

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

***EarthSong Photography Workshops: Walking in Beauty***

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**Hello to All:**

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**Veracity and Wonder**

The cumuli building above and all around are wondrous to behold, unfolding columns of cotton from some friendly giant's pick-sack turned upside down and trailing enormous bowls of white across an azure sky. Everywhere I look, in a view that encompasses nearly an entire circuit of arc, it is the same: warm, moist thermal currents rising from valleys whose existences trace the early, upland courses of some of the continent's great rivers – New (Ohio), Holston (Tennessee), Watauga (Tennessee).

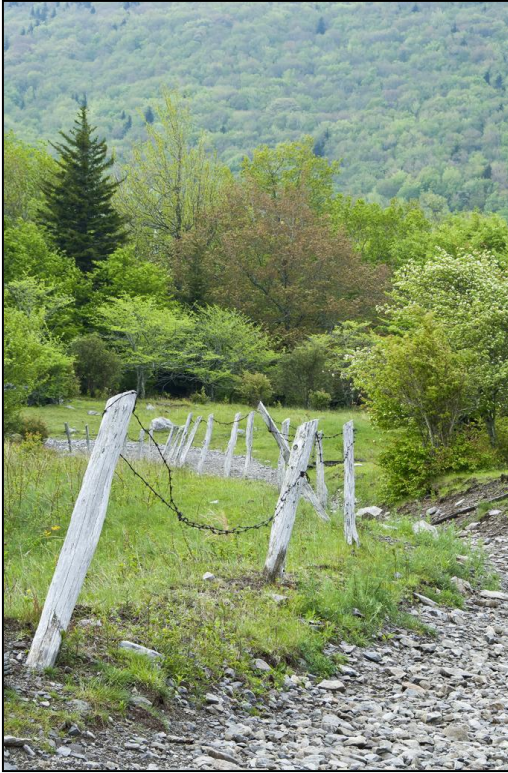
It was down the headwater streams of the Nolichucky – the Toe and the Cane – a little to the south, into which the Watauga empties itself, that the early European settlers poured, searching for the land to which they somehow felt entitled and in violation of every treaty into which their representatives had entered with the First Peoples, who had lived there for ten thousand years, or longer.

As the thermals reach the elevations level with me at just over 5,000', their moisture begins to cool and condense, billowing upward into masses of albescence, tinged with some darker gray that belies their true nature and ultimate intent. In their tranquil beauty it is easy to be distracted by other things much closer at hand and earthier in their appeal, but no less wondrous in their allure, for in both lie forces



**Wilburn Ridge Rhyolite**

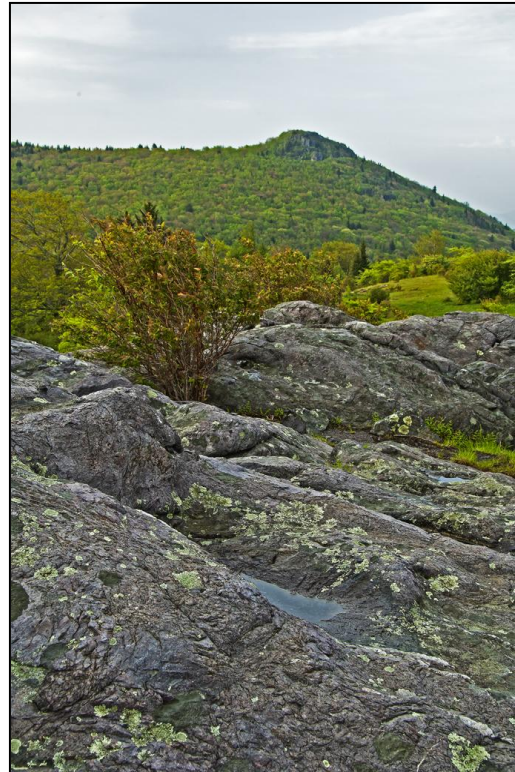
of exquisite elemental design of such a basic truth that they can only be thought



of with wonder and awe. And if it is true that we will conserve only what we love, love only what we know, and know only what we are taught; then it seems to me that all of this process begins with “wonder”, and it is this sense of wonder that enfolds our response to the natural world and will allow us in the end to preserve as much of it as we can. As I say this, I am mindful of one of my favorite books, ***The Sense of Wonder***, written by one of my favorite authors, **Rachael Carson**, and I feel deeply indebted for much of my own sense of wonder to the keen observations of this remarkable scientist, teacher, and human being. Beyond the mere awareness of a world to wonder at, I also believe that wonder carries, as **Kathleen Dean Moore** suggests, a moral significance that forms the foundation of our connection

### **Wilburn Fence Line**

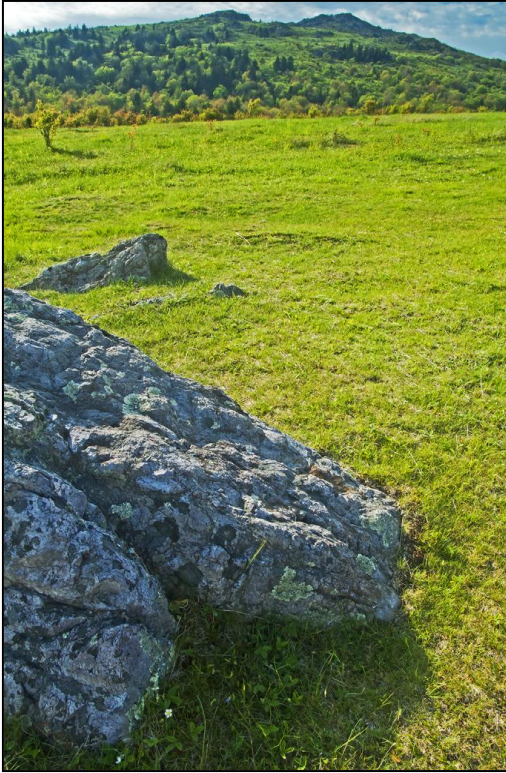
with the world of nature. My recognition of connection is strongest toward those things for which my sense of wonder is the greatest. There seems to be something in the make-up of very young children – an ethics, if you will, before they come to be so aware of ego and self – that encourages them to share the things that are most precious to them; and perhaps it is this motivation, wrapped in wonder, that propels me, ruddered by the notion that we teach that which we most desire to know. Through the lens of my mind’s eye I can imagine and look back on a world vastly unlike the one I am in at this moment, yet one to have existed right here on the ground where I stand; and in that world of 760 million years ago – that looks like 760,000,000 in round figures – there are volcanoes where Mount Rogers and its surrounding area, including my Wilburn Ridge coordinates, now point skyward. As I take in the spectacle, my present eyes



### **A Flow in Ash**



hop from rock outcrop to rock outcrop; and I begin to notice that, by and large, they are characterized by an appearance of flow, as if they are lithic waves frozen in time's ocean. Only later will I confirm this: that the outcrops of Wilburn Ridge are part of an extensive rhyolite ash-flow tuff that originated in those ancient volcanoes and form for me today the backbone of the great beauty that are the Grayson Highlands of Virginia's Southern Appalachians. So much outcropping remains, I can only wonder at the extent of this flow in the first few million years, or so, after the orogeny that produced it had ceased. One thing is reasonably clear: this occurred at a time before plant life had evolved on land, and, thus, the mountains that had been produced were a barren landscape of naked rock. The pitch and thrust of the folded strata must have been an impressive sight, even if there was nothing around to see it, and the underground river of lava that would become Wilburn Ridge must have seemed, indeed, like a stony subterranean



### **From a Distance**

ocean.

For some 350 million years this would have been the scene, but there were planetary changes going on, both geological and biological, that would create an explosion which would reverberate down time into this moment of my standing on these ancient hills; so that by the time Africa would clash with the other land masses to form the supercontinent of Pangaea, early life had ventured upon the seemingly inhospitable surface of the land, never to completely return to the sea from which it sprang.

I do not claim to fully understand how geologists know what they know, or speculate; but I am fascinated by the tenets of their science, and I know just enough to sense that the basics of what they put forth are true and reasonably accurate. As a grade-school child in the mid-50's it was quite apparent to me that Africa and South America must have, at some point in time, been connected to each other, in spite of the assurances of my teachers that such conformity of coastlines was purely accidental; and in the wonder of such a possibility there was awe: the idea that the huge continental chunks, which seemed so steadfast in their positions within the oceans of the world, could actually move around in them and join together and then move apart again. It made the notion of a fixed, unchanging reality something to scrutinize very closely with a skeptical eye. And from awe, there came a reverence: that the forces of change at work in this universe could operate with such a sublime precision. **Ludwig Mies van der Rohe** was right on the mark, "God is in the details", and such details they are.

If there is anything more incredible than this, it would have to lie in the tiny creatures which are growing in silent determination at my feet. They are masters of design efficiency, geniuses of biological construction and cooperation, giants of humility and persistence in their interface with the world, and models for the simple, yet profound, ways in which life can thrive in its ongoing interaction with its surroundings. In no other place I know can the face of the divine be more easily seen than in the surface of a rock lichen. To look deeply into the face of a species of rock lichen is to peer into the countenance of some of the oldest life on earth, and quite possibly the oldest land-dwelling life that has ever existed. For some 400 million years, the lowly rock lichen has gone about the business of adapting to its environs and replicating itself in modest profusion. Perhaps it might serve as a moral example of the interconnection with the earth to which we might aspire. I say moral in the sense of something that is good, or right, or just, or fair; in the sense of something that is in accordance with standards of right conduct, and therefore virtuous.



**Rock Lichen on Rhyolite**

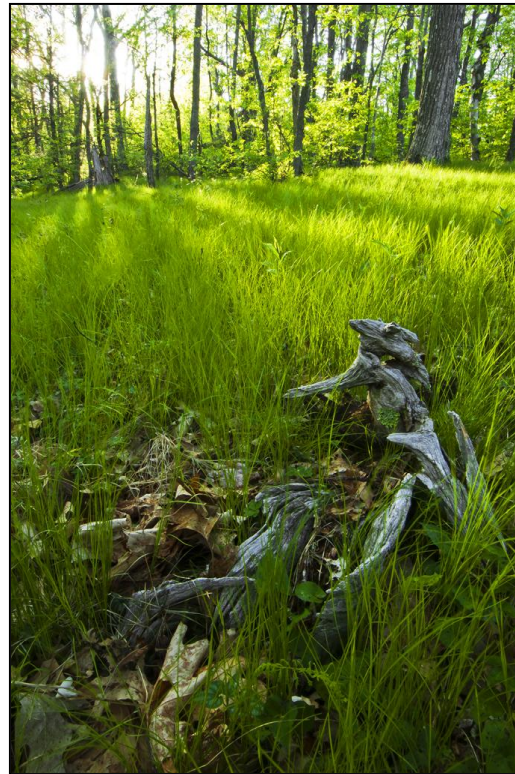
In the strictest sense of the word it is not a plant, this creature, but rather a composite organism consisting of a fungus, called the “mycobiont”, in symbiotic association with a photosynthetic partner, typically a green alga or a cyanobacteria, called the “photobiont” or the “phycobiont.”

The fungal cells form filamentary tissues that enclose the algal cells. For all of their vulnerability to environmental stress – much like coral – rock lichens are long-lived, widespread, resilient, and highly adaptable. They occur in some of the most extreme environments on Earth, ranging from scorching-hot deserts to arctic tundra. In their symbiosis, the fungal tissues provide protection and purchase in often hostile surroundings, while the algal or cyanobacterial cells offer photosynthesis, converting atmospheric carbon dioxide into organic carbon sugars, and thus providing the nutritional support required by both partners. And while the alga might well be able to survive on its own, it would never be able to do so in the extremes allowed by its association with its mycobiont. The fungal tissues protect the alga by retaining water and offering a larger capture area for mineral nutrients.

But here’s the really cool thing about the fungal partner: it contains acids which literally break down the rock to which it attaches. In other words, aside from the natural weathering processes of water and wind, the lichen’s fungal tissues are the earliest agents of decomposition exacted on the lithic world of our planet.



Lichens are the initiators of soil production, and in so being they, the fungal partners, contribute in some real way to the nutritional upkeep of the associative pair by providing minerals from the rocky substrate. What they begin not only helps the alga, but it will ultimately become your next meal, for without the veneer of soil in our world, the plants that become the food in our mouths would never find footing – think roots – in order to thrive. Lichens, thus, have meaning in our world, and the recognition of that meaning gives rise to a moral relationship in which we must acknowledge the existence and worth of the “other.” And the ultimate truth of this is that the world around us is filled with meaning in all of its components; and when we wake to this, we begin to recognize the relationships that exist and must grant their validity in our own lives. To act to the detriment of those relationships is to act immorally, the absence of virtue. In recognition of those relationships, we are led to a way of being in the world that makes sense both for ourselves and other – the lesson of fungal tissue and its algal friend – and compliments of our own sense of wonder.



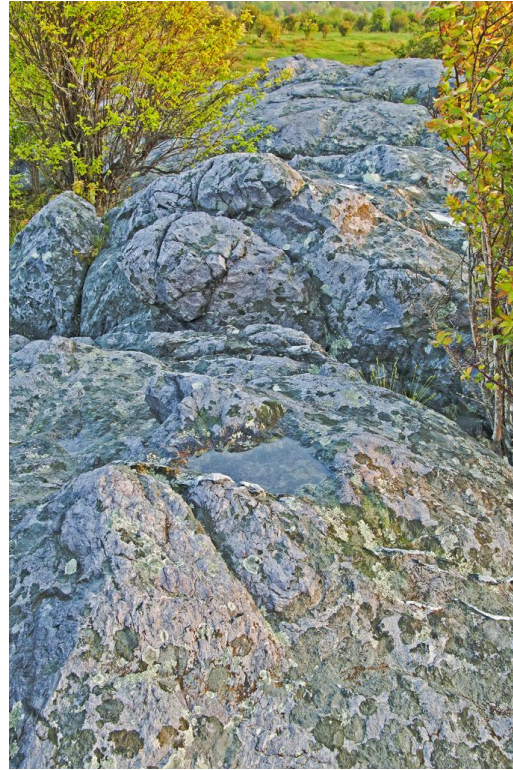
### **A Distant Mirror**

There is so much I never knew about rock lichen; so much more to wonder at than I ever suspected. Many of the species represent what amounts to the fungal equivalent of the coal miner’s canary. They are highly sensitive to airborne pollution, and being without deciduous parts, they have no way to mitigate the accumulation of pollutants in their cellular structures. Lacking roots, their main source of all elements is the atmosphere, so that in many cases the elemental accumulation levels in the lichen – whether nutritional or polluting – mirror the levels in the surrounding air. Different species of lichen show differing sensitivities to specific atmospheric pollutants; and sensitivity, itself, is a measure of the energy needs of the mycobiont (fungal partner). What this means is that the more dependent the fungal tissue is on its algal partner, the more sensitive the lichen is to air pollution. The mechanics go something like this: when exposed to pollution, the photobiont (algal partner) must use some of its energy to repair the damage caused by the pollutant. This energy would ordinarily be used to maintain the photosynthetic (energy producing) activity of the algal partner and its loss changes the energy balance between the associative pair, which leads to a breakdown of the symbiotic association – read lichen decline. The wonder that I feel is at such a delicacy of balance that nature has created. It is a wonder that bleeds into respect, the respect manifesting at such a level that

it slips over into awe, and the awe becoming so profound that it blooms into love. I did not come to Grayson Highlands to observe, or even to think about, rock lichen. They were just here, quietly living out their lives on the stones of ancient volcanoes whose roots grow backward into the basement of time. Their presence was an unexpected gift of this place, a small reminder of the infinite ways in which we are connected to our world.

It is a connection that shifts in its focus as the cumuli that have been so billowy and white suddenly show a decidedly, and more darkly, grayer side of themselves. Westerly winds have begun lifting the clouds up from the valleys to the west of Wilburn Ridge and their increasing darkness abruptly speaks in a peal of thunder announcing the lightning we have not seen behind the flank of the ridge. We are only a mile from our vehicle, and a directed, short hiking effort brings us to its protection before the storm can begin.

From there it's a brief drive to our campsite, where our foresight in setting up camp before we went to photograph is rewarded by the sheltering comfort of our trusty tent. And our arrival is none too



### **The Tooth of the Volcano**

soon. The howling winds have brought the rains to our doorstep, and they are accompanied by an **1812 Overture's** cannonade of thunder and lightning. For nearly two hours it continues unabated in a light show, the likes of which I have not seen in quite a while. By morning, the tempest has spent itself on the slopes of the ridges and the air is calm, although it remains charged with



### **Wilburn Ridge Sunrise**

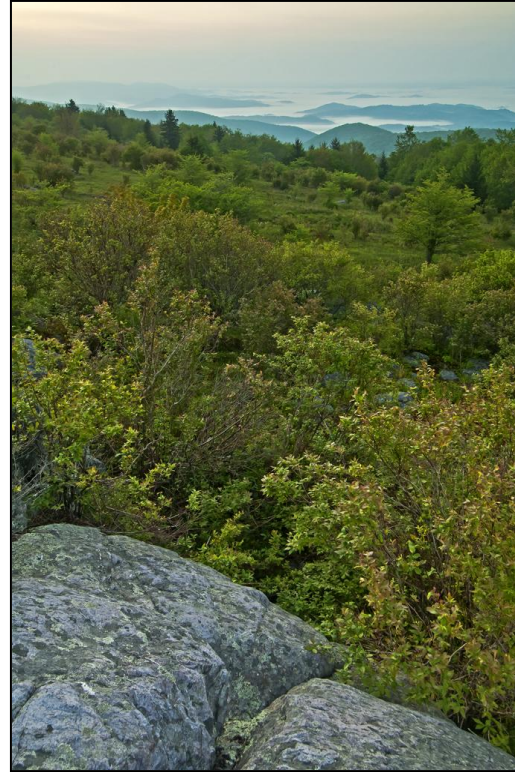
moisture. The clouds, in emptying themselves of their liquid burden, have sunk into the valleys below, and they fill the spaces between the lower ridges with a soft ethereality of light gray, like the exposed foam padding of a giant mattress. In the gloaming we retrace our path to the area of our lookout of the previous



afternoon, so different now on the other side of a day. The lichen are still there seemingly unaffected by the raucous events of the night before, perhaps even invigorated by the soaking they received. They are friends now, and we welcome each other in quiet recognition.

To wonder is to create bonds, to establish ties, to enter into relationships of caring and respect, to be enlarged and changed by our understanding of the other. To wonder is to enter into a mutuality whereby I see myself in a context of connections and come, thereby, to appreciate the awesome complexity of those connections that reach out into and fill the spaces of the entire fabric of the universe. To wonder is to see the web of which all are strands and to know that what I do to the web, I do to myself.

And in the stillness before the light I wonder at what other friends of this beautiful place called Earth I have yet to meet.



**The Highlands**

## **What's Now?:**

### **Summer of My Mixed Content**

Keep close to Nature's heart...and break clear away once in a while, and climb a mountain or spend a week in the woods. Wash your spirit clean.

**John Muir**

It is difficult to sit comfortably with what my heart keeps telling me I must accept. I much prefer to believe in periodically recurring cycles where things repeat with some more, or less, consistent degree of regularity. In this part of the world I like springs that kick off in late-March and summers that follow in mid-June; I like knowing that the dryer season will start sometime in July and that in December the precipitation will pick up again and continue through late-May. I like those cycles because they make it easier to plan what I do, both personally and as a teaching professional. I like knowing them because the impact they have on Nature's subjects causes those subjects to act in plausibly repetitive ways. Some errantry, of course, is to be expected in anything in which Nature has a hand, but for most of my life she's been reasonably dependable, and so it comes with some resistance on my part that I should now face a natural order in which there is much that is beyond fair prediction. Things change, and often change is marked with inconsistency. That seems to be where we find ourselves now, and

when my heart reminds me of this, my head wants to argue otherwise. The truth of the matter is that these mountains are always beautiful beyond words, regardless of the inconsistencies, or the changes.

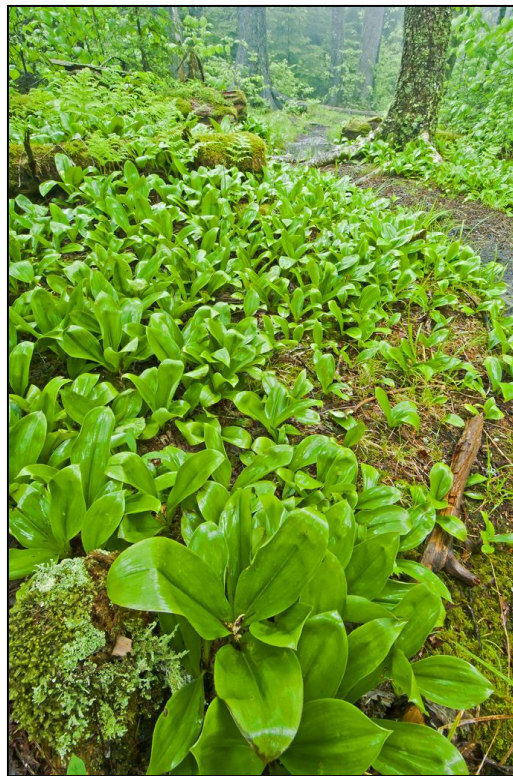
My calendar tells me it's nearly a month away, but my eyes tell me that summer is here, and there's much happening that I want to share with you, inconsistent and otherwise.

I have seen the sparks of an explosion that will be occurring over the next several days in the Smokies, the likes of which I have not seen in a long time, if ever. The mountain laurel ((*Kalmia latifolia*)) are about to burst forth in a display of pearl and coral that is going to be awesome. They are blooming throughout the Park. Their cousin, the Catawba rhododendron (*Rhododendron catawbiense*), although not as prolific here as in other parts of the mountains, are also still blooming, but are beginning to fade. Of course, in late-June and early-July the third member of the large heaths, Rosebay rhododendron (*Rhododendron maximum*), will make its appearance; and this year I would bet on earlier rather than later. I would also bet on earlier for the blooming of the flame azaleas (*Rhododendron calendulaceum*) on Andrews Bald and Gregory Bald. To get information on the bloom at Gregory contact the Cades Cove Ranger Station, located at the Cades Cove Campground. The rangers there hear regularly from hikers to the bald and can provide the most up-to-the-moment information on the situation up high.

At the present some of the flowers on display include wild hydrangea (*Hydrangea arborescens*), which is once again very widespread and profuse; galax (*Galax urceolata*); goat's beard (*Aruncus dioicus*), which may be as prolific and photogenic as I've seen in a while; purple-flowering raspberry (*Rubus odoratus*); and hairy buttercup (*Ranunculus hispidus*). I have also seen a few early examples of downy rattlesnake plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*), that delicate little orchid that is so difficult to capture artistically.

There are two species I want to mention specifically because they are blooming now and will require fairly quick action if you want to photograph them. First is the oxeye daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) in Cades Cove. Several of the meadows have already been mowed and are just starting to grow back;

however the fields on either side of the loop road just before the visitor center have not been cut and are full of daisies. Also, there is a large meadow on the left just past the Carter-Shields Cabin where they are growing prolifically. The other species is the bluebead lily (*Clintonia borealis*),



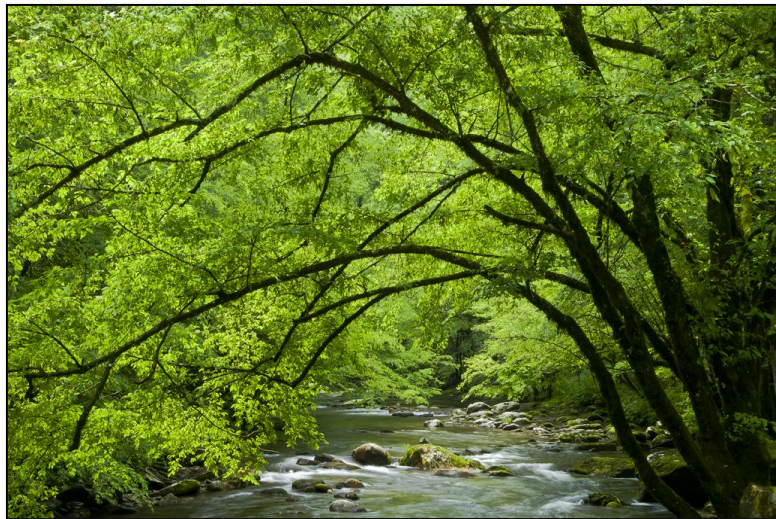
**Bluebead City**



the high-elevation Clintonia that is blooming along Clingman's Dome Road. The delicate yellow blossoms are enough by themselves, but the waxy undulating leaves of this lily are an extra treat, especially in the rain. These won't last long, but they're just coming in.

By the time I write again there will have come and gone a whole array of blooming things worth mentioning. Here are a few: I believe the Turk's-cap lily (*Lilium superbum*) bloom is going to be awesome this year. I've seen lots of stems and leaves thus far, so I think it will be something to see. I also believe there will be a fine display of purple-fringed orchids (*Platanthera psycodes*) along Clingman's Dome Road. Crane-fly orchid (*Tipularia discolor*) on Deep Creek Trail will be more common than usual. And the big yellow asteraceae – the Black-eyed Susans, the wood tickseed, the green-headed coneflower, and the wide-leaved sunflower will all be well into their cycles when next I am thinking about “**A Song...**” The climate upheaval may be creating inconsistency, but it also is offering flower blooms that are awesome displays of natural beauty.

Water levels in the Park are currently what might best be described as moderate: overall about what you would expect going into the dryer season and, perhaps, a little lower than usual in some watersheds. The main stream of Little River is running well, but the Middle Prong coming from Tremont is somewhat low. In Greenbrier, the Middle Prong of Little Pigeon River is also somewhat lower than I would



expect. Of course, levels can change quickly with a passing storm, but in the absence of on-going precipitation, this trend seems likely to continue through the summer. In North Carolina, the Oconaluftee, Deep Creek, Big Creek, and Cataloochee Creek all seem to currently be in that state of moderate-flow normalcy, which can make for some very interesting opportunities.

Although the foliage has completely unfurled, it still bears that new-growth luminescence of bright green, and in late-morning or early-afternoon backlight it can produce some striking results when paired with interesting water flow. This is the time of year when the whitetail fawns (*Odocoileus virginianus*) are being seen in Cades Cove. Their spindly legs and delicate spots always evoke memories of Bambi and make them wonderful subjects when you encounter them. Be careful to be considerate of their space and the concerns of their mothers. In July, the elk (*Cervus elaphus*) mothers will begin bringing their young ones down from the higher country and into Cataloochee Valley. Though

### **The Middle of Little**

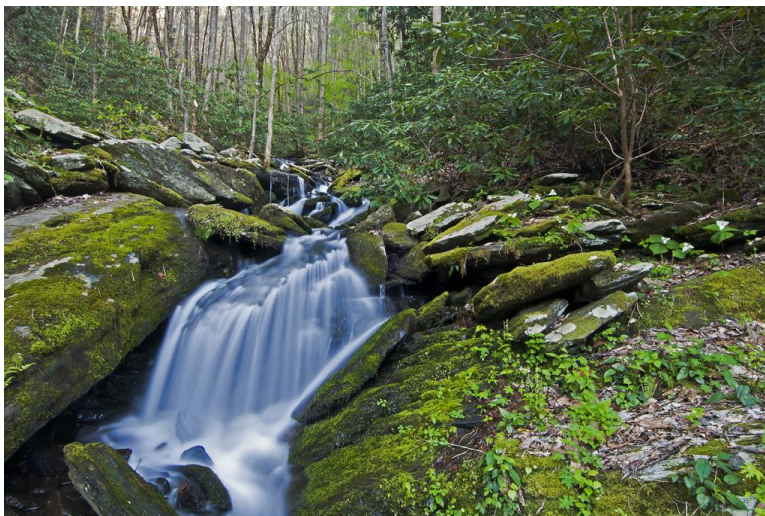
much larger than whitetail fawns, they are just as comically cute and just as much fun to photograph.

Sunrise and sunset photography in the coming season are going to be made a little tricky for one reason that is usual to this time of year and one reason that is not usual at all. Sunrise from Clingman's Dome in the coming three months will be a good opportunity, weather permitting, and although the solar disk will rise far to the left end of Thomas Divide, it will still be visible as a potential element. Sunset from the Dome will be more of a challenge since the ball will set far to the right over the crest of the Smokies, going behind the ridge so early that by the time it does set, the ridges and valleys of Forney Creek, Hazel Creek, and the Little Tennessee (Fontana Lake) that you look into from the parking lot will be fairly dark. That's to be expected because of the season. Also to be expected is the fact that, for sunrise, the sun at Luftee Overlook is far around to the left behind Newfound Gap and not available as an element. What is unexpected is that there is currently a flurry of road building going on along Newfound Gap Road in the high country on the Tennessee side of the Park. Construction machinery is being parked in Morton Overlook, as well as the two larger pull-offs going further down the north slope of Mount Kephart, and these three overlooks are officially closed temporarily. Sadly, this is prime time for sunset at Morton, and you will have difficulty finding a place to park along the road, much less finding a good view down into the valley as the sun disappears in the west. I didn't say it is impossible, just a challenge. And remember, it's exactly as my friend, Bill Lea says, "It's all about the light." If the light is good, the images will be memorable. Sunrise and sunset times for the Park from June 1-August 31 are:

	<u><b>Sunrise</b></u>	<u><b>Sunset</b></u>
June 1:	6:20a.m.	8:44p.m.
June 21:	6:18a.m.	8:51p.m.
July 1:	6:22a.m.	8:54p.m.
July 31:	6:13a.m.	8:40p.m.
August 31:	7:05a.m.	8:05p.m.

One of America's great jurists, **Oliver Wendell Holmes**, said, "Foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds." He also said, "Once the mind has been stretched by a new idea, it never returns to its original shape." Somehow, in this world of accelerating change, both of those statements seem appropriate.

Perhaps we do ourselves the best service by seeking to embrace, as fully as we can, the changes that we





face, while seeking to nurture what is consistently good in the world. And perhaps, as we go through the changes that are ahead, we will find ourselves stretched in ways that are conducive to our growth as the human species. And finally, perhaps, part of what will make the journey worthwhile will be our capacity to appreciate the beauty around us at ever-increasing levels of awareness and understanding. These mountains of the blue smoke have always seemed like willing guides to my journey, and I am reasonably sure they will continue to serve me well in that way.

## **A Tip is Worth...?**

### **Steps: One at a Time**

...geniuses think productively, not reproductively. When confronted with a problem, they ask themselves how many different ways they can look at the problem, how they can rethink it, and how many different ways they can solve it, instead of asking how they have been taught to solve it. They tend to come up with many different responses, some of which are unconventional, and, possibly, unique.

**Michael Michalko**  
from ***Cracking Creativity***

It has been suggested that, as children, we come into the world with what, pretty



much, amounts to a blank slate of a mind, with some predispositions, perhaps, but nothing set in stone. As we grow, the slate is filled with all sorts of bits of information and ideas about how we should interact with that information, in other words how to respond to the world around us: what might be thought of as “data-behavior” feedback loops, where the recognition of certain information gives rise to certain behavioral response tendencies on our part: Pavlov writ large, if you will.

I have found for myself that the more information I have on the slate with regard to any given subject, the more I have to think about with regard to the subject and the more broadly construed my responses can be. A certain level of information must go in, and be present, before a certain level of creative response can come out.

How that relates to image-making is like this: If I have a certain level of information

that I have assimilated regarding how to create images, generally, then in any given situation I can call forth that information as a starting point from which to

go forward – not to reproduce what I already know, but to produce the best result I can in the present.

So what I would like to offer is a set of steps to be taken in and incorporated into your image-making process. And my idea is that if you integrate these steps so completely that they become a sub-conscious part of your photography, then you will use them so naturally and without effort that your own creative process will take completely over and you will produce the best images you can, wherever you are and whatever you are shooting.

1. Relax; tune out all the distractions. In other words: “Be here now.” Study the subject and the light. Is now the best time to photograph *this* subject?
2. Ask yourself, “What is it that I am responding to here and now? What do I like about this subject and how can I present that in my image? It is a feeling” put it into words.
3. What are the primary elements of graphic design that are stimulating my visual interest: Are they lines, shapes, forms, patterns, textures, or colors; or a combination of more than one?
4. Determine the best focal length lens to achieve the optimum angle of view, background coverage, subject size, perspective, and depth-of-field.
5. Determine the best camera placement, then set up your tripod. Check the background for clutter. Have you chosen the best subject example available?
6. Check your composition – vertical/horizontal, subject positioning, points of power, balance and visual flow. Scan the frame edge. Is a filter needed? Are the relationships among the elements clear? Have you used foreground effectively? Have you used contrast to your advantage?
7. Use a cable release and a lens hood. Check your focus. Set the exposure values and check the depth-of-field. Is the horizon tilted? Is wind/motion a factor? Can you change ISO to your advantage? Check the frame edge one more time.
8. After the image is taken check your highlights (blinkies) and your histogram. Adjust, if needed, and re-shoot.

### **Be very Fussy in the field. It Pays.**

Many of these suggestions were part of the advice that **Bill Fortney** always gave, many years ago, to his workshop participants. Hopefully, my expansions are a continuation of his good teaching. I pilfer them with gratitude. Thanks Bill.

Over the next couple of newsletters I will expand further on each of these steps, for there is much more that can be said to flesh out the skeletal outline each of them implies. My intent here is to offer them in their, more or less, collapsed form, so that, however you may simplify them further, you have the essence of them all together, all in one place. You’ll notice, I’m sure, that there is an ordered progression to them, such that, as you move from one to the next, you come by degrees progressively closer to the moment of releasing the shutter; and thus, to a very real extent, how you learn them has some



significance. They are, in that sense, not random, but, hopefully, flow from step to step is a reasoned sequence.

It seems to me that as these steps are taken in, what remains is the present moment for you to see in all of its possibilities.

Leonardo da Vinci believed that in order to gain knowledge about the essence of a problem, you began by learning to restructure it to see it in many different ways. The first way he looked at a problem, he thought, was too biased toward his usual way



of seeing things. He would look at the problem/situation/subject from one perspective and move to another, and still another. As he moved his knowledge would deepen, and he would begin to understand the substance of the problem. He called this *saper vedere*, knowing how to see. And the context in which he approached it, that is, the steps of getting to the essence, allowed his creativity to flourish.

### **Reflections on Tellico**

## **As for EarthSong/Walking in Beauty...**

### **Walking in Beauty**

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

### **Traditional Diné Prayer**

I arrive at the cusp of June with a sense of wonder at all that the year has held so far. Bonnie and I have had the chance to spend some great time with old friends

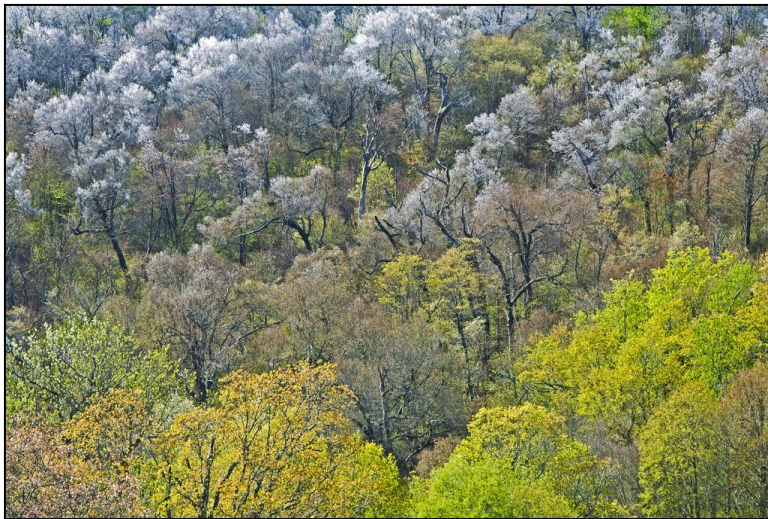
and new, in some truly amazing places. One of the blessings of this strange climate was that even as it looked as though the blooming season was going to be affected, so that the cold weeks of December and January would delay the spring blossoms, the warmth kicked in and ramped up the oncoming season to jump even ahead of what we would consider its “schedule.” Savannah and Charleston rewarded us with floral displays that were incredible to experience and delightful to photograph.



**A Battery Garden, Charleston**

Back home in the mountains, the colorful growing buds quickly turned to flowering beauties and illuminant green.

Our weekend at Kentucky’s **Cumberland Falls State Park** with **Bret Smitley** and his excellent **Nature Photography Weekend** program was a lot of fun; and the **Fussy Photographer Weekend Workshop** that we hosted for the **CNPA-Upstate Region** took us to some great locations along the Blue Ridge



**Springing in Fits and Starts**

what we’ve seen; we’re in for some wonderful opportunities.

Parkway’s southern stretches with an excellent group of participants. Spring may have been erratic, but it has also been exciting. And now we’re ready to dive into the second half of the year with a whole new set of adventures that includes some places we visit regularly and some places that are new as far as workshop venues are concerned. If they offer anything like

Looking beyond the upcoming **Acadia/Mount Desert Island Spring** and **Adirondacks High Peaks** Workshops, when we come home in July, there will be the first of the **EarthSong One-Day Workshops: July 16<sup>th</sup>**. The second of the One-Day Workshops will be on **August 20<sup>th</sup>**; and the third will be on



**September 24<sup>th</sup>.** So here they are:

**EarthSong One-Day Workshops: July 16<sup>th</sup>, August 20<sup>th</sup>, and September 24<sup>th</sup>.** For the **July 16<sup>th</sup>** and **August 20<sup>th</sup>** events, we'll explore along the final 20 miles of the **Blue Ridge Parkway** in **Western North Carolina's** Haywood, Transylvania, Jackson, and Swain Counties. They will be a fun-filled days of high country summer wildflowers, streams, atmospherics, and light. Field instruction, fellowship, great locations, and a picnic to top them off.



**A Mile High, Or More**

For the **September 24<sup>th</sup>** event, we'll travel to **Cades Cove** in **Great Smoky Mountains National Park**, where it will be the cusp of autumn. The last of the summer wildflowers should be blooming and the native grasses turning a golden brown. There's the excitement possibly seeing bears gorging for winter denning around the corner, and the whitetails beginning to think about the rutting season about to come. Early morning light in the Cove in September can be a magical, mist-filled time of mystical enchantment.

The **tuition** for each of these events is **\$125** (picnic included), and each workshop is limited to **eight (8) participants** on a first come basis. There are still spaces in each but they are all already filling.

For more information, or to register, contact me at **(828) 788-0687**, or at [\*\*don@earthsongphotography.com\*\*](mailto:don@earthsongphotography.com).

Also in September, there are two weekend workshops that promise to be very exciting:

**September 9-11: CNPA-Asheville Region; Fussy Photographer Weekend Workshop.**

**Place: Asheville, North Carolina**

**Tuition: To Be Announced**

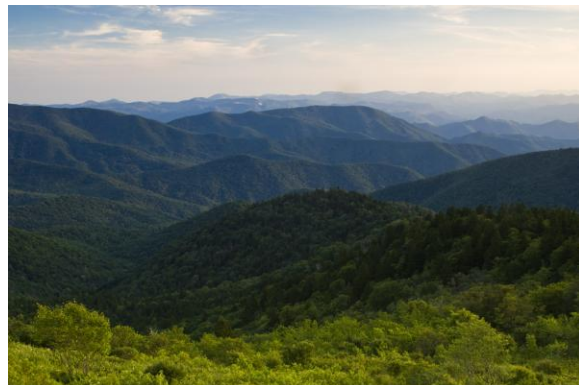
**Participants: Eight (8)**

Bonnie and I will be hosting a Fussy Photographer weekend event similar to the one we conducted this spring for the Upstate Region. I'll be doing

**Fussy Photographer**

**instructional programs** here at our place in Asheville, and we'll be doing a full day of fieldwork along the western portion of the Blue Ridge Parkway. **Post-processing** and a meaningful

**critique** are part of all Fussy events, as well, and this one includes a field picnic



**As Far As the Eye Can See**

and dinner on Saturday, too. **Everette Robinson** and **Karen Rowe** will announce the complete details for the workshop soon, and I'll have the information posted on my website as well. If you're a CNPA-Asheville member you will not want to miss this learning opportunity.

**September 16-18: "See It~Say It": Creative Capture and Image Presentation – From the Moment You Make the Image to the Moment You Bring It to Critique**

**Presented by Don McGowan & Warren Bedell**

**Place: Asheville, North Carolina**

**Tuition: \$250**

**Participants: Eight (8)**

This is a workshop designed to help you envision the possibilities from the moment you consider your image to the moment you offer it for consideration by others. There's a difference between getting an image ready to print as fine art and preparing the image for its initial critique. Warren and I will help you with the creative choices that go into the image and the post-processing choices that prepare it for comment. We've put a lot of thought into the crafting of this event, so that you can be assured of getting the most out of it.

This event is also filling, and with the limited space you might want to register early.

For more information contact Warren Bedell at **(828) 833-3605**, or at [warren@bedells.net](mailto:warren@bedells.net); or Don McGowan at **(828) 788-0687**, or at [don@earthsongphotography.com](http://don@earthsongphotography.com).



**Light a Distant Fire**

Finally, there is one **EarthSong Weeklong Workshop** that I really want to highlight:

**EarthSong Photography White Mountains, New Hampshire Fall Workshop**

**Don McGowan & Kendall Chiles**

**October 1-7**

**Place: Storybook Inn & Suites  
Glen, New Hampshire &  
White Mountains NF**

**Tuition: \$1250**

**Participants: Ten (10)**

It's been a little while since I've led a workshop in New Hampshire's beautiful White Mountains, but there is no time that can erase the memory of this incredible landscape – it's



**The Color of Rock and Light**



amazing waters and autumn colors. In my mind and heart the Old Man of the Mountain's chiseled visage will always be there, high on his ledge of rock, keeping watch over the forest. We'll explore all of his haunts – the wonders of the fall hardwoods and conifers, the flumes and waterfalls, the streams and cascades, the cattail-filled glens and marshes, the tiny worlds of the ferns and mosses, the tactile textures of the stately birches: all of this and more. It is a fall photographic adventure you do not want to miss.

For more information, or to register, contact me at **(828) 788-0687**, or at [don@earthsongphotography.com](mailto:don@earthsongphotography.com); or Kendall Chiles at **(865) 363-1525**, or at [kchiles@knology.net](mailto:kchiles@knology.net).

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

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**Sunset, Savannah National Wildlife Refuge**