

n a dark spruce forest—two lakes and a portage from my remote bush camp—I have discovered a place of mystery and wonder. In these quiet woods I sense the primeval, an impression that no one has stood there before. So it seemed natural that this is where I would go on the first day of my photographic journey. 

I had set myself a challenge: that for ninety days between the autumnal equinox and winter solstice I would make only one photograph a day. There would be no second exposure, no second chance. My work would be stripped to the bones, bringing together whatever photographic and woods skills I have. My quest was both arbitrary and rigid. Arbitrary in that no one had compelled me, or even asked me, to perform it. Rigid in that, once engaged, the constraints I had chosen would force me to examine myself, my art, and the wild and isolated place in which I live in a manner I'd never before attempted. 

Knowing that success would depend not upon any single and magnificent image but rather upon a tapestry woven of furtive glances, I arose before dawn that first morning, anxious to begin at that place where I felt nature kept some of her hidden secrets. A cool mist rose and licked my face as I paddled across the two small lakes. The forest was dead quiet as I stalked through somber bogs.