

YELLOW BUTTERFLY



*Bradley S. Workman*

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Preview

**YELLOW BUTTERFLY**

**Haiti and the Transformation  
of an American Photojournalist**

Book One - Limited Edition

*Bradley S. Workman*

Copy number \_\_\_\_\_ of a "Book One" signed, limited edition of maximum 10 copies.

Date Signed: \_\_\_\_\_

Author's Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

*Turning World Communications, LLC*



Let not mercy and truth forsake you: bind them about  
your neck; write them on the table of your heart:  
-- Proverbs 3:3, American King James Version Bible

YELLOW BUTTERFLY  
Haiti and the Transformation of an American Photojournalist  
Book One - Limited Edition

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**EVEN before** these early words I made the name of this book's Caribbean mother easy enough to discern, and attentively moving through the pages should erase any doubt a reader might have had about her most noble identity. Paternity, beyond confines of this Preface, will remain a less obvious matter. So do allow me now, in this bulletin I have needed to create and am grateful to share, to go on dissipating a mystery few if any knew existed. This project's commoner father is a dank, dim world filled with ogre emotions: guilt, regret, anger, fear, cynicism, greed.

As I was working to capture images for what became the "Yellow Butterfly" project I was, too often with my own undisciplined assistance, angered and made afraid by acts of others. Indeed, such anger and fear have been part of my efforts on the west side of Hispaniola since perhaps my first visit in 2003. I need the focus here though to be on emotions born of my own sins and other misdeeds that I am less willing to condemn

## P R E F A C E

so stridently. I cannot identify a first time, but I began committing those sins and lesser transgressions years ago. Maybe it began on that initial trip in 2003.

Sadly, I doubt I will ever fully recollect all of my offenses against the alluring yet elusive mother republic. Blame the atrophy of age or psychogenic fugue or a tendency for the offender to forget faster. I think I am brave enough now to confess everything -- even the clearly contemptible. Gone are the long days and nights when I foolishly and implausibly wanted to simply forget and get on with my odd life, and I cannot best seek forgiveness for offenses forgotten. Though my view into my past is hardly close to total recall I came home with enough memories of my bad behaviors that they pushed me inexorably toward the "Transformation" I point to in this book's subtitle. The change was climactic yet is joyously ongoing.

Persistent, ogre emotions are dreadful and comprehensive toxins. People who have had



worse experiences can proffer qualitatively more compelling and cautionary testimony. Regardless, I have been afflicted.

It would come as added comfort to know I was forgiven by everyone affected by the indignities I dispensed whether I remember them or not. But if it would be benevolence bestowed on me for varied abuses recalled or forgotten (regarding Haiti or outer space) I also eventually realized the mercy of every person would never have been enough. I did want the favor and forgiveness of flesh and blood even before I had captured any image presented in any "Yellow Butterfly" book. I wanted goodwill because I had been since 2009 a hobbled human -- one not thriving but merely surviving thanks mainly to the kindness of friends and family. Despite my thinking for decades that I live lucky and, yes, blessed my living unavoidably without pardon from others gave much to my providential retardation. My inability to forgive

*(continued on 07)*





myself also contributed generously to this running dysfunction.

What I hope will be understood though is that even if I had somehow forgiven myself and by my confessions somehow gained the whole globe's forgiveness it would have all been insufficient. The sum total could never have ensured my long-term thriving in daily life or ensured that my forever journey is not some chaotic, flaming damnation but rather a warm and harmonious exaltation.

Some readers, whose perceptiveness I do not question here, could still be wondering: Precisely which persons, places, things, or undertakings might have the power to heal my wounds, nourish my days, and give me sufficient energy for a safe move through my much-more-distant destiny? Would organic gardening, surfing, yoga, triathlon training, or a recipe of them meet such deep needs? Would becoming a politician, the object of a prima ballerina's obsession, or a wealthy philanthropist suffice or strengthen a stew?

Please read the next paragraph carefully, and then immediately read it again.

It was perforce a Christian prayer I read aloud to myself that rescued and redeemed and released and transformed me. It was a prayer at a beach in Vero Beach in Florida on my country's Thanksgiving Day, 2021. To be more precise it was a Fellowship Tract League prayer on a folded paper that I found along that same beach several months prior. The prayer said that I trust the Lord Jesus Christ alone to be my Saviour and forgive my sin. My sins had been many.

There have been long periods in my life when I was an atheist and rare, resplendent moments when I felt a powerful pull in the opposite direction (in a church or chapel near the university in Gainesville over 30 years ago, for one). Yet, I think it correct to claim that for most of my adult life I was a timid agnostic. Atheist. Agnostic. Agnostic. Atheist. The big "A" words cannot threaten

*(continued on 09)*





me now. On that shimmering Thanksgiving I was ready to repent and receive what no mere mortal can take from me.

No gracious patron or typical critic could have been forgiving enough to save me from myself and the fallen angel. Nevertheless, I am quite excited to expose below some too-hidden truths with every patron, critic, and accidental audience. Even though it is not necessary I hope everyone brought to full and proper awareness of this Preface will forgive me for what these truths prove.

This book was thankfully not completed on some publisher's deadline. The work was done on my peculiar and unrushed schedule, but I am eager to communicate what people need and deserve to know. They also should know that my secrets made me sick and that I have received all necessary forgiveness.

I am planning to reveal additional, well-remembered yet too-hidden truths as the "Yellow Butterfly" continues on its flights in three follow-up volumes. Moreover, as I

attend to distribution and any promotion of this book and work to produce the others I may be fortunate to remember and reveal relevant sins or transgressions that time and troubles have hidden from me. (I already have captured and archived all in-country principal photographs for the other books.)

#### **SIN No. 1**

#### ***Approving Inaccurate Caption on Haiti Image***

Someone who knew all happenings before and after might disagree with my decision, but I know the specific sin I wish to shine light on first. I do not claim it is my worst dereliction. If I knew that I could remember all of my Haiti-based serious violations and lesser regrets then I might be first sharing details of a different incident, but that now seems unlikely.

Namely, in 2009 I pursued a story about Haitian artisanal charcoal. Although at least



some cross-border activity must occur this is Haitian wood carbonized in Haiti for use there -- often as cooking fuel. My intended first outlet for the piece was, ironically, *The Christian Science Monitor* (*The Monitor*).

I worked on the story as a freelance and, by agreement, on speculation. In this case "on speculation" meant the publication did not help me financially as I worked. I was not given cash for expenses or an airplane ticket to Haiti, for examples. *The Monitor* was interested in my material based on an idea I presented, but there was no guarantee it would be presented to the readership.

*The Monitor* paid me (memory says less than \$700) after some images I made for the story and text credited to me got published.

The charcoal story ran, at minimum, in a Jan. 10, 2010, edition of *The Monitor*. I do not recall having ever owned a printed paper version of any issue containing the story. Except for seeing the story in a print edition

(continued on 13)







at a public library I otherwise refer herein only to my digital file of *The Monitor* with the above dateline. The story ran on pages 24-25 of my digital version. This is the "in pictures" section of the issue. The story is titled "Haiti's charcoal trade."

My work to secure the published images included one visit to L'Azile, Haiti. On the morning of Sept. 24, 2009, I photographed a woman walking along an unpaved, rocky roadway. She was carrying on her head a cargo that included charcoal.

The text matched to the image in that "in pictures" published feature reads as follows: "**TO MARKET** A woman balancing a load of charcoal heads for the Thursday morning market in downtown L'Azile. Most of the charcoal produced in the area is sold in the capital, Port-au-Prince, four hours away by road -- when the roads are dry."

Papers I have show I approved the above caption text to be published (with irrelevant

*(continued on 16)*







differences in punctuation and formatting).

My sin is that I simply do not know if the woman carrying the charcoal went to the Thursday morning market! I did not follow her there, and I do not recall her telling me in English that she was taking charcoal to market! If she had made such a declaration in the French language or in Haitian Creole I probably would not have understood her in 2009. My memory says she did not even speak to me outside of perhaps a few typical, passing words.

Our one encounter was brief. My memory is that she did not even stop walking, and the few images I do have of her in my archives support my suspect memory because she is in motion in all of them. It is possible that I deleted one image or images of her before archiving the day's work, but if the lady had stopped then I would quite possibly have taken some images that were less active (a portrait of her as she was talking to me, for

*(continued on 18)*





example). It is unlikely I would have deleted all those frames as useless; one or more of them would have survived to be archived. Therefore, my best bet is the charcoal porter in L'Azile did not stop to interact with me.

Maybe the woman shown walking in the photograph was going to the L'Azile market to sell or otherwise deliver some or all of the charcoal, but today I cannot say for certain. My memory is that the market was within a reasonable if undesirable walking distance, which does not eliminate the possibility that she had simply bought the charcoal in the local community and was taking it home!

When I made the image I was excited to get it. I likely just assumed then that she was going where I needed her to be going, and that is possible. I do not remember if I was still in Haiti when I realized my reporting was not thorough enough to know where the walker even wanted her legs to take her.

Records I have show the text I first sent *The Monitor* for publication with my image

read just as follows: "This woman carrying wood charcoal was heading on Sept. 24, 2009, toward the Thursday market held in downtown L'Azile. Making charcoal for sale in distant urban areas is a common community practice of rural L'Azile, but some of the locally produced charcoal is sold and used locally. On a dry day L'Azile is located approximately four hours driving time outside of Port-au-Prince in Haiti's Nippes administrative department."

So, the caption text I ultimately approved for publication said the woman was heading "for" the market, but the text I first submitted said she was heading "toward" the market. My cynical thinking back then was that the word "toward" actually evidenced, however minimally, my lackluster reporting and was more accurate because "for" gave readers the wrong impression that I knew at least her intended destination without doubt. Either way, I alone approved "for" for publication.

*(to be continued in "Yellow Butterfly" Book Two)*



















Preview











Preview











Preview

























































































































GUIDE TO IMAGES

**Note:** Images were prepared by doing (one or more) resizing; cropping (of the horizontals on pages 72 through 73); exposure, color levels, and shadows and highlights adjusting; and full-image sharpening. Black borders were added. Some images run off page. Every such image, except on pages 72 through 73, is shown in full to its left or right. No image on 72 through 73 is shown in full herein. Images are shown in the same order captured (disregarding duplicates) on pages 03 to 17 and then starting again on 19. True sequences (disregarding duplicates) are identified via underlined page numbers. Brad Workman owns the images and has transferred copyrights to none but does not, by publishing herein, claim sole copyright to those on pages 72, 72-73 (spread), 73, 74, and 82 (right). Some images appear to be portraits, portrait-like, or otherwise demonstrative. Some people depicted did, because of utterances, comments, gestures, or acts by Workman or on-scene others, pose or take positions or abandon or hold those taken on their own. Any such case at least suspected by Workman is noted. Proper nouns below lack any diacritics needed for correct spelling.

**Front/Back Covers:** *Sept. 29, 2013* -- He gave his name as Emmanuel Joseph. He was outside the capital's state university hospital, or General Hospital. The image is duplicated on 71.

**03:** *July 31, 2013* -- She was on the outer side of a wall bordering National Palace grounds in the capital. The image is duplicated on 19.

**05, 06:** *July 31, 2013* -- He was roadside in an area of the capital city we may loosely call downtown. He said via a translator that he was a victim of the 2010 earthquake. The image is duplicated on 19.

**08:** *Aug. 1, 2013* -- She was outdoors with what seemed to be a hurt hand, at least, in an area of Port-au-Prince we may loosely call downtown. The image at left is duplicated on 19.

**10-11:** *Aug. 5, 2013* -- She was roadside with the big hat in a capital area we may loosely call downtown. The image on 10 is duplicated on 19.

**12-13:** *Aug. 6, 2013* -- She was on the outer side of a wall bordering National Palace grounds in the capital. The image on 13 is duplicated on 20.

**14, 14-15 spread:** *Aug. 7, 2013* -- They were roadside together in an area of Port-au-Prince we may loosely call downtown. The image on 14 is duplicated on 20.

**15:** *Aug. 8, 2013* -- An area on her thigh seemed to be healing from a burn, scrape, etc. She was outside in a part of the capital we may loosely call downtown. The image is duplicated on 20.

**16-17:** *Aug. 8, 2013* -- He was in the capital and outside the state university hospital, or General Hospital. The image on 16 is duplicated on 20.

**19-20:** *July 31 to Aug. 8, 2013* -- These images are duplicates of those that appear on: 03, 05, 08 (left), 10, 13, 14, 15, and 16.

**21:** *Aug. 10, 2013* -- They were on a sidewalk in a part of Port-au-Prince we may loosely call downtown. The images at left and middle are duplicates.

**22-23:** *Aug. 11, 2013* -- He was afflicted by a skin condition on, basically, every visible part of his body. He was not far from National Palace grounds in the capital. The photographer asked him, explicitly or otherwise, to display his arms. The images on 23 are duplicates.

**24 (left):** *Aug. 11, 2013* -- She was in the capital and not far from the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Assumption catholic church. The church was badly damaged in the 2010 earthquake.

**24 (right)-25:** *Aug. 11, 2013* -- He was near the earthquake-damaged Cathedral of Our Lady of the Assumption catholic church in the capital. Another person might have prompted his hand gesture. It was likely an expression of hunger.

**26 (left):** *Aug. 14, 2013* -- He was in the capital,

Port-au-Prince, and on the outer side of a wall bordering National Palace grounds.

**26 (right):** *Aug. 15, 2013* -- She was, with her wrapped arm, in the capital and across from National Palace grounds. The palace was badly damaged in the 2010 earthquake, and it might have been non-existent in 2013 following full demolition and clean up.

**27:** *Aug. 18, 2013* -- He was outside in a part of Port-au-Prince we may loosely call downtown. Brad Workman had seen him in the area on the prior day, at least. These images are duplicates.

**28:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was sitting by a tent dwelling at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**29:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**30-31:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was beside a tent structure at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**32-33:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- They were at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special

needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**34-35:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was beside a tent structure at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**36, 36-37 spread:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- They were at a food preparation area at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**37:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- He was at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**38-39:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- They were at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**40-41:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- They were inside a tent dwelling at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs. The images on 41 are duplicates.

**42-43:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- He was, with his cross necklace, at a camp in Sun City that was a home

to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs. These images are duplicates.

**44:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**45:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- He was at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**46-47:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs. These images are duplicates.

**48-49:** *Sept. 24, 2013* -- She was at a camp in Sun City that was a home to some with special needs. Brad Workman does not know which people had special needs.

**50:** *Sept. 27, 2013* -- People outside the capital's state university hospital (downtown area). Brad Workman gave the man with a bottle 5 gourdes.

**50-51 spread:** *Sept. 27, 2013* -- This shows the damaged hands of the man wearing the cap on page 50. His right hand was missing one finger.



**51:** *Sept. 27, 2013* -- She was seated outside with the baby in a part of the capital we may loosely call downtown.

**52:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- She was in the capital in a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin. Please assume a third person or people on scene persuaded her to stop and be photographed.

**53:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- She was in a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**54:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- They were in the capital, Port-au-Prince, in a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**55:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- She was in a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**56 (left):** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- He was in the capital, Port-au-Prince, in a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**56 (right)-57:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- She was in a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**58-59:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- These soiled, shoe-seeking feet were in a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**60:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- These children were in the

capital in a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin. An adult helped arrange at least the child at the rear (on the step) to be photographed.

**60-61 spread:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- She was in the capital, Port-au-Prince, in a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**61:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- They were sheltering in the shade at a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**62, 62-63 spread:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- They were at a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**63:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- They were in the capital at a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**64:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- Playing a board game with plastic caps at a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**64-65 spread:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- Avoiding tainted water in the capital at a big camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**65:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- Textiles on laundry lines at a camp in Port-au-Prince. This big camp was known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**66:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- Messages of faith displayed

at a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin. The first line translates as "God before all." The third translates "God is good."

**67:** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- She was at a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin.

**68-69, 70 (left and falling):** *Sept. 28, 2013* -- This variety shop was at a big Port-au-Prince camp known to some as Accra/Adoquin. These images are duplicates.

**70 (right):** *Sept. 29, 2013* -- He gave his name as Emmanuel Joseph. He sat outside the capital's state university hospital, or General Hospital.

**71:** *Sept. 29, 2013* -- He gave his name as Emmanuel Joseph. He was outside the capital's state university hospital, or General Hospital. The image is duplicated on this book's covers.

**72, 72-73 spread:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- A sign and model caskets at a capital demonstration on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Haiti's Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Michel Martelly was president this 2013 day; Laurent Lamothe was prime minister. These images are duplicates.

**73:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Model caskets with a fallen sign (see preceding caption) at a demonstration in the capital on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**74:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- This banner was displayed at a capital demonstration on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Fanmi Lavalas (Family Avalanche *or* Family Flood) is a political group he later represented.

**75:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Person with a pocketed hand on the move during a demonstration in Port-au-Prince. This was the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**76:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Person on the move during a demonstration in Port-au-Prince. This was the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of the elected president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**76-77 spread, 77:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- He held a political banner while circling a street fire in Port-au-Prince on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. MONOP (on the banner's top line) is the acronym of an opposition movement.

**78, 78-79 spread, 79:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- People, including some participants, on the street during a demonstration in the capital on the anniversary of the 1991 toppling of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**80:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- People on the street, among them some participants, during a demonstration in Port-au-Prince. This was the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**81-82 (left):** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- The man circling fire at this demonstration in Port-au-Prince held a poster depicting Jean-Bertrand Aristide on the anniversary of the president's 1991 overthrow.

**82 (right):** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- He held a poster depicting Jean-Bertrand Aristide. This was in the capital on the anniversary of the president's 1991 overthrow. The poster text translates: The more they persecute him the more we like him.

**83:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- At a Port-au-Prince street march on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of the elected president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**84:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Riot police and a passerby with a camera near National Palace grounds in Port-au-Prince. The police were working during street agitation on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**85:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Some people near National Palace grounds in the capital fled during street agitation on the anniversary of the 1991 toppling of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. By the next camera-clock minute, at most, tear gas was visible in the area. The statue at top-right is Alexandre Petion.

**86:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Vendor (in dress) and tear gas near National Palace grounds in the capital during street agitation on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**87:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- The men lifting cases were working to relocate them during street agitation near National Palace grounds on the anniversary of the 1991 toppling of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**88:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- The man carrying cases is also on 87. He was amidst street agitation near National Palace grounds in Port-au-Prince on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. This sequence ends on 89.

**89:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Vendor relocating and tear gas near National Palace grounds in the capital on the anniversary of the 1991 toppling of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. This sequence starts on 88.

**90-91:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- A scene near National Palace grounds in the capital during agitation on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. The hunched person may well be a reporter. The four big images are duplicates.

**92:** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- A demonstrator in a red neckerchief talking to a Haitian policeman near National Palace grounds in the capital. This was during street agitation on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

**93 and 98 (top):** *Sept. 30, 2013* -- Street march near National Palace grounds in the capital on the anniversary of the 1991 overthrow of Jean-Bertrand Aristide. These images are duplicates.



## BOOK TWO PREVIEW:



### WORDS OF THANKS

The author offers his *very special thanks* to the generous and brave people in Haiti who have helped educate him about their country and have assisted him in his work there since 2003. The work could not have been done without their insight and cooperation. Some of them have passed away, which deepens rather than diminishes the author's gratitude.



# Preview