



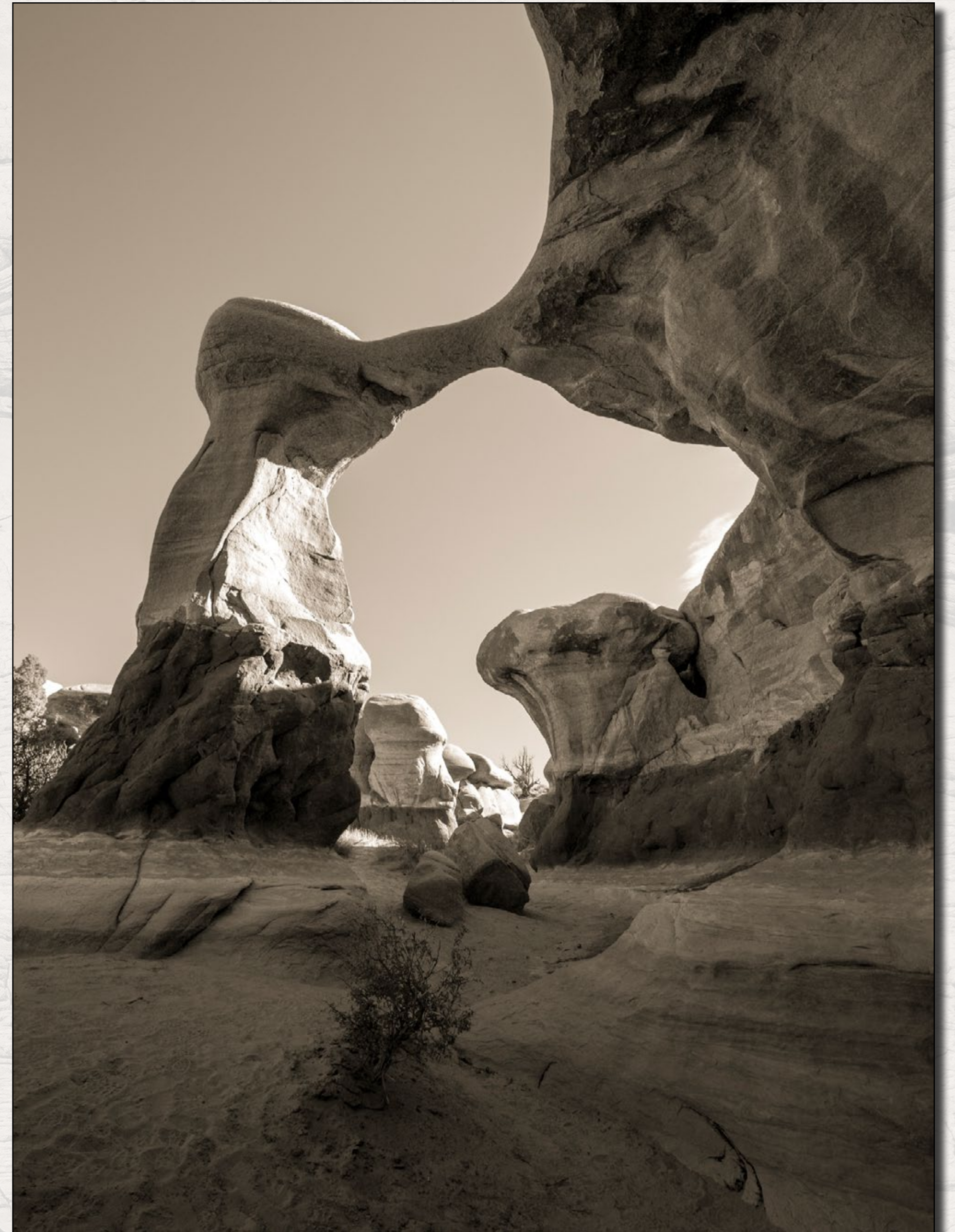
Dancing With Light: Devils Garden

Photographs by Joe Lipka

Devils Garden

The Devils Garden was only twelve miles from the paved highway, but it felt like it was as far away as the moon. That stretch of Forest Service Road was a washboard. That is no metaphor; it was twelve miles of red clay road with grooves one inch wide and one inch deep precisely cut, no doubt, by Old Scratch's minions. The forty-five minutes of constant jostling was broken up only by desperately swerving to avoid mud filled potholes of unknown depth and the occasional almost vertical drop into and out of an arroyo. The rumble of the tires over the grooved clay was so noisy that conversation was impossible.

It took more than a few minutes in the parking lot for me to no longer feel the constant jostling and to clear my head of the road noise. Then the silence enveloped me. I joined the silence of the rocks and moved quietly through the formations with my camera gathering images of rocks that had been waiting for me since the Jurassic Period. What caused these rocks to be formed in such odd shapes and formed only in this location? I am sure geologists could explain the various mechanics of erosion that have taken place here over the eons, but there's a lot that they can't explain. That must be left to Old Scratch himself.







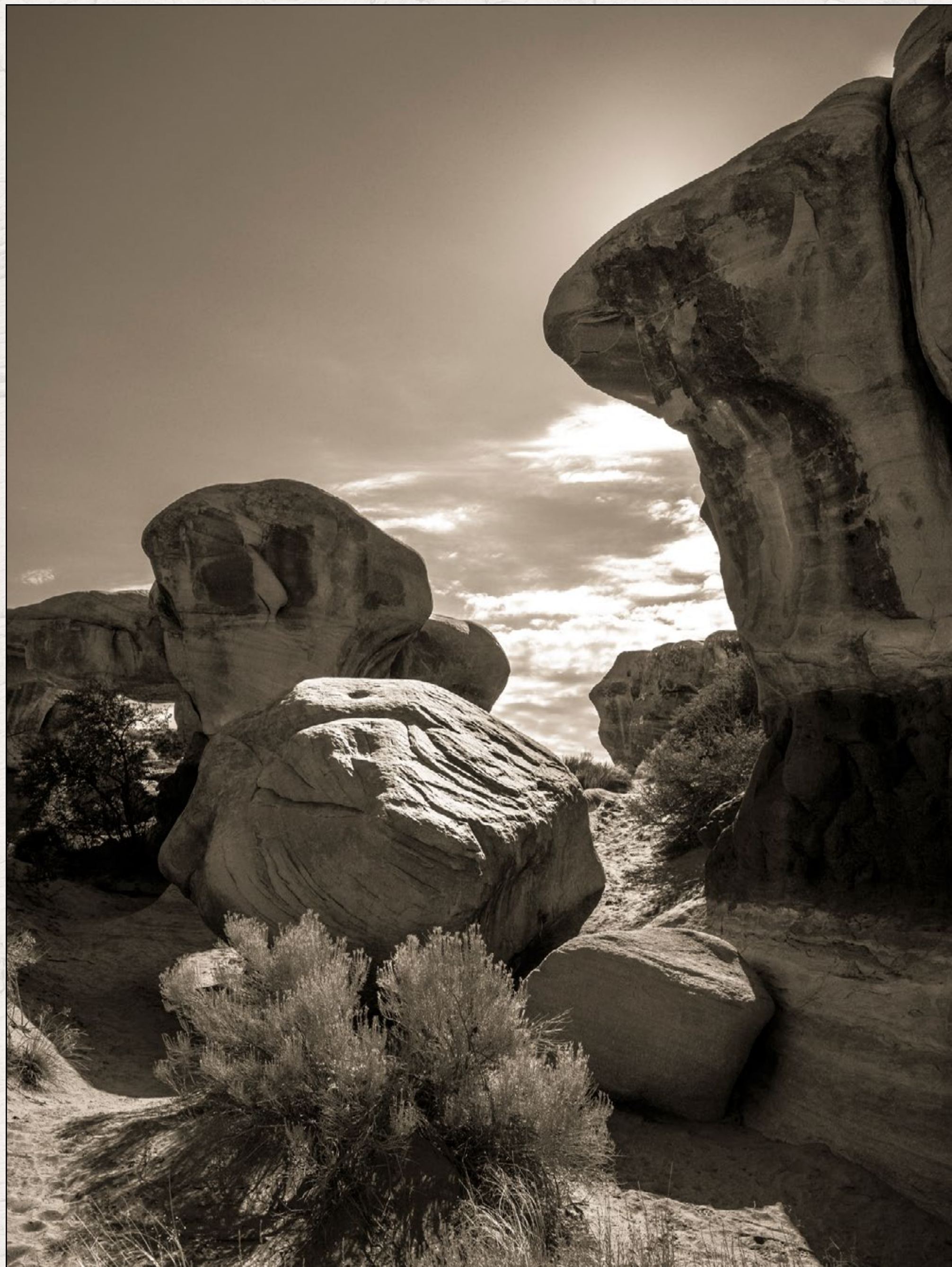














Colophon

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The images in this portfolio were made
in September, 2012 in Southern Utah

Myriad Pro font was used for the text.

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