

DON GIANNATTI  
2019 QUARTERLY ONE



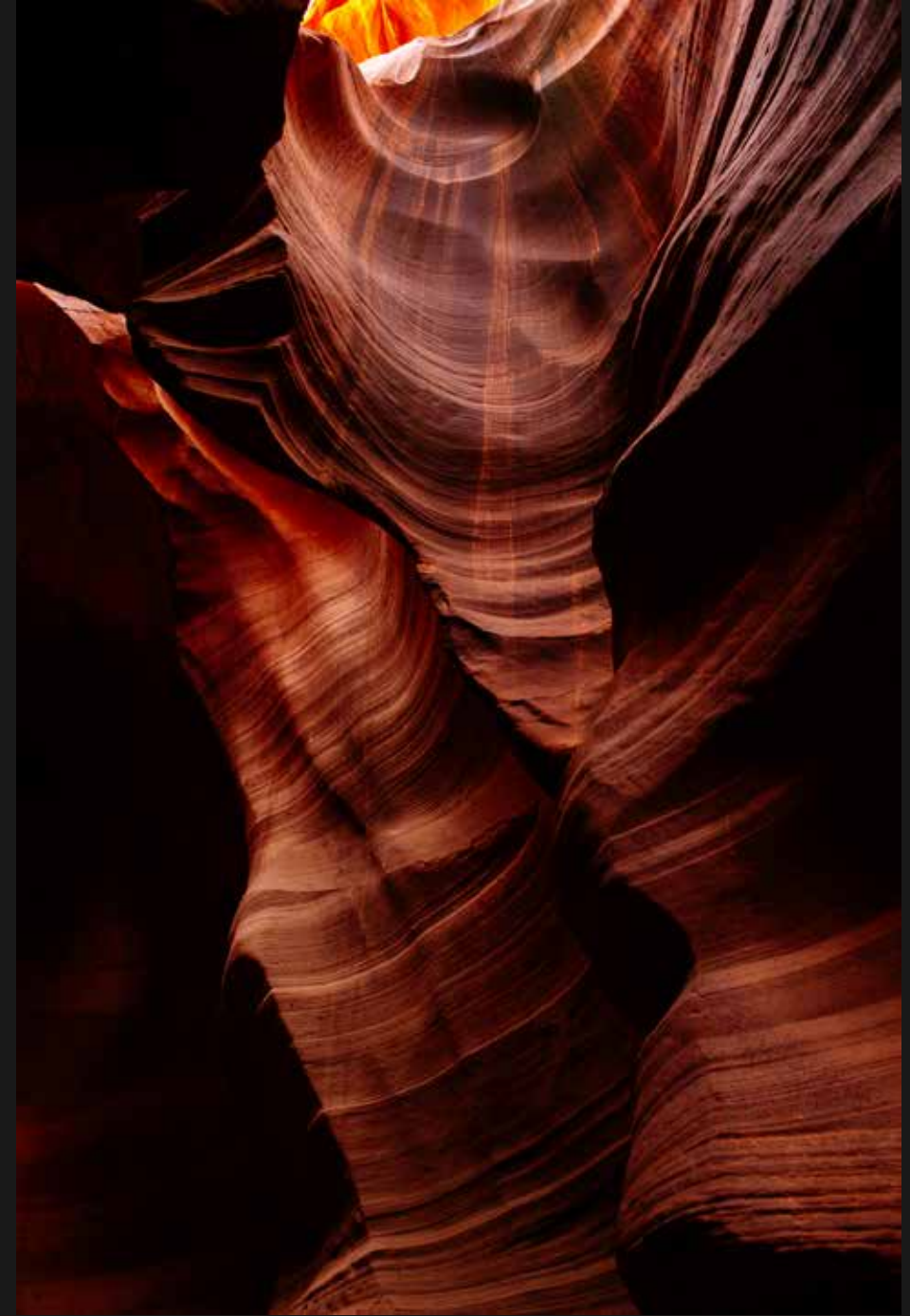
A SMALL  
SLOT CANYON

UPPER ANTELOPE CANYON

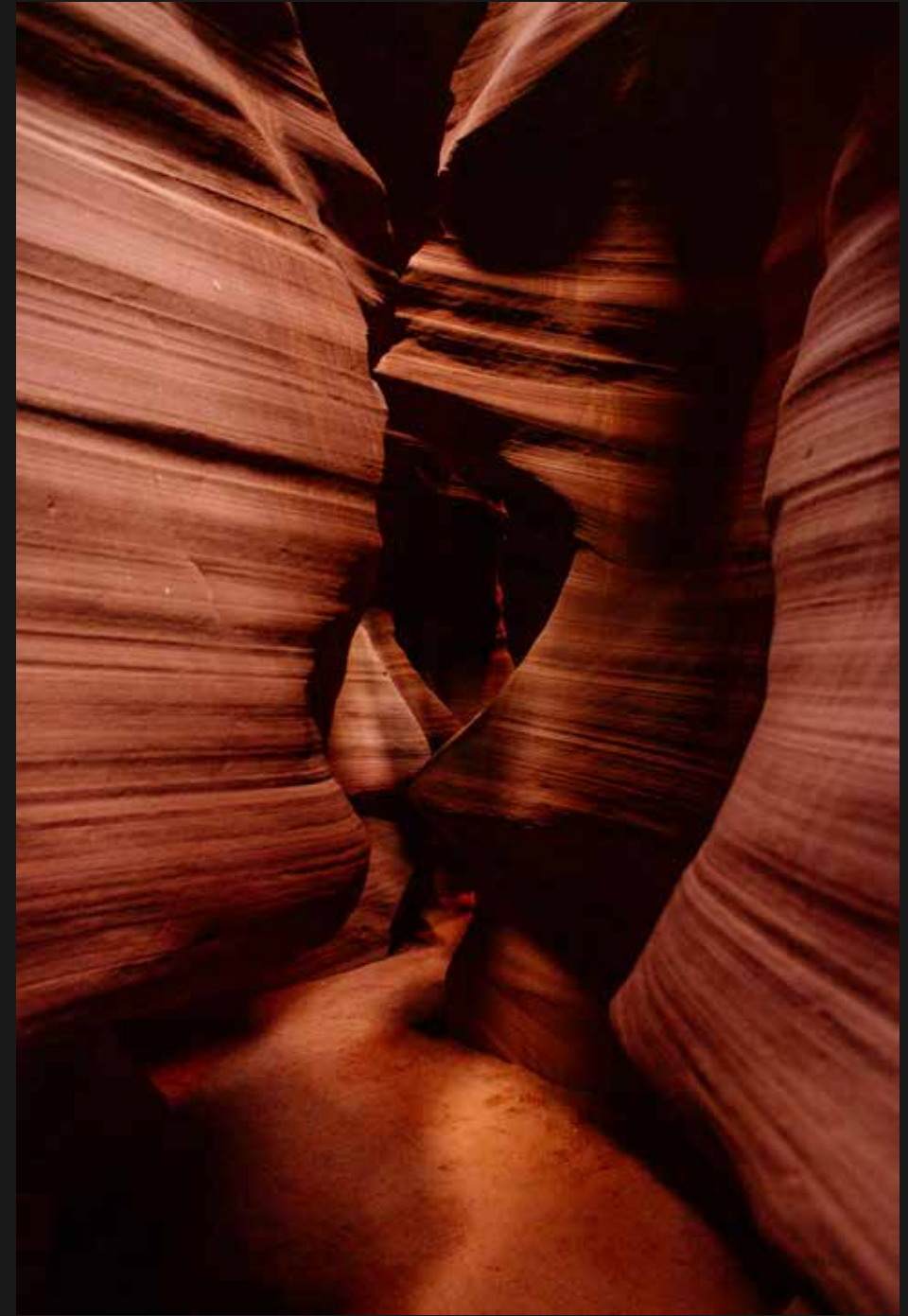
PAGE, ARIZONA

I have always loved the slot canyons of Arizona and Utah. The light seems to caress the finely carved walls, and the edges create shapes and designs seemingly random, but with such clear design as to be eerily expected. There are few words to express the wonder you feel when wandering through the tight canyon walls reaching up to 800 feet above you. Whether you take a camera or not, you should walk the wash and be reminded of how fleeting our time is here on this rock. Surely this magical place will endure far longer than we can imagine.















Series shot Feb 28, 2019  
while on a 1 hour guided  
tour of the canyon.

NIKON Df Camera  
28MM AI Lens (1985)



SNOW, ROCK, AND LIGHT

























# ZION

Before we ever entered the canyon along the Virgin river we could hear the thundering explosions of ice falling from the cliffs above to the canyon floor. The sound was so intimidating that people were stopping in their tracks to try to get a bead on where it was coming from. The canyon walls are so narrow that the echo effect made them seem only a few feet away - in any direction. Snow in Zion is not rare, but the storm of late February, 2019 was a bit on the remarkable side. 3 feet of snow had fallen in only a day and a half and it was now warming beyond the expected temp and beginning to melt. And fall. I wanted to catch the rocks with snow on them as a way of giving some dimension and texture to monolithic rocks that defied description. My hope was that the snow would bring out the rich color I experience while viewing them and at the same time add a bit of contrast to help define the edges. So many edges. Seeing the vastness of the rock mock any attempt at scale, my goal was to let the rock stand as its own testament, with the snow as a defining element that tied it all together.

ESCALANTE

Slick Rock Fun











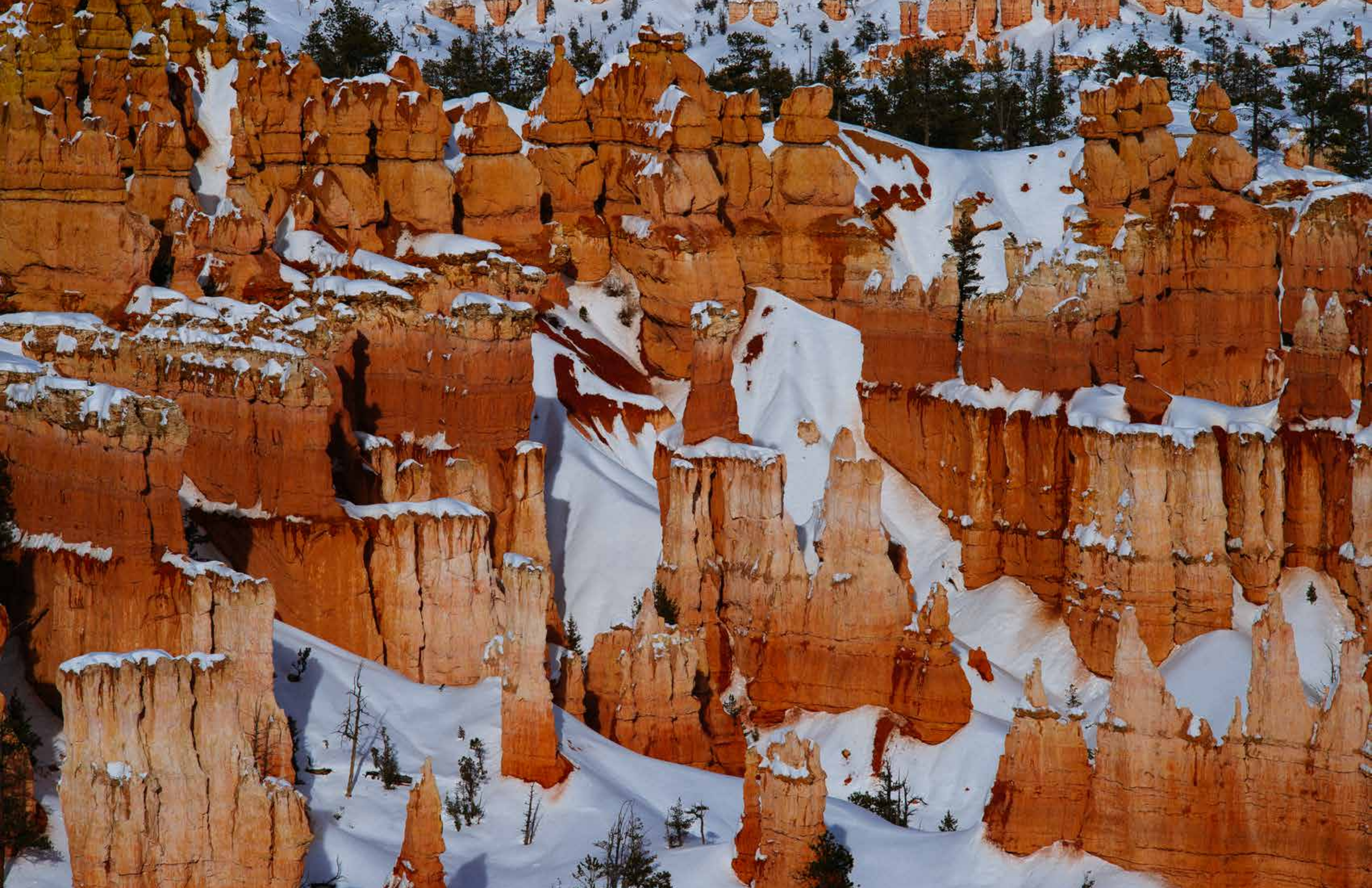
Highway 12 from Panguitch to Torrey, Utah is a must drive road. I have done it by car and motorcycle. I will do it again on motorcycle in May of this year. I will also do it by car in October when the Aspen forests of Boulder Mountain turn to firey reds and yellows. This time it was winter. Damn I love this road.





THE ANCIENT HOODOOS OF BRYCE, UTAH







I have been on the edge of every Bryce Canyon overlook more than twice. Each time I am simply overwhelmed by the beauty, color, design, and dimensions of the hoodoo formations at my feet. Unlike Zion where you point the camera up, at Bryce you are pointing it down. Down into the tiny canyons carved by the massive hoodoos.

And like many a photographer, I grab the wide angle lens and try to bring all the majesty sweeping before me into the frame. Sometimes I seem to be successful and others it just seems as though that majestic view is compressed into something that looks like it is 'over there'. Inaccessible. Distant and vast.

This time I grabbed my 50MM and 180MM lenses to tell the story of the hoodoos themselves. Up close. Personal. And delightfully intricate. I don't dislike the wide angle shots I have taken in the past, but it was a breath of fresh air for me to use the 'normal' and telephoto lenses to reach out and isolate parts of the spectacular view.





Nikon Df camera  
Nikkor 50MM lens  
Nikkor 180MM lens (manual focus, 1984)



# A desert sojourn

MARCH SEVENTEEN AND EIGHTEEN

Whenever I feel I need some time alone, I head to the road. A road trip is cathartic for me. It gives me space to think, to not worry about the digital distractions, and to create plans that I can use to further my goals of being creative every day.

Sometimes I ride my motorcycle, and other times me and the sedan set off for points usually off the beaten path.

I hate freeways. Hate them.

This trip was to a little southern California town called Brawley. Brawley is on the southern edge of the Salton Sea, and is a quiet agricultural based community near the Anza Borrego Desert.

In the winter and spring, the Anza Borrego is a pleasant place to be. Quiet. Huge, vast ranges of rock mountains and cactus and ocotillo dwarf us in the landscape in all directions.

And warm.



The warmth draws me to in a sort of defacto way. I live where it is warm in the summer, but the heat of the Anza Borrego can be quite liquifying... heh.

So I try to go in the winter, and early spring.

I find cheap motels, the kind where you park your bike in front of your room and have little in the way of amenities.

Then I cruise the roads, the backroads, and the places tourists are usually not interested in.

That's where I find the people and the

world that interests me the most.

I am not interested in the glitzy night life of big cities, or the boredom of suburbs. I want to see where the working people live, how they live.

They interest me.

The desert interests me.

The simple world of smaller towns interest me.

And now I am sitting in my office, alone, writing these words but longing to be out there - on the road - again.



























**2019 Quarterly One**

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