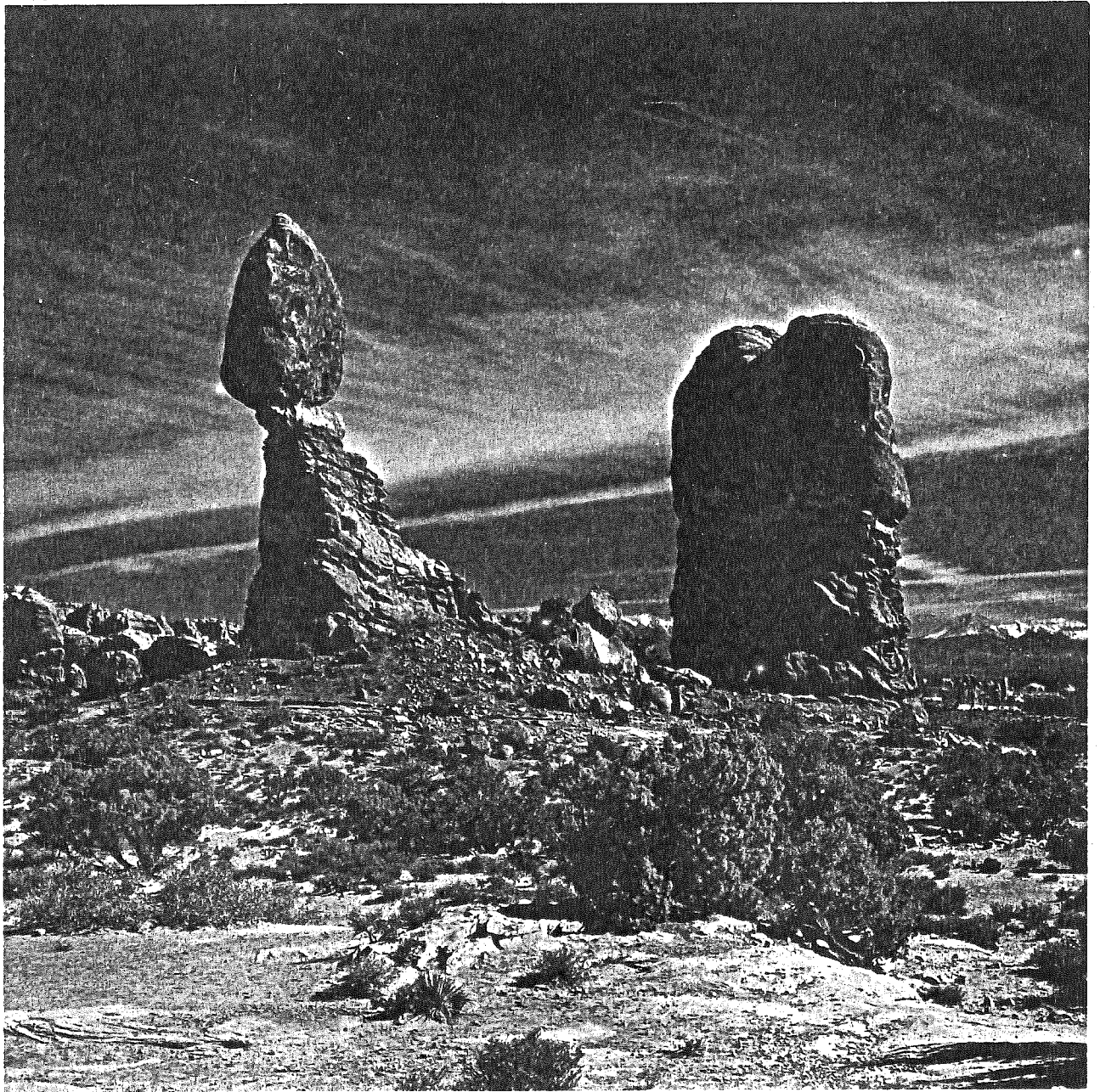


Arches National Park, Moab, Utah

March 20. The cliff road rises sharply from Route 163 and in ten minutes one is on a high plateau of red erosion. The arches are there, dozens, twisted, worn, broken, nascent, **and** at their base the rubble of millennia. The landscape is populated by gnarled figures, giant geological chessmen, Lot's wife turned to sandstone, Olympian gods, Brobdignagian sculptures; imagine what you will. In the far distance, the white peaks of the Manti-Lasalles shine through.

What struck me particularly at Arches was not so much the feeling of erosion and geologic change, but the magic enhancement of distance. Here was a natural realization of de Chirico's "Nostalgie pour l'Infinie".

We climbed to the isolated vantage point from which one can view the "Delicate Arch". One sees it



BALANCED ROCK

ARCHES
NATIONAL
PARK