

**A Song for the Asking**  
**The Electronic Newsletter of**  
**EarthSong Photography**  
**and**

**EarthSong Photography Workshops: Walking in Beauty**

February 28, 2014

Volume XII, Number 1

**Hello to All:**

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**Unto These Hills**

U'tsälä (Euchella) turned the proposition in his mind long and seriously. His heart was bitter, for his wife and little son had starved to death on the mountain side, but he thought of the thousands who were already on their long march into exile and then he looked around upon his little band of followers. If only they might stay, even though a few must be sacrificed, it was better than that all should die – for they had sworn never to leave their country.

Vicki Rozema  
from *Voices from the Trail of Tears*

Listen! The world is made of stories. As much as it is made of the solid solemnity of mountains, and the silence of the desert's sands, and the soaring reach of trees, and the laughing streams of water, it is made of the hallowed words of story. Listen to this story and remember that the eternity of time is a circle.

Our story – yours, mine, and everyone's – begins long before we are born, for we are born into the on-going story of the world, which began in the dawn of time. Our story contains fragments from the world's story, and if we look carefully we can see the play of these fragments as our own story unfolds. Look very carefully, for they are there in the everyday-ness of each life, and they will tell you something about who



**The Eyes of Kuwahi**

you truly are.

One of the very first books I ever owned as a young reader – I do not mean by that books read to toddlers by their adults, but rather books that I could read for myself, whenever I wanted to – was titled *The Cub Scout Book of Cowboys and Indians*. It was fairly thin in page count, maybe 50-75 pages; perhaps 9”x6” in size; and divided between stories and facts about cowboys and stories and facts about Native Americans. I loved it dearly and read it until it came nearly apart in the binding. It was my window into a world to which I seemed irretrievably drawn; and although I read all of the stories religiously, my reading of the Native American pages outpaced the cowboy pages probably 5 to 1.

Here it was that I first learned the legend of **Hiawatha**, kindling an interest in that hero story that would last a lifetime; learned how **Coyote** brought fire to the people; learned the story of the **Thunderbird**.

In all of the childhood games involving a choosing of cultural identity, I never elected to be a colonist or a settler or a pioneer or a soldier; always an Indian.

When, at the age of eight, I was taken to see *Unto These Hills*, the nationally known outdoor historical drama of the Tsalagi, I wept with a fierce anger at the injustices visited on these people of the mountains,

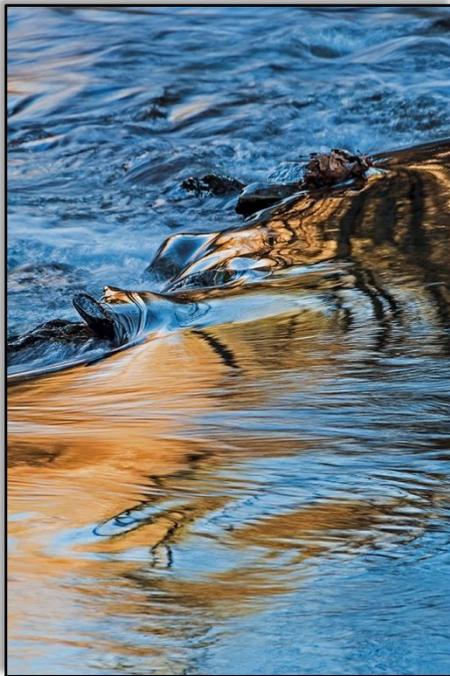


### Clouds’ Illusions I Recall

who wanted only to live on their land and be left alone. It was in 1955, and the production of **Kermit Hunter’s** acclaimed original version was only in its sixth season; I felt like the story was happening to me. I felt exiled.

But then, of course, all children have fantasy lives, some infinitely richer than others, and it is only proper that mine be examined through the filter of the make-believe. After all, my skin tone is a full-stop lighter than medium. There is no known biological connection between my genetic construction and that of any Tsalagi, living or deceased. Still, my affinity only became stronger.

As I became a teenager, I, like so many of my peers, became interested in Scouting and actively involved in my local Boy Scouts organization; but my election into Scouting’s national honor camping society, Order of the Arrow (OA), was the highlight of my experience. Based primarily on Native American traditions from the Mid-Atlantic region, OA was the perfect home for my growing philosophical and adopted cultural identity. And by the time **Dee Brown’s** epic, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* was published in 1970, my heart had long since gone



### As Long as Water Flows

Native. It never came back. It was not something that I planned, or sought; it just happened.

This story, however, is not about me. I share these things with you because I wish for you to reflect on something much larger. It is claimed that there is an old “Indian” saying that goes, “Until you have walked a mile in my moccasins, will you then know my journey.” It sounds nice and is undoubtedly a state to which we could all aspire; but the older I become, the more I doubt that it is possible for the vast majority of folks. It is so impossibly difficult to identify with the beingness of another culture, especially if the members of that culture do not have the same skin color as the members of the dominant culture in the national mix, and you, on the other hand, are part of the dominant culture.

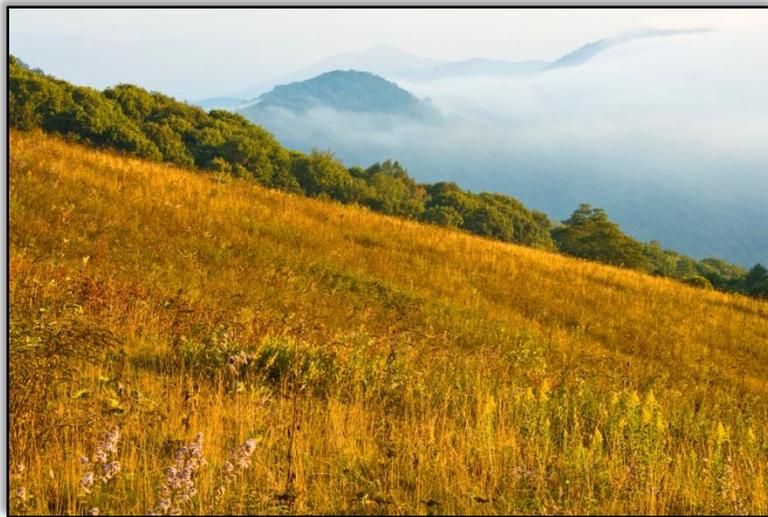
No matter how much sympathy you may call forth, the basic fact of skin differential makes real empathy next to impossible. It is the simple reality of Caucasian-ness that skewers the deal, unless you have experienced a profound isolation from the dominant culture as, say, **John Tanner, The Falcon**, in 1790, or **Eunice Williams, Kanenstehawi**, in 1704, or any of a number of whites who found themselves in Native circumstances and chose to remain there. Or maybe like the protagonist in **Michael Blake’s** classic novel, *Dances with Wolves*, known to the dominant culture as **Lt. John Dunbar**.



### Smoke on the Mountain

Still, it goes so much deeper than skin color; it seeps in all the way to the heart and then returns to the surface as a way of looking at life, a way of walking and being in the world itself. It comes out through the eyes and ears to be re-inhaled through the nose and mouth. It spreads like pigmentation across the surface of the body to be reflected outward as a badge of personhood.

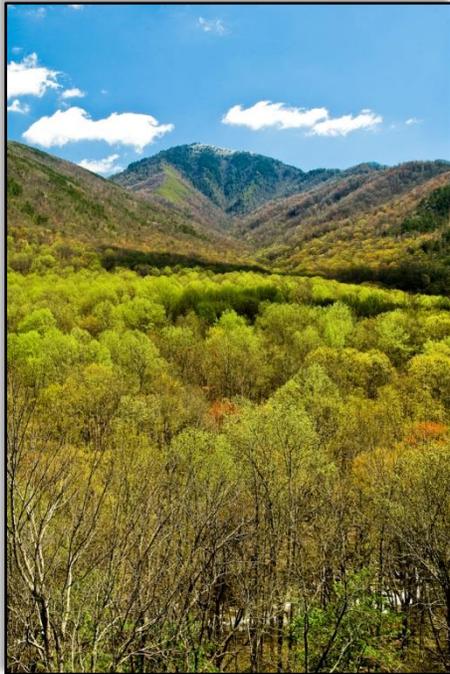
It is what you experience every day of your life and the meaning you take away from that experience about what the world is like and who you are within it. I wish that it were immaterial, that it did not make a



### How to Divide the Cataloochee

difference, but it does; and we know it does from the words of those who have experienced it firsthand and from those who have studied it experimentally. And we also know it does from the clear view of history seen through a clean lens of hindsight. It only takes my skin being russet rather than pale, and I stand a greater chance of being treated differently, and usually

adversely, in the larger culture. You don't know just from walking in my moccasins how the world sees me or behaves toward me, or how I experience that world; and, therefore, whether and how I am loathed, or feared, or pitied; or all three. You may be treated differently within your own ethnic culture, but it will never be, can never be, because to the color of your skin.



### **Bullhead Seen Wide**

Carolina called him. They called him Charley for the same reason that most unegas called most native persons by something other than their actual name. They found the names of native peoples – the Tsalagi (Cherokee), the Muskogee (Creek), the Chickamauga (Cherokee), and others – difficult, if not impossible, to pronounce; and in their contempt for the cultures of these peoples, they gave their members whatever name seemed most convenient at the time. In this instance, Charley was as good as any, as in the same vein Pullman porters of a later time would commonly be called “George.”

His own people, on the other hand, had equal difficulty in speaking the strange syllables of the unegas. Their best effort became **Tsali (Jah-lee)**, and so he was known as and called. Tsali, of course, was not his real name, any more than every African-American man who helped you with your luggage on your journey by train was really named “George,” but, then, unegas in the main have long been adept at condescension. As **Will Rogers** once remarked, “I have Indian blood in me. I have just enough white blood for you to question my honesty.”

When a Tsalagi child was born, in traditional society, he or she was given a name by the father and ranking grandmother of the father's clan, the naming ceremony typically taking place within seven days of the child's birth. Tsali had been born sometime

Why does it matter, you ask? Why can't we all just get along, you want to know? We're all just Americans, aren't we? Yes we are; and no we are not; but maybe we could be if....

I do not claim to speak for the Tsalagi; they do so more eloquently that I could ever imagine the capacity to do. What I say to you is only my opinion based on my understanding of the facts of history, my interpretation of those facts and the stories that suffuse them. Yet should you ask me why, here is the story I would share. Caveat: He who has the gold makes the rules; he also gets to write the stories that become our truths. This is a story of one who had no gold, but truth is a different matter.

His name was **Charley**. At least that's what the unegas (white men) in the mountains of North Georgia, East Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and Upstate South

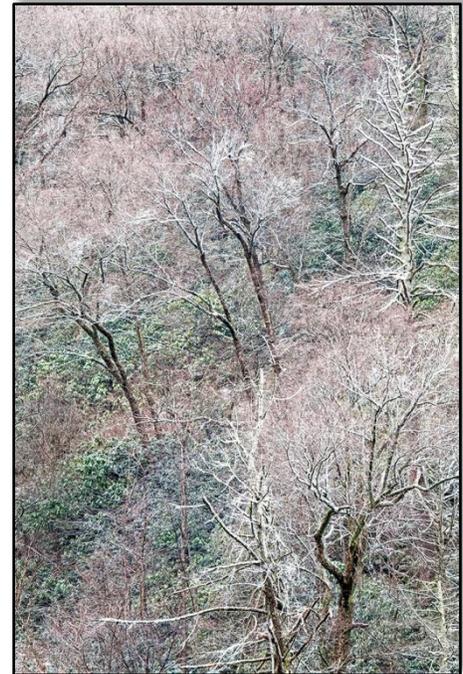


### **Filigree and Shadow**

during the years of the American Revolution into traditional Tsalagi society, and so it is likely that this is the protocol was followed in his naming. In fact, over the course of a lifetime a person might come to have more than a single name, based on circumstances or events. This is the name that would have been used within the family, the clan, the tribe in addressing the person. In later years, when contact with unegas was much more commonplace and widespread, this convention would still have been followed, but the name would have been held closer to the heart and used thoughtfully, and never in public.

Since unegas were fond of attaching meaningless names to Tsalagi individuals anyway, why not just use a meaningless unega name like Joe Smith, or Charley.

Of his childhood almost nothing is known. It has been suggested that he was from Coosawattee, or Coosawattee Old Town, located near the confluence where the Ellijay and Cartecay Rivers become the Coosawattee River in what is now extreme North-central Georgia near the town of Ellijay. If so, this makes the time of his birth to be of some interest, since it was likely between 1775 and 1780; and it was two years later, in 1782, that militiamen from Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia under the



#### **A Glaze of White**

command of old “Chucky Jack,” **John Sevier** burned Coosawattee along with other nearby settlements. Such a traumatic experience in childhood would surely have left an impression on a young Tsali.

It has also been suggested that, as a young man, Tsali was a follower of **Tsiyugunsini**, the great war leader of the Chickamauga (Lower) Cherokees, and that somewhat later he was known among the tribe as a prophet. Tsiyugunsini comes to us through unega history as **Dragging Canoe**, who led his followers south and southwest from the traditional Overhill Towns along the lower Little Tennessee, lower Tellico, and lower Hiawassee Rivers on the heels of the Treaty of Fort Henry in 1777.

Tsiyugunsini was adamantly opposed to the decision of his father, the beloved **Adagalkala (Attakullakulla)**, and his cousin, **Oconostota**, the father-in-law of Adagalkala, the elder leaders of the Tsalagi, to make the concessions which, on paper only, ended the hostilities of Sevier and **General Griffith Rutherford** on behalf of the Continental Congressional authorities, and the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.



#### **The Other Side Now**

In departing the Overhill country, Tsiyugunsini established towns in what is now northwest Georgia and southeast Tennessee, well within the communal awareness of the citizens of

Coosawattee, fewer than 75 miles away as a reasonably sober crow might fly. By the time Tsali would have been a young man, say 15, or so, Tsiyugunsini was at the peak of his influence. He would die prematurely in 1792 at age 54 as the result of a heart attack; but in a young Tsali's mind the memory of a great resistance leader would easily live on.

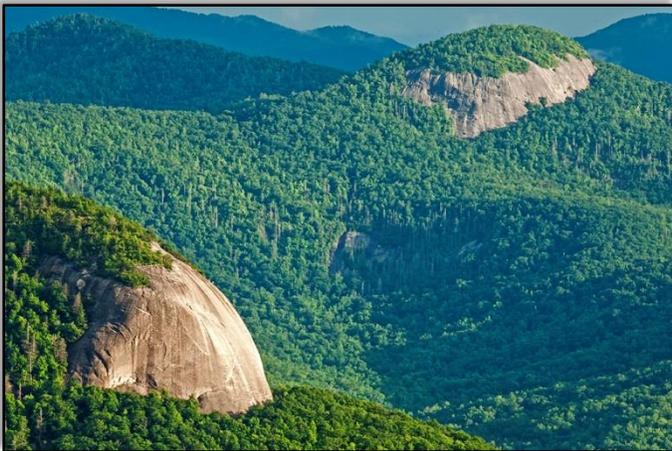
One other observation on the possible early years of Tsali's life: If the Tsali of my story is the same as the Tsali of Coosawattee, the prophet, then he would have had interaction with another of the Tsalagi's most influential men of the period. As a traditionalist prophet, Tsali had become an avid proclaimer of the Cherokee Ghost Dance movement of the early 1800s, particularly 1811-12. His proclamations in support of the great



### Unto These Hills

Shawnee leader, **Tecumseh**, and in support of a strict tribal return to traditionalist values in rejection of the growing inclination to adopt unega lifestyles and emulate unega mores and cultural patterns, brought him into direct conflict with **Ganundalegi, The Ridge**, who as the most influential member of a minority faction known as "progressives" or "The Treaty Party", advocated for the exchange of Tsalagi land in the East in return for land in Indian Country in the West and for the relocation to the tribe to that new land.

The Ridge was no fly-by-night member of the tribe. He was a celebrated warrior who had fought with Tsiyugunsini and was a member of the tribal council, and was considered perhaps



### Looking(glass) at John

the greatest Tsalagi orator of his time. He had strongly rejected Tecumseh's call of a Native Alliance of tribes to drive the unegas back into the sea and sincerely saw acculturation as the best strategy for dealing with the encroaching whites; but his call to give up the Tsalagi homeland was more than the vast majority of the "Principal People" could accept. It is said that after the Council voted with The Ridge in direct rejection of Tecumseh's call to alliance and implicit denial Tsali's call to traditionalist values, the prophet withdrew to the remote Smoky Mountains and became a farmer eschewing most contact with the world beyond the high mountains. As for The Ridge and the Treaty Party, all of whom were of mixed-blood heritage, they entered, purportedly on behalf of the entire Tsalagi nation, into the fraudulent Treaty of New Echota (Treaty of 1835). This notorious document required the Tsalagi to cede all of their remaining lands in the entire Southeast to the American government and relocate within two years of ratification to Indian Country, all of this, of course, many years after Tsali had relocated into isolation in the fastness on Nantahala.

If our Tsali and Tsali the Prophet are, in fact, two different people, then our knowledge of our Tsali's early life is essentially speculative at best and non-existent at worst; but in either case, the cultural context and sociological milieu in which the Tsalagi, as a group, found themselves in the first third of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, especially in Georgia, is fairly clear.

In the minds of most unegas, Tsalagi, in fact all Native Peoples, were little different than vermin. It is so easy to establish this fact from the written folk literature of the time as to be beyond dispute. For example, in an 1830 review of John Tanner's captivity narrative in the *American Quarterly Review*, the reviewer found Tanner's accounts of the daily life of Indians in the Northwest Territory so revolting that he could not bring himself to choose any excerpts from it to include in the review, "We found the task so sickening that we threw it up in disgust, and we have too high an opinion of the moral taste of our community not to be convinced that they will approve of our determination."



### **Scattered Thoughts and Cloudy**

And exactly on point is the statement by **Hugh Henry Brackenridge** of Pittsburgh in a letter he sent in 1782 transmitting the narratives of **a Dr. Knight** and **a John Stover**, who had been taken captive by Native Americans on the Sandusky River, probably Shawnees. "With the narrative enclosed I subjoin some observations with regard to the animals, vulgarly called Indians...."

The Library of Congress has in its archives any number of art posters from the Nineteenth Century showing "innocent" Caucasian women and children (usually girls) in the act of being attacked by hatchet-wielding Native warriors. The captions say things like "Horrible and Unparalleled Massacre – Women and Children Falling Victims to the Indian's Tomahawk"

Georgians followed the national sentiment with a vengeance. In a display of its own special form of greed in the 1790s, several powerful Georgia politicians, including governors and legislators, gave away much of its western lands to speculators (actually sold them for about 1¢/acre) in an effort to firmly establish its post-Revolution territorial claims and to accommodate the huge demand for land for development. The ultimate authorizing vehicle for this was an act of the Georgia Legislature called the Yazoo Act of 1795. Public outcry over the deal, once known, was so great that a new governor and legislature nullified the act. However some of the purchasers of the land demanded to have their claims validated. The United States Supreme Court case of *Fletcher v. Peck* upheld the validity of the contracts. Georgia, in turn, sought to extricate itself from the mess it had created by agreeing to relinquish all of its claims to any of its lands west of its present border in exchange for an amount of cash, the federal government's assumption of the responsibility for settling all of the outstanding land claims, **and the federal government's agreeing to extinguish all outstanding Indian land titles in Georgia as soon as it could be done "peaceably and at a reasonable cost."**

This agreement, made on behalf of the United States by **President Thomas Jefferson**, became known as the Georgia Compact of 1802. It is the ultimate ground for the removal of all

Native Peoples from the State of Georgia; and it was Georgia's seemingly maniacal insistence on the execution of this agreement, and the supporting laws, both state and federal that came in its stead, that infused its dealings with the Tsalagi until they were all beyond its borders safely walking the notorious path of death we lovingly refer to as Nu-No-Du-Na-Tlo-Hi-Lu,



### **The Earth Shall Weep**

be filched from our people, and we shall be compelled to leave our country as beggars....the lowest class of white people are flogging the Cherokees with cowhides, hickories, and clubs. We are not safe in our houses – our people are assailed by day and night by the rabble. Even justices of the peace and constables are concerned in this business. This barbarous treatment is not confined to men, but the women are stripped also and whipped without law or mercy.”

It might be recalled that in 1828 the largest deposit of gold yet uncovered in the young republic was discovered in what is now Dahlonega, Georgia, leading to the “Great Intrusion” onto Tsalagi land. On December 8, 1829, Andrew Jackson gave his first annual address to Congress, announcing his intention to introduce a bill for the purpose of removing all Indians in the Southeast to lands west of the Mississippi. As if they were circling buzzards, on December 11, the Georgia legislature passed its infamous series of anti-Cherokee laws:

- They annexed a large portion of the Tsalagi land in Georgia and nullified Tsalagi laws within that area.
- They forbade the Tsalagi Council to meet within the boundaries of the State of Georgia.
- They made it illegal for Tsalagi to talk against emigration to the West.
- They made contracts between Tsalagi and unegas illegal unless witnessed by two unegas.
- They made it illegal for a Tsalagi to testify against a unega in court, and
- They forbade Tsalagi to dig for gold in their own land.

Violation of these laws could result in imprisonment at hard labor for up to four years.

This was the larger world in which Tsalagi and all Tsalagi found themselves in the beginning years of the fourth decade of the Nineteenth Century in a land they had once roamed freely for a thousand years as masters of their domain, a land which suddenly seemed hostile to their very existence within it. And when on May 30, 1830 the Congress of the United States passed Andrew Jackson's Indian Removal bill, for those Tsalagi who learned of it soon thereafter, it

must have seemed like that same land had deserted them completely.

The Tsalagi turned to the federal courts for protection, seeking to nullify the draconian regulations Georgia had enacted; but in *The Cherokee Nation v. The State of Georgia*, decided on March 18, 1831, the United States Supreme Court held that it did not have original jurisdiction since the Tsalagi Nation was not a “foreign state” within the meaning of Article III of the Constitution. But it left some “wiggle room” in the instant that an appropriate case allowing for jurisdiction might be found. That instant was not long in coming.

There was one other Anti-Tsalagi law that Georgia had passed in addition to the ones already mentioned:

- All unegas living in Tsalagi Indian Territory, including missionaries and persons married to Tsalagi, must obtain a state license to live there.



### **Don't Fence Me In**

As it happened, there were seven missionaries who refused to obtain licenses, were arrested, were convicted and sentenced to four years at hard labor. They appealed their verdicts to the U.S. Supreme Court, arguing that the Georgia law was unconstitutional in that states did not have the authority to pass laws concerning sovereign Indian Nations. In *Worcester v. Georgia*, the Court agreed with the missionaries and found the Georgia Anti-Tsalagi Laws in violation of the United States Constitution.

That the Court was not actually siding with the Tsalagi should be made clear here; and the effect of the case on impending removal was essentially nil. Jackson went forward as if nothing had happened – now free to use the Indian Removal Act as the basis for treating with the various remaining Southeastern Tribes, including the Tsalagi, directly for the termination of all of their rights to the lands they had called home for centuries.

By 1835, the Treaty of New Echota, fraudulent though it may have been, was moving the Tsalagi toward the Trail of Tears, and nothing was going to stop it. Most of the Tsalagi had remained in place, not believing that such a thing could really be happening and hoping against all hope that somehow their venerated leader, John Ross, whose name was not on the Treaty, would somehow stage a miracle. The Treaty was amended and ratified by the United States Senate in March 1836, and it was set on paper, if not in stone, that within two years the Tsalagi agreed to be gone from the mountains, the hills, and the valleys of the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia.

If Tsali, deeply isolated in the Land of the Noonday Sun, knew of this, we will likely never know; but it surely seems probable that with all of the information and rumor flying across Tsalagi Country between 1836 and 1838, he would have somehow been aware that something involving the Nation and relocation was afoot, and that he chose for whatever reason to remain with his family exactly where he was. His desire for isolation, however, was not to be; and while the Tsalagi Nation beyond him had existed in turmoil for thirty years as he had enjoyed the

relative peace of the mountains, all of that was about to change.

What has not changed is the paucity of information that has come to us regarding the facts of Tsali's later life and the Gordian knot of contradicting accounts regarding him, his family, and the tragic events of the summer and fall of 1838 by which we most readily remember him.

A very intelligent unega for whose company I worked for many years was fond of noting that what we perceive to be true is often more real to us than what may actually be true; and though



I much prefer truth to perception, over the years I have come to understand the value of perception as a measure of, but not a substitute for, reality. What I also know is that sometimes reality lies only in our perception. At least I will be honest with you and say that when it comes to deciding on a version of reality and truth in the story of Tsali, I will almost always come down on the side of the Tsalagi version, having acknowledged that both truth and reality can sometimes be found only in the eye of the beholder. What we also must recognize is the all-too-human proclivity, regardless of skin tone, for contorting facts

### **The Fastness of Deep Creek**

to fit our pre-conceived notion and perception of them.

Regardless of whether our Tsali and Tsali of Coosawattee Town are the same, by the time we find him again he has become a simple farmer living near the confluence of the Nantahala and Little Tennessee Rivers in a Tsalagi community whose leader is known as **Euchella, (Oo-chalah or U-tsala)**. We know this because both are shown there in the Tsalagi Census of 1835. That same census also shows the household as consisting of six individuals, all adults: three males over 18 and three females over 16. There is some indication that Tsali and Euchella both came to Nantahala from Cowee Town, over on the Little Tennessee north of what is now Franklin, North Carolina; but no indication of when, or where Tsali may have been before that.

No children are mentioned in the census; but we know that Tsali and his wife, **Nanih**, whose unega name is variously listed as **Nancy**, or **Old Nancy**, indeed had children, at least four and possibly five, and grandchildren as well. We know, too, that sometime between the end of May and the end of October, 1838 (Yes, the accounts vary that widely) soldiers of **General Winfield Scott's** Army of the Cherokee Nation began rounding up Tsalagi who had fled to the mountains to avoid being forced to the Arkansaw, as Indian Country was sometimes called.

Among those Tsalagi who were in the environs of the Smokies there were at least three distinct groups: 1)The Oconaluftee Tsalagi of old **Chief Yonaguska**, who had opted to avail themselves of certain provisions of the Treaty of 1819 by which they became citizens of North Carolina and were technically exempt from removal; 2)a loose assortment of Tsalagi not living within the Tsalagi Nation (by now mostly in Georgia), but who could not claim exemption as could the Oconaluftees, as well as some others similarly situated who could claim exemption, but feared that their exemptions would be ignored by the unegas in their obsession to be rid of all Tsalagi; and 3)the extended families of Tsali and some other full-blood traditional folks.

It would later be claimed by Nanih that Tsali had, in fact, obtained an exemption that was lost, never received, or later denied. The second group included Euchella, and the first group

was under the guidance of the unega, **William Holland Thomas**, who as a fatherless teenager had been adopted by Yonaguska and was a member of the tribe, and who is an entire story by himself.

Some accounts have the soldiers showing up at Tsali and Nanih's cabin at the end of May, but the weight of the evidence seems to be that they came in late-October, probably on the 30<sup>th</sup>.



### A Hint of Spring

so many Tsalagi, both in the Nation and in the mountains, was an on-going source of fear and tension among the unegas.

Once the round-up began, people were shepherded, more often driven like cattle, into the holding pens passed off as forts. Tsali's cabin on Nantahala was situated between three of these: Camp Scott at Aquone on the Upper Nantahala, Fort Montgomery on the Cheoah at what is now Robbinsville, and Fort Lindsay at the mouth of the Nantahala where it joins the Little Tennessee. Some accounts say the family was beset while still at home, but other indications are that they had previously fled their farm and were hiding in the mountains near the confluences of the Nantahala, Little Tennessee and Tuckasegee Rivers. In either event they were overtaken by a group of four soldiers under the command of **Lt. Andrew Jackson Smith**. Smith had been returning from a round-up of other Tsalagi in the vicinity of Pickens Courthouse, South Carolina when he heard of the location of Tsali's band; so he divided his forces, sending most of his unit with the South Carolina captives and keeping three to accompany him, along with William Holland Thomas, in his quest for Tsali.

Why, you might ask, was Thomas willing to assist Smith in his search? I don't know if anyone ever asked Will Thomas that question, but my guess is this: Will-usdi (Little Will) was part of the Oconaluftee Tsalagi of Yonaguska, who lived in Qualla Town (present-day Cherokee). As I have mentioned, they had been granted exemptions under the Treaty of 1819 and, theoretically, were safe from removal. However, with the situation as it was – with the obsession for removal shown by the Georgians, and tensions as they were – with the local unega community fearing an outbreak of violence, Will-usdi may have been concerned that the Oconaluftee exemptions would not be honored and his friends would be lumped with the rest of the expatriates and sent to Indian Country. In his own mind he had to do whatever he could to prevent that. In fact it does not seem beyond the realm of possibility to me that Will-usdi would have been the one to tip Tsali's hiding place in the first place, such was his desperation to be seen as the “good guy.”

In overtaking Tsali's family, which apparently in that moment consisted of twelve

individuals: men, women, and children, Smith learned that the South Carolina captives had escaped from his other troops; and he hurried to bring up the Tsali group to overtake the rest. This would indicate he wanted to move quickly, and so the story that has come to us of the soldiers prodding Nanih, whose health was not then so good, with a bayonet seems likely to be accurate.

To see his beloved wife abused in such a way would surely have infuriated Tsali, and his decision to respond by counter-attacking his captors at the first opportunity and then fleeing into the mountains would seem like a choice that anyone in his position might reasonably make. Being obviously heavily out-armed and since their rifles had all been effectively rendered useless except as clubs, it would have been likewise prudent to carry out the counter-attack with as much initial stealth as possible. I regret to see anyone be harmed, but let's be honest, the aggression here did not begin with Tsali.

When the moment came – there are even contradicting versions as to how it came – Tsali gave the signal and the attack commenced quickly. One soldier, Perry, was killed instantly by a hidden tomahawk blow; another, Martin, was mortally wounded and would die within a day's time; a third, Getty, was wounded but recovered. Lt. Smith escaped because his horse ran away with him. He managed to encounter his returning unit, minus their South Carolina escapees; and after returning to the scene of the attack to see what could be gleaned there, marched his unit to Fort Cass at present-day Charleston, Tennessee, where he duly reported the incident to his superior, **Lt. C.H. Larned**, thence on to Winfield Scott himself.

Already I'm sure you are seeing the difficulties to history that have arisen in such a brief portion of the episode, and we've just begun the exploration of it. I have been somewhat sketchy in the details I have given, although I believe I have not omitted any really relevant or material bit of information in my description. It should be noted that Will-usdi was not present when the attack occurred; he had remained behind where Smith had apprehended Tsali and his family for reasons that have never been clarified by the march of time; however he did accompany Smith and his men to Fort Cass.



### **Sewn Together with White Threads**

General Scott immediately dispatched **Colonel William S. Foster** to the area in command of the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry with the task of finding the fugitives and punishing the perpetrators. Foster set up camp on the Little Tennessee River at **Joe Welch's** farm near Bushnell.

At this point we are already way into the depths of human memory and recollection; “he said-he said”, at best, even if in the hindsight action someone chose to write the memories down. Yes, you could say, but wasn't it part of the officers' duties to file reports stating the facts of events as they honestly remembered them? Why yes, it was and is; and by making them officers and gentlemen by an act of Congress, one would surely hope that they would faithfully carry out those duties. To which my response would be five words: Wounded Knee and My Lai. Please don't misunderstand, what I am saying is that no group has a monopoly on truth; there can be no presumption – none. And, sadly, from here on out the story gets really murky.

He who has the gold makes the rules, and he gets to tell the stories from which a nation's history is written. I wish unegas were as good as their stories. According to the records, Foster's camp was set up on November 12, 1838. Beginning a day earlier, on November 11, various details of the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry went out to scour the mountains. **Captain George A. McCall's "C"** Company was directed to Deep Creek. Lt. Smith led a mounted patrol into the Oconaluftee area where it was to rendezvous with Captain McCall. Other units were dispatched into the Nantahala and Little Tennessee watersheds as well as into the lands between the rivers. Smith's patrol included Will-usdi.

Winfield Scott had previously made it known, but nowhere in writing, that any Tsalagi who assisted in the location and capture of Tsali and his followers would be exempted from removal west. Colonel Foster carried this offer with him and broadcast it as well. Even other unegas in the vicinity were aware of it. Will-usdi had made his offer of assistance and that of the Oconaluftees to General Scott while he was at Fort Cass, and upon his return to North Carolina he carried it into effect.

It was apparently Will Thomas who made the contact with Euchella that sealed the latter's willingness to help in Tsali's capture. The accounts of the story with which I am familiar all speak of Euchella's extreme reluctance to do this; and I would reiterate that Euchella had previously received an exemption from removal under the Treaty of 1819, but he and his followers, numbering just at a hundred, had chosen – fearing a denial of their status – to flee the onslaught of the removal forces and had successfully been hiding in the Smokies for nearly a year by the time of the killing of the soldiers. He expressed his anguish in these words, "I cannot be at peace, because it is now a whole year that your soldiers have hunted me like a wild deer. I have suffered from the white man more than I can bear. I had a wife and a little child – a brave, bright-eyed boy – and because I would not become your slave, they were left to starve upon the mountains...I cannot bear to think upon my wrongs and I scorn your proposition." Ultimately he brought the proposition before his warriors who voted for acceptance, and from that moment their assistance was forthcoming.



### **Kuwahi under a Cloud**

From a cultural standpoint, there is some clear justification for Euchella's position. By killing the unega soldiers Tsali's band had brought peril, threatening the welfare of the larger community; and the community was thus justified in seeking to protect itself. Euchella was merely the vehicle of that protection, but it was only with great difficulty that he could deny his bond with Tsali and accept the burden of being his executioner.

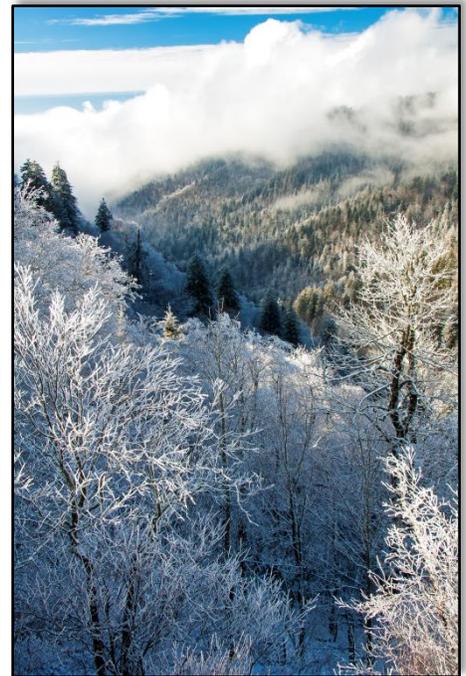
The assistance of Euchella's band was instrumental in locating the hiding place of Tsali's group, and without it the prospects for a quick solution become very if-fy. As it was, the army's records record that it was only a week between the initiation of the search by Foster's troops with Euchella's help and the capture of the first of the Tsali family members: **Canantutlaga**, who was Tsali's oldest son and called **Nantahala Jake** by the unegas; **Chutequutlutih**,

who was the husband of Tsali's daughter, **Ancih**, and who was called **Big George** by the unegas; and Tsali's beloved wife, Nanih. Also captured were Ancih and her daughter. This supposedly took place on November 19. On November 20, **Lau in Nih**, Tsali's second son, called **Lowan**, was taken. These three adult males were identified by a board of inquiry on November 21 as having actively participated in the killings of the troopers. The witnesses against them were Lt. Smith, Will-usdi, and Joe Welch.

According to Army records, the three were executed on November 23, 1838 by a firing squad of the Nantahala warriors under Euchella's direction. The boy, **Wasseton**, who is sometimes identified as a son of Tsali, but also shown as Lau in Nih's son, and who was present at the events on the Little Tennessee, was spared execution because of the youth.

It is very curious that on November 24, Colonel Foster sent notice to General Scott that his mission in North Carolina had been completed. On that same day he issued a proclamation of exemption to Euchella and his followers based of their assistance in bringing the "murderers" to justice; and on that day the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry began preparations for its departure from North Carolina on November 25.

Someone, though, is missing. If you accept the Army's version, Foster has left without accounting for the alleged mastermind of the whole plot, Tsali himself. It is true; in fact, Foster had concluded that Tsali was not actually involved directly in the killings. In a letter to Winfield Scott dated November 19<sup>th</sup>, Foster sets forth his opinion that Canantutlaga, Lau in Nih, and Chutequutlutlih were the active participants. However, on that same day in a letter to his wife, **Betty**, Foster asserts that he is still in search of Tsali; although in his Order of November 21 setting up the Board of Inquiry on the 24<sup>th</sup>, nothing of Tsali is mentioned. It is on the 25<sup>th</sup> that word arrives to Foster, en marche, that Tsali had been captured by Euchella and executed at Big Bear's reserve, where Bryson Branch empties into the Tuckasegee at present-day Bryson City.



**A Newfound Winter**

According to the deposition of one claimed eye-witness to the events that followed the Board of Inquiry and the executions of the three men of Tsali's family, Euchella's Tsalagi departed the execution grounds headed for Qualla Town as Colonel Foster had encouraged. The next day they met a group of their compatriots who had continued the pursuit of Tsali and had captured him.

The following day, as the account goes, he was tried by Euchella and other chiefs; and he acknowledged his role in the killing of the soldiers and his expectation that he would die because of it. He was "sentenced" to be shot at noon. Before his death he made a statement before his executioners asking Euchella to try to find his children still in hiding in the mountains and to be a father to them. He asked that they be reminded of the importance of dying in their own country and not in Arkansas and that they be told that their father was a brave man who faced his actions and died without fear. Euchella, as it is said, promised Tsali that he would do these things. Then a white cloth was placed over his eyes and three of the Nantahala Tsalagi fired rounds into his body.

Following Tsali's death, and because of it and the news of the arrangements put into play by Colonel Foster's edict, the Tsalagi who had been in hiding began to flow softly out of the mountains, like seeps from a hidden spring. The exact count of their numbers will never be known, but they were sufficient to swell the small population of Oconaluftee Tsalagi considerably, and the two groups together would become some years later the nucleus of the Eastern Band of Tsalagi Indians.

The story is told that sometime following Tsali's death, Nanih was taken to the place where he had been buried. She knelt to the ground and began making a pile of loose sand with her hands. As she did so she rocked back and forth crying softly. At first the remnants of Tsali's family were precluded from joining the Qualla Town dwellers, but by sometime in the early 1840s the prohibition had been lifted and Nanih and "two children" were living among them.

Of course there are questions, perhaps there always shall be. At a crucial, pivotal, and intensely emotional time in Tsalagi history events occurred that produced something amazing. Did Tsali consciously choose to become a martyr, to die so that his people could live? I cannot see into his heart from this distance across the arc of time and the memories and writings that have come to us show the irreconcilable clash of two cultures that are so hugely different that the words and acts of neither can ever be used to try to explain the other. I do believe that the unega army would go to some length to prevent the



### **Circling toward Completion**

martyrdom of any Native American who had killed a white man; and I believe that the Tsalagi in their desperation to find hope in the face of being ripped out of the land where their hearts were born would, like all people in a similar situation, have looked for any sign to cling to and unite around. I believe that regardless of his own intention, the death of Tsali gave life to some who might not otherwise have been able to hold it and from that something good has come.

I will tell you a little story about me. When I was a young man, just barely twenty, I came to these mountains to hike and to backpack. I remember on one particular trip passing a spot on US 441, the old road that curved through Banks County, Georgia on its way to the first great uplift of the Gainesville Ridge. It was at a point where the distant mountains of Rabun County could vaguely be seen. I remember the day when I passed that point and felt my heart become one with this land, like a tree planted in fertile soil and growing well, like the mountains themselves, rooted in the earth. Very near that place there is a historic marker that describes the survey line drawn by Benjamin Hawkins as the result of one of the many treaties between the Tsalagi and the unegas, which served as the line between the Nation and the State of Georgia from 1804-1818 and is now the line between Banks and Habersham Counties. On my way home several days later I passed that place again, and when I did I felt a huge hole suddenly form in my chest, an empty place, like I had just been ripped from the earth with which I had been joined. Somewhere along the way I re-read through more mature eyes the story of Tsali, and I understood, if not his motives, at least his love – and the love of all Tsalagi – for this place. Have you never discovered some place like that of your own?

## What's Now?

### When Spring is Far Behind

If all the beasts were gone, men would die from a great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beasts also happens to man. All things are connected.

– Chief Seattle –

Today I visited one of my favorite locations in Great Smoky Mountains National Park. I have visited this place on this date, or within a couple of days before this date, for quite a few years. I



#### **New Leaves amid the Old**

love being in the Park on these days for several reasons: Winter is a really beautiful time in these mountains. The conditions, and therefore the photographic opportunities, can be tremendously variable, and therefore, potentially, tremendously rewarding – there might be snow everywhere, or sparsely scattered, or nowhere at all. There might be frost. It might be wonderfully overcast, or the sky might be brilliant blue. The water levels are typically higher and therefore more energetically enticing. The rock are more visible and because the trees are bare, their beautiful shapes are more evident and more photogenic. The light, because of the absence of haze and the angle of the sun, is exquisite. Did I mention that there are so few people you can actually be alone here in winter? Winter in the Smokies is truly sublime.

I come to the Cove Hardwood Nature Trail at this time for all of these reasons, but I come to this spot primarily because it is like a window onto a biological clock, and being here on this day tells me a lot about possible things to come. Being here is like being in a crystal ball and looking at the future of spring-to-come.

The spring wonderland of Cove Hardwood Nature Trail is one of the best early wildflower walks in the Smokies and one of its prime residents is a beautiful little blossom called sharp-lobed hepatica (*Hepatica nobilis*). Because the canopy overhead is still leaf-less at this time sunlight more easily reaches the forest floor below, and this gives the tiny, low-growing delicate flower of the hepatica an early start on the coming season. If it's already blooming in late-February, you can almost bet that spring will be somewhat ahead of schedule, but if not, there portends to be still a while yet before the planting season is at hand.

The state of the hepatica bloom at Cove Hardwood has proved fairly accurate over all my years of going there, and today as you can see, there was not a blossom, not even a bud, anywhere to be found. Of course, the season could come on quickly, but I've yet to see that happen to the extent that it disproved the augury of the hepatica; and even though it already seems to me that this year's vernal season is going to be somewhat inconsistent, blotchy might be a good word, I've thinking that in the main it's going to be just about on schedule with our

historic notion of spring's advent being near the first of April.

Just to check that prognostication against another location with a different fairly well-known early bloomer I visited the Oconaluftee River Valley near the Oconaluftee Visitor Center (OVC) to check on the state of one of my favorite flowers, *Sanguinaria canadensis*, the lovely bloodroot. I have known it to bloom here in recent years as early as within the first ten days of March, but on this day the blooming ground was completely bare, not even early leafy shoots could be found. Spring does not seem to have any intention of being early in 2014.

By mid-April, on the other hand the season should be well underway, and by then there should be a number of beautiful species to vie for your attention, in addition to hepatica and bloodroot. In mid-March the delicate trailing arbutus (*Epigaea repens*) will have appeared. It's one of the smallest members of the heath family, think rhododendron and flame azalea, and easily overlooked because its blooms show underneath its new leaves, usually just above ground level. Little River Trail is a good place to find it, but it is widespread throughout the mountains and along the old road into Cataloochee (Old NC 284) is another place it can be found. The anemones: rue (*Thalictrum thalictroides*) and wood (*Anemone quinquefolia*) can be found by early-April along the



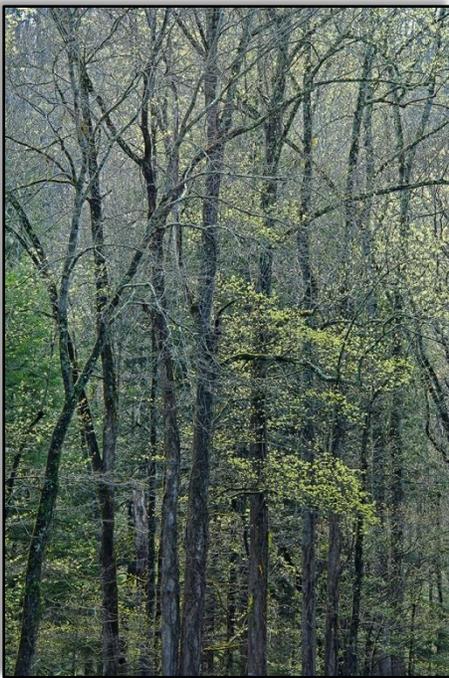
### **Anything but Sanguine**

Bradley Fork Trail, along with several delicately beautiful species of violets: Canadian (*Viola canadensis*), northern white (*Viola macloskeyi*), and beaked (*Viola rostrata*). As you may have guessed, Bradley Folk Trail is another of the Smokies premier wildflower trails.

The Ides of April will have brought fringed phacelia (*Phacelia fimbriata*) to many locations such as Cove Hardwood and Porter's Creek Trail. The dicentra: squirrel corn (*Dicentra canadensis*) and Dutchman's britches (*Dicentra cucullaria*) will have appeared near Kephart Prong Trailhead and on Roaring Fork Motor Nature Trail.

Large-flowered white trillium (*Trillium grandiflorum*), sweet white trillium (*Trillium simile*), Catesby's trillium (*Trillium catesbaei*), and even some yellow trillium (*Trillium luteum*) will have appeared. Cove Hardwood is a great location for these, except Catesby's. Look for it on Rich Mountain in Cades Cove. And on your way to Cades Cove be sure to stop at the Townsend "Y" and check out the first mile of Chestnut Top Trail. It's as good as any for early spring blooms.

Before we leave the early spring blossoms, I also want to mention one of my favorite lilies, trout lily

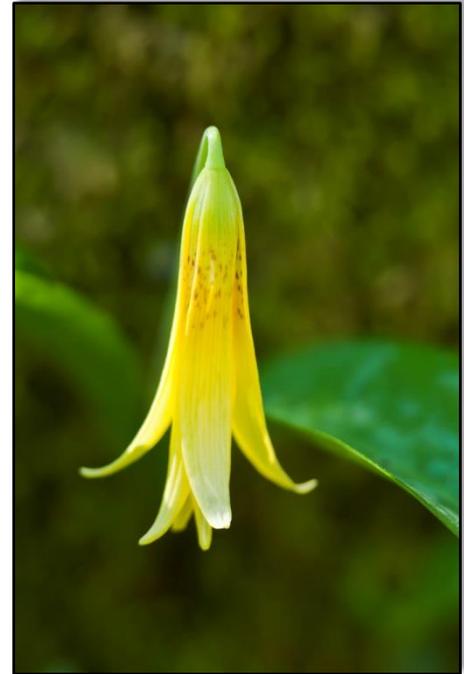


**Spring Woods, Greenbrier**

(*Erythronium umbilicatum*), which is another common resident of Cove Hardwood in mid-to-late March. And I may as well throw in spring beauty (*Claytonia caroliniana*), wood sorrel (*Oxalis montana*), columbine (*Aquilegia canadensis*), and dwarf ginseng (*Panax trifolius*), all growing in Cove Hardwood except columbine, which can be found along Little River Road in the lower gorge.

If there was ever clear and convincing evidence of the reason the Smokies should arguably be called “Wildflower National Park” it can readily be found by being here between mid-March and mid-April: No words necessary.

One of the interesting observations I made while in the Park today was that the water levels in the lower elevations seemed to be lower than I would have expected for this time of year, and especially given the amounts of recent precipitation. But then as I drove into the high peaks and headed toward Newfound Gap I discovered what I believe to be the reason. It’s still pretty chilly up high and much of that moisture is still locked up in snowpack and ice, especially in the north slope shaded areas in Tennessee. It’s been colder than I had realized, but



**In Consideration of Lilies**

as soon as it begins to warm, the flow will pick up and the streams will perk up noticeably.

At the moment there are many beautiful images to be made of ice-covered rocks in the Upper Walker Camp Prong area and in Upper Beech Flats Prong on the North Carolina side of Newfound Gap. And in late-afternoon light you can commonly find golden-hued reflections in the lower elevation streams like West Prong, Little River, and West Prong of Little Pigeon. As spring approaches the banks of Smokies streams will become lush with new growth which when combined with the rocks and water can create wonderful images in the places I’ve mentioned and many others such as Big Creek, Deep Creek, and the various branches of the Oconaluftee.



**Drip Freeze, Drip Freeze...**

by Newfound Gap and the first uplifts of the ridges that become Mount Mingus. As I have mentioned many times before, Luftee Overlook is always a beautiful location for early light, spectacular even, depending on conditions; but by the end of March the sun has moved so far north that it is no longer available as a true sunrise element;

better then, if you want the sun, to be at Clingman’s Dome.

By the early part of April, the sun at sunset will have begun to show out from behind Sugarland Mountain, the long ridge to the left of the Morton Overlook vista. When that begins to happen Morton Overlook will be the premier sunset location in the Smokies.

	<u>March 1</u>	<u>March 21</u>	<u>March 31</u>	<u>April 30</u>	<u>May 31</u>
Sunrise:	7:04a.m.	7:36a.m.	7:22a.m.	6:43a.m.	6:20a.m.
Sunset:	6:28p.m.	7:45p.m.	7:53p.m.	8:18p.m.	8:42p.m.

The times shown are specifically for the Oconaluftee Visitor Center and may vary from the actual locations, Clingman’s Dome, Luftee Overlook, and Morton Overlook by a few minutes, but arrival to take advantage of the early, pre-event light should ensure that you are on – location with sufficient time to be prepared for the actual events. Daylight Savings Time (DST) begins on March 9. The actual Vernal Equinox will occur on March 17 with sunrise and sunset at 7:42 a.m. and 7:42p.m., respectively.



**Waiting for a Sign to Begin**

Campbell Overlook and the ridge of Thomas Divide are wonderful places to witness this spectacle. The image here (above) is from Campbell Overlook taken today, handheld with a point-and-shoot. As you can see, spring still has a good way to go, but you know it is coming.

Somewhere there is a place, a piece of land, a spot of ground on the face of the earth that has spoken to you; spoken in such a way that it has resonated with your heart. Perhaps you have found this place; perhaps you know where it is; perhaps you live on it; or perhaps near it. Perhaps it is far away, but your spirit is there whenever you will it so. Perhaps you know only that it is somewhere and you are still looking.

We all have that place. Or maybe there are many such places; perhaps that place is everywhere.

For the first two-three weeks in April, Clingman’s Dome is a preferable sunset location to Morton Overlook because the sun actually sets toward Thunderhead and Derrick Knob on the Smokies Crest, but by the latter part of the month it has begun to drop behind the crest ridge well before actually setting, making Morton Overlook the preferable location.

As the spring gets in gear, be sure to remember to think about the new green growth that will begin sweeping up the mountains from lower to higher elevations.



**Bullhead Obscura**

If you look for that place, eventually you will find it. That is a part of the journey. And once you have found it, it remains for you to love that place with all of your being, to protect it, to honor it as if it were a marriage. It is. And in loving that place you will recognize the journey of others who are doing the same. For it is in the recognition of our separate journeys of loving the land that is special to us that we can collectively heal and preserve the entire Earth.

## A Tip Is Worth...?

### The Creativity of Frustration

Name five obstacles that prevent you from realizing your creative potential. “Too little time is pretty much a given,” “I have no creative potential” is not an acceptable answer. And while it may be accurate to put down “fear” five times, please elaborate and identify what exactly you fear. That you’ll make a mess? That you’ll be proven a fool? That you’ll be criticized? Take some time to consider what stands between you and your own creativity.

Eric Maisel  
the *Creativity* Book

It is said that **Winston Churchill** described success as “moving from failure to failure without loss of enthusiasm.” **Thomas Edison** allowed that he had not failed, rather he had found a hundred ways that did not work.



I think about those stories of what many people might view as despair and frustration whenever I think about an **R.L. Sharpe** verse I learned as a child: “Isn’t it strange that princes and kings, and clowns that caper in sawdust rings, and common-folk like you and me are builders for eternity. To each is given a bag of tools, a shapeless mass, a book of rules; and each must make ‘ere time has flown a stumbling block or a stepping stone.”

I see Churchill and Edison, and many others like them, whom I have come to know about or have encountered over the years, in

### **Katahdin: 1,972 Miles**

light of the countless spiders that, as a child, I observed in constructing or re-constructing their gossamer webs and the innumerable failures they endured as they worked to make their worlds “better.” And in doing so I am compelled to think about frustration, and patience, and determination in the creative process

Photography, as you may have discovered, is replete with these experiences and the feelings that accompany them. I might go so far as to say they are unavoidable, yet I would quickly add but nor are they insurmountable; and the ways that we approach frustration in our craft can have tremendous impacts on our development and growth as artists and as people.

My answers and suggestions, I am sure, are far from complete or absolute, but if they help point you in a direction toward which you can go and from which you can proceed, then I will be gratified; and I hope you will find that they are relevant and apply to every aspect of the photographic process from the crafting of a single image to an entire creative experience.



### **In a Swamp of White Cedars**

approached, the problems in this one must be satisfactorily addressed.

The other thing that Rip taught me is that there is a deity in the world whose being is of wide relevance to human activity, but especially so when it comes to photographers. This deity is known as the Humble God. Humble God is forever lurking in the shadows of a photographer's life waiting for that person to actually believe that he, or she, has learned all there is to know and ingested all of the skills there are with regard to being photographically knowledgeable and creative. In those moments Humble God shows up to remind us of what we have not yet mastered or understood. Humble God has been known to cause equipment to malfunction, or worse, be broken; he has disrupted our thoughts so that we don't seem to be able to remember how to compose or evaluate light, or any number of other things that photographers must routinely be able to do.

I have encountered Humble God on many occasions over the past twenty years; he has gained my utmost respect; but, in the end, what I have most learned about him is that when I look in the mirror, I see a face that looks almost exactly like his, and I have come to be reasonably certain that whatever crisis of creative expression I find myself in, it has originated with me.

One form of the crisis we might call the "crisis of incompleteness." We have engaged in the work: the creation of an image, or the understanding of a process; and we have seen some results; but they are unfinished, imperfect, in need of refinement. Something is missing; or maybe something is too much. When this happens I try to stop, to be attentive, to let the image

**Rip Noel**, who nearly twenty years ago gave me my first opportunity to ply the trade of being a professional photographer, and whose creativity I have always admired, taught me two things I have carried with me all this time: At its heart, photography is nothing more than a problem-solving process. At every step of the process, one encounters problems from any number of origins that must be effectively resolved if the result is to be successful: technical problems, problems with materials, problems with our understanding and knowledge, and so on. Before the next step in the process can be



### **Race Point in Abstraction**

speak, and to listen to what it says. I try to listen with ears that evoke all I can call forth about the process of composition, the management of light, the manipulation of the camera's controls that allow me to accomplish particular results, my understanding of the ways in which particular focal lengths "see" the world, the effects of time on motion rendition: all of these and more. I try to stop my mind that says incompleteness is okay, and then to let the image be honest with me about how it really is and what it needs to be complete. As this happens I try to remain impartial about my feelings and calm in my assessment. If I can see the image as it is, then I can hear how it needs to be in order to be finished. Beyond this, I try to remind myself that asking the questions of completion should always be an integral part of the creative process.

Another expression of the creative crisis might be called the "crisis of the plateau." I have



accomplished some work, and it's not so bad; but I know that within me there is more, there is something beyond this that is reflective of a deeper connection with my subject or a deeper understanding of the process itself. I know it's there, I just don't seem to be able to reach it, and my frustration is daunting. This is a hugely significant place, and how I respond to it will go a long way toward determining the continued success of this particular work, and even more – to my continued growth as an artist and a creative being. For the plateau is a place of such frustration that many creative artists have allowed it to stop them in their tracks. They choose, for whatever reason, to stay where they are and grow no further, to be sadly content with what they have done rather than putting further effort into what they might do. Usually what is needed here is an infusion of new ideas or new energy, a greater understanding, or greater attention and care. If I listen honestly, the voice will always tell me what is lacking, where I need to turn, what I need to bring into my understanding that will allow me to go forward with more skill, more perception, and more understanding

### **A Sanctuary of Delicacy**

than I have had. Sometimes the solution may be simply to bring greater joy in my work; sometimes the willingness to acquire a new ability. Whatever it is, it cannot be compelled. A Zen teaching says that we cannot force anything, but we cannot afford not to try.

A third expression of the crisis of creative frustration might be stated as the "crisis of heightened expectations" or, "the stakes are higher." Here the frustration centers on our own negative attitudes and inner blockages. We have invested much time and energy in learning what we know and achieving the level of artistry we have achieved. We are comfortable and we know how to well-express what we know, but the demands of the process eventually cast the light on what we do not know; and if we are to achieve a higher level, we must go beyond where we are. Yet our comfort impedes us and merely adds to the frustration, and to go forward, we must risk what is known for what is unknown. This is the essence of what it means to grow. It is demanded by the work itself and by our own quest for authentic expression. Standing before that chasm of the unknown we are brought face to face with who we are as an artist and we are asked to become more. The frustration and anxiety of this will halt us completely if we allow it, and it is our desire to find our authentic selves that urges us forward.

Resistance itself is natural and as evidence of this we need only look around us. The uplift of these beautiful old mountains I call home are but a resistance to the erosive forces of water that seeks to wear the rocks away. The germination of the seedling flowers is in resistance to the soil that contains them. It is often the things to which I am most resistant that nurture my greatest growth, and I have come to believe that as I feel resistance to the obstacles in my life, if I can find the approach to them that is the most joyful, I will likely find the most satisfaction and gain the most from them; and this is true for everything in my photographic life as well.

It is one of the great paradoxes of creativity that to overcome resistance we must call upon energy and determination, while in the exact same moment we do so with acceptance and forbearance. When our energies become polarized we can expect only more anxiety and increased frustration. The challenge is to bring passion and compassion to bear, within ourselves and for the process.

Many years ago **Dorothea M. Dooling**, one of the co-founders of *Parabola* magazine and the editor of one of my favorite books on creativity, *A Way of Working, The Spiritual Dimensions of Craft*, reported an interview in which the **Dali Lama** was asked about the difficulty of leading the Tibetan people from forced exile following the violent overthrow and occupation of his country by the Chinese. Dooling reported that following a brief pause His Holiness replied, "I consider it a great honor and a privilege to be working in these conditions."

We are likewise privileged to have chosen photography as the medium of our artistic expression; and we have indicated a willingness to put into that effort all of the energy and attention that will make it the best expression of who we are as artists and individuals. It is only natural that our commitment to that outcome should meet with a resistance for which we are given all the necessary tools to rise above and move beyond, if we can find within ourselves the joy and determination to meet the task gladly and with persistence.



### **Upon Further Reflection**

## **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**

Craft is the paradigm of human activity – a making, a doing, and an act of contemplation... What we see here is equally applicable to all the rest: the workings of the invisible world of thought and feeling in all modes of expression, in all our arts, in all our work, and in our human relationships

Dorothea M. Dooling

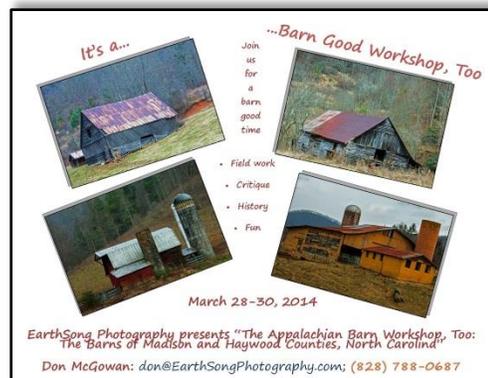
*A Way of Working, The Spiritual Dimension of Craft*

Twenty-fourteen is off with a bang. It's March already! Wow! For a couple of years Bonnie and I have been talking about different kinds of workshops that might be of interest beyond those that are more just pure "nature" work. The wonderful thing is that in our part of the world the possibilities are extensive and varied. So in January I was excited to announce the **Appalachian Barn Workshop** which was created with the help of the Appalachian Barn Alliance in Madison County, just north of Asheville. We slated this event for March 21-23 and the response was so tremendous that the workshop was filled in three days with an overflow of interested folks.

So we decided to create a second, identical workshop the following weekend.

**The Appalachian Barn Workshop, Too; March 28-30, 2014; Asheville, NC and Madison/Haywood Counties, NC** still has three (3) openings. This workshop will feature an introductory opening program on Friday evening, March 28 in Asheville. On Saturday, March 29, we will spend the entire day in the field visiting and photographing selected barns in both Madison and Haywood County. These structures have been chosen not only for their beauty and unique structural features, but also for their historical significance. All of them were built between 1880 – 1920, so they are all nearly a century old, or older. Then on Sunday morning, March 30, we'll reconvene in the classroom for a full critique of selected images created by the participants on the previous day. This is going to be an exciting event filled with creative opportunities and fun. If you would like to join us contact me:

[don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com) or (828) 788-0687.



This year our **Acadia/Mount Desert Island, Maine Workshop; June 21-27, 2014; Southwest Harbor, ME** is going to be a spring event. We've come to love Acadia in the spring every bit as much as we do in the fall; and the creative opportunities during that time are as many and varied as the autumn season. This is both lupine and bunchberry season on the island; and the beauty of Ocean Drive, Beech Cliff, Great Head, Cadillac Mountain and all of the other iconic and esoteric locations make the latter part of June an ideal time to be there. This winter has brought more snow than usual to the Maine Coast and we're anticipating a flower show in spring that will drop your jaw. If you would like to participate in the beauty of an Acadian spring contact me:

[don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com), or (828) 788-0687.



In August we are returning to lovely Transylvania County, NC for the Wildflowers, **Waterfalls, and Western North Carolina Workshop; August 22-24, 2014; Brevard, NC.**

Last year this event was a great hit and we were treated to some amazing images of majestic waterfalls, beautiful late-summer wildflowers, and some of the most incredible atmospherics I have seen on the Blue Ridge Parkway. The yellow-fringed orchids in DuPont State Forest were like a summer fireworks display. This year we've put in a request for just more of the same, so we hope you will plan to join us in August. Information for this workshop is on the website, [www.EarthSongPhotography.com](http://www.EarthSongPhotography.com). Of course you can contact me as well: [don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com), or **(828) 788-0687**.



In late-September we're going back to the Upper Peninsula after a year's hiatus from this wonderful place. We've surely missed it and are truly excited to be going back. I have photographed in the UP, with and without a workshop, for 13 of the previous 14 fall foliage seasons, so maybe that tells you how special it is to me. **The Awesome Upper Peninsula of Michigan Workshop; September 27-October 3, 2014;**

**Baraga/Munising, MI** dates are chosen to optimize the fall color experience in the location that, in my mind, offers the best fall color in the country, period; and some other pretty incredible opportunities as well. I simply cannot say enough about the combination of color, water, and light that makes the UP what it is.

There is some information on the website, [www.EarthSongPhotography.com](http://www.EarthSongPhotography.com); but if you want the full story contact me: [don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com), or **(828) 788-0687**.



Following the UP we'll head to New Hampshire for another location that offers an amazing autumn color experience, as well as some of the most beautiful mountains in the East. The

**White Mountain National Forest Fall Workshop; October 11-17, 2014; Glen NH** has to be one of those incredible places that every photographer should visit much more often than once or twice. There are geologic features, beautiful rivers, wonderful atmospherics, and fall color that would knock my socks off, if I wore socks. We'll be in the heart of all of this in the friendly village of Glen, right alongside the Saco River. See the website, [www.EarthSongPhotography.com](http://www.EarthSongPhotography.com) and then contact me: [don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com), or **(828) 788-0687**.



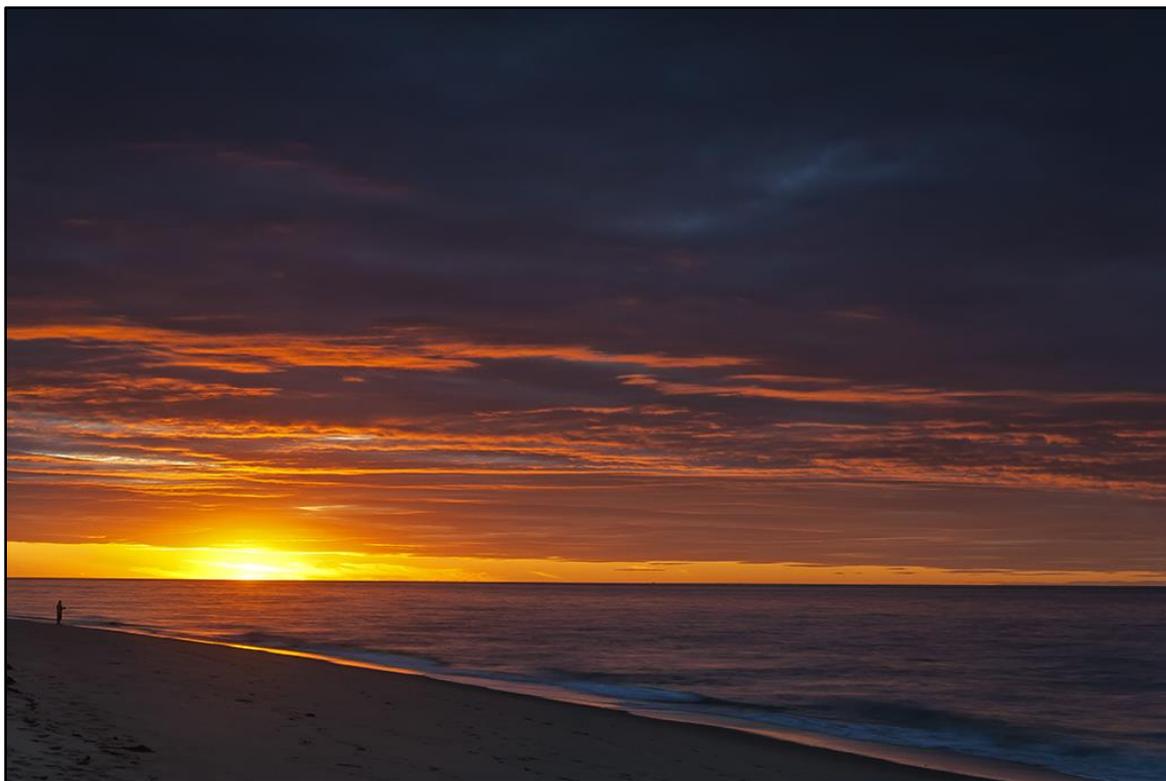
To wrap up the fall workshop season we're returning to a new location that we offered for the first time in 2013, and it quickly became one of those places we fell in love with and knew that we would be returning often. **The Beauty of the Rhode Island Coast Workshop; October 25-31, 2014; Narragansett, RI** captured our hearts last year, and now it feels like an old friend we're looking forward to seeing again. The Ocean State in late-October offer a diversity of experience, both natural and historical, the will surprise and please you beyond your wildest imagination. The mighty Atlantic, quaint fishing villages, the historic beauty of Block Island and Newport, awesome wildlife refuges, and the charming wonder of Conanicut Island: I ❤️ Rhode Island. To learn about this photographic adventure you will not forget: [don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com), or **(828) 788-0687**.



We wish each of you, our EarthSong friends and family, a healthy and beautiful spring. We hope you will join us for a creative photographic adventure that will inspire you on your artistic journey.

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

This newsletter is being sent only to those people who have expressed an interest in receiving it. If you no longer wish to receive it, you can be removed from the mailing list by sending an email requesting removal to [don@EarthSongPhotography.com](mailto:don@EarthSongPhotography.com).



Sunset, Race Point Beach, Cape Cod National Seashore