

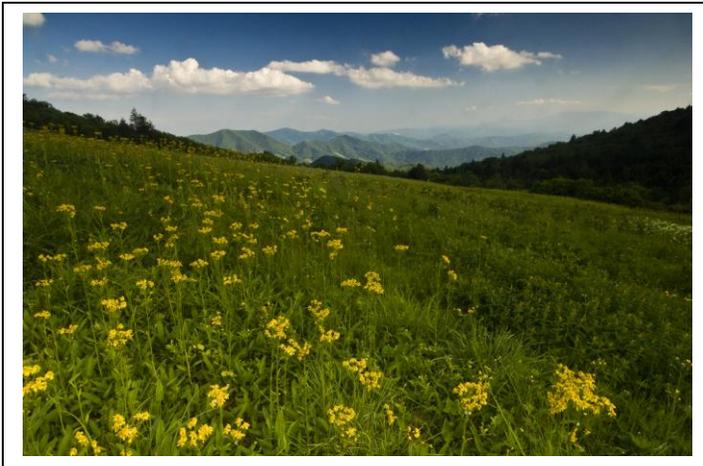
A Song for the Asking
The Electronic Newsletter of
EarthSong Photography,
America the Beautiful Photography Workshops,
and
Photography with Heart Workshops: Walking in Beauty

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Volume V, Number 5

Hello to All

Her eyes are haunting beyond my capacity with words to express; not the frightening specter of the dead sort of haunting, but rather that which comes from an intensity of living life – of being so alive – so completely in the moment, so wholly in the present, that in that instant all past and all future are rolled together into an eternal now. Those eyes have been haunting me for many years, from the first time I saw them looking back at me from the page of the incredible book of images I held in my hand, long before I dared even consider that I might be competent enough with a camera to call myself by the name “photographer.”



The maker of the images in the book, on the other hand, was a great deal more than merely competent, he was obviously an artist of the first order of magnitude; and my curiosity about him and his work was deep and immediate. And more, because of the subject matter of his work, I felt a profound bond between myself and him, whoever he might be, which I could

not imagine could be other than basically decent and good. That he might ultimately prove to be somewhat of an enigma wrapped in a riddle would have been a reality difficult for me to acknowledge at the time; that I, however, was likewise was becoming apparent to me by then; but, fortunately, the confounding path of my own existence is not the dubious grist for this mill.

Holding the book felt like holding a treasure of rare quality, for not only was there the page of the haunting eyes, but every other page, as well, contained a jewel that held my captivated attention: wide landscapes and vistas, and intimate portraits of a people, an almost encyclopedic collection of First People, young and old, many absorbed in whatever they happened to have been doing when the shutter was released, some obviously compliant with the posing instructions of the photographer, others intent upon the image-maker and his actions with the

machine that was recording that moment in their lives, caught up simply in the act of being themselves, being alive. It was the first book of its kind I had ever seen; and, above all, it was the haunting eyes that remained fixed in my memory. The face which held the haunting eyes was given no name. Why this is so we will likely never know; perhaps there are any number of reasons, some as



innocent as mere negligence and oversight, others as condemnable as arrogance or lack of caring. Today, I can judge neither. She is identified simply as “Qahatika Girl.” She is a girl and she is Qahatika. To a number of people alive on the planet at the moment the image was made, both of those facts may have been easily taken for granted; for me, nearly a hundred years after the fact, one is apparent, while the other is so devoid of information as to be almost meaningless. In this present moment I know little more now, but some, about the Qahatika, than I did then, nearly forty years since I saw her for the first time. If there is a real mystery



here, it is they; and like many of the children of the Desert Southwest, among which they are numbered, they seem to have vanished with little trace. In some of the more recent general treatises of First Peoples the name does not appear. The Qahatika are not listed in **Carl Waldman's** 1985 *Atlas of the North American Indian*;

nor in *The Native Americans, An Illustrated History*, an acclaimed 1993 volume. Even **Alvin Josephy, Jr.'s** much-esteemed *500 Nations, An Illustrated History of North American Indians* is silent as to their existence. In fact, the only source in which I have ever found them directly mentioned is the masterwork of the artist to whom I alluded at the outset; and regardless of the enigmatic nature of his character and the sometimes ambiguous and tortuous path of his behavior and his life, the integrity with which he conducted his

research into the lifeways of his subjects has never been found to be lacking. We'll examine him more shortly, but first let's say what we can about the Qahatika. The Sonora Desert of present southwestern Arizona is an inhospitable place to most lifeforms, especially human. The requirements are simple: either love it on its own terms, or leave it alone. Throughout history, most folks have left it alone. The Qahatika seem to have been an exception. Perhaps you are more familiar



with their near relatives, the Pima and the Papago, or, as they are more rightly called, the O'Odham and the Tohono O'Odham. Near the confluence of the Gila and the Salt rivers, just south of the modern day sprawl in which Phoenix and Tempe are connected, once stood the scant villages of the Qahatika. There and further to the southwest, more into the

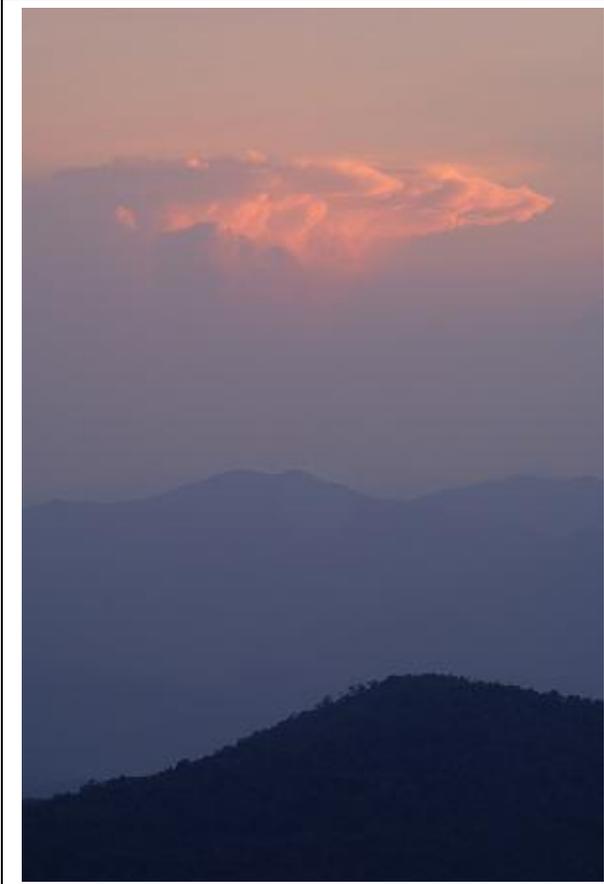
heart of the great desert, they made their homes, eking out such living as that most Spartan of environments would allow. They were masters at gathering the desert, from mesquite pods to cactus fruits, as well as expert hunters of the scarce desert fauna, including desert big horn and mule deer. They practiced a dry farming that depended almost entirely on storm run-off; and for construction, while their kinsmen to the east and north used mesquite, cottonwood, and willow in their dwellings, the Qahatika, having none of these available, used instead the woody ribs of the giant Saguaro.

An obscure tradition relates that once the Qahatika and the Pima were a single people living further to the east from the current location of the Pima around Sacaton, Arizona. This lore tells that there they were attacked by a large party of Apaches, who were their traditional enemies, and that following the attack the survivors split into two bands, the larger band relocating to the present home of the Pima, and the smaller, the ancestors of the Qahatika, going further into the desert and making their homes. There in 1907, among



their descendants, the image of the haunting eyes was made. There is nothing more I can say of them, nothing more that I know. What has become of them in these intervening hundred years is as much of a mystery to me as the decline of stellar sea lions off the coast of Alaska in the last decades of the twentieth century

was for marine biologists. What happened to Haunting Eyes when she grew up? Did she marry, have children? Where did she live as an old woman? Who knew her, or cared for her; or, for that matter, who knew her people, or cared whether they lived, or how? I will never now, and yet her eyes will remain with me as long as I live, just as will the vision of the man who photographed them.



Edward Sheriff Curtis comes to to my mind in a larger than life tapestry cut from whole cloth and stitched together in a thousand contrasting and seemingly contradictory pieces, and I struggle to wrap my thoughts about him around my impressions in an attempt to capture some cohesive and encompassing whole. Yet the more I know him the more puzzling he seems to become.

Of his enormous talent so much can, and should be said; of the motives that compelled him and the inner demons whose voices seem to sometimes have haunted him, the events of his life, as they have been preserved for us, will likely always be subject to interpretation and debate. In the end I am reminded of a childhood parable whose teaching instructs, “There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst

of us, that it ill behooves any of us to find fault with the rest of us.”

Edward S. Curtis was born in 1868 on a small and mostly unproductive farm near Whitewater, Wisconsin, second son of a Union Civil War veteran whose health had been deeply and adversely affected by his battlefield experiences. By the time he was 14, his father’s condition was such that he became the primary support of his family, hiring himself out to do odd jobs for other farmers. Even with this responsibility what was apparent early on was his interest in the new science of photography. He built his first camera at the age of 12, and eventually taught himself to take photographs and to make prints by studying the lessons in a book he acquired entitled ***Wilson’s Photographics: A Series of Lessons Accompanied by Notes on All Processes Which Are Needful in Photography***. That same year, 1880, the family had moved to Cordova, Minnesota, where Curtis would briefly receive the only formal education he would ever have in the town’s one-room school.

When he was 17, Curtis took a job in a photography studio in St. Paul where he learned to do professional processing and printing, but the needs of his family

dictated that he continue to take other work in addition to his photographic endeavors, which were always relegated to secondary status.

The severe Minnesota winters of 1886 and 1887 so impacted his father's failing health that in the fall of 1887, at the age of 19, Edward accompanied **Johnson Curtis** to Puget Sound in Washington Territory to scout the possibility of relocating the family there. They made a claim on a homestead in the settlement of Sidney, now Port Orchard, across the sound from Seattle and built a cabin on it. The next year, **Ellen Curtis** brought the two younger children to Washington and the family was together again, but tragically, three days after his wife's arrival, Johnson Curtis died of pneumonia. Edward was barely 20, and he was now solely responsible for the welfare of his mother and siblings.

In 1890 Curtis was injured in a fall while working in a lumberyard. The injury was such that he was not able to return to hard manual labor. He tried to make a go of the brickyard business his father had started, but there was little demand with wood so plentiful. Shortly after his recovery he bought a 14 x 17-inch view camera from a man



passing through on his way to California's gold fields and began roaming the Seattle environs photographing harbor scenes, landscapes, and people. His mother did not approve of this use of his time or money, but Curtis was now too serious to deny his muse. In 1891 he sold the brickyard, mortgaged the family homestead, moved across the sound to Seattle, and bought a partnership for \$150 in a photography shop. And this is where the story really just begins, and it is truly a fascinating and heart-touching story, indeed, of talent, skill, dedication, determination, pain, suffering, heartbreak, loss, and perhaps even redemption and grace.

Shortly after his marriage in 1892, Curtis left his original photography partnership and formed a new one with **Thomas Guptil**. By 1896 they were considered the pre-eminent photographers in the Puget Sound area, and in that same year a series of their portraits won the bronze medal at the National Photographer's Convention in Chautauqua, New York. However his years growing up in Minnesota, camping in its woods and along its waterways, as well as the time he had spent working with his father to carve out a home in the forests of Washington Territory, never left him, and he would commonly escape the demands of the studio to travel the mountains and shores of Puget Sound with his camera, photographing its sights as he went. He was an avid mountaineer, so that by 1897, when Guptil left the business, Curtis was regularly riding out to climb Mount Rainier, which he called "my beloved mountain of mountains."

It was on the shoulder of Mount Rainier in 1898 that a chance meeting would take place that would change his life forever. Curtis was setting up his camp in preparation for climbing the summit the following day when he noticed a group of men that appeared to be headed toward a dangerous encounter with the Nisqually Glacier. He offered to lead them back to his camp and helped them get safely set up for the night. It so happened that the men were a group of famous scientists including **Clinton Hart Merriam**, head of the U.S. Biological Survey and a founder of the National Geographic Society; **Gifford Pinchot**, Chief of the U.S. Forest Service; and **George Bird Grinnell**, founder of the Audubon Society, and noted authority on Plains Indians. Curtis became their guide on the mountain and later invited them to his studio in Seattle. The following year,

Merriam appears to have returned the favor by naming Curtis as the official photographer on an expedition to document Alaska's wilderness that was created and funded by **E.H. Harriman**, owner of the Union Pacific Railroad. This adventure placed him once again in the company of George Bird Grinnell, and so it was that in July, 1900, Edward Curtis found himself



at Grinnell's invitation atop a rolling hill in Northern Montana looking down on a huge and growing encampment of Blood, Piegan, and Blackfoot people busy in preparation for the Sun Dance Ceremony of the Piegan.

Although he was not allowed to photograph the ceremony, he was allowed to observe its entirety, and the entire experience made a deep and lasting impression. Even as his train rolled westward through Montana on its return to Washington, a grand dream began to form in his mind, a dream that over the next 30 years would very nearly consume him, drain his assets, ruin his marriage, devastate his health, and in the end produce one of the greatest documents that has ever been produced of what was then perceived as a vanishing culture and way of life. ***The North American Indian***, 20 volumes and 40,000 images, remains in my mind one of the literary and photographic masterpieces of the twentieth century, and a national treasure.

Standing before the open pages of what amounted to an almost inconsequential excerpt of the larger work, a single volume entitled ***Portraits From North American Indian Life***, which I had chance-encountered in an Athens, Georgia bookstore in 1970, I felt myself in the presence of **Geronimo**, **Chief Joseph**, and all the others; but, more than that, there were the Haunting Eyes of **Qahatika Girl** asking me, as they always have and still do, "How are you living your life today? Do you feel the passion that is the meaning of being present here and now? Do you touch the earth and know that it is alive?"

What's Now?

If you truly love nature,
then you will find beauty
everywhere you look.

Vincent Van Gogh

Van Gogh's declaration of a faith in both nature and beauty has come to mind frequently lately as I have pondered the uncharacteristic progressions with which this season, and indeed this entire year, has proceeded.

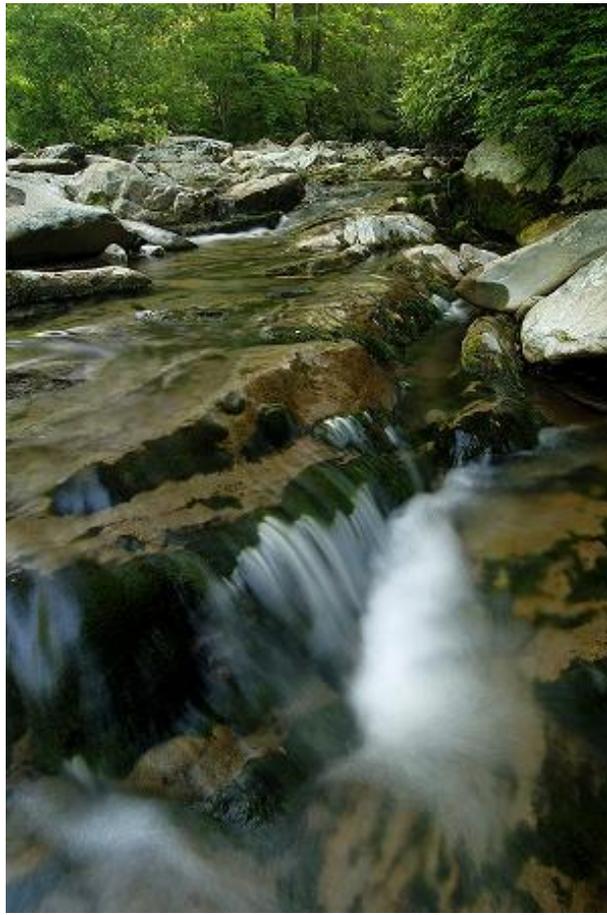


Indeed, there is beauty everywhere you look, but it's often not in the places you would expect to see it at a particular time of the year; or, if it's in its customary place, it's not at the time we've been accustomed to seeing it in. This has created a rather interesting dynamic and a tension regarding where to be for which images, and when. For me as a nature photographer, it means the challenge of figuring out how nature may be "thinking" and reacting in conformity with that; and for me as a writer of newsletters on nature photography, it means the added task of keeping a more careful eye on the changes so that I can report them for the benefit of readers.

Stream levels in the Smokies have been extremely low to erratic at best. There are rock formations in streambeds

throughout the park which I have never seen exposed – period – in the 14 years I have lived here. These, in themselves, can make for some interesting and beautiful images, but they are also a worrisome sign of something awry. I was on Kuwahi (Clingman's Dome) yesterday and noticed that much of the seepage which has always characterized the massive sandstone crown of the dome is simply not present, and the effect trickles down. The recent period of afternoon thunderstorms which has mitigated the overall drought slightly has not had much of an impact of water levels in the streams. Still there is beauty in the water and in the rocks over which it travels; new images never before considered now become evident. Little River Gorge and Middle Prong of Little Pigeon in

Greenbrier, as well as the upper reaches of Walker Camp Prong even down to its confluence with Road Prong, where West Prong begins, all are places to find excellent stream subjects in this new environment.



Sunrise and sunset, on the other hand, seem to still be fairly consistent even in the face of drought. Morton Overlook during July offers some of the finest sunset opportunities on the planet with the disc of our star setting either right down the valley of Walker Camp Prong/ West Prong, or just to either side of it. Summertime haze nearly always makes the opportunity at Morton a gamble, but you can't make the image if you don't show up and the view will be wonderful even if the shot isn't. If you go often enough, you'll be rewarded. For about the next two-and-a-half weeks you might want to consider Mile High Overlook on Heintooga Road going to Balsam Mountain for sunset. By the end of July the sun will be setting too far around to the left behind Heintooga Ridge. The briars have grown almost to the point of needing to

be cut back, but good compositions are possible, and if you can get up 2-3' as in the back of a truck, all the better. Lickstone Ridge Overlook near MM 459 on the Blue Ridge Parkway is a third possibility for sunset during July, but again, the briars are getting tall and the ability to get off the ground, if only by a few feet, will definitely make for a more do-able composition.

For sunrise, Clingman's Dome is the best location if you want to have a chance to include the sun in the frame. For pre-dawn color and early light Luftee Overlook is always a good choice as well.

There have been some wonderful foggy mornings in the past few days as temperatures have moderated somewhat, and the remainder of July certainly has the possibility for more of the same. When these conditions occur Thomas Divide and Clingman's Dome are great places to be; but usually the fog will have burned off by late morning, so go early and look for the sun to light up the top of a fog bank.

Another place to be on a foggy morning is Cades Cove where the early light can make magic happen along Sparks Lane or Hyatt Lane or at the high point on the Loop Road. The whitetail bucks (*Odocoileus virginianus*) in the Cove are still in velvet and their racks are growing; and there are fawns that are growing as well,

but they still have lots of spots. July is usually the month when the Black-eyed Susans (*Rudbeckia triloba*) are blooming in profusion on Hyatt Lane, but I was there three days ago and they are already fading. There are some patches of ox-eye daisies (*Lucaanthemum vulgare*) coming in, and these may become large enough to use in landscape images over the next week, or so.

Speaking of the blooming season, what a strange parade it has been, and continues to be. The columbine flower (*Aquilegia canadensis*) you see here was photographed yesterday along the Blue Ridge Parkway near the Bunches Bald Overlook about MM 459.5. There are several small clusters of them there, where I have never seen them previously. There are also a couple of clusters on Heintooga Road beyond Mile High Overlook. I've never seen them there either. They bloomed in Little River Gorge in early April, several thousand feet lower in elevation and quite a few miles further north.



Flowers that you would normally expect to see this time of year, other than being about two weeks ahead of schedule, which is significant enough of itself, are beginning to appear and within the next week, or so, will be in wide display. One of my favorites, however, is already fading during a time when it should just be beginning to peak. The purple-fringed orchid (*Habenaria psycodes*), a beautiful high-elevation member of its family, would normally be just coming in along Clingman's Dome Road. Yesterday when I was there, I found only a single purple-fringed at peak; the rest were fading, or gone completely. Some species that are coming in include Turk's-cap lily (*Lilium superbum*), beard-tongue (*Penstemon canescens*), fly-poison (*Amianthium muscaetoxicum*), galax (*Galax aphylla*), jewel weed (*Impatiens pallida* and *I. capensis*), sundrops (*Oenothera fruticosa*), bee-balm (*Monarda didyma*), wild hydrangea (*Hydrangea arborescens*), coneflower (*Rudbeckia laciniata* var. *humilis*), wide-leaved sunflower (*Helianthus decapetalus*), and wood tickseed (*Coreopsis major*). These last three are part of that familiar group of mid- to late-summer blossoms known as "big yellow flowers."

Judging from the buds I have seen on the Turk's-caps, this is going to be a banner year for that species. It is already blooming profusely along the last section of the

Blue Ridge Parkway between Soco Gap and Oconaluftee. Bee-balm is blooming commonly along Newfound Gap Road on both sides of the gap, especially along the Oconaluftee River downstream from Kephart Prong Trailhead; and wild hydrangea is quite simply everywhere you look. Sundrops are becoming prolific



along the lower end of the North Carolina part of US 441, but like most of the other species named, they are further along on the Parkway.

For the next several days, however, the big flower story, literally and figuratively, will be the rosebay rhododendrons (*Rhododendron maximum*). From

Sugarlands south and from Oconaluftee north all the way to the top of the Thomas Divide on the North Carolina side and up the slopes of Mount Kephart in Tennessee, the rosebays are putting on a show that you shouldn't miss. There are snowballs in July wherever you turn. These shrubs love moisture, so nearly every drainage course has its share.

Often when I reflect of Van Gogh's words, I am led to consider my possible role in the events I see in the world around me; and when this happens it is usually something from one of my very favorite writers that comes back to me in return. In his wise essay entitled "***Thinking Little***", **Wendell Berry** had this to say, "In [the] state of total consumerism – which is to say a state of helpless dependence on things and services and ideas and motives that we have forgotten how to provide ourselves – all meaningful contact between ourselves and the earth is broken. We do not understand the earth in terms either of what it offers us or of what it requires of us, and I think it is the rule that people inevitably destroy what they do not understand. ...A man who understands the weather only in terms of golf is participating in a chronic public insanity that either he or his descendants will be bound to realize as suffering. ...I believe that the death of the world is breeding in such minds and much more certainly and much faster than in any political capital or atomic arsenal. ...A man who is willing to undertake the discipline and the difficulty of mending his own ways is worth more to the conservation movement than a hundred who are insisting merely that the government and the industries mend their ways."

There is beauty everywhere in nature; and, perhaps, nature's own imponderables, which are beyond dim human capacity currently to comprehend or measure, are responsible, at least in part, for the seemingly wild cyclic changes we now see. But I sense, somehow, that I am involved with greater complicity than I realize in the aberrations at hand; and if I wish for the beauty I see to be the beauty that my

descendants see, I must learn to understand the choices I am making and amend those which do not affirm a greater design in nature than my own.

A Tip is Worth...?

The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon
the beauty and the wonder of the world...
I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet,
and the sound of the running streams by my side.
The hum of the wind in the treetops has always
been good music to me, and the face of the fields
has often comforted me more than the faces of men.
I am in love with this world

John Burroughs
The Summit of the Years

I am regularly introduced to new people whom I come to respect and admire through other people whom I already respect and admire; and so it was that, through my admiration of the work of **Barry Lopez**, I came to know and admire **Robert Adams**.



It interests and pleases me that a writer who had once considered becoming a photographer should introduce me to a photographer who was once an English teacher, and therefore a writer, as well. It always reminds me that some of the most creative folks on the planet seem to go so quietly about their lives, doing what they are so well-skilled to do with so little notoriety among the public at large that most of us, therefore, never have the benefit of their great insight and accumulated wisdom. The amazing naturalist/photographer **Larry West** comes quickly to mind, as does Robert Adams.

For me, one of the true joys of becoming acquainted with the Robert Adamses of the world is what I can think of only as affirmation. As it so often happens, I have some vaguely sensed perception of some aspect of the world around me, which may be very deeply felt, but so crudely formed that there is absolutely no rendering of it into any clear and concise articulation. And then along comes a Robert Adams and suddenly there it is: clarity, just what I was feeling, said in just

the right way for me to see it, in precisely the words I would have chosen, if only.... Robert Adams is now 70, and in his long career he has produced some of the most stunning landscapes of the American West I have ever seen, but, perhaps more importantly, he has written some of the most wonderful descriptions of the photographic process I have ever read. His most well-known literary work is probably *Beauty in Photography, Essays in Defense of Traditional Values*, a collection of writings originally published in 1981. In the title essay, “**Beauty in Photography**,” he sets forth, “If the proper goal of **art** is, as I now believe, **Beauty**, the Beauty that concerns me is that of **Form**. Beauty is, in my view, a synonym for the coherence and structure underlying life.... Beauty is the overriding demonstration of pattern one observes.... Why is Form beautiful? Because, I think, it helps us meet our worst fear, the suspicion that life may be chaos and that, therefore, our suffering is without meaning.” It seems clear to me that the “Form” and “pattern” to which he alludes are not the abstractions that, in part, comprise the body of elements I call photographics; but rather something larger, something that might be thought of as the overall **arrangement** of one or more of those elements. I sense that he is saying that by understanding and internalizing certain processes of arrangements, that is to say, Form, one can more likely create images that rise to the level of something that can be called by the name “art” and which can be perceived, felt, and acknowledged by others as possessing a quality called “beautiful.” He goes on to say this, “How, more specifically, does art reveal Beauty or Form? Like philosophy, it abstracts. Art simplifies. It is never exactly equal to life. In the visual arts, this careful sorting out in favor of order is called composition, and most artists know its primacy.” Now he is talking about the line, shape, pattern, form, texture, and color that make up the abstraction pantheon we know as “photographics.”

What, then, are some of the things we can think of, can internalize, as processes that might work toward helping us **design**, that is to say **arrange**, images that can express the Form that is the striving of art?

1. **Choose a subject carefully.** What was the emotional impulse that attracted me to begin with? **Think** and **feel** simply...simply...**simply**. Ask myself, what is this a photograph of?
2. **Supporting Elements.** Look carefully, first at the scene, and then through the viewfinder. Notice what other elements there are that both support, as well as detract from, the subject that has been chosen. Retain the elements that support and eliminate those that distract. “Elements” means graphic components: lines, shapes, patterns, forms, textures, and colors. It does not mean trees, rocks, mountains.... Movement may be required, both with lens focal length, as well as body position.
3. **Consider the Three Grounds:** Foreground, mid-ground, and background. Use carefully placed foreground objects to provide a sense of depth. Control the background as appropriate to the type of image: wide-angle, macro, etc.
4. **Always consider and carefully use any Line or Curve that is available.** Lines create feelings. Know the feelings each type of line creates and use lines accordingly.

5. **Horizontal or Vertical?** Does the subject and its supporting cast work with greater impact as a landscape (horizontal) or a portrait (vertical)? Can it effectively be both?
6. **Should the Sky be an element of my image?** How is it best incorporated, if at all? What will be the effect of the decision on the image? How will this decision affect the placement of the horizon in the image?

Whenever I read the straightforwardness of a Robert Adams description, I am generally moved to exclaim, “Yeah, now why didn’t I say it like that?” But, of course, the better exclamation is “Thank goodness for Robert Adams.”

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 Prayer

Things change. Or as many of my conservationist friends like to point out, change is the only constant in life. I reckon, and so....

Marian, you know, **Marian Birch**, marian@naturaltapestries.com, that Marian. Marian has decided to return to school full time. She’s going to be in the nursing program at Kent State University in Ohio. She has been an integral part of Nancy’s workshop business for several years; we will certainly miss her cheerful attitude, thoughtful attention to detail, and gentle persistence with which she extracted the information from us which we should have already given to her and which was useful if not necessary in helping her do her job as conscientiously as she otherwise wanted to; and we wish her the very best.

What this means for the rest of us is that if there are any general questions regarding Photography with Heart Workshops, such as locations, travel, itinerary, and so on, they should be addressed for the interim to Nancy; Les, les@appalachianjourney.com; or me, mcgowan592@aol.com or don@earthsongphotography.com. If there are specific registration questions, like who wants my registration information; where do I send it, and the deposit; those questions should be addressed to Nancy, nancyrotenberg@aol.com.

In the last issue of “A Song...” I listed three upcoming workshops that I want to mention again here.

On **August 18**, Les and I will conduct the next in our series of **One-Day Workshops**. This is the workshop we're calling **A Blue Ridge Parkway Summer**. We'll spend the day traversing the higher elevations of this grand



roadway finding wide and intimate landscapes of early morning light, as well as the “big yellow flowers” and others of mid-summer. The image shown here was taken last summer about this same time. Wide-leaved sunflower, (*Helianthus decapetalus*) is one of several species of large, of the Parkway year with

their beauty. Their presence creates wonderful macro and landscape opportunities. To register for this workshop contact me at

don@earthsongphotography.com, or at **(828) 456-5439**; or contact Les at les@appalachianjourney.com or **(828) 775-4882**.

The workshop fee is **\$75** and includes the famous **Les' Picnic Lunch**.

September 7-9 are the dates for a very special workshop created for the **CNPA-Raleigh Region**. This workshop will feature the outstanding opportunities offered by **Cades Cove in Late Summer**. Of course, we'll visit some close-by places like Tremont and Little River, but the Cove will receive most of our attention, and in return will reward us with wonderful foggy mornings of intense soft light, dew-covered spiderwebs, late summer wildflowers, wildlife, and history. We'll be working out of the **Talley-Ho Inn in Townsend, Tennessee**. This is a full weekend of field work, classroom work, and critiques. It's limited to **20 participants** from the Raleigh Region on a first-to-register basis. The fee is **\$350**, which **covers the workshop tuition** only. Reservations for lodging can be made through the **Talley-Ho Inn, (800) 448-2465**. **Registration** for the workshop can be done by sending a check for the tuition to **Don McGowan, EarthSong Photography, 280 Rock Garden Drive, Canton, North Carolina 28716**

For additional information contact don@earthsongphotography.com, or **(828) 456-5349**.

If you aren't a member of CNPA-Raleigh and would like to have the experience of this workshop, well, the next weekend Les and I are going to do it again.

September 14-16 are the dates for the **Cades Cove in Late Summer Workshop #2**. This event is also at **Talley-Ho Inn in Townsend, Tennessee**, and will be a repeat of the first. It's likewise limited to **20 participants** and the fee is **\$350**, which **covers the tuition** only. Reservations

for lodging can be made through the **Talley-Ho Inn, (800) 448-2465**; and registration for the workshop can be made by sending a check to **Don McGowan, EarthSong Photography, 280 Rock Garden Drive, Canton, North Carolina 28716**. For additional information contact don@earthsongphotography.com, **(828) 456-5439**; or les@appalachianjourney.com, **(828) 775-4882**.

We know that in the multi-dimensional world in which we live, there are an almost unlimited number of attractive alternatives toward which any of us can direct our attention. Every time I look in the back of a magazine like ***Outdoor Photographer***, I am amazed at the number of workshop offerings that can so easily be taken. Nancy, Les, and I would like to acknowledge our appreciation to all of you who have chosen to spend your hard-earned time and resources with us and to say “Thank you” for being with us time and again. We will always do all that we can to continue to earn your support and to make the workshop experiences you have with us the most meaningful photographic and creative experiences you can possibly have – from our hearts to yours.

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

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Sunrise, Grandfather Mountain