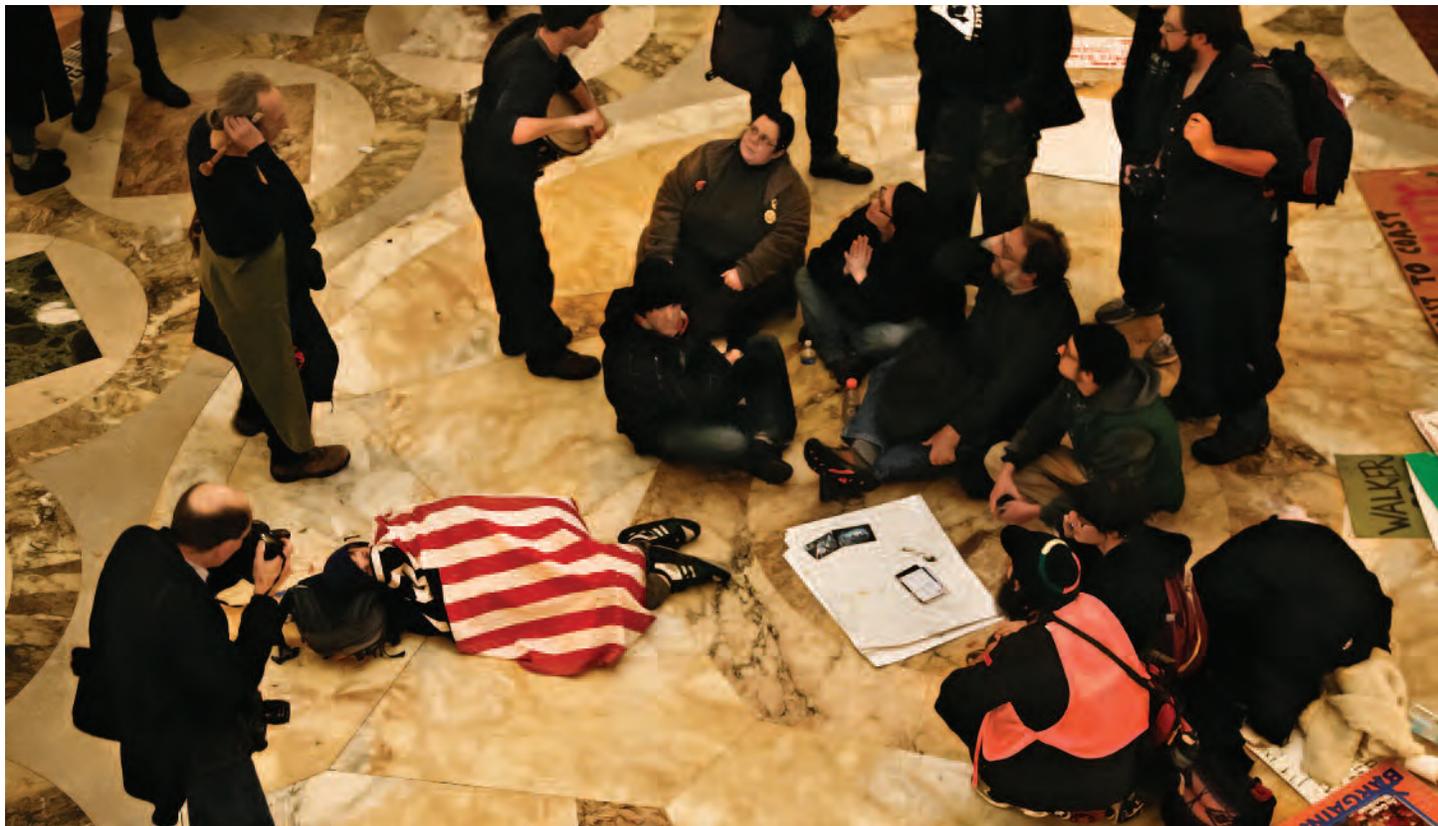
We've started a series of town hall meetings and these took a little organization and it also took a democratizing of the Rotunda space with the mic, because there were certain people who had megaphones and some people didn't and those people didn't give them up, so we actually had to "storm" the microphone. We very much replicate the outside world and the power structures that we were trained inside of. [WAJID JENKINS](#)





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I arrived at the Capitol this morning at approximately 9:30 AM finding entry barred. Ordinary citizens were being denied access. Citizens were being required to state their business and go through an arduous process to gain entry. I was to attend a meeting of the Joint Committee for Review of Administrative Rules. I had copies of correspondence with Senator Schultz' office (R-17). This gave some credibility to my statement that I had a reason for entry..... There have been protests at the capitol concerning pending legislation. There is controversy and intrigue around the legislation (2011 SB11) and around the Walker administration. I hope to attend the joint session of the legislature later today with Gov Walker speaking about the budget. The people are watching and are working together. The protests have been peaceful; having been denied other recourse, people are protesting. The people united cannot be defeated. At the time of this writing the capitol remains closed in spite of the judge's restraining order. God help the people of the great state of Wisconsin. I am John Dunn of Mauston, Juneau County, Wisconsin. 03/01/2011 [JOHN DUNN](#)





There have been only a thousand or less all afternoon on the King St. Steps. This morning there were only a few hundred. Several hundred Firefighters showed up in full dress regalia, with bagpipes making all sorts of racket, and were denied entrance by their fellow police officers. A truly delicate situation. They made several retreats, and advances, and Louis said they finally allowed ten or so in. Then the rest left. The various Unions are here in strength, and I spoke with many people today who came down just to hope beyond all hope that we can stop this monster in his tracks before he builds a real head of steam. [JOHN RIGGS](#)



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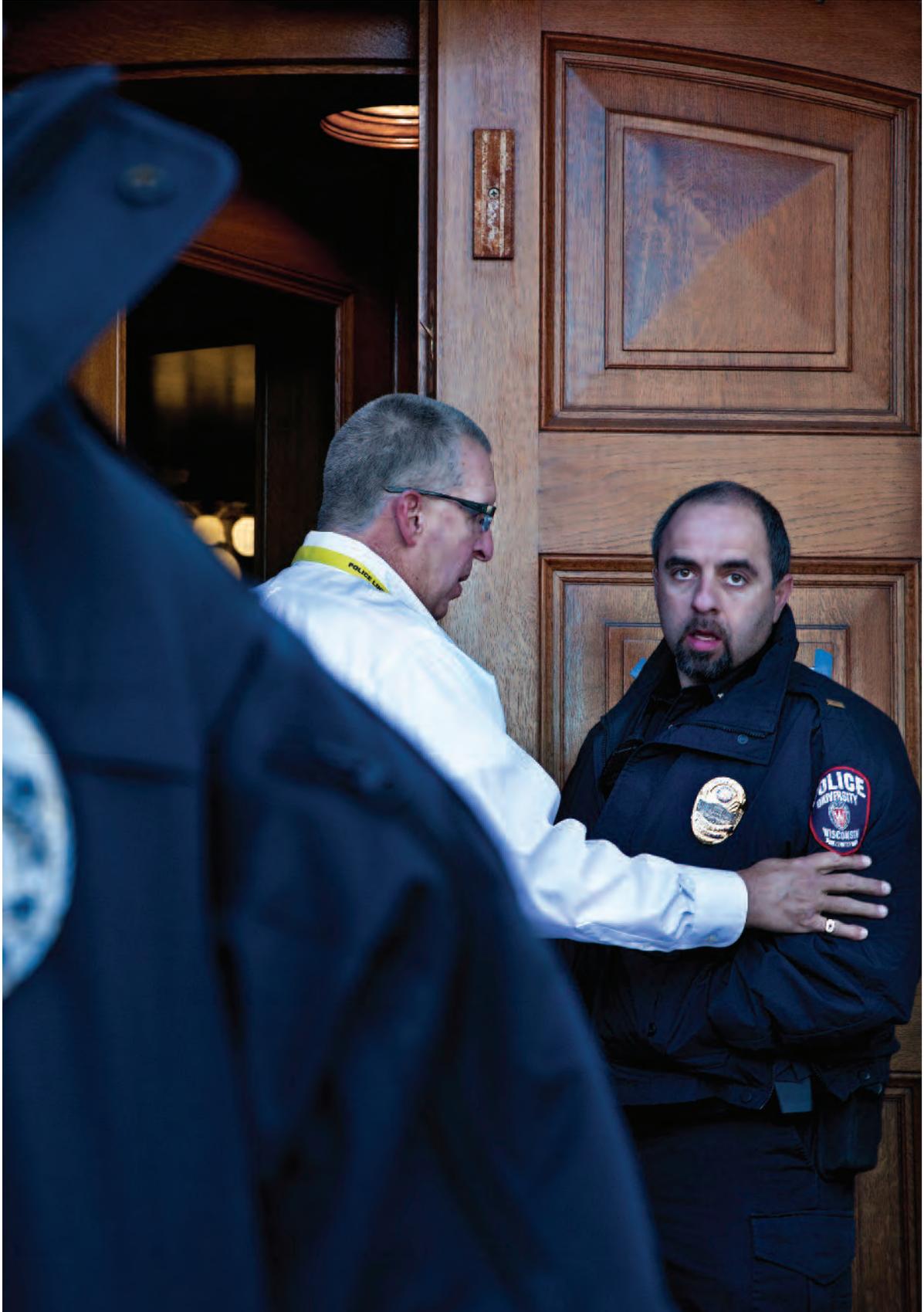
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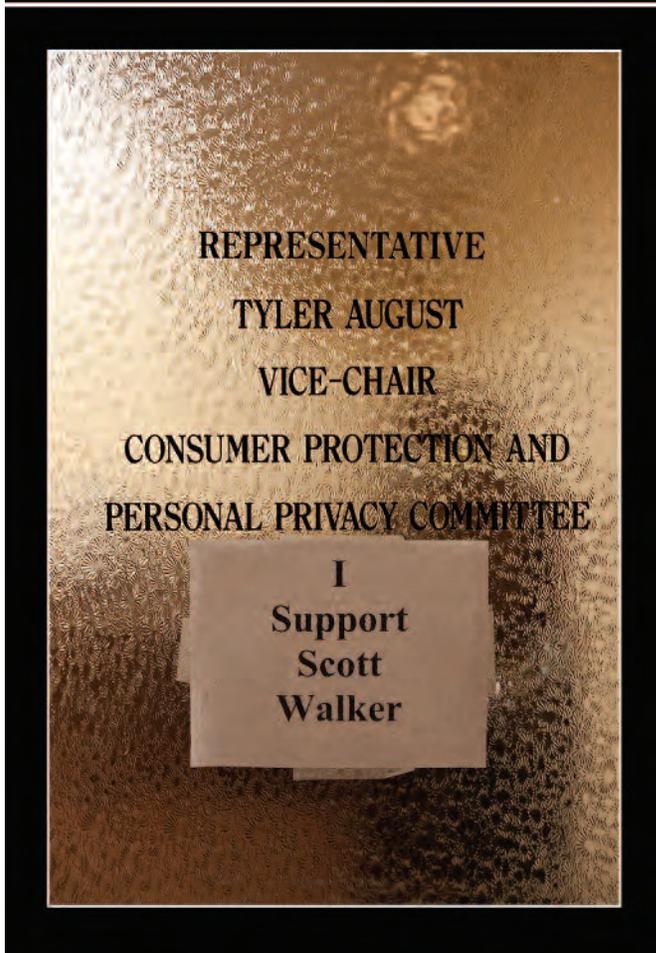
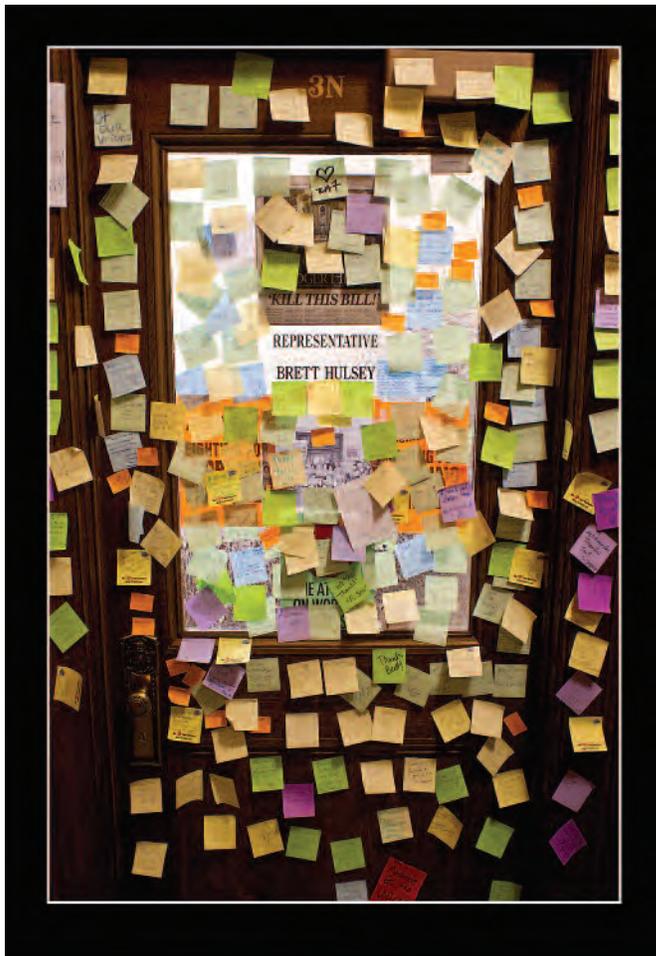
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Hearing from a friend on the inside that she anticipated a mass arrest situation or enough people converging that we were able to hold the capitol Sunday evening when the police announced they'd be removing everyone from the Capitol. I decided it was time to head to Madison. Arriving in Madison about 2pm on Sunday, the short walk between my friend's car in the parking structure and the capitol was the last time I've been outside. The few people that were inside the room that Walker made his address in said that not only could they hear us; they could literally feel the vibrations from all the ruckus we were making! I'm leaving today and driving back to Milwaukee. It's been an incredible few days in which I've experienced strangers cooperating and making these marble floors our home. Solidarity all! We're going to do this! [SHEA SCHACHAMEYER, MILWAUKEE, WI](#)





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"The legislature cannot prohibit an individual from entering the Capitol or its grounds." —Wisconsin State Constitution, Article 1, Section 4.

Today the Wisconsin Department of Administration barred more than 1,000 protesters from entering the state Capitol building, despite assurances from police last night that the Capitol would resume normal business hours and open at 8 a.m. After 2 weeks of non-violent protest, including a core group who have occupied the building day and night and peacefully resisted ejection under threat of arrest yesterday, Scott Walker is trying to clear us out before he jams the gallery with his supporters so he can look good for the cameras tomorrow afternoon when he announces his budget. [ANDREW COLE](#)



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The Capitol village has become the Madison version of the Paris Commune! A combination art installment and performance art space shrine to democracy.

DAVID TABRILIND





I was amazed how many people were able to coexist in one space so peacefully and still speak powerfully and adamantly about their concerns. We had a cohesive understanding. We all felt an incredible victory on Sunday as it was announced we could stay. People left with the intention of returning. Little did we know our minor victory would soon be lapsed by the shock of finding out the protestors were not allowed into the capitol. Our numbers slowly dwindled and we saw lobbyists and mainstream media chain faces. I saw paranoia seep in as people began to relieve stress in their different methods as well as individuals who I did not recognize from the protests trying to convince us to leave. Tensions were horribly high and fed into the feeling of breaks in our unity. [BRIDGETTE O'BRIEN](#)

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Right now, we aren't able to be replaced. Last week I could go home and see my daughter, get a shower and a shave. But right now, if we leave, that's it, there's no one else getting in, so, until we can get the building open again, we really need the support from the outside.

[WAJID JENKINS](#)



In the middle of the night is when the internal stress begins to exhibit itself. At 3:30 AM this morning one of the young men stood up in the center of the Rotunda and said over the sleepy hush, in full voice “OK, so is this the beginning of it? Why are you all up there looking down on us like that?” (referring to the ring of law enforcement on the balcony above). Under ordinary circumstances one would think: “paranoid delusions,” but when I peeked out from under my bandana (to shield from the light, which they would not turn down in the night) I did not think that. Many other heads were lifting as well to see what the ruckus was. Four or five came up to him, hugging him tight, rubbing his arms, soothing him. Two officers stepped forward past my head (I could smell the fresh oil on the one guy’s boots) to see if they were needed. His friends got him over to one side and sat down beside a pillar. Still he argued, more muffled now. The officers were smart enough to step back and let his friends have first go at him. He was clearly becoming unhinged, and finally the “meditator” came over. When he sat down next to the man with the troubled mind, something magical happened. I had a clear view, and by now they were facing me directly. I knew it was risky to try to get a picture of this, but I snuck off a couple shots anyway from behind my boots next to my face. Within a very few minutes the man relaxed in his demeanor, and then he was smiling, then I saw an actual laugh. After a few more minutes the man stood up, heaved a big sigh, and said to the meditator:

“well, I guess I’ll go try to relax a little,” and made his way back to his pad. The whole thing lasted maybe 45 minutes, and around 4:30 the background murmur went a little deeper—a little more snoring, a little less whispering. [JOHN RIGGS](#)





The conditions that we live in here are like those typically used in prisons for torture: no sleep, constant light, no access to daylight or fresh air, constant sound stimulation, so it tends to provoke unbalanced people to get further unbalanced and we've had to have some people removed. It's all been voluntary so far. [WAJID JENKINS](#)

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February 18 at 10:59am > Lost my voice. shouting from the heart. **February 20 at 3:53am** > Police started to tear up our posters because they are “making a mess”. We stopped them and removed all the posters ourselves. Peacefully. We're going to reuse them tomorrow. Tonight we are sleeping next to our posters! **February 20 at 4:09am** > finished a 7 hour shift as a Marshall. Saw a “radical extremist” painting a wonderful portrait of La Follette, young “crazy socialists” dancing and singing, and an “anarchistic” mother telling her two kids about the history of unions in the US and the importance of free speech. In some aspects, we already won. **February 21** > A very emotional police officer just hugged me and said thank you for all that you are doing. Wow! **February 24** > Sleeping at the capitol seems so natural now. it's hard to think about living anywhere else. **February 25** > Thanking walker for bringing us all together **February 25** > Town hall meeting now. The town—capitol. The hall—ground floor. The people—all of us! **February 27** > I've gotten so used to living in the capitol and knowing all the people here that i dont want to leave **February 28 at 3:50am** > We got over 300 pizzas! We were able to distribute 100 pizza plates to local homeless shelters. The rest we left outside of the capitol so we can eat them in the morning. **February 28 at 4:31am** > still at the capitol. Doing Marshaling, handing out food, and organizing bed supply. Tonight has been a long, but a very good night. We were able to out one brick at the base of Walker's wall. Soon the whole wall will collapse, and we WILL kill this bill! **March 1 at 12:23am** > salutes the more than 50 protesters who are sleeping outside the Capitol without tents, just bags and blankets. United we stand! **March 1 at 2:47am** > working on my data project in the capitol. Students are writing papers, some are grading papers. Others are reading class material. Never has the capitol looked so 'educated'! Also, decided that if the doors to the capitol are not open tomorrow I'm staying here. **March 2** > We have info and media stations, a volunteer duties list, bedding supplies storage and even a lending library. Who said we're not organized? **March 2** > Everywhere I go there's a cop watching me. Feels like a reverse prison. We can get out, but not in. **March 2** > We got a supply of underwear, socks and t-shirts! Morning at the capitol. Man, do i need to shave and a shower **March 32** > morning at the capitol. my back doesn't hurt. i guess i got used to sleeping on the floor **March 3 at 9:17am** > a very cold night at the capitol. i guess they are trying to freeze us out of here, but we are prepared. lots of blankets and sleeping bags. everyone shares everything. we are our own union/community now and we are getting organized. it's interesting how life inside and outside the capital are so different. we've created our own reality here. **March 3** > Getting out was amazing. Fresh air feels great. At the Irish pub, but really want to take a shower and go to bed

FACEBOOK AND TWITTER POSTS BY ITAY GABAY



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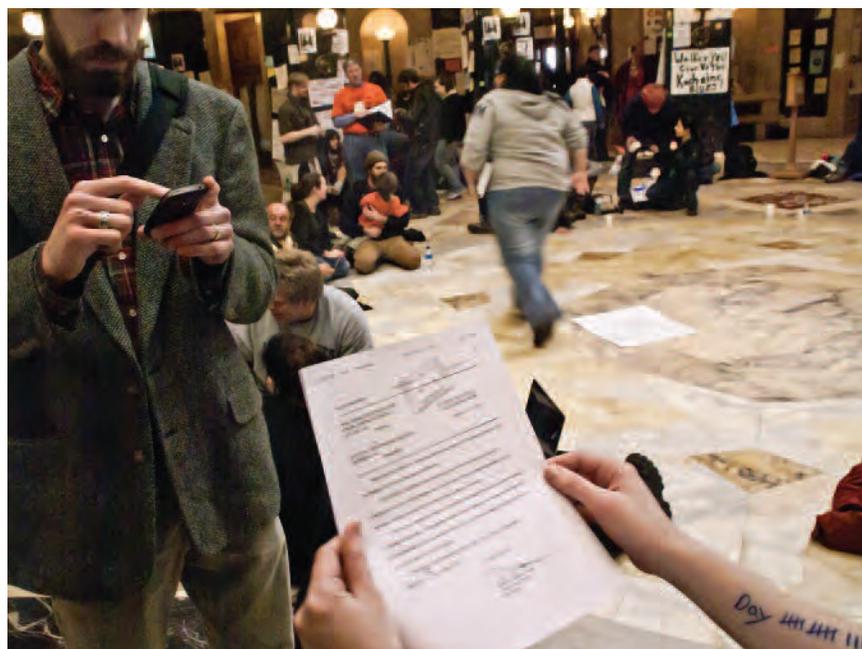
The secret entrances for food, smuggled from the outside through bathroom windows, had been discovered and bolted up. In spite of all—the bad food, bad air, no showers or much in the way of hygiene possible in the last 2-3 days since they stopped allowing anyone in. It would look bad to cut off food and water, but there are other ways to more subtly engage a siege. And what I found inside was definitely a sense of stress that their numbers were dwindling due to the success of this slow squeeze. [JOHN RIGGS](#)



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This is no longer a “subtle siege.” Yesterday before the budget speech W. ordered that no more food be allowed in the building. This morning there were still piles of stale(ing) bagels, some peanut butter, oranges, apples and bananas, misc chips and snacks. Basically Carbs and fruit. No coffee this morning. No more pizzas. I got in yesterday by stealth. I came out at 8:00 AM, thinking I wouldn’t have to go back in tonight. But the numbers are dwindling (fast) because everyone has something to attend to sooner or later. I just learned that the democratic senatorial staff is no longer working for their demo senators. Ta Dah! They are now working for republican senators! They can still get a few more people in before six tonight, but after that all bets are off. Looks and feels like a lockdown, like W. is ready to pull out all the stops and begin the final siege. I have a way back in if I can get there by 5:30, but most will not. [JOHN RIGGS](#)

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Moved onto the Rotunda floor itself tonight. Long meditations on the dome above in the midst of snores and low whispered conversations. It seems tonight (perhaps I could be hallucinating?) as if the structure of the dome has been serving these past weeks as a celestial collector of some kind of cosmic power, a democratic energy channeling itself through those collected inside. How many centuries before this building was built was this sacred hill, so situated between the sacred lakes, used for ritual purposes? Before we came, did the Native Americans have sufficiently sophisticated ritual technology to access the same energy without having to erect such a structure? Certainly those of us inside have been possessed by some higher sense of purpose, of mission. To step onto the rotunda floor in the context of this occupation is to step into the flow of history; to rejoin the human race, and accept that our personal fate is a shared one. Earth and sky connect here, and we are like lightning rods, opening to the energy flowing through us and enlightening our actions. How can anyone involved in this go out unchanged? [JOHN RIGGS](#)





Since I hadn't been in the building since last week, I was curious to see the changes since the "New Rules" have been implemented. The first shock came upon entering. The police officers who used to exchange friendly greetings with us and look on calmly while we chanted slogans and banged drums are now required to wand search everyone, even children. Cell phones and keys are placed in airport style plastic tubs while each person spreads eagle for the search. The next pang of disappointment came as I walked around the familiar rotunda. Gone were thousands of signs that used to decorate the hallways, stairwells and balconies that surround the rotunda. MoveOn.org's 10, 776 posted with blue tape email complaints against Gov. Walker were conspicuously missing. "Capitol City" as it was dubbed—the information station, free food table, family area, medic area, the computer/cell phone charging area, had disappeared. The New Rules state that no drums, megaphones, buckets or noise makers can be brought inside. Nevertheless, people were doggedly clapping hands and chanting, "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Scott Walker has got to go!" Gov. Walker may think that he's taken the teeth from the tiger, but he is sadly mistaken. We simply will spring back in greater number with newly morphed ways of getting attention. As another favorite sign from this protest reads, "Screw us, Scott, and we multiply." Though we are treated like possible criminals, we keep coming back with civility, dignity and poise. This is something that Scott Walker cannot take away. Our work, my progressive friends, has just begun. [JENNIFER WOLFE](#)

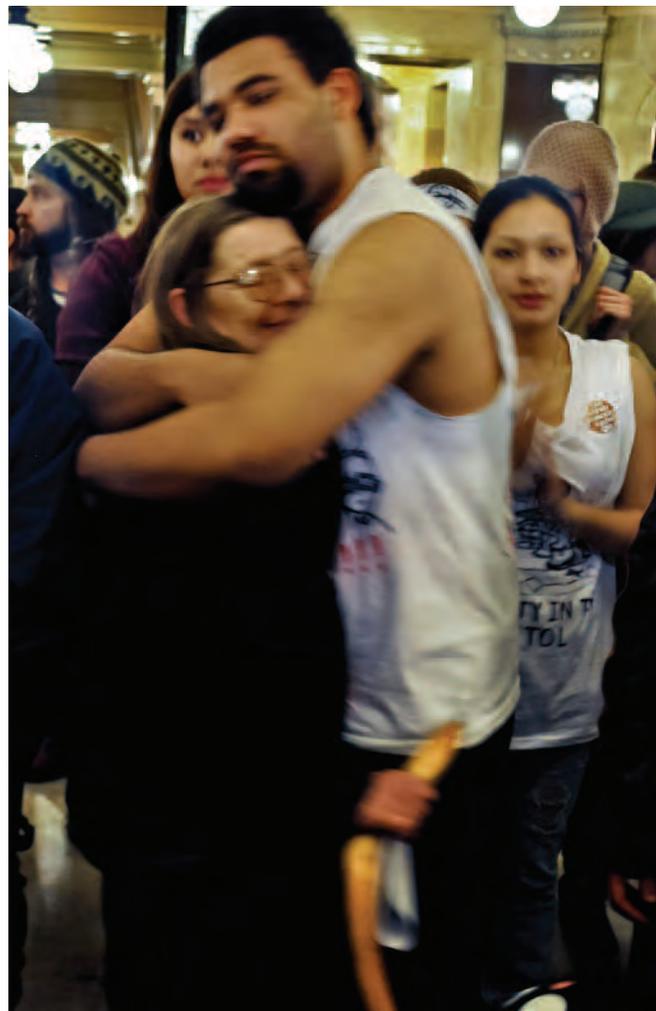




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The absence of fear in the face of intimidation and endless threats by an increasingly hostile police presence has been most remarkable. I've seen and talked and walked with many brave people this week who will be emerging out of this pressure cooker—contained by this totally magical architectural space that can only have built for one purpose, to collect and focus spiritual power for the purpose of furthering democracy—to what? To a life of accommodation and quiet despair? I think not. I would hope rather to a loving and balanced life creatively committed to the alleviation of suffering and constructing a better world. [JOHN RIGGS](#)





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These are the people who will not just go home; these are people who will bring us into this new phase of history that is just now opening. We are the people of the future. We are the movement we've been waiting for. [LUIS BRENNEN](#)



Inside, at Night—Origins of an Uprising

Note: since this is a fundraiser, we are having a two-tier sales policy, based on ability to pay. Most of the photographers are contributing their share of the sales to the recall effort. On average, 60% of sales of all prints and all exhibit catalogues will go directly to the recall effort, 40% helping to defray printing costs, gallery overhead, and the cost of publishing the book beyond the proceeds of the Kickstarter fund. We want everyone who wants images to be able to afford to have them, but if you are able, we ask that you pay at the higher rate. Pricing is aggressively low to encourage sales and raise more money for the recall.

#1-MA_0741, Capitol Dome, by Matthew Apps, 24 x 36" B&W, not for sale

#2-WH_Mubarek/Walker, by Willy Hausner, 8 x 9" \$18/\$32

#3-NH_3184, At the Governor's Door, by Nataraj Hauser, 13 x 20" B & W \$65/\$116

#4-NH_2014, Not Unions, by Nataraj Hauser, 14 x 20" \$70/\$126

#5-KJ_0486, Lafollette, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36

#6-NH_2632, Sleep Over, by Nataraj Hauser, 7 x 9" \$16/\$28

#7-BN_8799, Crowd, by Brent Nicastro, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158.00

#8-DS_4333, Flag Waver, by Don Sylvester, 18 x 20" \$90/\$162

#9-DS_5513, Holding Child, by Don Sylvester, 7 x 8" \$14/\$24

#10-KJ_0636, Protest, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36

#11-NH_2760, Sleeper, by Nataraj Hauser, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32

#12-BN_8691, Wisconsin Flag, by Brent Nicastro, 12 x 18" \$54/\$98

#13-BN_8439, Under the Flag, by Brent Nicastro, 12 x 18" \$54/\$98

#14-TM_6810, Laptop, by Tom McInville, 11 x 17" \$46/\$84

#15-DB_3075, Chore List, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36

#16-DB_2292, Study Group, by Douglas Bosley, 10 x 16" \$40/\$72

#17-JR_2151, Group Hug, by John Riggs, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68

#18-DS_5590, Safety Lesson, by Don Sylvester, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36

#19-TM_6759, Dancing, by Tom McInville, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68

#20-DB_0981, Circle, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36

#21-JR_2684, Juggling, by John Riggs, 10 x 13" \$32/\$58

#22-DS_4775, Dancing, by Don Sylvester, 6 x 10" \$15/\$27

#23-BN_8711, Breakdancing, by Brent Nicastro, 11 x 17" \$47/\$84

#24-JR_2042, Police Row, by John Riggs, 16 x 23" \$92/\$166

#25-TM_6801, Two Guys, by Tom McInville, 9 x 14" \$32/\$57

#26-TM_6806, Two Women, by Tom McInville, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68

#27-DB_2107, Hallway, by Douglas Bosley, 11 x 16" \$44/\$80

#28-NH_2652, Two Laptops, by Nataraj Hauser, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32

#29-DB_2353, T-Shirt Fist, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 9" \$18/\$32

#30-JR_2697, Sleeping Bag Race #1, by John Riggs, 14 x 17" \$60/\$108

#31-JR_2690, Sleeping Bag Race #2, by John Riggs, 11 x 15" \$42/\$74

#32-JR_2685, Sleeping Bag Race #3, by John Riggs, 12 x 15" \$45/\$81

#33-JR_2700, Sleeping Bag Race #4, by John Riggs, 12 x 15" \$45/\$81

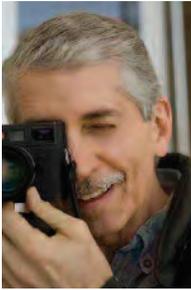
#34-JR_2730, Sleeping, by John Riggs, 12 x 18" B&W \$54/\$97

#35-DB_0456, Shut Down, by Douglas Bosley, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #36-KJ_0568, Sleeping, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #37-JR_2059, Stairs & Cops, by John Riggs, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158
 #38-DS_5314, Sleeping, by Don Sylvester, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #39-JR_2748, Sleeping, by John Riggs, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #40-NH_3039, Nesting, by Nataraj Hauser, 8 x 10" B&W \$20/\$36
 #41-KJ_0555, Sleeping, by Katie Jesse, 13 x 19" \$62/\$112
 #42-JR_2050, Cops at Night, by John Riggs, 14 x 18" B&W \$63/\$114
 #43-DB_3161, Passing out Bedding, by Douglas Bosley, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #44-JR_2182, Sleeping in Rotunda, by John Riggs, 24 x 36" \$216/\$388
 #45-TM_6755, Crowd on Cell, by Tom McInville, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #46-BN_8901, Rotunda from Above, by Brent Nicastro, 23 x 34" \$196/\$352
 #47-DS_6306, Camera from Below, by Don Sylvester, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #48-JR_1990, New Arrival, by John Riggs, 9 x 21" \$48/\$86
 #49-BN_1515, Legislators at Window, by Brent Nicastro, 12 x 18" \$54/\$98
 #50-BN_9265, Assembly in Session, by Brent Nicastro, 12 x 18" \$54/\$98
 #51-BN_9248, Two Assemblymen, by Brent Nicastro, 11 x 16" \$44/\$79
 #52-JR_2159, Task Group, by John Riggs, 15 x 16" \$60/\$108
 #53-TM_6791, Sleeping, by Tom McInville, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #54-TM_6787, Woman & Cops, by Tom McInville, 10 x 16" \$40/\$72
 #55-DS_4260, Time Out, by Don Sylvester, 7 x 8" \$14/\$25
 #56-NH_2804, Calling Home, by Nataraj Hauser, 8 x 10" B&W \$20/\$36
 #57-JR_2675, Baby & Cell Phone, by John Riggs, 10 x 14" \$35/\$63
 #58-NH_1948, Si Se Puede!, by Nataraj Hauser, 14 x 18" \$63/\$113
 #59-JR_2048, We Guard Criminals, by John Riggs, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158
 #60-KJ_0438, Two Women, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #61-NH_5673, Food Table, by Nataraj Hauser, 11 x 17" \$47/\$84
 #62-DB_2894, Dessert, by Douglas Bosley, 12 x 15" \$45/\$81
 #63-NH_5876, Making Signs, by Nataraj Hauser, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #64-NH_3403, Free Coffee, by Nataraj Hauser, 8 x 9" \$18/\$32
 #65-JR_2715, Cops Above, by John Riggs, 15 x 24" \$90/\$162
 #66-DS_4379, Megaphone, with Child, by Don Sylvester, 7 x 9" \$16/\$29
 #67-DS_0640, Crowd in Rotunda, by Don Sylvester, 16 x 20" \$80/\$144
 #68-DB_2545, Ms. Frizzle, by Douglas Bosley, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68
 #69-BN_1414, Chief Tubbs & Jesse Jackson, by Brent Nicastro, 14 x 14" \$49/\$88
 #70-LP_1671, "I Love my Teachers," by Leslie Peterson, 11 x 16" \$44/\$79
 #71-DB_1729, Training, by Douglas Bosley, 10 x 16" \$40/\$72
 #72-DB_2685, Conference, by Douglas Bosley, 9 x 15" \$34/\$61
 #73-DB_2806, "Traditional Hierarchy," by Douglas Bosley, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
 #74-JR_2065, Drumming, by John Riggs, 12 x 17" \$51/\$92
 #75-JR_2141, Drum Circle, by John Riggs, 14 x 18" B&W, \$63/\$114
 #76-DB_3130, Circle Dance, by Douglas Bosley, 11 x 16" \$44/\$79
 #77-NH_2614, "Shhhh," by Nataraj Hauser, 12 x 18" \$54/\$97

#78-DB_1548, Blurry Crowd, by Douglas Bosley, 18 x 17" \$76/\$138
 #79-TM_6775, Nighttime Rotunda, by Tom McInville, 10 x 16" \$40/\$72
 #80-DB_1276, Drummer, with Hat, by Douglas Bosley, 11 x 15" \$41/\$74
 #81-JR_2158, Chanting, by John Riggs, 11 x 16" B&W, \$44/\$79
 #82-DS_4744, Little Drummer, by Don Sylvester, 7 x 9" \$16/\$28
 #83-DB_2548, Melissa w/ Baby, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #84-BN_2158, "Liar," by Brent Nicastro, 18 x 22" \$99/\$178
 #85-JR_2143, Night Pan in Rotunda, by John Riggs, 11 x 22" \$60/\$109
 #86-NH_3047, Painting Thistle, by Nataraj Hauser, 12 x 16" \$48/\$86
 #87-JR_2709, Yoga Class, by John Riggs, 14 x 20" \$70/\$126
 #88-NH_2785, Cop on Cell & Sign, by Nataraj Hauser, 14 x 20" \$70/\$126
 #89-DB_2501, Food Table #1, by Douglas Bosley, 10 x 16" \$40/\$72
 #90-BN_2163, Medics, by Brent Nicastro, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #91-DB_2490, Food Table #2, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #92-DB_2962, Cleaning the Mats, by Douglas Bosley, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158
 #93-NH_2843, Sleepover Rules, by Nataraj Hauser, 7 x 9" \$16/\$28
 #94-DB_2831, Sweeper & Cops, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20./\$36
 #95-KJ_0545, Bedtime, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20./\$36
 #96-DB_2224, T-Shirt Signs, by Douglas Bosley, 10 x 15" B&W, \$38/\$68
 #97-KJ_0615, Rudi, by Katie Jesse, 6 x 9" \$14/\$24
 #98-JR_2153, Conference, by John Riggs, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68
 #99-DB_1788, Massage, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" B&W, \$20/\$36
 #100-JR_2726, Media Center at Night, by John Riggs, 14 x 17" \$60/\$107
 #101-JR_2725, 2:00 A.M., by John Riggs, 14 x 21" \$74/\$132
 #102-DB_1775, 2:30 A.M., by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #103-JR_2571, 3:00 A.M., by John Riggs, 12 x 15" B&W, \$45/\$81
 #104-JR_2731, 3:30 A.M., by John Riggs, 14 x 18" B&W, \$63/\$113
 #105-JR_2722, 4:00 A.M., by John Riggs, 12 x 16" B&W, \$48/\$86
 #106-TM_6811, 4:30 A.M., by Tom McInville, 7 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #107-DS_5683, Next Day, by Don Sylvester, 5 x 10" \$14/\$23
 #108-BN_8612, Chanting, by Brent Nicastro, 11 x 16" \$44/\$79
 #109-DS_5530, Democratic Assemblymen Vertical Pan, by Don Sylvester, 24 x 52" \$312/\$562
 #110-JR_1948, Rotunda Pan from Above, by John Riggs, 17 x 18" \$76/\$138
 #111-BN_8803, Approach to Assembly, by Brent Nicastro, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158
 #112-JR_2007, Showdown, by John Riggs, 18 x 43" \$194/\$348
 #113-KJ_0436, Yoga Time, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
 #114-JR_2035, Holding the Ground, by John Riggs, 11 x 17" \$47/\$84
 #115-NH_4940, Office Hours, by Nataraj Hauser, 16 x 16" \$64/\$115
 #116-BN_8889, Firefighters on 1st Floor, by Brent Nicastro, 12 x 22" \$66/\$119
 #117-KJ_0414, Firefighters W/Bagpipes, by Katie Jesse, 11 x 17" \$47/\$84
 #118-BN_0307, Cops Wandering Firefighters, by Brent Nicastro, 15 x 18" \$68/\$122
 #119-JR_2088, Angel, by John Riggs, 11 x 13" \$36/\$64
 #120-BN_8429, Firefighters Outside, by Brent Nicastro, 12 x 16" B&W\$48/\$86

#121-NH_5950, Cops at the Door, by Nataraj Hauser, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
#122-TM_6507, Trying to Get In, by Tom McInville, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
#123-NH_6029, Bolted Bathroom Window, by Nataraj Hauser, 6 x 9" \$14/\$24
#124-JR_2654, King St. Door Chief w/ Boss, by John Riggs, 8 x 11" \$22/\$40
#125-BN_8808, Representative Doors, by Brent Nicastro, 8 x 22" \$44/\$79
#126-BN_1393, Chanting on Bridge, by Brent Nicastro, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158
#127-BN_1426, Women's Trio, by Brent Nicastro, 10 x 18" \$45/\$81
#128-LP_1436, Return to Rotunda, by Leslie Peterson, 10 x 18" \$45/\$81
#129-BN_8665, Kill the Bill Kids, by Brent Nicastro, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68
#130-JR_2665, Return to Rotunda, by John Riggs, 13 x 16" \$52/\$94
#131-LP_1431, Ruckus during Budget Address, by Leslie Peterson, 12 x 18" \$54/\$97
#132-JR_2681, Hygiene Lecture, by John Riggs, 11 x 14" \$38/\$69
#133-KJ_0530, General Assembly, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
#134-DB_2619, Drumming, by Douglas Bosley, 12 x 15" \$45/\$81
#135-DS_5229, McMahon Speaking, by Don Sylvester, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
#136-KJ_0500, Drum Circle, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
#137-JR_2583, Talking Down the Faster, by John Riggs, 15 x 18" \$68/\$122
#138-TM_6796, Sleeper & Reader, by Tom McInville, 10 x 15" \$38/\$68
#139-JR_2747, Sleeper, by John Riggs, 11 x 19" \$52/\$94
#140-JR_2581, At Night, by John Riggs, 12 x 20" \$60/\$108
#141-JR_2857, Siege, by John Riggs, 15 x 32" \$120/\$216
#142-DB_0847, Medics, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 11" B&W, \$22/\$40
#143-KJ_0644, Erica w/ Cell, by Katie Jesse, 7 x 9" \$16/\$28
#144-KJ_0640, Protest Mom, by Katie Jesse, 7 x 9" \$16/\$28
#145-KJ_0524, News, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
#146-DB_0644, Letter & Cell, by Douglas Bosley, 8 x 10" \$20/\$36
#147-LP_1693, Balloon Release, by Leslie Peterson, 13 x 20" \$65/\$117
#148-JR_1968, First Floor from Below, by John Riggs, 16 x 22" \$88/\$158
#149-TM_6802, Supreme Court, by Tom McInville, 12 x 18" \$54/\$97
#150-TM_6795, Two Cops & Gate, by Tom McInville, 9 x 13" \$29/\$53
#151-KJ_0639, Reading Judges Decision, by Katie Jesse, 15 x 20" B&W, \$75/\$135
#152-KJ_0649, Victory, by Katie Jesse, 11 x 17" \$47/\$84
#153-DB_3172, Working it Out, by Douglas Bosley, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
#154-KJ_0655, Police Relations, by Katie Jesse, 13 x 18" \$58/\$105
#155-KJ_0656, Leaving, by Katie Jesse, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
#156-KJ_0661, Outside, by Katie Jesse, 8 x 10 B&W \$20/\$36
#157-KJ_0675, Afterwards, by Katie Jesse, 7 x 10" \$18/\$32
#158-KJ_0718, Koch Impersonator w/ Occupiers, by Katie Jesse, 10 x 16" \$40/\$72
#159-KJ_0722, Harriet & Erica Mug Shot, by Katie Jesse, 11 x 15" \$41/\$74
#160-JR_2949, Shame, by John Riggs, 23 x 36" \$207/\$370

Photographers



Brent Nicastro

Brent Nicastro has been a Madison-based photographer for more than thirty-three years. He attended the University of Wisconsin and received a Bachelor of Science degree in journalism in 1977. His photographs have appeared in hundreds of publications throughout the world, including *Time*, *People*, *Money*, *Elle*, *USA Today*, *Outside*, *Parade*, and in numerous textbooks, calendars, trade publications and newspapers. From 1995 through 2010, he was chief photographer for the Wisconsin State Legislature, a position which afforded him unique access to cover the uprising that occurred there just weeks after leaving that position. His popular book, *Madison—Photography by Brent Nicastro*, originally published in 1999, was recently released in an updated version by the University of Wisconsin Press. In June 2011, he self-published, *We Are Wisconsin*, a photographic chronology of the anti-Walker protests. He is a life member of the American Society of Media Photographers, an organization comprised of many of the most accomplished photographers in the country. Nicastro resides on Madison's east side with Nora Cusack, his wife and partner of thirty-eight years, and their two cats.



Nataraj Hauser

Nataraj Hauser operates **eyeDance Studio Photography** in downtown Madison, specializing in boudoir and conventional portraits. Long interested in politics (in his first eligible vote he campaigned for John Anderson), Nataraj was among the first protesters to wake up to the shenanigans of brand-new Governor Walker. He and his camera were in and around the Capitol daily from Feb. 15th through the end of March, and frequently thereafter. The protests prompted him to secure a press pass, granting him less-restricted access to the events. His protest photographs were used by *Isthmus*, and also picked up for use by the Swedish and Italian press (long before US media began paying attention). Nataraj's other interests include being a dancer with Cycropia Aerial Dance (Madison's most unique dance company), and he is an avid motorcyclist. He has been married 24 years to his beautiful wife, Reena. www.eyedance.biz



Tom McInville

Tom has a BS/BA in Art History with an undeclared minor in Art from UW-Madison and an MA in Art from same. He has served for 11 years on the faculty of **UW-Madison-Extension** and is a long time Madison photo educator. He owns and operates Studio M in Madison, where he specializes in major fashion, hair, and beauty photography. His client list is long, from design magazines, fashion designers, and artists to Fortune 500 companies and Mom and Pop shops around the corner. His best gig: 10 years as special assignment photographer for the **United States Olympic Team**. He has been a general member of ASMP since 1988, and his work is published often both in the states and internationally. Statement: "Photography is not a process created in the mind like painting or drawing, rather a collaborative effort including many elements, conditions and situations. For me

pictures start with narrative and if lucky end in metaphor and symbolism. We create nothing—we simply design what is in the viewfinder with one eye looking forward toward post-production.”



John Riggs

With the exception of 25 years as an engineer and businessman to earn a living and raise a family, John Riggs has been a photographer all his life. Since his conversion to digital capture in 2006 he has mounted five solo shows and one duo show in the Madison area, plus participating in numerous group and juried shows. With the proceeds from the sale of his last business, he recently opened **Tamarack Studio & Gallery** in downtown Madison, freeing himself to mount shows such as *“Inside, at Night.”*



Katie Jesse

Katie is a working artist who lives in Milwaukee, WI. She has a degree in fine arts from the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee and works part time for the **Milwaukee Public Theatre**—a non-profit, community-based theatre company that has a focus on socially relevant theatre for all ages. She is an activist who works with **Planned Parenthood Advocates of Wisconsin, 9 to 5—the National Organization for Working Women, A Broader Vocabulary Cooperative**, and **Wisconsin Jobs Now**, as well as putting in time with her local neighborhood grocery co-op. Katie has had the privilege of helping several of her close friends get elected to local and state legislative positions, and has a commitment to documenting social change in a variety of mediums, including photography, painting, theatre and puppet making.



Don Sylvester

Don has been an active photographer since his youth, and has studied with Tom McInville of Madison for many years. The self-taught editor of his college yearbook, he is an active member of and has exhibited with **The Center for Photography at Madison**, the **Wisconsin Visual Artists**, and the **Madison Art Guild**. He says: *“People are the best subjects for photography. They are also the most challenging, as any one person’s expressions change rapidly and continuously. Add two or more people together and the complexity of interactions grows exponentially. The challenge for a photographer-journalist is to bring clarity, order, and meaning to the confusion without staging or manipulating the people.”*



Douglas Bosley

Born and raised in the upper Mojave Desert of Southern California, Douglas Bosley eventually found himself in rainy Washington by 1997. He graduated from Western Washington University in 2009 with a bachelor’s of fine arts in printmaking and is currently pursuing graduate work in art at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.



Leslie Peterson

Leslie Peterson is a long-time Madison based activist who has been documenting social justice issues in the US and Central America for almost thirty years. She was heavily involved in the anti-apartheid Shantytown protests at Wisconsin State Capitol in 1986, which demanded the divestiture of the University of Wisconsin from South Africa. Leslie arrived at the Capitol on February 15, 2011 just in time to see her son, Marley, along with more than 800 Madison East High School students, arrive in the Rotunda to show support for their teachers and to protest cuts to public education. She assisted the TAA with procuring food, coffee and supplies during the Occupation, and afterwards helped organize the Free Food table visible at rallies and in Walkerville. A free-lance Spanish medical interpreter and small business owner of the local “Amsterdam” stores (Amsterdam Madison on Facebook), Leslie is fortunate enough to be able to visit the Capitol daily, with her WYOU press pass, to document other community activists and the progress of the continuing protests, focusing her efforts on the mylar heart balloon that resides in the dome. “Home is where the heart is”.



Matthew Apps

Matt Apps is a Wisconsin native working as an Internet Product Manager at a Fortune 500 company in Madison, Wisconsin. Holding Bachelors and Masters in Business from the University of Wisconsin, Matt is a self-taught photographer and is the child of the digital era, having never shot with a film camera. Matt's photographic obsession started while visiting Paris in 2002—an easy inspiration. After some early success selling stock photos, Matt continued documenting his vacations and shooting everything in sight. In 2007, Matt's photography matured when he began regularly attending Tom McInville's master classes. It was during these assignments he learned to shoot less and think more, while incorporating more narrative and significance into his photos. It continues to be a lifelong struggle. In 2011, Matt embarked on a photo-a-day project, creating a picture each calendar day of the year. During this time, Matt also increased effort in his band and rock concert photography, and is currently the house photographer for a number of prominent clubs and venues in the Madison area. The photo “The Great World Above” was shot with an 8mm lens during a visit to the capitol with his son Ian for his photo-a-day project. You can see more of Matt's photography at www.mattappsphotography.com.