

A Song for the Asking
The Electronic Newsletter of
EarthSong Photography,
America the Beautiful Photography Workshops,
and
Photography with Heart Workshops: Walking in Beauty

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Hello to All

Like winds and sunsets, wild things were taken for granted
until progress began to do away with them.
Now we face the question whether a still higher 'standard of living'
is worth the cost in things natural, wild, and free.
For us of the minority, the opportunity to see geese
is more important than television,
and the chance to find a pasque-flower
is a right as inalienable as free speech.

Aldo Leopold
Forward to A Sand County Almanac

"How can we live on the land without spoiling it?" These words resound in my head like the report of a rifle echoing from peak to peak across these old mountains, sharp and crisp, demanding response; like the hollow, dull roar of a



chainsaw. They are not my words, but I hear them in almost continuing repetition as if they were the buzzing of bees at the entrance to a busy hive; air being fanned by countless wings into constant motion.

"How can we live on the land without spoiling it?" It is a hopeful question that seems to pre-suppose an affirmative possibility. In darker moments

I am doubtful, as when I stand in Greenhill Cemetery, at the upper elevations of Mount Prospect, which became the lovely village of Waynesville in 1810, gazing across the valley of Richland Creek to the northwest up into the shoulder of the highland called Eaglenest Ridge, the long arête sloping northeastward off the spine of the Plott Balsams, which separates the Richland Creek watershed from that of Jonathan Creek on the other side and the uncertain future of Maggie Valley near its head. At its top, the ridge is over 4000' in elevation, and it offers a

commanding view to the south and east. Southward the run of Richland Creek is reaching its midpoint as it passes through Hazelwood and Frog Level on its way to Lake Junaluska and ultimately to the Pigeon River beyond. Eastward rise the Newfound Mountains, some peaked at over 5000', which form the county lines between Haywood, Buncombe, and Madison Counties and the watershed boundary between the Pigeon and the mighty French Broad, the upper stretches of the great watercourse called the Long Man by the Tsalagi. It is half of what will eventually come to be called the Tennessee.

And all the way to the crest of Eaglenest, and even on the crest at some of its lower reaches, the side of the mountain has been chopped and slashed away so that the second homes of the affluent built there are easily seen, especially in winter when the bare branches of such deciduous forest as remains fail to hide the scars.

From Mount Prospect, which had long since become Waynesville, I can imagine the night of May 6, 1865 as the **Union Colonel William Bartlett** watched Eaglenest Ridge, and the other ridges that surround the town, become aglow with the seemingly countless fires being started by **William Holland Thomas'** Confederate Cherokees in a stratagem designed to show superior numbers that did not exist. The stratagem worked and on the next morning Bartlett surrendered to **Gen. James Martin**, only to have Martin surrender in return upon learning that the Civil War had been over for nearly a month and that he and his men were on the losing side. The scars of Colonel Thomas' fires have long ago vanished; those of the second homes will not disappear as easily.

"How can we live on the land without spoiling it?" **Aldo Leopold** asked this

question. He must have been a pragmatic optimist, for even in his moments of doubt, he seems to have held to the possibility. He seems to have been of such a nature and a mindset that he could accept the awful contradictions inherent in the question, could not only live with the dilemmas of the conservation ethic, but could generally find some way to breach what often seemed to be



the irreconcilable differences between the ethos of conservation and the insatiable push for economic expansion that he saw around him. And he seems to have done it in the only way that I can think of in which it is possible, by believing ultimately in the goodness of human beings and in their willingness to do the right thing.

In Cataloochee Valley, I am standing in the waning light of a glorious late-winter afternoon on the opposite side of Rough Fork Creek from the lovely frame house completed in 1903 by **Hiram Caldwell**. It had taken him nearly five years of hard work, but it was a place of which he was justly proud and would make a wonderful home for him, his wife **Mary Elizabeth**, and their four children. It

was the same year that Aldo Leopold came east from his home in Burlington, Iowa to attend the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey and set himself on the path to Yale and a career with the fledgling United States Forest Service. One of Leopold's first assignments with the Forest Service had been to lead a reconnaissance crew in mapping out a portion of the Apache National Forest in Arizona. He had received his first choice of assignment locations and would quickly come to know the Southwest as his spiritual home. One day he and a member of the crew came upon a female wolf and her pups crossing a river. He was an avowed hunter; his grandfather had taken great care to instill in him a respect for all creatures; but wolves and other predators were considered varmints and anathema in view of the game species the foresters wanted to protect. Shooting into the pack, he went to see what he had achieved. He found a crippled pup and a dying female. Even though in his mind he felt he was doing the right thing, his act haunted him. It would be many years before the implications of what he had done would be clear to him, and he would write these words, "We reached the old wolf in time to watch a fierce green fire dying in her eyes. I realized then, and have known ever since, that there was something new to me in those eyes – something known only to her and to the mountain." In that moment a conservationist was conceived, and although its germination would take many years, and would morph through many layers before finally becoming full-grown, Leopold's keen powers of observation and the sensitivity of his being could not help but inevitably lead him to the conclusions he eventually would reach as to the absolute need for diversity and the ultimate sanctity of the entire web of life. He never ceased to hunt, nor did he decline to acknowledge a validity in the act of hunting when done in an ethical manner, but he came to see the hunt as part of its larger context, in which predator and prey species all have a necessary role and mankind is only one integer – albeit the major one – in the sum.



In the beginning of his career Leopold had, for the most part, bought into the philosophy of the man who was the guiding force behind the creation of the Forest Service, as well as its first director, **Gifford Pinchot**. When it came down to whether the forests were to be considered primarily as preserves of nature, or as areas to be managed for their use, Pinchot made it clear that development was to be the guiding principle, a forest was primarily a tree lot for timber. For

Leopold, so long as he was free to spend his days in the great outdoors, this was acceptable; but it did not take long for him to gain an expanded perspective, and it soon became clear to him that he could not adequately give vent to his primary desire to protect game species, which were becoming increasingly limited in many places, without simultaneously giving equal attention to the overall health of the forest itself - the habitat in which the game, as well as all the other species, must feed, hide, and raise their young. As always, he was quick to realize the inadequacy of limiting his views as to how nature really works, and to reach for a broader understanding. This trait of character would continue to grow until it



could no longer contain the contradictions between his vision and the policies of his beloved Forest Service, and when that bridge had, finally, to be crossed in 1927, Leopold would spend the ensuing five years working on behalf of the Sporting Arms and Ammunitions Manufacturers Institute, primarily engaged in research on a variety of questions regarding game preservation and

game species management, his fame and reputation as a game scientist continuing to grow all the while. In 1933, this renown would induce the University of Wisconsin to offer him a position on its faculty as the chair of the first-ever graduate program in game management, a position he would continue to hold until his untimely death in 1948 at the age of 61.

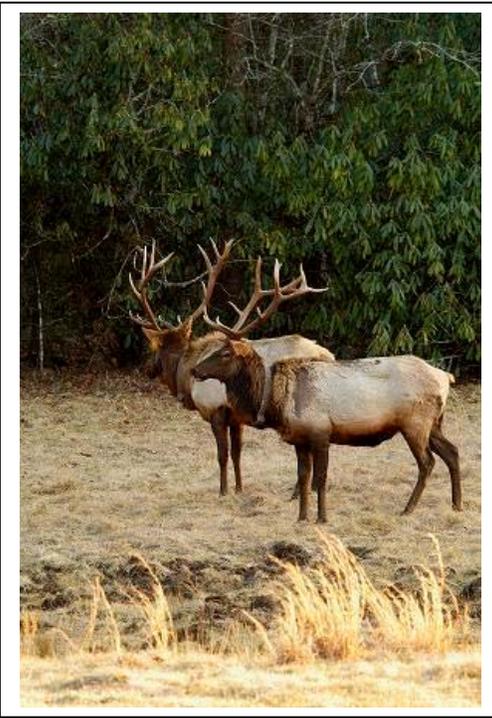
“How can we live on the land without spoiling it?” Aldo Leopold answered this question in a great variety of ways. Of the dilemma inherent in the question he wrote, “I realize that every time I turn on an electric light...I am selling out to the enemies of conservation. When I submit these thoughts to a printing press, I am helping to cut down the woods. When I pour cream in my coffee, I am helping drain a marsh for cows to graze, and to exterminate the birds of Brazil...What to do? I see only two courses open to the likes of us. One is to go live on locusts in the wilderness, if there is any wilderness left.”

For the pragmatic optimist there was another way, and Leopold saw it as the responsibility of all who understood the dilemma to do everything they could to help businesses and consumers become more aware of the need to become more conservation-minded; not to eschew all of the benefits of modern living, but to understand that those benefits cannot exist in the long term if they do not go hand-in-hand with a willingness to conserve, to protect, and to achieve a state in which what we use can be sustained, ultimately going back to the one thing that is the source of that sustainability: the land.

Not only in his teaching and his writing did he seek to wrestle with this predicament, but he approached it in real life as well. In 1935 he and his family purchased a modest piece of acreage with a dilapidated shack near the banks of the Wisconsin River. It had been a small, neglected, and ultimately abandoned farm. The Leopolds made it theirs, and set about to bring it back to life with the

kind of stewardship Aldo knew was possible. Their work produced a marvelous restoration. The thousands of trees, sprigs of native grasses, and wildflowers they planted created a lovely spot where nature and man commingled in harmony. After his death his neighboring farmers turned their acres bordering the property into a 1,200 acre management trust. “The Shack” is still a part of the family. It has been many years since I first read what many consider to be Leopold’s major contribution to the literature of conservation, ***A Sand County***

Almanac. At the time I was too filled with righteous indignation over what I saw happening to the environment to be able to fully appreciate what Aldo Leopold was trying to share with me. Recently, I read a new biography, ***Aldo Leopold: A Fierce Green Fire*** by **Marybeth Lorbiecki**, and through her excellent portrait I came to know Aldo Leopold in a completely different way. It took me back to a morning in February 2001, when in the cold, frosty light of a Smokies day I had stood on a makeshift platform with a couple of hundred other folks up a small hollow along Big Fork Ridge Trail, not far into the woods from the floor of Cataloochee Valley, peering over into a temporary holding pen as the first elk of the experimental re-introduction project stepped cautiously, and then with bolting speed, into their new home, on this land where they had not been in more than a hundred years. I remember the sense of awe and wonder I felt at the sight of those magnificent creatures, the feeling of a circle being completed and a coming home. Today as I stand here in this beautiful valley there is another layer that has been added



to the complex of emotions. I think about Aldo Leopold, the father of modern wildlife management; and I know that he would have been pleased to have seen what I was privileged to see that day. I know that we humans can learn to live in harmony with the natural world.

Every time we act in such a way that conserves our precious resources, that diminishes the pollution of our streams and mountains, that encourages us to use in ways that sustain rather than deplete, that motivates us to simply use only what we really need, we are answering Aldo Leopold’s fundamental question, “How can we live on the land without spoiling it?”; and in the end it may be the only question that matters.

What’s Now?

In fits and starts winter is beginning to slip away; and although it will not leave us completely for another several weeks, the signs of its passing are everywhere; however the flock of robins (*Turdus migratorius*) you can see on the lawns and fields surrounding Oconaluftee or Sugarlands Visitor Centers is not one of them.

Robins are permanent residents of the Park and can be seen year-round. In Cades Cove and in Cataloochee Valley there is a definite sign: the descendants of the daffodils (*Narcissus pseudonarcissus*) planted by the early settlers are now showing their leaf shoots. They will be blooming within the next two weeks; and if we have an early spring snow, many will lose those blossoms to the cold. Of course, daffodils in the snow present a beautiful image of poignant contrast.

On the last day of February I continued a tradition that I started several years ago by walking the Cove Hardwood Nature Trail, which loops for nearly a mile through the forest-type for which it is named above the parking lot at the Chimneys Picnic Area. Besides being one of the finest wildflower hikes anywhere it has become my barometer for gauging the advance of the coming season. Last year I found several buds of sharp-lobed hepatica (*Hepatica nobilis* var. *acuta*), but no open flowers. This was somewhat unusual, since I had not previously been seeing these buds until nearly the end of the first week in March. You may recall that the entire blooming schedule for 2006 seemed to be about a week, or so, ahead. This year there were more buds, as well as several open flowers. So we'll just have to wait and see how this may play into the blooming cycle

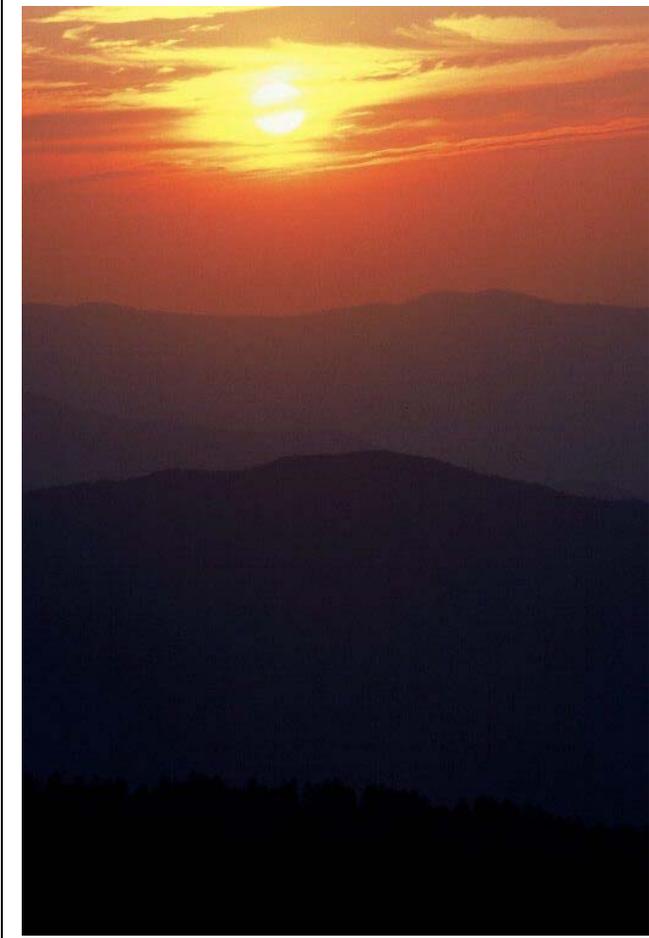


we're about to enter. Hepatica is such a delicate, lovely flower, both in its sharp-lobed and round-lobed varieties (*H. nobilis* var. *obtusata*); and it is common throughout the Smokies, but especially prolific in the area between Chimneys Picnic Area and the Chimneytops Trailhead, further south along Newfound Gap Road.

By the end of March, Cove Hardwood Nature Trail will become awash in a carpet of early bloomers. There will be trout lilies (*Erythronium americanum*), spring beauty (*Claytonia virginica*), squirrel corn (*Dicentra canadensis*), Dutchman's-breeches (*Dicentra cucullaria*), several species of violet (*Viola*), and perhaps a few early large-flowered white trillium (*Trillium grandiflorum*). I'm sure there are more; those are the ones that come quickly to mind. There will surely be some bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*), either a little lower along Newfound Gap Road going toward Sugarlands Visitor Center, or on the other side of the mountain near Oconaluftee Visitor Center; and well before the end of the month trailing arbutus (*Epigaea repens*) will have been found along the mid-to-higher-elevation dryer slopes where it grows, places like the road into Cataloochee from Cove Creek Gap along the dirt, upper stretch of its grade. The blooms usually are

under last year's leaves, which grow very near the ground; but they are well worth finding for their sweet fragrance, as well as their beauty.

On March 31 Clingman's Dome road will re-open and the Dome's parking lot will be a good location for sunrise and sunset. This is significant because Morton Overlook will not be a really good sunset opportunity until the latter part of April, so there's a 2-3 week window in which Clingman's Dome offers the best sunset chances – in truth, the only sunset chances – available. Moreover the Dome also becomes an alternative sunrise location to Luftee Overlook, and both can offer great opportunities. Sunrise/sunset times in March will seem more like April this



year. That's because the switch to Daylight Savings Time comes at midnight on March 10, rather than in early April. Sunrise times for the Park in March will range from 7:03 – 6:51 a.m. during March 1 – 10, and then from 7:49 - 7:21 a.m. during the remainder of the month. March is an excellent month for Luftee Overlook sunrises. The sun is rising between 105 - 95°, which places it directly along the line of of the crest of the Smokies, but clearly visible from the moment it breeches the ridge. Add the slight increase in atmospheric moisture levels and you have a great chance for both position and color; so that even though there is no foliage on the deciduous branches, many other elements are present and can be effectively incorporated. And the shapes of the bare limbs themselves can often be used to good result.

During the first 2-3 weeks of the month, while atmospheric moisture levels are still fairly low, the quintessential receding blue ridges images can still be found along Thomas Divide above the Deep Creek watershed. Early morning before about 11:00 a.m. is preferable, although late afternoons from 4:30 – 6:00 p.m. are also possible. Of course, the change created by DST will affect both morning and afternoon opportunities by an hour as the month progresses, since we are dealing with sun time rather than clock time.

Water levels in Park streams are about what one would expect for this time of year, which is to say somewhat high. I haven't seen any numbers; however, my sense is that this winter has not been as wet as last year, so the overall ground moisture levels are down; but since we are in the "wet" season, streams levels are

elevated, as compared, say, to September-October. There is enough moisture in the ground so that after any significant rain event the run-off can be found in beds that are normally dry. Remember, too, that March is an excellent month in



which to consider waterfalls, especially lower elevation waterfalls – such as Tom’s Branch, Juneywhank, and Indian Creek – and especially during the latter part of the month when more of the foliage has returned to the trees to add to the color. In Cades Cove and in Cataloochee, March can be wonderful time to photograph early morning frosts and the

incipient green. High elevation frosts are still highly possible as well, as is a spring snowfall. The first week in April has become known in recent years as prime late-snow time, and so any time before then is always a possibility, as well. And there is always the light. March is a month of exquisite light, both in early morning and late afternoon, in high elevation vista and in low-lying valley. Did I mention that the third month is a great month for photography?

The ancients must have considered March as, indeed, a sacred period. It was a time when the lengthening days and the warming sun were clearly evident as they began to be translated into the rebirth of the living earth in the wake of the dormancy of cold and winter. Following its hibernal respite, the earth must have truly seemed to be returning to life; and, in fact, to be the very source from which life sprang. It was everywhere to be seen: in the plants, in the wild creatures, in the beating hearts for the people themselves. And what more appropriate symbol for that life than the light which seemed to be so intimately connected to it and with it? To understand the light is to understand the most basic fundamental of the photographic process.

A Tip is Worth...?

The events which set me on the path to becoming a professional nature photographer were truly serendipitous. I’m not sure I could replicate them intentionally even if I tried; yet when I look back on them from the distance of better than a decade, they did then, and still do now, seem like nothing short of destiny. I am doing what I was put on earth to do, and I will be forever grateful for having been given the opportunity to do just that. When my mother once told me as a teenager that I loved to argue so much that I should be a lawyer, I’m sure she did so completely out of frustration rather than insight; and although I am quite glad to have had the chance to acquire that education, all the time I spent in chasing her frustration were, in the end, never anything more than part of my preparation for this.

Let me quickly add that I do not mean in any way to imply that from the moment I declared myself to be a nature photographer, let alone a professional one, that I “saw” with any greater clarity than I had the moment before.



The crafting of “**vision**” takes time and involves a great deal of effort – read “work”; but the process of that effort can be distilled down into a fairly set number of considerations which can be listed and reflected upon as you go along:

1. Learn from the work of others. In the very beginning of my career I knew that **John**

Shaw and **Pat O’Hara** would be my primary mentors. Their individual genius spoke to me in ways that were fundamental and elemental, and I wanted to know what they knew and to see through their eyes as much as I could. I studied everything of theirs I could get my hands on, but I also studied the works of a great many others whose work I admired, **Ansel Adams**, of course, **Eliot Porter**, **Brian Peterson**; the list is long. Beyond that, I became a student of images, both the ones I loved, as well as the ones that I did not care for, always asking “Why”. Why does this image appeal to me; why does it work; why am I not attracted to this image; what would I have done differently?

2. Learn from the work of your worst critic – yourself. Getting back a box of slides was always like Christmas morning to me. It was immeasurably exciting to see what I had accomplished, whether some new approach or technique had worked for me. In the beginning I kept notes so that I could refer to my methods and techniques – exposure, compensation, the evaluation of the light – and compare them with the results on film. I think that one of the dangers of digital capture is that it gives us the capacity to do, without necessarily learning how we did, or why. Good technique will always be good technique; and, in my mind, it will always be a necessary component of quality imagery. I choose to spend my creative time in nature rather than in front of a monitor. Over time the knowledge gained from a constant evaluation of your own work – comparing the new with the old, one technique with another, results that worked with those that did not – will provide you with a body of information that no other experience can provide.

3. Notice the places that are near to where you live that have an appeal. The beautiful iconic locations of the natural world are wonderful places to visit and to photograph, and if you like to travel as much as I do, you want to see these places as often as you can. Not many of us are fortunate enough to live next door to a national park, but there is beauty everywhere. Finding it is as easy as looking on a map of your area, consulting the Internet, talking with friends, or

just driving around. Natural areas can be as big as a county park, or a neighbor's farm; or as small as a row of trees along a roadside fence, or the garden in your backyard. The two primary ingredients are its appeal and its proximity. The appeal provides the motivation to photograph and the proximity provides the opportunity. Moreover, it's easier and more convenient to observe the ways in which a location changes from day-to-day and season-to-season if it's close to home. Vision requires practice; and the more often you practice, the broader and deeper your vision becomes.

4. Patience makes perfect. Writing with light sometimes seems like chasing a rainbow; the nearer you get to it, the more it seems to elude you. The weather is not cooperative; the light isn't the right light; the wind just will not stop blowing; I know there's a fox in that den, and he knows I'm here and he's not moving. It often seems like there's a conspiracy of wrong conditions going on. Be patient, and while you're being patient enjoy the world of nature around you. There's a family of red-winged blackbirds building a nest in the reeds near the entrance to that fox' den, the wind is beginning to lie down, and the afternoon light has turned to gold; and the images you got by waiting made it all worthwhile. Or you had to return another day, but you learned something invaluable about yourself: you have the capacity for patience. "If you can wait and not be tired by waiting...."



5. Photograph to please - yourself. If you

photograph to please others, your images will lack the vitality and force that comes when you photograph images that please you. Give your images the life that they deserve; your vision will reward you.

6. Be a naturalist. There a very strong and very direct correlation between the quality of your nature

images and the depth of your understanding as a naturalist. And this is true for two reasons: The more you understand the world of nature – the weather, the geology and geography, and the flora and fauna – especially of the area where you live, but also of the places you visit, the more you will be able to put yourself in the place you want to photograph at the ideal time to be there. That's part of the documentary aspect of imaging. The other reason is that the more you understand nature, the more you are able to connect with it's many facets, to become a part of it in a very real and direct sense; and the more you are able to do this, the more in tune with it you become, so that the quality of your images bespeak of the connection.

7. Have fun! As a child, for me being outside was the ultimate goal. I was so awed by the wonders of the natural world that joy and ecstasy are the only words that can describe what I felt. Every day that I have the opportunity to photograph in that world I have the same feeling I had as that child, whether I ever release

the shutter or not. Most nature photographers I know feel the same way, and that's another thing: It's a lot of fun sharing your love of nature with others who enjoy it as well; and if you happen to live in Western North Carolina, or even extreme East Tennessee, the **Carolinas' Nature Photographers Association – Asheville Region** is an excellent organization. **Kate Silvia** and **Danny Wilson**, the new regional co-coordinators, have picked up quickly where **Lee Morgan** and **Les Saucier** left off and are doing a wonderful job of creating a broad range of opportunities in which members can participate. Check out the website: www.cnpa-asheville.org.

These seven considerations will help you move through what Les and I teach as the three phases of growing as a photographer: documenting, expressing, and connecting. As your vision grows, you find that your images take on a life that expresses the essence of how you see yourself in the world around you; they are alive with your energy, your passion, and your connection to nature.

As for Photography with Heart...

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 (Navajo) Prayer

It seems like only yesterday that I got up and it was New Year's, and today it's March. What madness! Nancy keeps sending me emails about wishing spring were here, but before we know it her theme will have changed to where did it go. But Les and I, too, are anxious and excited about everything that's coming up in the months ahead.

If you picked up on my musing in "**What's Now...?**", you probably gathered that my sense is that the spring blooming season seems headed to be at least as early as last year.

Last March 16, Les and I were at **Devil's Fork State Park** in the foothills of the lovely Upstate of South Carolina. It was a gorgeous late-winter day and the Oconee Bells (*Shortia galacifolia*) were in full display. This year we decided that a **One-day Workshop on March 17** (same Saturday, different date) would be the perfect way to start our workshop season. There are still plenty of spaces left for this event. The fee is **\$75**, and includes lunch. Even though the Oconee Bells are reason enough to attend this workshop, there are others, as well. The rare *Monotropis odorata*, or Sweet pinesap, as it is



commonly known, is also there. There are intimate landscapes and a surprise in store. So start the wildflower season off with a bang and go with us. To register contact me at **(828) 456-5439**, or don@earthsongphotography.com; or Les at **(828) 658-8819**, or les@appalachianjourney.com.

It's also just a little more than a month away from the first Smokies workshop event for 2007, the **Smokies Spring Weeklong Workshop, April 7-13 at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina**. There is absolutely no better place to be for a full week of wildflowers, landscapes, light, and fun than here in early April. The information is posted on the website at www.EarthSongPhotography.com, or give me a call at **(828) 456-5439**.

The second **One-day Workshop** that Les and I have on the schedule is **April 21**. I've been calling this a "wildflower intensive" because we'll devote the better part of the day to photographing whatever happens to be blooming. We'll also do a sunrise and some landscapes, and we'll be working both in the **Smokies** and along the adjacent **Blue Ridge Parkway**, or in one or the other depending on where the images are found.

To cap off the month, we'll do the **Smokies Long-weekend Workshop, April 26-29 at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina**. Nancy will be with us and you can depend on two things: lots of photography and lots of fun.

I do want to mention that if you are thinking about attending one of the multi-day workshops, Lake Junaluska's lodging policy is to release all rooms in a reserved block that have not been actually reserved 30 days prior to the check-in date for the event. This means that after the remaining rooms have been released, there is no guarantee of being able to have lodging with the group, or even in the facility. So it would be a good idea to make a reservation in the block of reserved rooms for either of the April events within the next few days. The cancellation period for reservations is 72-hours in advance, if for some reason you are unable to attend. The reservation number for **Terrace Inn** at Lake Junaluska is **(800) 222-4930, Ext. "0"** (Operator), then **ask for Terrace Inn Front Desk**. **Reservations are under America the Beautiful Photography Workshops.**

Of course, all of the upcoming 2007 workshop events can be found on the website, www.EarthSongPhotography.com, or on Les' site, www.AppalachianJourney.com. And the long-weekend event is on Nancy's site, www.NaturalTapestries.com. If you have photography in mind in April, there's no better way to fulfill that dream than at one of our gatherings.

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

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**Full Moon Emerging From Total Lunar Eclipse
Blue Ridge Parkway, Wagon Road Gap
March 3, 2007**

America the Beautiful Photography Workshops Registration Form

_____ Yes, I want to attend the _____
Workshop. Dates: _____ Enclosed is my \$150 deposit to
hold my space (Payment in full required if workshop fee is less than \$150). I
understand that the balance will be due 20 days prior to the beginning date of the
workshop. Individual workshop prices are listed on the website,
www.EarthSongPhotography.com. Refer to Workshops and Tours page of site for
the price of the workshop you wish to attend.

Name: _____ Phone #: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip: _____

Email: _____

Participating Group Membership: _____

*If you are a member of CNPA or *f/8 and Being There*, take an automatic \$30
discount off the balance due.

Please make checks payable to ***EarthSong Photography*** and send to:

Don McGowan
280 Rock Garden Drive
Canton, North Carolina 28716