

A Song for the Asking
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and

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Hello to All:

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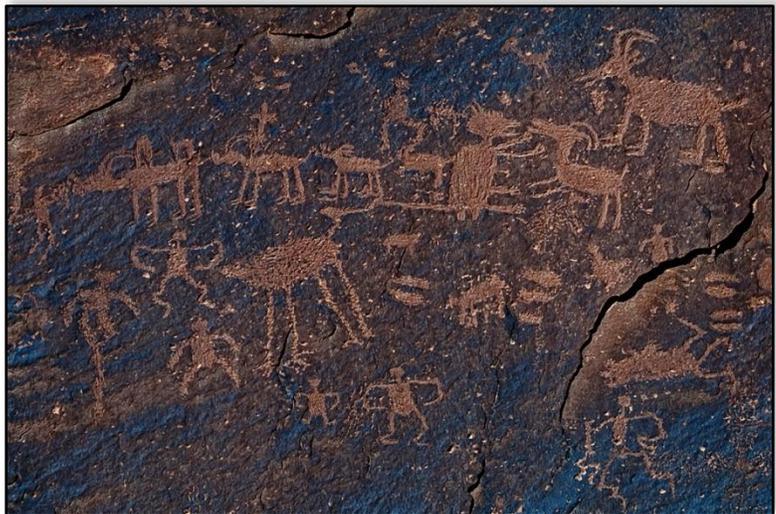
In the Halls of Science, or Something That Passes for It

Extensive geographic study had led Powell to one incontrovertible fact: that the land laws of the United States were fatally ill adapted to the realities of the arid West. Homesteads of 160 acres were too big for family-scale irrigation agriculture and too small for ranches. And neither aggregated homesteads nor any other means of land tenure available under the law suited the needs of communities in the arid lands for collective organization. Powell began to campaign for legislative reform in 1878 with the publication of his far-seeing Report on the Lands of the Arid Region, and he did not cease to battle for change until he suffered political death at the hands of an angry Congress more than a dozen years later.

William deBuys

from *Seeing Things Whole The Essential John Wesley Powell*

There is a panel on a Navajo Sandstone wall that forms the first vertical rise above the San Juan River some four miles southwest of Bluff, Utah. The panel is easily one hundred yards in width, and the fact that the river itself is over a quarter of a mile from the wall at this point would indicate that the stream is generally slow-flowing here and that the gradient is moderately shallow. On the panel are some very interesting examples of rock art chipped into the ancient patina that has formed over the surface of the stone during the thousands of years that it has been exposed: animals and human figures; mythological expressions of the humpbacked flute player Kokopelli; geometric renderings of cosmological significance; and others. There is obvious graffiti as well: the testament to man's never-ending capacity to deface, for any number of reasons,



How Does Your Garden Grow?

the communicatory undertakings of his fellow beings.

The figures on the panel have been variously dated at between 800 and 2,500 years in age, and perhaps as old as 6,500 years before the present. To me they show this: they show people who were so deeply connected to, joined with, the place where they lived that they existed within it seamlessly, without contradiction or conflict. Perhaps they were in conflict with each other, but with respect to the land they knew only harmony.

I don't mean to be rhetorical, but have you ever known such a place; have you ever lived in such a place? Have you ever **felt** such a connection with any spot on the Earth's surface, such that you could describe those feelings readily and also the circumstances under which you would feel them? For the dwellers of the deserts of the American Southwest, such a capacity must have seemed commonplace for thousands of years. For **John Wesley Powell**, such a capacity must have seemed more akin to destiny.



A Different Slant on Things

I recall the conclusion of one of my very favorite **Barry Lopez** essays, *Searching for Ancestors*, in the collection entitled **Crossing Open Ground**. Describing a backpacking trip he had undertaken into a remote area of Grand Canyon National Park with a pair of Park Service research anthropologists to learn more than he knew of the desert culture we know as Anasazi, at the very end he said this, "I lie there recalling the land as if the Anasazi were something that had once bloomed in it." It is a hugely appropriate metaphor, for in a very real way the Anasazi were like flowers in a largely barren ground;

and when the land would no longer support their inflorescence, they simply disappeared. The Anasazi perception that told them how they fit in their world might well be considered as a more intuitive approach to cognition, which we usually associate with right-brain functioning, and includes such aspects as problem solving through attention to hunches, noticing similarities, being fluid and spontaneous, preferring elusive and uncertain information, and having a preference for drawing and manipulating objects.

In most of the features of his life and work, John Wesley Powell was just the opposite: As much as he was an explorer



Science, or Something Like It

and drawn to the beauty of the natural world, he was also a scientist; and scientists, as you may know, tend to be of the left-brain persuasion. They prefer to solve problems logically. They tend to pay more attention to differences; and to prefer things that are planned and structured. They seek out established and certain information. They prefer things verbalized rather than drawn; and, beyond that, they want things in writing.

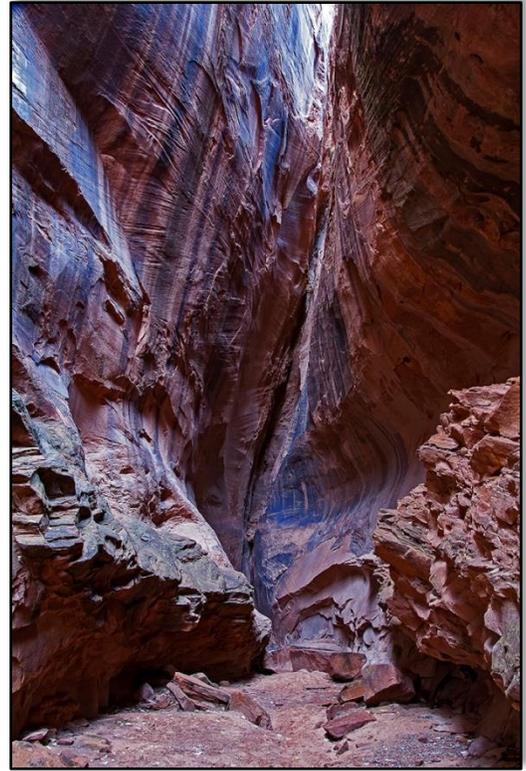
You get the picture; and while we all use both of our hemispheres all day long in negotiating the rocky shoals of life, we can usually be grouped into one of two categories as we do so: we are primarily either

left-brained or right-brained. Powell, most certainly, was left-brain dominant in his dealings with the world around him; but I believe he loved the Desert Southwest not one bit less than the most reverent Anasazi shaman who ever bloomed in Tsegi Canyon or on Grandview Point.

You may recall from the last issue of “**A Song...**” that in 1867, soon after the conclusion of the Civil War, John Wesley Powell, a highly regarded veteran of several campaigns-turned- college geology/natural history professor, set his sights westward with the first of two exploratory expeditions into the upper drainages of the Colorado River and its immense watershed on the west side of the Continental Divide. By 1869 he was ready to continue west into the middle and lower parts of the drainage with an exploration and survey of the inner depths of the Grand Canyon. In so doing he was well aware that he traversed the last remaining unmapped portion of the United States and its intercontinental territories. The significance of the timing and of the fact itself cannot be overstated.

“Cause” and its resulting “effect” in the course of human relationships, with each other and with the natural world, is as strange a pair of phenomena as has ever existed in the history of the universe. They can take you through the dense forest of science, across the uneven and often slippery slopes of religion, and through the desiccated wastelands of politics, and bring you back to the starting point with no more clarity about their true nature than what you had when you began, which is to say very little. Please forgive me, for I have become generally suspicious of cause and effect in science, in politics, and in religion and wish to discover them for myself in my own life, and wish to grant to you the identical privilege. I promise to keep an open mind about them and ask of you the same; for “cause and effect” do very much exist, although not in the same way our limited perceptions often choose to “see” them.

By the early 1800’s the young republic that would grow up to be these United States of America was already beginning to feel growing pains. All of the treaties that had given the colonists the lands on the eastern side of the ancient Appalachian Mountains, and had given the native populations the privilege of moving to and remaining on the western sides of those old hills, had quickly become only marginally useful to the former Europeans. They needed more room for their expanding millions. In 1803, President **Thomas Jefferson** agreed to purchase from France its claim to the Louisiana Territory, some 280,000 square miles of land, which included all, or part, of fifteen current States. The purchase was widely viewed as lacking Constitutional authority – although lately I haven’t heard anyone, on the Right or the Left, claim seriously to be interested in selling it back – but it effectively doubled the size of the fledgling country at a cost in current dollars of about 42 cents per acre; and of course, there were any number of groups of Native Peoples who were never consulted regarding their interests in the matter, but those are matters of history to be left for discussion on another day. Although the ideas themselves pre-date him, it is also Thomas Jefferson with whom we credit the development of a theme, going back to 1780, which he called the “Empire of Liberty”, the notion that America has a responsibility in the larger world to spread freedom not only across the continent, but around the globe, and to set an example, as a country, for democracy and self-determination. If we could ever become good enough to remove ourselves from the “hypocrite” column before undertaking such actions, it might be one thing; but I fear otherwise. Still the theme has been with us for a while; and it became America’s mission to redeem the Old World through the example that was set in the New.



At the Back of Gorke Canyon

There were several factors which prevented this theme from ever becoming national policy, the most cogent of which was the issue of slavery and its role in the development of that empire of liberty, somehow a supremely ironic juxtaposition to me. Yet still it was forceful enough to carry a name and to suggest a set of guiding principles. In 1845 the respected journalist and proponent of Jacksonian Democracy, **John L. O'Sullivan**, announced – in an essay in the *Democratic Review* urging the annexation of the entire Oregon Country all the way to the 42nd parallel – that “that claim is by the right of our **manifest destiny** (emphasis mine) to overspread and to possess the whole of the continent which Providence has given us for the development of the great experiment of liberty and federated self-government entrusted to us.”

Manifest Destiny, as extolled by Mr. O'Sullivan, was a conviction in “exceptionalism” – the belief in the virtue of the American people and their institutions. This conviction was supported by the twin ideas of “expansionism” – that it is the mission of

America to spread those exceptional institutions; and of “destiny” – that it has been divinely ordained that America do so.

As might be expected, such a theme as Manifest Destiny, so broadly cast, might not engage all of its proponents to accept all of its tenets out of hand. For example there might be some who would say that America was divinely favored, but that an obligation to expand was not a component of being so esteemed. And of course, it is interesting that during the Civil War each side asserted that America's

destiny was rightly its own.

Whatever the scope of its appeal and regardless of its limitations, Manifest Destiny has come to apply primarily to the idea of territorial expansion from 1812 to 1860. In fact, this period is often spoken of as the “Age of Manifest Destiny,” and used to signify the expansion of American ownership of, and presence in, the area of the North American Continent that includes the forty-eight contiguous states.

The beginning of the Civil War did something in addition to giving each side the opportunity to claim Manifest Destiny for itself: In 1862, with no Southern filibuster to prevent it, the



And the Yei Looked On



A Light in God's Valley

Congress of the United States passed the Homestead Act, which is considered one of the most important and influential pieces of legislation ever enacted in this country; but with a war in the East attracting most of the nation's energy and attention, there was little left to immediately encourage any exodus across the Great Plains or into the shining West.

The terms of the Homestead Act in its essentials provided that if a person – single, if over 21 years of age, or head of household otherwise – made an application, including an \$18 filing fee, they would receive up to 160 acres of the public domain. There were residency provisions, as well as

“improvement” provisions: residency for five years and improvements that included building a “home”, other appurtenances, and farming.

The most significant provision, the 160-acre amount of land, is the one which needs some further exploration; and it is the one which would come to plague John Wesley Powell in later years.

Under the Land Ordinance of 1785 the Continental Congress had sought to devise a way of raising revenue for the country, since it did not have the power to tax outright. The land in question was primarily the tract of real estate recently acquired from England as a result of the Revolutionary War, which lay north of the Ohio River, west of the Appalachian Mountains, and east of the Mississippi River – in other words, Ohio, Indiana Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois.

Climate change notwithstanding, this is an area in which the average annual rainfall amounts are well in excess of 20”, and in some of the subdivisions in excess of 60” annually. This New England-style system, in other words, was designed for land that received enough water annually to grow any crop that might be considered as agriculturally significant on the North American Continent; and the Homestead Act of 1862 was designed to promote and perpetuate this system, often in an area that



Where Has All the Water Gone?

received fewer than 16” of precipitation in an annual cycle. By the end of the Civil War only 15,000 applications had been made to receive public land, but in the years that followed, what started as a trickle became a near-flood flow. Eventually about 2,000,000 claims would be made for one of those 160-acre parcels.

John Wesley Powell had no desire to be a homesteader, although his life experiences by 1866, when the war was twelve months on being over, would probably have qualified him as a likely successful candidate. What he did possess was a burning desire to know the lands west of the 100th meridian as intimately as possible and even more especially to know the marvelous geological upheaval that is the Colorado Plateau.

By the time he was ready to begin his second trek into the upper drainage of the Colorado – into such places as the budding tourist mecca of Hot Sulphur Springs – he was also planning to go further, into the sparsely visited drainages of two of its major tributaries, the White and Yampa; and he was preparing to stay out through the winter so that when it was timely in the spring of 1869, he would be in position to begin the great exploration of the Colorado Incognito he had fixed in his mind.

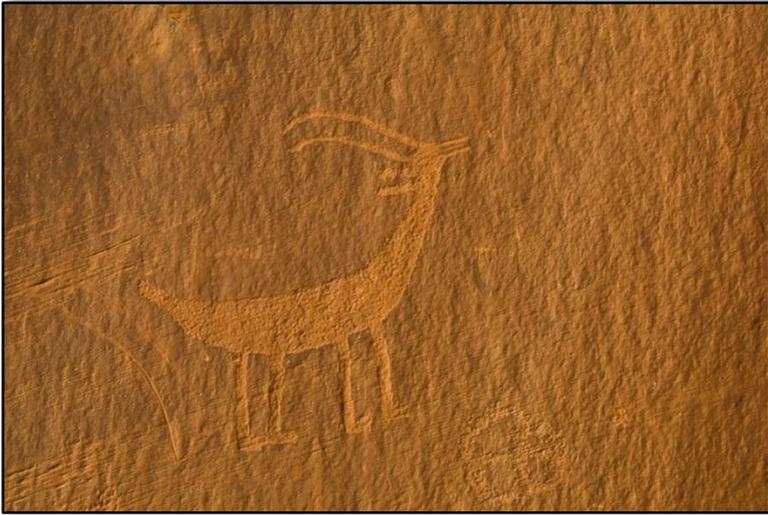


Desiccated to the Bone

and sere lands of the Colorado Plateau awoke in Powell a burning attraction for them. We know he had a wanderlust for adventure going as far back as his teenage years before the war when he

It is hard to say when it may have happened, that the dried

intermittently attended to his college education and also rambled far and wide through the Ohio and Mississippi River Valleys, observing, measuring, and collecting as he went; but something seems to have taken him a step further when he began to explore the lands west of the Continental Divide in 1867. Perhaps it was their sparseness, which could drive a person, any person, to test themselves fully; perhaps it was their novelty: the notion that here was a place that few white people had ever been and



was even at this date unknown to their charts and maps: a place where someone could go and still say, “I was the first one there.” These were the kinds of thoughts that could motivate a John Wesley Powell as he pondered how he might leave a lasting mark on the brave new world that was unfolding before him. Whatever the cause might have been, beginning in 1867 the effect was pretty much the same: the West held Powell’s attention. All of those aspects which would attract him as a scientist, all of the left-brain observations and conclusions about land, held him; but something more happened too: the beauty of the place, its majesty and magnitude, its people and their interests,

Where the Antelopelli Roam

all began to pull at him until he had no wish to be let go and the right-brain functions became compelling as well. In the science with which he expressed his attraction, he found an inexorable movement toward the perfection of not only science, but of every aspect of being, human and non-human alike. During the decade of the 1870s, as **Wallace Stegner** put it in his seminal biography, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West*, it became Powell’s firm belief that “The world worked toward unity, toward co-operation, toward ‘Republikism’, toward ethics and conscience, and representative government, toward greater and greater amalgamation, toward the final triumph of science.” But perhaps I have outdistanced myself a bit.



Moonrise and Mittens

Powell’s successful traverse of the Green and Colorado Rivers and through the Grand Canyon in 1869 had cast him in the national spotlight as a hero-explorer worthy of recognition and attention. Not only did it set the course of his fame, but it laid the groundwork for his coming influence in the arena of public policy. It also set the stage for a second trip through the Grand Canyon in 1871-72, but not before Congress in 1870 established the Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region with Powell in charge. Beginning that same year, he would make an extensive exploration of portions of the Colorado Plateau with the famed Mormon pioneer **Jacob Hamblin**, perhaps the most widely respected man, both among the Indian tribes and his fellow Mormons, in all of Southern Utah at the time. By the end of their journey Powell had fixed in his memory a wealth of information regarding what he came to call the Plateau Province, geographically, geologically, and ethnologically.

To say that Powell believed in Manifest Destiny is to miss the point of the man altogether. Yes, he did accept the idea that the Europeans who had come to the North American Continent were destined to overtake it, to settle it, and to “improve” it; just as he accepted the idea that the cultures and societal institutions of the native peoples who had lived here for thousands of years were destined to disappear in the onslaught of those Caucasian pioneers; but those are ultimate philosophical positions and not the nuts and bolts of everyday existence. From his mid-western, mostly self-taught, boot-strap background, it was probably the most logical and scientific position he could take; yet what drove him so much more was the notion of the land itself, and it is with respect to the land that Powell and the popular understanding of Manifest Destiny came to a parting of the ways.



He did not consider that the land – all of it – existed solely in service of American expansionism; rather he sought with all of his powers of understanding to comprehend

the complexities of its vastness, and this striving led him to certain organic and incontrovertible truths. One of those was that the land had limits; that for all of its vastness it was not an empty stage waiting for Manifest Destiny to enter and build upon as it might wish. An example of those limits was the scorched dryness for which there was simply not enough water to slake. Another truth that he proclaimed was that the way in which the lands of the Colorado Plateau would be settled would have on-going ramifications that would play forward for generations to come. As deBuys stated it in *Seeing Things Whole*, “Provide the wrong institutions, the wrong systems for survey and land tenure, the

Lookin’ for a Calf in a Creek

wrong basis in law for holding water rights, and the results would be suffering, betrayed ideals, loss of wealth, and the erosion of democracy.”

And Powell did not hesitate, once he felt he had come to grips with the nature of the place, to offer new regulatory structures in the form of new kinds of surveys, new legal frameworks to address their application, and new societal arrangements that would encourage the kinds of communities that might survive and thrive within the boundaries imposed by the new land. His expedition with Hamblin, the second exploration of the Grand Canyon, and the work of the Powell Survey from

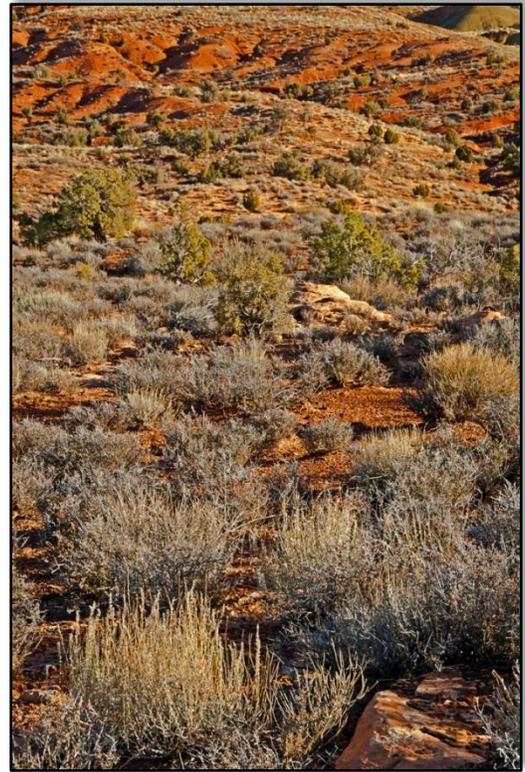


Lookin for Corn in an Elephant’s Eye, Not

1870-79, all served to teach him that the West was a completely different kind of place, and that the requirements enshrined in the Homestead Act would simply not work in much, nay most, of the Colorado Plateau. In the Plateau Province, what Powell referred to as the Arid Lands, he saw that adherence to the provisions of the Act would lead to little but heartache by insisting that people risk everything they owned on a bet that they were likely going to lose; and he and the rest of the country watched as the government encouraged family after family to “go west” and to take up the effort only

to fail and see their stakeholds pass to the speculators and corporations. In the end, of all the claims made under the Homestead Act, nearly two-thirds ended in failure, and the great myth of the success of the land claims process is fed by the meager one-third who managed to hang on and survive.

To Powell, what was taking place in the two decades following his explorations of the Plateau Province was nothing short of a tragedy and a preventable one at that. The solution began with irrigation; but for irrigation to work, which for Powell required equitability, water resources had to be located and counted, and the lands which might be favorably susceptible to irrigation had to be identified. He further understood the need to go beyond the irrigability issue to include the other geographies of the plateau, which he had divided into discrete categories: non-irrigable arid lands, or pasturage lands, and timbered lands. With regard to the pasturage lands, for Powell the golden calf – the 160-acre rule – was simply wrong-headed. Without some water it was much too large for a farm and much too small for a ranch. The forested lands were of particular significance, too: they were the sources of much of the water used for irrigation. One of the unique things about John Wesley Powell's vision for the arid lands was that he understood that each of the classifications – irrigable, pasturage, and timbered – had to be dealt with individually, but that the way in which each was dealt with, of necessity, had to complement the others; and for any of it to succeed meant the adoption by all of those Manifest Destiny pioneers, including the politicians in Washington D.C. and the burgeoning Western money interests and corporations, especially the railroads, of a radical new way of being in the land.



Where the Anasazi Bloom

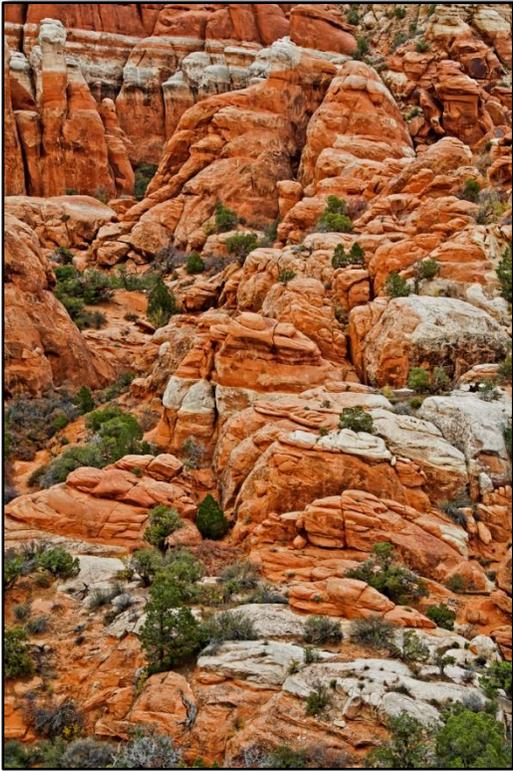
Between 1870 and 1879 Powell honed and re honed his thoughts and perceptions as he continued directing the surveying and mapping of the Plateau Province. In 1878 he published the *Report on the Lands of the Arid Regions of the United States with a More Detailed Account of the Lands of Utah*. In it he laid out his ideas for a drylands democratic development process; but, of course, by this time the trickle of homesteaders heading west was already turning into a steady stream.

By 1879 the workings of the federal bureaucracy, both in its administrative and political functioning, had become such that it was clear that the four great Western surveys, which had co-existed since Powell's had been the most recently added in 1870, were too overlapping and redundant to continue to operate effectively. So on March 3, 1879 President **Rutherford B. Hayes** signed the act creating the United States Geological Survey (USGS), which unified the four individual ones into a single effort under the directorship of **Clarence King**.

At the same time Congress created, within the Smithsonian Institution, the Bureau of Ethnology, with the charge of continuing and expanding the ethnographic work each of the surveys had previously done independently. John Wesley Powell was appointed as its first director. There could not have been a better choice given the politics of the time; for if there were any other single realm of science to which Powell was as irresistibly drawn as he was to geology and geography, it was surely anthropology and the study of all of the aspects of man's evolution as a living species.

Even before the first exploration of the Grand Canyon – in the winter of 1868 – and continuing with every undertaking he made into the arid lands afterward, Powell showed himself as an unwavering student of the Native American experience in the land. Whenever he encountered Native Americans he seemed possessed of an insatiable curiosity about their languages and customs, and he persistently expressed his belief that they had a right to live their lives according to their own traditions.

The story follows him that during all of his years in the West, when other scientific expeditions believed that they required a military escort for security, Powell never even carried a gun.



From its creation in 1879 until his death in 1902, Powell would guide the development and activities of the Bureau of Ethnology. During his term the agency would undertake, as well as sponsor, a tremendous amount of important anthropological work, including an extensive bibliography of all previous writings about American Indians, an exhaustive dictionary of Native American tribes, a thorough classification of Native American languages, and a host of significant field studies. Here, it was Powell's skills as an administrator, even more than his personal skills as a researcher, that were to become the lasting contributions he would leave in this discipline; for he continuously showed himself a genius at putting together staffs of bright and capable people who were ultimately loyal beyond question and who wished to do their work with a thoroughness and rigor that left no question as to its scientific value.

From the winter of 1868-69 and his initial visit among the White River Utes until the end of his life, John Wesley Powell worked ceaselessly and tirelessly with a single-minded purposefulness to create order from the chaotic understanding with which Caucasian Americans knew their Indian predecessors and to replace the hatred

Scratchin' Out Existence

and fear, as well as the sentimentality, with fact and knowledge.

In his eulogy to Powell, his successor as Ethnology's director, **William Henry Holmes** would say, "The series of volumes published by the Bureau, which are more completely Powell's than the world can ever know, are a splendid monument to his memory, and will stand, not only for himself but for the nation, among the most important contributions to human history ever made by an individual, an institution, or a state."

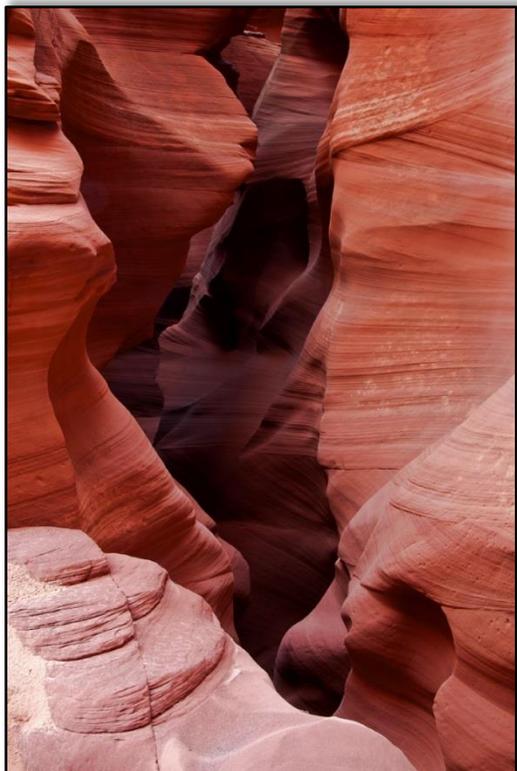
As Clarence King was settling into his new position at USGS in 1879, Wes Powell found himself appointed to the newly created Commission to Codify the Land Laws and spending the latter half of the year traveling thousands of miles throughout the West, listening to the testimony of its far-flung inhabitants and preaching the gospel of the contents of the *Report on the Arid Lands* to as many as he could reach. He was not put off by the failure of the legislation which had created USGS to also incorporate his proposals contained in *Arid Lands*.

In less than a year, in the spring of 1881, Clarence King would resign from USGS and go off in search of the wealth he hoped to find in the depths of Mexican gold mines and to which he was so much more attracted than anything in the realm of government science might have to offer; and Wes Powell would find himself appointed as the Survey's second director. Now he had two fledgling federal agencies to shepherd, but the challenges of the Bureau of Ethnology,



Cloudy, My Thoughts are...

particularly in the political arena, were miniscule compared to those at the Geological Survey. During his brief administration of the Survey, King, as his nature was inclined, had made of the bureau something that functioned pretty much like a scientific advisory agency for the extractive mineral industry. His principal achievement was the compilation of a statistical survey of mineral resources and production activity in the country. Powell, on the other hand, saw geology as nothing less than the Science of the Earth, of which economic mining geology was only a smaller part of a much larger whole that included earth history, geomorphology, the principles of orography, and the origin and evolution of life. After that he included more economically oriented considerations such as the discovery and mapping of the nation's resources that included water, timber, soil, minerals, coal, and oil.



Just a Hol(e)y Rock

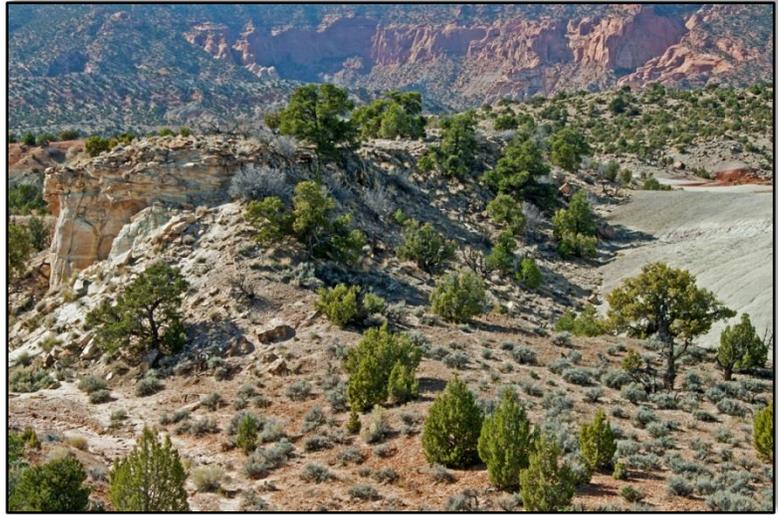
Next Powell went about increasing the budget with which he would be able to operate, and by 1885-86 he was working with annual revenues in excess of half a million dollars; but to be a successful bureaucrat is to walk around with concentric circles painted on your back. Powell simply wanted to be as secure in his operations as it was possible to be in the shifting quicksands of Washington politics, and for several years he managed to be reasonably sheltered as he went about his great work of creating a realistic map of the geology of the entire country. His goal was to produce, using a consistent system of symbols and colors, and on a scale large enough to serve all normal foreseeable uses, the 3,000,000 square miles of the United States: no mean feat indeed. John Wesley Powell was planning the maps of the entire country.

If change is truly the only constant, then somewhere along the way Powell must surely have realized that the footsteps he heard were gaining on him and the wearers of the shoes were not particularly friendly. Even so the only rational action would be to prepare as thoroughly as possible to meet the assailants with one's best game and let the chips fall where they might.

Old jealousies and hurts, real or imagined, from within the scientific community and nurtured often by members of the other federal surveys, and from without the realm of science in the great morass that circumscribes the political arena: these could not help but eventually come looking for him. The states' rights politicians had begun to realize the end run that had victimized them by allowing the Geological Survey to continue the preparation of a geological map, and they wanted to know about the

work as well as the money that was financing it.

A provision in the Sundry Civil Bill of 1884 had created a Joint Committee to investigate government scientific bureaus and Powell was called on to justify his topographic expenditures. States' Rights Legislators suggested that the surveys were too detailed and the maps too expensive; but Powell was completely prepared on both the scientific and appropriation ends of the matter. What was expected to wrap up in December of 1884 carried over until February 1886; and according to Stegner's interpretation of these events "what was actually at stake was Powell's concept of government science in areas where private initiative or private capital could not operate, the concept of publicly-supported science for the general welfare. Powell believed that such public science, far from robbing or suppressing private research, could by its centrality stimulate and encourage individuals, universities, or local governments, and on occasion could collaborate with them to their mutual benefit."



Land of Multi-colored Earths

In the end, Powell came away from the experience relatively unscathed, if not strengthened, but only momentarily.

Recall that in the *Arid Lands Report* of 1878 Powell had suggested a number of reforms, particularly with regard to the Homestead Act, all of which had been rejected and killed by the western politicians and unbridled development supporters. One of the most controversial had been that the government create land grants of "pasturage" farms of 2,560 acres in places where the irrigable land would not support the 160-acre farm ideal, or where there would be no irrigable land if the strict acreage rules were followed. His vision was that a pasturage farm, which would by definition contain a small amount of irrigable land, serve for the grazing of cattle and thus be usable and viable in terms other than as a homestead farm, and be more likely to survive the requirements of the Act.

Many thought that this amounted to a cave-in not to the realities of land and weather but to the monied interests, but Powell saw it as a way to utilize the resources without imposing unwarranted peril on homesteaders whose 160 acres had no irrigable land. He was accused of seeking to serve the accumulation of capital and to exclude the small homesteader, and the idea was ignored, and homesteaders continued to flood westward often to find 160 acres with no water other than that which might be prayed from the sky.

Beginning in late-1886 Nature ratcheted up the stakes in the game. That winter was one of the worst ever experienced in the northern plains. Blizzard after blizzard swept across the land, and by the time something called spring could be recognized, hundreds of thousands of range cattle had perished. Ranchers of all sizes were ruined. There followed on the heels of this horror a prolonged widespread drought which lasted into the early-1890's. Dryland farms became dust bins. Even the previously spared, subhumid, eastern edge of the arid lands was stricken.

"The smallest minds and the selfishest souls and the cowardliest hearts that God makes..." was once how **Mark Twain** described that class of politician known as Congressmen. I have known some, but very few, exceptions. By 1888 it was becoming increasingly clear, even to Mark Twain's Finest, that the land laws as then constituted worked to the benefit not of the small homesteading farmer, but rather to the landlords and the speculators. In 1879, those same self-described ultra-guardians of the American experience who operate the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States had predicted that if John Wesley Powell's *Arid Lands* proposals were put into effect it would create a landlord system comparable to that of Ireland, and now in the late-1880's the same result was coming

into being under the auspices of the Homestead Act and the recently enacted Desert Land Act. This seemed especially true in subhumid eastern edge of the arid lands.

There was sufficient sentiment that something had to be done, and the “something” focused on irrigation. Thus it was that on February 13, 1888, a Senate Resolution initiated by the so-called



“irrigation clique” was passed directing the Secretary of the Interior to report on whether in his opinion the Geological Survey should be asked to “survey and segregate irrigable lands and reservoir and canal sites in the arid regions.”

When the resolution reached Powell he saw it as a vindication, at least in part, of his conclusions from a decade earlier. He quickly put together a plan to address the issues raised and presented it before a Senate Committee, as well as to the irrigation clique. From this there came a Joint Resolution requesting the Secretary of the Interior to study “that portion of the United States where agriculture is carried on by means of irrigation, as to the

Hidden in the Clouds

natural advantages for the storage of water for irrigation purposes with the practicability of constructing reservoirs, together with the capacity of streams, and the cost of construction and the capacity of reservoirs and such other facts as bear on the question.”

Now I don’t remember a lot from my Legislation class in law school, but I remember enough about vagueness, and, of course this isn’t even legislation, it’s merely a resolution; but still...there are enough questions inherent in what is implied here to keep a covey of law clerks busy for quite a while. Moreover, when the resolution was introduced as legislation, guess where it was located: yep, the good ole’ Sundry Civil Bill, where it was amended not once, but twice. The effect of one amendment was to suspend all existing land laws for the irrigable lands and the effect of the other was to allow the President under certain conditions to reinstate some of those reserved lands for settlement under the Homestead Act. On October 2, 1888, the Sundry Civil Bill passed with a modest appropriation, thus placing under Powell’s jurisdiction not only the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology, but the newly created Irrigation Survey that was more volcanic in its implications than all the rest together.

For Powell it was immediately clear that both extensive topographic and hydrographic surveys were necessary before just about anything else could be accomplished, but he was willing to raise the question of how the irrigable lands should be disposed of once they were mapped and designated. To his boss, Secretary of the Interior Vilas, he suggested that the best solution would be “to withdraw all lands of the arid region from sale, entry, settlement, or occupation except those selected as irrigable lands, and to allow titles to irrigable lands to be acquired only through the operation of the homestead laws and the desert-land laws.” This suggestion was sweeping in its consequences, for it went beyond a survey into the realm of policy. He was proposing to close a great part of the remaining public domain and to bring to a close, except in the irrigable lands, the agricultural expansion that defined the American ideal for nearly a century; and he was suggesting a fairly strict level of federal control in the irrigable lands that would remain open as a way of enforcing the common interest in equal measure to the desire for individual gain, which had shown itself often at odds with common interest. His justification was the on-coming aridity of the West, which had forced Native Americans, the Spaniards, and the Mormons all to give it credence in their settlement of that place.

On July 5, 1889 Powell was invited to join the Irrigation Committee of the Senate on a western tour. It was timely for several reasons, not the least of which was the fact that that very summer five of the

western territories most affected by irrigation needs were holding constitutional conventions and were anticipating admission into the Union within twenty-four months.

By the time the junket returned to Washington, Powell had a clear understanding of the members of the committee, those with whom he could maintain cordial relations and those who, to state it plainly, were his enemies. Events in the West had forced the question of the applicability of the Joint Resolution to the actual situation on the ground, and the answer forthcoming from the Attorney

General and the Secretary of the Interior was that on the day that the Sundry Civil Bill was voted through Congress making the funds available for the Irrigation Survey, all irrigable lands whether surveyed or in the process of survey or not yet touched were reserved by the amendment to the Joint Resolution.

Attorney General **Augustus Garland** stated that by the terms of the Joint Resolution all claims filed after October 2, 1888 were invalid. President **Grover Cleveland** affirmed that position. The General Land Office immediately withdrew 850,000,000 acres from entry.



On Cottonwood Canyon Road

The public now understood what had occurred. In its ardor to bring irrigation to a drought-stricken West, Congress had repealed all the land laws between the 100th meridian and the Pacific, and had closed the public domain with no apparent possibility of re-entry until the completion of the Irrigation Survey, or until the President certified otherwise, which would not happen until John Wesley Powell, in turn, certified to him, which would not happen until Major Powell was satisfied with his survey.

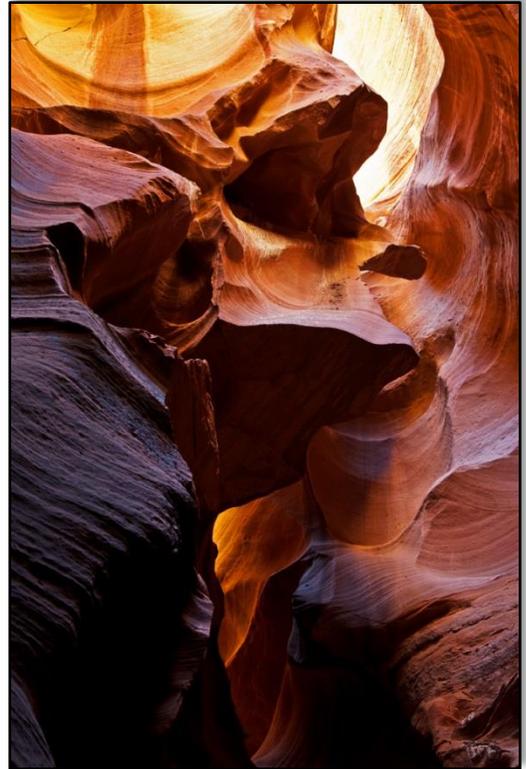
The realization of the full extent of the power granted to Powell exploded like so many bombs bursting in the air over Fort McHenry and his enemies were set in motion in ways that would make angry bees look like housepets. As the storm raged around him, he did what he could between the spring of 1889 and the spring of 1891 to complete the surveys and certify acreage to the President for restoration to settlement; but there was not enough time. Against the enmity of his critics on the Irrigation Committee, the general suspicion of the Senate that his powers were overbroad, and the anger in the West at the freezing of the land, he was fighting a battle he could not hope to win. As it was, the killing blow came by an amendment to the Sundry Civil Expenses Bill which effectively denied life to Powell's General Plan. It threw open the public domain once again. Powell's hydrographic work was not mentioned in the appropriations and thus was eliminated. The Irrigation Survey's appropriation was cut to a quarter of what it had been, and its functioning reduced from a comprehensive General Plan to a purposeless mapping of reservoir sites. It was the beginning of the end of his career as a public servant of the Science of the Earth. The next year, the appropriation of the Geological Survey was reduced for the first time since Powell had taken over as the Director.

John Wesley Powell resigned from the United States Geological Survey in May 1894, but not before he had hand-picked his successor. He continued to lead the Bureau of Ethnology until his death in 1902. To be quite honest, I have long been ambivalent about writing the life of John Wesley Powell. As I reflect back though, I can see that my hesitancy was grounded squarely in my ignorance. Of course I was aware that he was the first white man known to have traveled the daunting length of the Grand Canyon in a boat; and so as to an adventurer/explorer I felt some appeal. I knew dimly that he was connected with the surveying of the West in the years after the Civil War; but that was the extent of my understanding. Maybe in the back of my mind there was some vague association between Powell and Manifest Destiny, which put a black mark on any further interest. As the great **Will Rogers** once quipped, "My ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower, but they were there to meet the boat.";

and identifying, as I do, with the Native American experience in this country, it is sometimes difficult to look the idea of Manifest Destiny directly in the eye and smile sincerely. But I also identify with farmers and the everyday people of our country, and I appreciate their struggles for existence in a world that often seems rigged to destroy them; and as I read more and more of the life of John Wesley Powell, I realized I was reading the story of someone who cared very deeply for the land and for the average people who populate it, and who truly wished to be of service in the creation of institutions that would make their lives better and more successful. What was even more intriguing was that he wished to do this from within the realm of that strange new kingdom known as government science and that his words and actions bespoke a man who believed fervently that science sponsored by the government had a positive role to play; ideas that we pretty much take for granted in our time, but which were extremely radical in his.

William deBuys has said that the most frequently repeated observation of the man had to do with his enormous appetite for empirical information and his compulsion to organize that information within a theoretical framework: “his mind was not satisfied to hold either facts or generalizations without explanation, and his search for explanation extended to the broadest generalizations and most fundamental concepts.” Of such people we often say that they are renaissance people, and that is very much the feeling that I have for him. He was way out in front of his time. He saw things whole, especially things west of the 100th meridian.

I think again of Barry Lopez’ observation of the land and the Anasazi, and I extend his sentiment to Wes Powell. Our Western earth is, indeed, something much more special than we have yet learned to appreciate, and Major John Wesley Powell is a bouquet that once exploded from it.



The Watcher in the Shadows

What’s Now?:

Shaconage: Why Taketh We the Tortuous Road?

Firsthand knowledge is enormously time consuming to acquire; with its dallying and lack of end points, it is also out of phase with the short-term demands of modern life. It teaches humility and fallibility, and so represents an antithesis to progress. It makes a stance of awe in the witness of natural process seem appropriate, and attempts at summary knowledge naïve...It is because natural process – how a mountain range disintegrates or how nitrogen cycles through a forest – is beyond the influence of the visionaries of globalization that firsthand knowledge of a country’s ecosystems, a rapidly diminishing pool of expertise and awareness, lies at the radical edge of any country’s political thought.

Barry Lopez
The Naturalist

One of the more useful traits that a naturalist must learn is how to create nourishing meals from the words that escape his mouth; sometimes they may be the only things he has available to dine on. At the end of February just past, I was reasonably convinced, based on my observation of the warmth of the winter and the onset of the spring buds that are usually most telling of the advance of the spring at hand, that the flower season of 2013 would be every bit as advanced as it had been in 2012.

And you may recall that in 2012 the season started off way ahead and continued that way into autumn. At times and in places last year in these mountains, the blooming things were as much as four weeks ahead of their “traditional” appearances. It was somewhat disconcerting to say the least. The hepatica, which is usually a good indicator, were even further along than they had been in 2012, and it was easy to believe that if the warmth continued apace, this year would be every bit as advanced as last.

At the end of February that seemed quite likely, but it did not happen. Instead, the months of March and April, and even early-May, turned decidedly cooler. The season began to reverse itself until it became what it now is: something that is much closer to what we have associated with the timings of spring in these mountains since I was a child; at least until the middle of May, when it started to become decidedly warm for the season. Where we will go from here seems to be anyone’s guess, but the road ahead through the remainder of this season and the seasons to come may well be tortuous.



The Harbingers of Early

As of the end of May, the flowers seem to be on a typical blooming schedule. The mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) is flowering full in the lower elevations around the Oconaluftee River and is budding profusely above 3,500’ on the North Carolina side of the Park. The first week-to-ten-days in June should give some excellent opportunities both in North Carolina and Tennessee. I saw no sign of early

Catawba rhododendron (*Rhododendron catawbiense*), but I would anticipate that by the beginning of the third week in June, it will be lighting up the high elevation ridges. By early-July the creamy coral of the Rosebay rhododendron (*Rhododendron maximum*) should be treating us to its beauty in the lower elevations, especially along the streams. As May does close, the greening up of the mountains in the Smokies has reached the highest elevations of the Park except Clingman’s Dome; and along Clingman’s Dome Road at Spruce-Fir Nature Trail that beautiful *Clintonia*, bluebead lily (*Clintonia borealis*) is blooming profusely. Wild geranium (*Geranium*



Green Going Up

maculatum) is blooming throughout the middle and lower elevations, and along the Blue Ridge Parkway south of Soco Gap. Along that same section of the Parkway, Indian paintbrush (*Castilleja coccinea*) is blooming between Mile Marker 459-460, and what appears to be Golden ragwort (*Senecio aureus*) is also in flower between Mile Markers 460-462.

It would be worthwhile to note that Heintooga Ridge Road is closed beyond the Masonic Monument, so locations like Flat Creek Trail, Heintooga Overlook, and Balsam Mountain Road (as well as Balsam Mountain Campground) are all inaccessible, and will remain so for the rest of the year due to the Sequester.

As the temperatures across the mountains have risen over the past couple of weeks, the rain that had become so plentiful over the winter and early-spring seems to have diminished. The water in the streams throughout the Park is still at moderate levels, but it is quite noticeably lower than it was in mid-April when the seasonal showers had filled the rivers and streambeds to brimming.

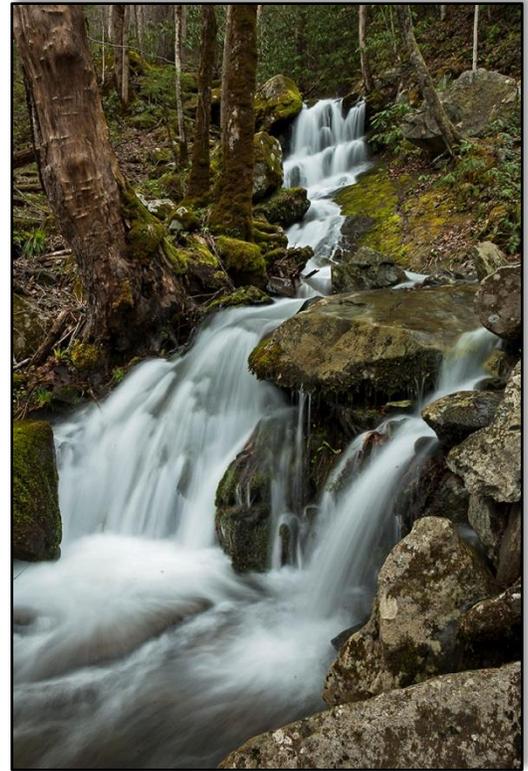
Another aspect of the tortuous road might well be the precipitation levels and their impact on the waterways.

Even though our winters have been mild for the past two years, there has been plenty of moisture to prevent things from drying out, but my memories of the dry years of a decade ago can be evoked quickly.

One of the gifts of that bounty of water has been the lushness of the moss in places like Roaring Fork and Greenbrier, and for the moment that lushness abides. One of the things to consider when thinking about photographing in the Smokies is where to find photogenic moss, and the two places I've just mentioned, along with the upper stretches of Little River above Elkmont Campground are among the best.

If you are coming to the Park within the next couple of months, it's a great time to think about some architectural images, and if you don't do a lot of architectural work, now would be an excellent time to add some to your repertoire.

There are so many ways to enjoy places like **Mingus Mill**



At the End of Big Hollow

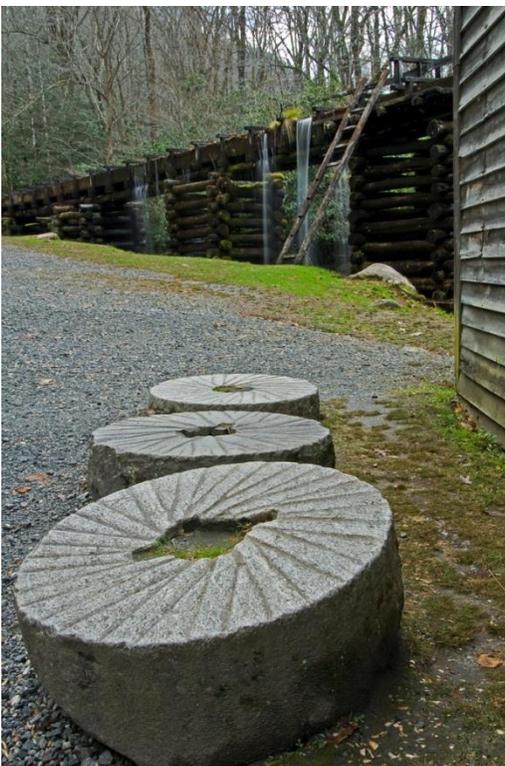
from the unique water flume to the character of the mill building itself. If you ask and are thoughtful about not being intrusive, the millers at Mingus are glad for you to photograph the interior, even if they are at work. You may even talk them into modeling for you. Just down the road at the Oconaluftee Visitor Center, the **Mountain Farm Museum** is a wonderful collection of pioneer farm buildings and implements that can keep you working for much of a day.

On Roaring Fork Motor Nature Trail you'll find the Bales' Cabins once belonging to Jim and Ephraim. The Reagan tub Mill is just down the road a bit.

Of course the grandest collection of historic structures is found in Cades Cove: the Primitive and Missionary Baptist Churches, the Cades Cove Methodist, the Becky Cable house, Cable Mill and a collection of outbuildings, the Dan Lawson House, the John Oliver Cabin, the Elijah Oliver Cabin, the Carter-Shields Cabin, and the Tipton House and outbuildings, and the Whitehead Cabin.

There's the Hannah Cabin and Little Cataloochee Baptist Church, and the wonderfully restored Dan Cook Cabin, all in Little Cataloochee; and there are the Hiram Caldwell House, Beech Grove School, Palmer Chapel Methodist Church, and the Palmer House and outbuildings, all in Big Cataloochee.

And if you wish to be somewhat adventurous, you can hike up the Maddron Bald Trail to the Willis Baxter Cabin and add it to your knowledge of Smokies history and architecture.



Mill Wheels Coming in Threes

All of the historic structures of the Smokies are quite photogenic when the light and conditions are good, and they are wonderful to visit even when they are not.

<u>June 1</u>	<u>June 21</u>	<u>July 1</u>	<u>August 1</u>	<u>August 31</u>
Sunrise: 6:19 a.m.	6:18 a.m.	6:21 a.m.	6:13 a.m.	7:05 a.m.
Sunset: 8:43 p.m.	8:52 p.m.	8:53 p.m.	8:38 p.m.	8:03 p.m.

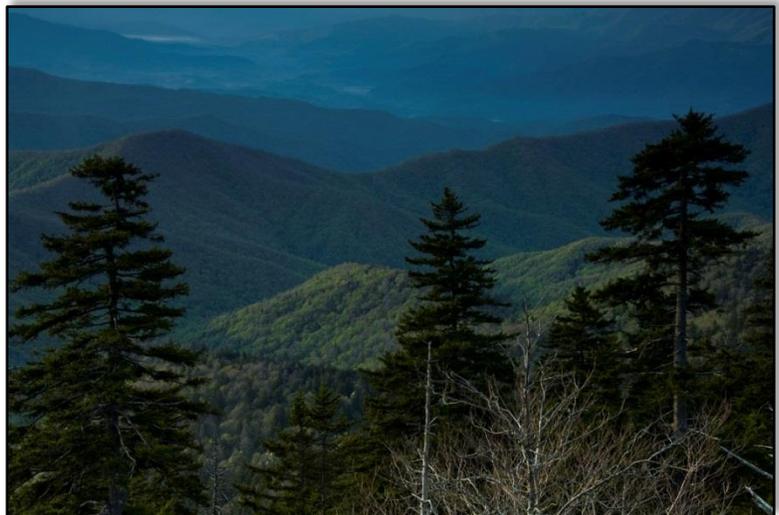
The times shown above are for Oconaluftee Visitor Center on the North Carolina side of the Park. There may be a 5-10 minute variation with the specific locations I've mentioned, but since you'll plan to arrive 30-45 minutes early anyway, you won't have a problem with missing any of the late light.

Sunrise and sunset images are great subjects for consideration during the coming three months. Clingman's Dome Road is open and sunrise from the Dome can be an incredible experience. Sunrise from Luftee Overlook on the other hand is not as dramatic since the sun rises far around to the left of the valley and the ball is fairly high in the sky before it is seen. The early light from Luftee, however, especially when the atmospheric conditions are good, can be as interesting as sunrise. On the sunset end of things, Morton Overlook is now a perfect place to be for the quintessential Smokies sunset experience. Just remember that it's also the time of year when the crowds will be there too; so you may want to arrive even earlier to ensure that you can find the place from which you really want to photograph. On a night with great conditions it can make all the difference in the world.

One more thought: July is the month when the mother elk will begin bringing their newborn calves down from the high woods where they have been hiding and growing. In both Cataloochee and Oconaluftee the sight of a new elk calf can cause a traffic jam, but they are immensely photogenic critters and a lot of fun to watch.

On the afternoon of May 4, I was discharged from Mission Hospital in Asheville, North Carolina having undergone a complete right hip prosthesis. The entire procedure went extremely well and I continue to recover nicely. This week I began outpatient physical therapy and expect to give up my cane by the end of next week.

On the day I was released from the hospital, Bonnie and I came home to our condominium complex in North Asheville's Beaverdam Valley, two miles below the Blue Ridge Parkway, as we have done for several years. We had unpacked from the hospital stay and were thinking about turning in early, since it was almost dark. A noise on our back deck led us to something we had never seen there before: a 225-pound male black bear was sitting on the railing helping himself to one of our bird feeders. Without thinking too much about it, I opened the back door and, propped on my walker, began yelling at him as loudly and aggressively as I could to go away. He looked at me a little as if to say, "I'm not sure what you are; but you seem to want me gone, and so I'll leave. He scaled down the deck to the ground and vanished into the dark.



Mulberry Place

It was one of those experiences that seem to suggest there has not been reached a conclusion, and sure enough, on the afternoon of May 11 toward dusk, he returned. We had begun taking the feeders down at dark, so he had arrived not long before the witching hour. Again I loudly proclaimed my

desire that he leave; and once again, he did. By now the walker had been replaced with the cane. Still, it seemed as if there existed an incompleteness to our dance, and yep, you guessed it, on the afternoon of May 28, even earlier in the day, my friend returned to try to claim a feeder for his own. Again I opened the back door and stood in it on my cane to demand that he go away. This time he was more reluctant than the two previous times, and we had a brief snarling confrontation before he decided to withdraw. My yells were so gruff the next day I was nearly hoarse.

He will be back I am reasonably sure, and I am sorry for that. The only way I am likely to deter him is to remove the feeders and keep them inside for a long enough period that he gets the message they are gone for good. And this is what I will do. It is sad. It is sad that he feels the need to go after the feeders in the first place, and that his natural fear of humans has been reduced to the point that he is willing to do so. It is sad that the birds will not have the feeders to avail themselves of during the height of their nesting activities since humans, including Bonnie and me, have reduced so much of their habitat, as well as the bear's, that they cannot find sufficient food otherwise. It is sad that the road has become so tortuous that in its twists and turns we can no longer see our way clear to exist in community without one of us seeing ourselves as threatened in a place that is large enough for all of us.

A Tip is Worth...?

Vision Quest: Concentration

So if we dare to use the word “creative,” we must see that its possibility lies in that mysterious human property of attentiveness: not a merely mental attention, but an attention which relates and mobilizes the sensitive intelligence of the body, the affective intelligence of the feeling, and the ordering intelligence of the mind toward a more total openness to what is...and the real life, the living energy, which that contains.

Dorothea Dooling
from *A Way of Working*

In his seminal book, *The Courage to Create*, **Rollo May** observed, “The first thing we notice in a creative act is that it is an encounter.

Artists encounter the landscape they propose to paint – they look at it, observe it from this angle and that. They are, as we say, absorbed in it. Or, in the case of abstract painters, the encounter may be with an idea, an inner vision... Or scientists confront their experiment, their laboratory task, in a similar situation of encounter... The essential point is...the degree of absorption...there must be a specific quality of engagement.”

It is that word “quality” that catches my attention. Most of us probably do not consider that the act of paying attention comes with a range of quality, and yet it does. It is the quality of our attention which determines the degree of our absorption, and thus the depth at which we can hope to create in whatever field our creativity might choose to lead us.



A Rocky Bed

So what, then, is this fundamental effort that allows us to fully engage in anything: art, making a cake, digging a ditch?

The first recognition, I believe, is to realize that it is paradoxically elusively simple in the same



Two of a Kind

of every creative artist. You must find it within yourself and develop it to the last degree.”

As we go about developing this capacity for concentration, we begin to notice that there is a definite relationship between our own inner energies – our mental, physical, and emotional states of being – and the object of that concentration, the work itself.

In the beginning that relationship may seem tentative and flat, but if we keep with the effort, we begin to sense a change in both our energies and in the activity. We become aware of an ease that enters the process, of an increased depth in the connection between energy and activity. We begin to feel a sync between ourselves and the activity itself. As this process continues, we begin to sense an inner clarity and a vibrant awareness of ourselves and the act in which we are engaged. At the same time we begin to sense a need to contain the energies and perceptions in a desired direction and focus so that they are not dissipated and lost.

In truth, the internal awareness of the process is usually much clearer than the words used to describe it, but words can be useful as well; and our words should be as clear as possible. Concentration is an **intentional act**. We try, we direct attention; it does not always happen naturally. It starts in the mind as **purpose**: to form a closer relationship with our bodies, with our sensation and awareness of what it means to be present. And along with purpose, it starts as **mindfulness**: the clear, non-judgmental observation of our inner and outer conditions.

Concentration is the unifying force that gathers these energies toward something and simultaneously asks our feelings to come along and participate as well. When it happens, we find that we are present in equal measure to ourselves – what is happening inside of us – and what is in front of us, the activity, the work. We come into an awareness of only this moment. Our sense of time changes: it slows as we enter the present.

When artists and other creative folks report this experience, they often describe the awareness of something opening, something deepening, something widening. They describe an absorption and a

moment that it is uncommonly hard; and part of the reason for this is that it is a trait which has slowly been slipping from our collective and individual consciousness for many years, to the point that its present regard in our society is sadly low. The on-going flood of mostly useless information with which we are constantly bombarded in every aspect of our lives, which is exacerbated by an educational system that seems to discourage critical thinking and awareness, leaves us distracted and depleted, with attention spans that exist mostly in fractions and sound bites.

What is required of us is that we grow and maintain what accomplished creators have long considered one of the primary features of the creative act: the capacity for **sustained concentration**.

The renowned Polish director and teacher **Richard Boleslavsky**, in what is considered one of the great texts on the art and craft of the theatre, *Acting: The First Six Lessons*, says, “Remember this word *Concentrate*. It is important in every art...Concentration is the quality which permits us to direct all our spiritual and intellectual forces toward one definite object and to continue as long as it pleases us to do so – sometimes for a time much longer than our physical strength can endure...This strength, this certainty of power over yourself, is the fundamental quality

being present to the activity, such that it is to the exclusion of all else; but *at the same time* they describe an equal attentiveness to themselves, their responses, their impulses, and their interaction with the activity before them.

Consider that all of our responses to the world take place inside of us, in our minds, in our bodies, and in our feelings; yet when we look, we tend to focus on the external event, what is outside of us and beyond us. But seeing is not outside; it is within.

There is a directly proportional relationship between our ability to see and to know ourselves and our ability to see and to know the world. The greater the attention we bring to seeing and knowing ourselves, the greater the attention we are able to bring to our outer lives, to seeing the world and others.



Carlos and the Bull: A Love Story

Every time we undertake a creative endeavor we are asked to be aware of the duality of perception. As our capacity for paying attention grows, we evolve a full and complete relationship with the activity at hand, the work, and with ourselves. The essence of this lies in our forming an intentional relationship with our own energies and with the objects or tasks in front of us.

It is here that a second paradox is likely to show up. All of our efforts seem to describe an energized attentiveness to what is happening, but at the same time we have to remain calm and relaxed, grounded within our bodies but receptive to the flow of the energies working to interact within us.

As **David Ulrich** says in *The Widening Stream: The Seven Stages of Creativity*, “The fundamental task of creativity...is to be fully present – in this moment, and all that it contains. In this way, work in any creative medium represents a practice, a discipline, for how we may live our lives, be with others, and bring a new quality of our innate being into our work and all of our interactions.”

Think of your attention as a gift that you can choose to bestow on anyone or anything in any given moment. If we bequeath it to all of our activities, whether washing dishes or making a photograph, we do as much as we can do toward the creation of a quality of relationship and interaction both with ourselves and with our creative work; indeed, if we so choose, with everything that we do in this marvelous adventure.

As for EarthSong/Walking in Beauty...:

Walking in Beauty

As I walk with Beauty
As I walk, as I walk
The universe is walking with me
In beauty it walks before me
In beauty it walks behind me
In beauty it walks below me
In beauty it walks above me
Beauty is on every side
As I walk, I walk with beauty

Traditional Diné Prayer

A Warrior of the Light knows that certain moments repeat themselves. He often finds himself faced by the same problems and situations, and seeing these difficult situations return, he grows depressed, thinking that he is incapable of making any progress in life. "I've been through all this before," he says to his heart. "Yes, you have been through all this before," replies his heart. "But you have never been beyond it." Then the Warrior realizes that these repeated experiences have but one aim: to teach him what he does not want to learn.

Paulo Coelho
from *Warrior of the Light*

Sometimes we try to convince ourselves that we are going in a particular direction when that small voice in our hearts is telling us otherwise. Determination is one thing, but the voice of the heart is about what is, and we ignore it, usually, at our peril.

In December of last year it was becoming apparent that there was something going on in my right hip that was more than normal wear and tear. By early-April, when it was time for my Arrowmont School of Arts and Crafts and John C. Campbell Folk School spring classes, it was becoming clear that the joint had degenerated to the extent that a replacement was necessary.

As I mentioned in the "What's Now?" section of this newsletter, I entered the hospital on May 2 for the procedure, and was released on May 4 with a new titanium and Teflon hip. I had been through a similar procedure with my left hip in 1997, and for 17 years have enjoyed the miracle of modern medical technology. If the new joint is as serviceable and durable as the old one, I will consider myself truly blessed. My surgeon, **Dr. Myron W. Smith III**, did an incredible job of taking me apart and putting me back together, and I am deeply grateful for his skill.

And now the healing proceeds. I underwent in-home physical therapy with an excellent therapist, **Rick Halford**, and have begun outpatient physical therapy twice weekly at a great facility not far from our home.

All of that to say that the operation was timed carefully to minimize the amount of work and the number of events I would miss as the healing went forward; and as it was, the only scheduled event that had to be cancelled is the Acadia Spring Workshop in June. As much as we will miss our annual springtime adventure on Mount Desert Island with **Dave** and **Vickie Lloyd** and the rest of our friends in Southwest Harbor, it is consolation knowing we will be with them in October for the fall workshop which is always a wonderful experience.

So here's what's coming up over the next several months:

There are three **One-Day Workshops** on the schedule set for **July 20**, **August 24**, and **September 8**. The information on these workshops can be found on the website, www.EarthSongPhotography.com. On the menu bar on the Home Page select "**Workshops**" and then select **One-Day** in the drop-down menu. These events are designed to maximize creative time in the field with a small group of participants in some of my favorite places in the Smokies and on the Blue Ridge Parkway for summer wildflowers. Typically, they begin with a sunrise opportunity in a special location and conclude about 5:00p.m. They are great chances for field instruction and hands-



A Root that Bleeds

on learning is a supportive and congenial environment.

August 9-11, 2013: Wildflowers, Waterfalls, and Western North Carolina Mountains; The Sunset Motel, Brevard, North Carolina.

The only weekend workshop on the schedule this year and it promises to be an excellent experience and a lot fun. I'll be leading this workshop with my good friend **Kendall Chiles**, and we'll have a great selection of locations, some helpful instructional programs, and meaningful critiques to round out a weekend in North Carolina's Land of Waterfalls, Transylvania County. There are only eight (8) spaces total, and there have been some registrations; so if you are interested, it's a fine time to send in the registration form and plan to join us.



September 21-27: Cape Cod National Seashore, Massachusetts: The Cusp of Autumn
Truro/The Blue Seas Motor Inn: (888) 768-7666

Cape Cod is like the delicately crooked finger of a giant beckoning hand and where it asks you to come is somewhere you definitely wish to go. Where the mighty Atlantic Ocean meets the nurturing waters of Cape Cod Bay, it is a land of contrasts: a gift to the sea of glacial deposition. Its timeless tides are a whisper of the beauty that is found where land and sea come together in a riotous explosion of life and light. Cape Cod is a history and a story of some of the earliest presence of European settlement of the New World. It is a photographer's dream and an adventure to remember. Contact don@earthsongphotography.com.



October 5-11: Acadia National Park/Mount Desert Island, Maine: The Colors of Fall
Southwest Harbor/Seawall Motel: (800) 248-9250

Acadia in the fall is a photographic experience like none other. From the incredible hardwoods to the ever-present blueberries, that are more often like carpet than ground cover, Mount Desert Island comes alive with rainbows of color and with light whose tonality is liquid gold. From the seashores to the ponds and lakes, to the streams and marshes, to the forests and cliffs, Acadia puts on a display of autumn finery that will leave you breathless and believing you are in the midst of nature's own fireworks display. Contact don@earthsongphotography.com.



October 19-25: Narragansett, Rhode Island, The Beauty of the Coast: Autumn's Reverie
Narragansett/The Anchor Motel: (401) 792-8550

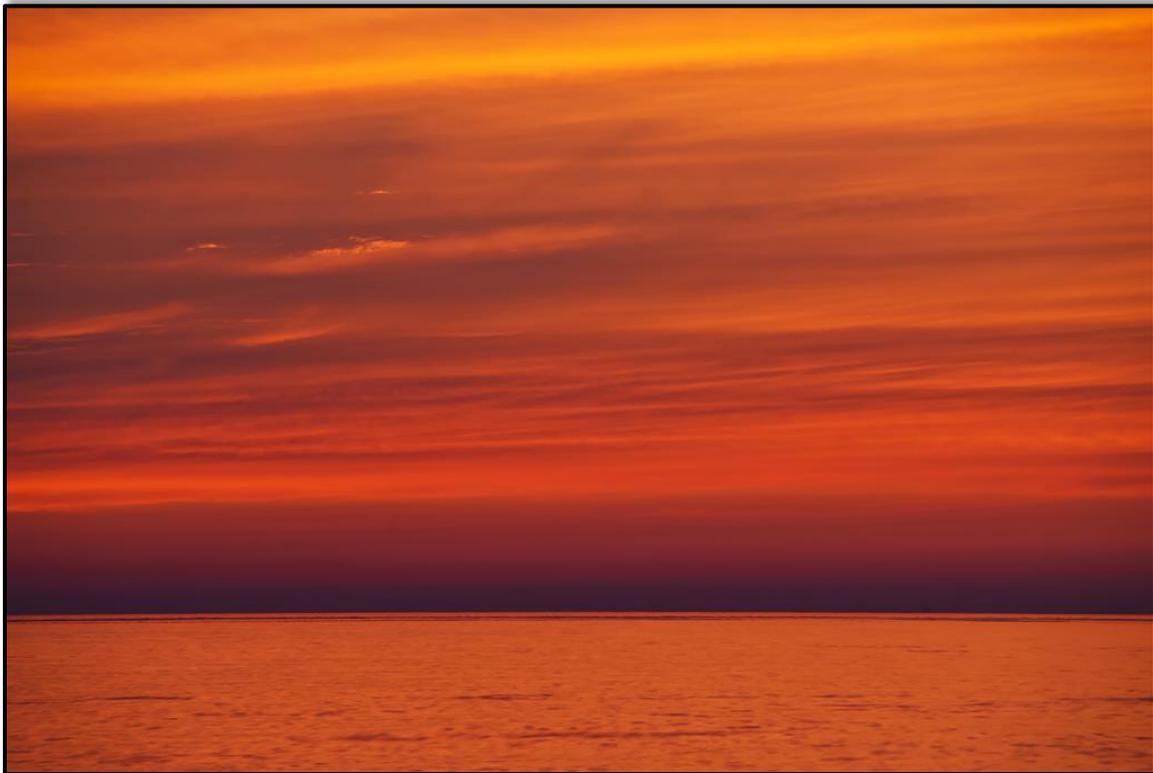
Our last workshop of the season is certainly by no means the least. The rocky Rhode Island Coast is truly a unique place where freshwater ponds (They will tell you they have no lakes) teeming with waterfowl and wildlife are separated from the Atlantic Ocean by spits of land you can throw a rock across. There is a subtle color that is startling and a coastline that hides secret cliffs and sandy beaches too, often side by side. There is a history of resistance here that reveals itself in the austerity of its public architecture and private farms. And there are lighthouses that tell of man's on-going relationship to the sea. It is a place where you can lose yourself and not wish to be found. Contact don@earthsongphotography.com.



We hope you will plan to join us on a photography adventure that will inspire you, challenge you, instruct you, and remain with you always.

Until next time, may the Spirit of Light guide your shutter release.

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Sunset, Cape Cod National Seashore