VOLUME 2 ISSUE 1

Desert & Alpine®

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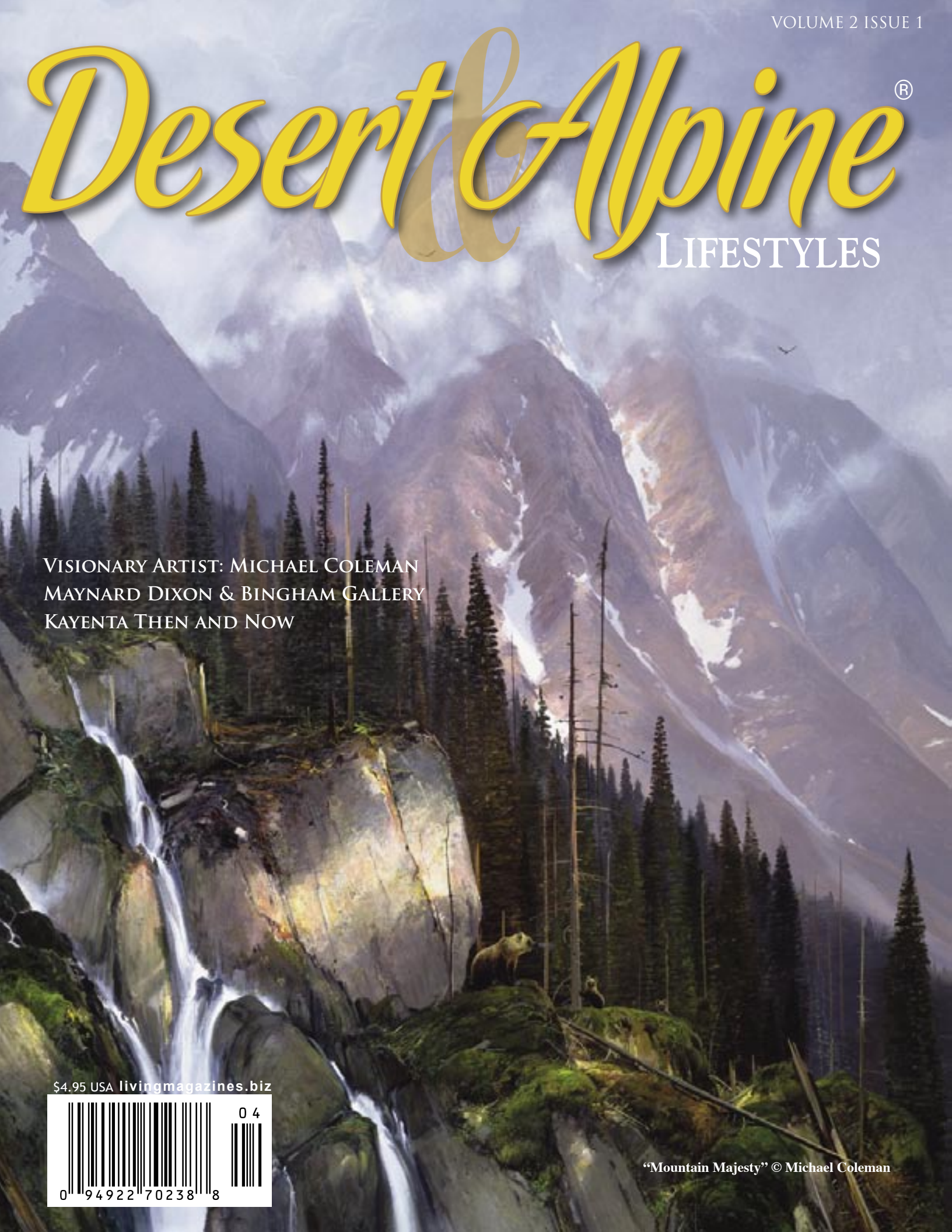

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"Mountain Majesty" © Michael Coleman

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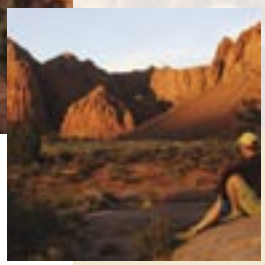

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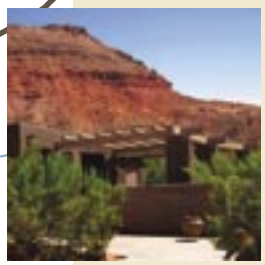

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Welcome to the Enchanting West

Patti M. Eddington ***Publisher***

Technology now trumps traditional communication.

Folks don't seem to connect with each other with face-to-face greetings, handshakes and pats on the back anymore. Instead, everyone seems to be connected to their cell phones and computers.

Being computer-literate has been a blessing to me in my work, but I can see how human relationships suffer by sending text messages and e-mails instead of talking with others.

This techno lifestyle prevents us from embracing our humanity by creating an insular universe in which we use technology to improve our productivity while impeding our ability to communicate spontaneously.

Interpersonal communication isn't the only casualty in our brave new techno world. Books, magazines and other printed materials have been hard hit.

Many Americans, surveys show, no longer read books or any other printed matter. So it is little surprise that newspaper and magazine subscriptions are falling.

People are flocking to the Web to download the news of the day or to listen to podcasts and books on CD. Only those of us who appreciate the tactile nature of holding a beautiful magazine or book in our hands and reading at our leisure notice anything is amiss.

When my husband and I first met, we spent lovely afternoons perusing Barnes & Noble or Borders, looking for reading adventure. He likes the thick books, notably biographies, mysteries and historical fiction.

He grew up in a reading family. So did I. My parents' day began with reading the morning paper prior to heading off to work. As a teen, I opted for *Women's Wear Daily* and *The Wall Street Journal*, while my friends preferred People, Seventeen and other trendy magazines. I was an oddity.

Dinosaurs like us now fondly recall the rush we felt when we were introduced to J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, or the guilty pleasure we derived from reading J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

I've been saddened by the demise of *Better Homes and Garden* magazine, a periodical American women have perused for years. My favorite magazine, *Cowboys and Indians*, has been a staple of my monthly read-a-thons. I pore over the pages of that publication – from front to back and back again. I would be forlorn if it went the way of BH&G.

In his popular book, *The World is Flat*, Thomas Friedman jolts us by detailing America's economic failure in several sectors and by outlining the adjustments we must make to succeed in the global economy.

Steve Jobs, one of my heroes, has adjusted just fine. He is a wizard, and Apple has matured to the point of finally getting the recognition and market share it deserves.

But the blessing of my Macs can also be the bane of my sanity.

Keeping up with updates, downloads and new technology can be stressful while trying to improve my multitasking skills and keep up with the current lingo.

Yes, the techno times we live in can be challenging. Nowadays, everything comes at us so fast that is hard to keep pace.

That's why we feel good about the articles in *Desert & Alpine Lifestyles* magazine — stories about talented artists, writers and photographers. We hope that by sharing their beautiful work and insights, you will be enlightened and remain connected to a world of beauty that you can touch and share with others.

Let's make 2008 special by communicating and connecting with others and the world around us. May we say hello to friends and neighbors with handshakes and hugs instead of just e-mails and text messages.

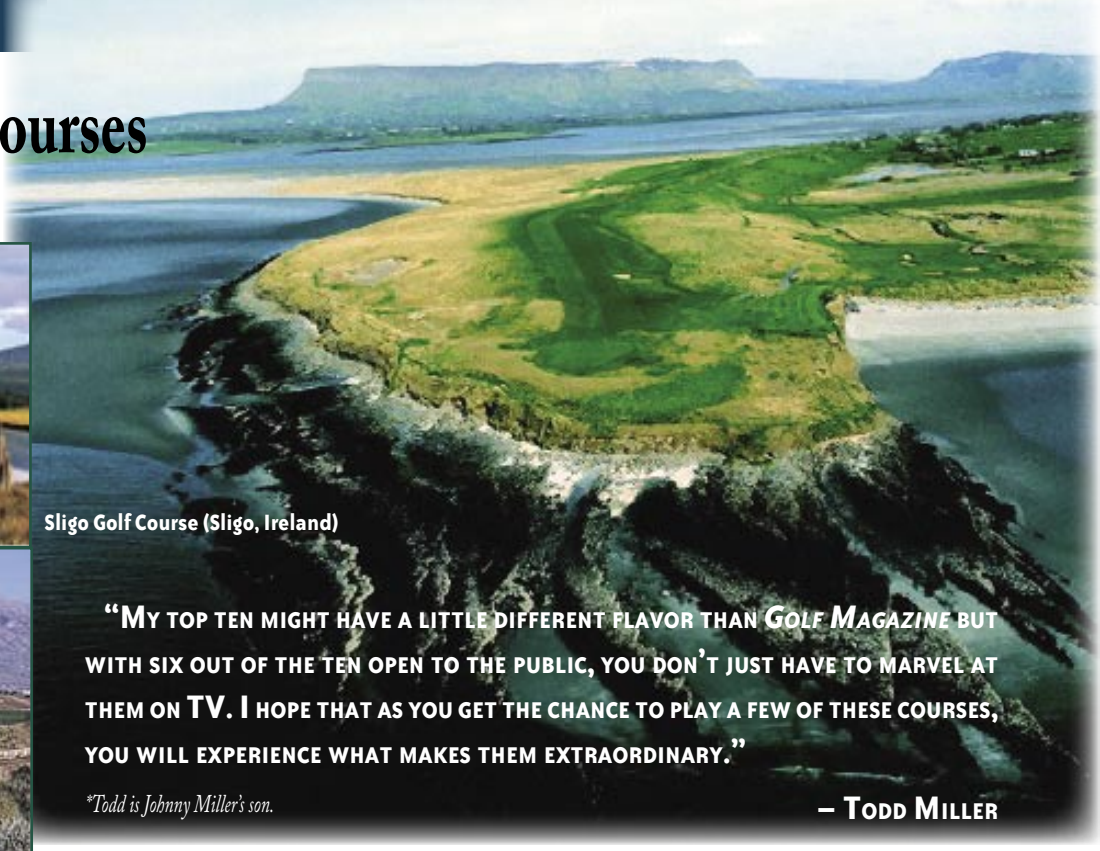
Let's get connected!

My Top 10 Golf Courses

*by Todd Miller**

Crosswater (Sunriver, Oregon)

Thanksgiving Point (Lehi, Utah)



Sligo Golf Course (Sligo, Ireland)

"My top ten might have a little different flavor than *Golf Magazine* but with six out of the ten open to the public, you don't just have to marvel at them on TV. I hope that as you get the chance to play a few of these courses, you will experience what makes them extraordinary."

**Todd is Johnny Miller's son.*

– Todd Miller

As an avid golfer since the age of 8, I have played golf at many of the top-rated golf courses in the world. Although I enjoy many of the courses that are ranked in the top 100 in the world, they don't all have a feel which makes them special to me. As I reviewed my top ten courses, I found that it is not only the magnificent views, the toughness or the overall shape of a golf course that makes it great. For me, what make a course stand out are the unique shots it presents, the way the designer baits you into making a big number on an easy hole, the slope of the greens, and the experiences you have while playing that particular course.

My top ten favorite courses range from Ireland to California, short to monstrously long, immaculate to darn right crappie, inconceivably tight to wide open, well known to unnamed.

Here they are:

Spyglass Hills (Pebble Beach, Calif.)

Sahalee Country Club (Sammamish, Wash.)

Olympic Course Lake (Daly City, Calif.)

Cypress Point (Pebble Beach, Calif.)

Sligo Golf Course (Sligo, Ireland)

Hobble Creek (Springville, Utah)

Crosswater (Sunriver, Ore.)

Riviera (Pacific Palisades, Calif.)

Thanksgiving Point (Lehi, Utah)

Kahuku, (Kahuku, Hawaii)

Surrounded by Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, Spyglass Hills is surely not the most famous of the courses in the Monterey area. It is often overlooked because it does not have as much of the scenic beauty the other possess, but its tree-lined fairways, side hill lies, trick greens and gusty winds make it one of the toughest courses I have ever played. The third hole at Spyglass is my favorite, with the wind blowing off the ocean and a green that has a reverse tear that disappears between two large sandy mounds.

Sahalee, which means "High Heavenly Ground," ranks number two in my book. The whole course is lined with cedar and Douglas firs that shrink the fairways and make accurate driving a must.

Olympic Club is a true country club filled with great history and tradition that you can feel as thick as the morning fog.

Cypress Point is awkward the first few times you play it. It has no yardage markers, and it has quite a few blind tee shots. But holes 14 through 17 are better than any in the world.

County Sligo Golf Club may not be the most famous course Ireland has to offer, but each hole is memorable. If you are impatient or careless, it will eat you alive.

Hobble Creek golf course is located in Springville Utah, and is a mini-Augusta National. The course is very short and fairly open from the tee, but the greens are fast and slippery making the three and four putts a common occurrence.

Crosswater, designed by architect Bob Cupp, is situated in Bend Orgeon. The designer did an unbelievable job preserving the wetlands, making every inch of the meandering Deschutes River come into play. If you try and get aggressive with this course you better bring some extra golf balls.

Riviera Country Club is has more uniquely designed holes than any course I have every played. The par three hole #6 has a bunker smack in the middle of the green, hole #8 is a split fairway, and 18 is just a great finishing hole.

Thanksgiving Point is my favorite risk reward golf course. Some people would argue I am being biased picking my dad's (Johnny Miller) course in my top ten. To tell the truth it's probably in my top 5. The course is wide open off the tee and has some of the easiest starting holes I have ever played, but you better make your birdies early because you're not going to get many chances coming in, especially if a stiff north wind blows in. If you want to force some carries, you can cut off 50 to 100 yards on certain holes, but you better be willing to face the consequences of a miss-hit shot. If you play conservatively on the front nine, you will shoot a good score. But the back nine, with its length makes you hit some tough long irons into the wind.

The last course on my list is a nine-hole course that is rarely mowed and has an artificial tee area on one hole. But if you want to really enjoy a quick round of golf, take a vacation to Oahu and visit the little town of Kahuku. There you will find a small trailer for a club house with the most magnificent coastline dirt track you have ever played. You better hurry, though, it might turn into mansions in the near future.

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1/8 cup parsley flakes
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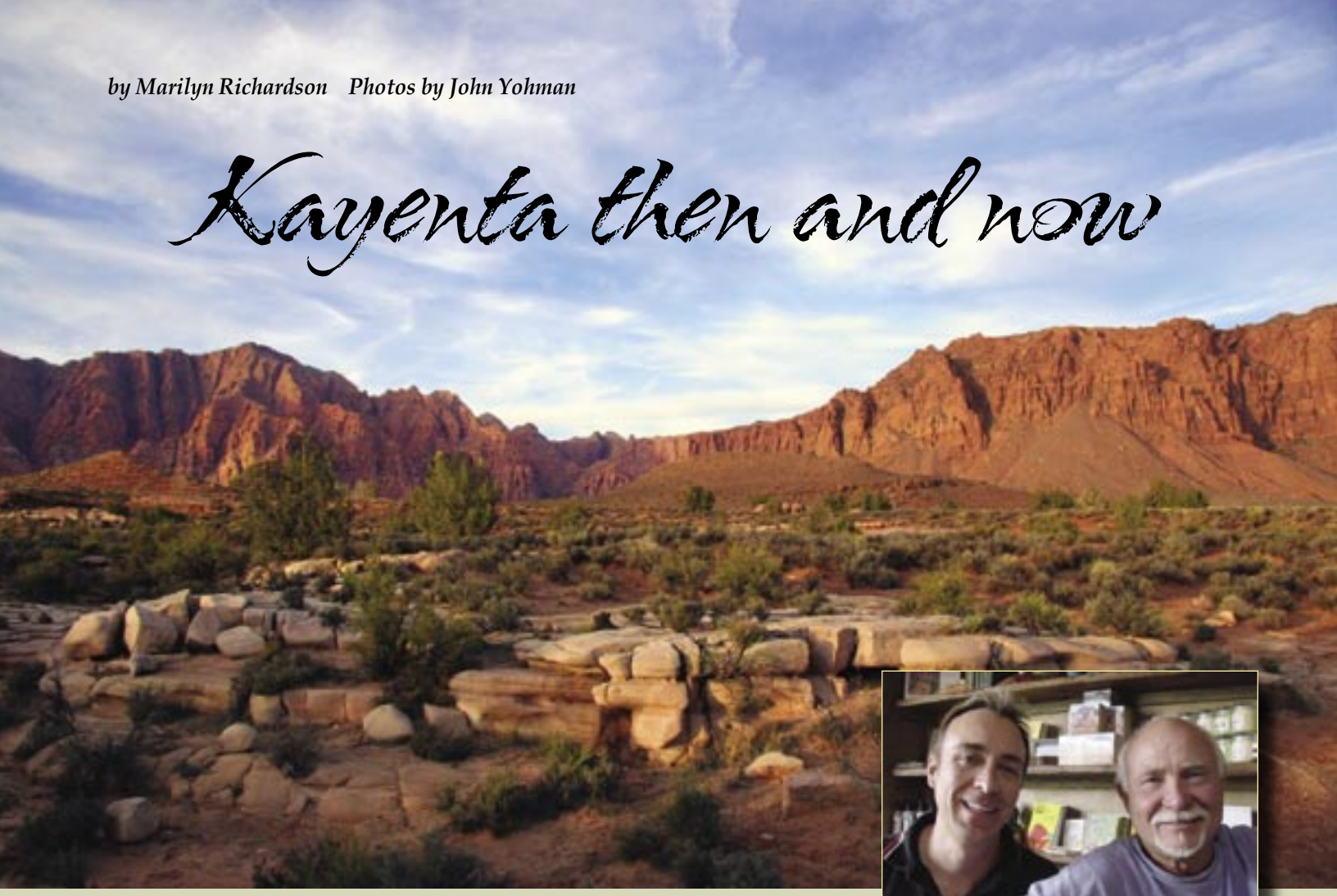
1/8 cup salt
1 teaspoon pepper to taste.

Wash whole chicken and dry well inside and out with paper towels. In mortar and pestle or blender, mix all spices and cooking oil. Smear oil mixture over chicken, inside and out. Bake at 400™ F. for 1 hour, basting frequently. Serve over rice (wild rice for special occasions).

by Marilyn Richardson Photos by John Yohman

Kayenta then and now



Matt and Terry Marten, visionary Kayenta developers and residents.

Balzac is credited with saying, "In the desert there is everything and nothing—God without man."

It wasn't just the automobile accident that confirmed for Terry Marten that the land eight miles northwest of St. George, Utah, would become his passion. But it didn't hurt.

Marten, on his way to California to spend Thanksgiving with family, came to the place on old Highway 91 where the road dips, just at the edge of this particular parcel of land. A rainstorm brought silt and a bit of dirt to the road …"and I lost control of my truck. I thought I was going to eat the big one," Marten said. "I ended up having to climb out of the passenger side of the car and for some reason, I kept walking up a small rise. At that moment, just like in the movies, a ray of sun broke through the black clouds and reflected off the red mountains. Wow!"

That was the all the push Marten needed. He wanted to own this land and create something special here.

Of course, this wasn't the first time Marten had noticed this spot of paradise. Everyone who drove past looked at the dramatic sandstone mountains to the north. Indians, as long as 800 years ago, wandered through the sagebrush on the slope up to the red mountain. Evidence of their existence is seen in the petroglyphs across the old Hwy 91 about a mile from what is now the Kayenta Parkway. Out of sight, over a ridge, these carvings in the rocks are worth the search. Located in what is designated as the Santa Clara River Reserve, signs of a pit house can also be seen.

Further down the road toward Gunlock are more petroglyphs. These can be seen from the road if you know where to look, but you have to find the right ravine to hike up in order to examine them closely. Pottery shards and indentations in the dirt suggest pit houses existed in this location as well.

Centuries later, following World War I, Harmon Gubler homesteaded 620 acres in what is now Kayenta. He built a small pond, a cellar for storing food and a small home about a mile from the dirt road that would become Highway 91. His son, Roosevelt, remembers riding horses, climbing the red mountain two or thee times a week, and growing radishes and onions. "We also picked sap off the squab bush," Roosevelt said. "You could chew it like gum. The Piute Indians on the reservation next to us made a drink from the berries."

In 1925, feeling isolated, Mr. Gubler loaded the house on a wagon and hauled it to the nearby town of Ivins.

Then came Hollywood. In 1972, filmmakers chose this setting for the movie "*Jeremiah Johnson*," starring Robert Redford and directed by Sydney Pollack.

"In one particular scene," said Kayenta homeowner Richard Wigley, "you can see in the background what we call Hell's Hole Canyon, a favorite destination hike."

Knowing that Redford loved this location, Marten and a partner drove to Las Vegas to discuss what it would take to purchase the property. They learned that 220 acres had been optioned to a man who planned to create five-acre trailer court lots. Although the money was in the mail, it hadn't yet arrived. "Don't open your mail," Marten said.

When he talks about Kayenta, the passion Marten felt 32 years ago is still evident. He points to the natural

Like-minded people who respond from the heart to the beauty of their natural surroundings are the kind of people who love Kayenta. That is why they agree readily to the CCR's that require them to leave 75 percent of their property in a natural condition.

"What mattered to me and still does," Marten said, "is the desire to build community. Not a development or a subdivision, but an enclave for people who value the beauty of this environment as much as I do."

boundaries: the red mountains to the north and northeast, the open land to the west that ends in the Santa Clara River, and the Bureau of Land Management property to the south that offers a perfect site in an unspoiled setting. Marten is more than happy that the deal he planned to sell to Redford didn't work out. His vision for a unique society of like-minded people began to grow.

"What mattered to me and still does," Marten said, "is the desire to build community. Not a development or a subdivision, but an enclave for people who value the beauty of this environment as much as I do."

Explaining why all the homes must be one-story buildings with plenty of windows, Marten began swaying side to side. As he looked out the window of the Coyote Gulch coffee house, he pointed out that as you move, what you see is a continually changing view of the landscape. Marten calls this kinetic architecture, but he is not referring to the movement of the structure. "People themselves create the motion. As they walk through their homes, I want them to be constantly aware of where they are by glancing through the windows. I want them to feel connected to the land."

Marten, who studied architecture, and graduated from the University of Southern California, works with his son, Matt, who has designed over two-thirds of the 330 homes that now dot the hillside.

The Martens' goal is to minimize the footprint on the landscape. "We want to protect and be considerate of the beauty of this indigenous site." Staying true to this value is why the Martens feel passionate about every stick, every bit of building material that goes into a house. Having the homes designed in the style of the adobe buildings of the Southwest lessens visual distractions and offers a certain serenity. New homeowners need to be willing to cooperate in the spirit of the endeavor.

Working from his Coyote Gulch Design studio, Matt discusses his interest in new technologies for the building industry. "Our designs are evolving toward more green," Matt said. "We want sustainable, clean, healthy energy concepts in all our new homes."

This is consistent with both men's desire to respect nature. "Living in Harmony used to be our slogan," Marten said. "We jettisoned the logo when everyone started using the phrase, but it is still core to our philosophy."

Like-minded people who respond from the heart to the beauty of their natural surroundings are the kind of people who love Kayenta. That is why they agree readily to the CCR's that require them to leave 75 percent of their property in a natural condition. And why they enjoy living with the rabbits, coyote, bobcats and cougars and even the cattle that occasionally allow themselves to be seen.

People who choose to live in Kayenta do not need to be artists, a common misconception. But they do need to be blown away by the scenery.

An artisan's array of pottery and figures from the Zia Pottery Shop located behind the Xetava Gardens Coffee Shop.

Photo by Marilyn Richardson

Perhaps the oldest, both in terms of age and in length of residency, are Ann (85) and Vin (92) Vinegrade. They moved to Kayenta in 1990 when there were very few homes here. "It was far away from everything," Ann said. "No three-story ugly palaces to ruin the view. That's why we came." Professors at Iowa State University, the Vinegrades had been vacationing in southern Utah for years. "We like to get out, go for walks, enjoy the beauty of the place." And it is beautiful.

Residents Tom and Lily Grove and Ginny and Bruce Northcott share the light-hearted spirit of community at one of the many events celebrating the uniqueness of Kayenta.

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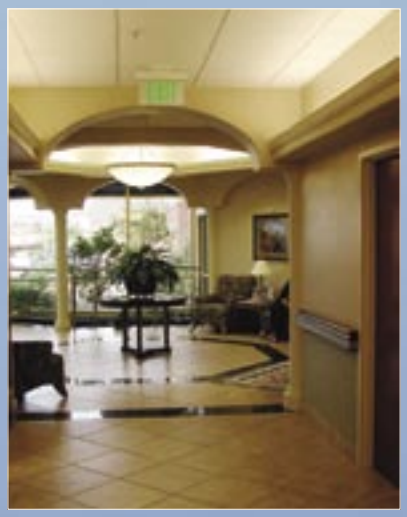

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Old Paint: The Visionary Art of Michael Coleman

Exclusive interview with Michael Coleman, by Mark Eddington.

A MAJESTIC BULL ELK STANDS ASTRIDE SOME TIMBER ON A CRISP FALL MORNING, WHITE WISPS OF STEAM BILLOWING FROM ITS NOSE. A REGAL BLACK BEAR AND HER CUBS MUZZLE THE MIST ARISING FROM NEARBY FALLS. INDIAN TEPEES BATHED IN ALPENGLOW STAND AS SILENT SENTINELS, SAFEGUARDING A BYGONE ERA AND ITS SECRETS.

WELCOME TO ARTIST MICHAEL COLEMAN'S WORLD – THE ROMANTICIZED AMERICAN WEST. ITS GRANDEUR CAPTURED HIS ATTENTION AS A BOY, AND HIS PORTRAITS OF IT HAVE CAPTIVATED CROWDS AND CRITICS EVER SINCE, CATAPULTING THE 61-YEAR-OLD TO HEIGHTS SELDOM SCALED BY OTHER UTAH ARTISTS.

Coleman's paintings and bronzes have earned millions. They command attention and premium prices at Sotheby's and Christie's auction houses. They grace places such as J.N. Bartfield in New York City, Biltmore Galleries in Scottsdale, Ariz., Legacy Gallery in Scottsdale and Jackson, Wyo., and the Everard Read Gallery in Johannesburg, South Africa.

His pricey paintings also pop up in private collections and museums. Actors Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds own Colemans. So does the White House. Another, in Vice President Dick Cheney's office, is on loan from the famed Buffalo Bill Museum in Cody, Wyo. The Rothschilds in Europe own some of his pieces as do oil sheiks in Dubai, Kuwait and glitterati across the globe.

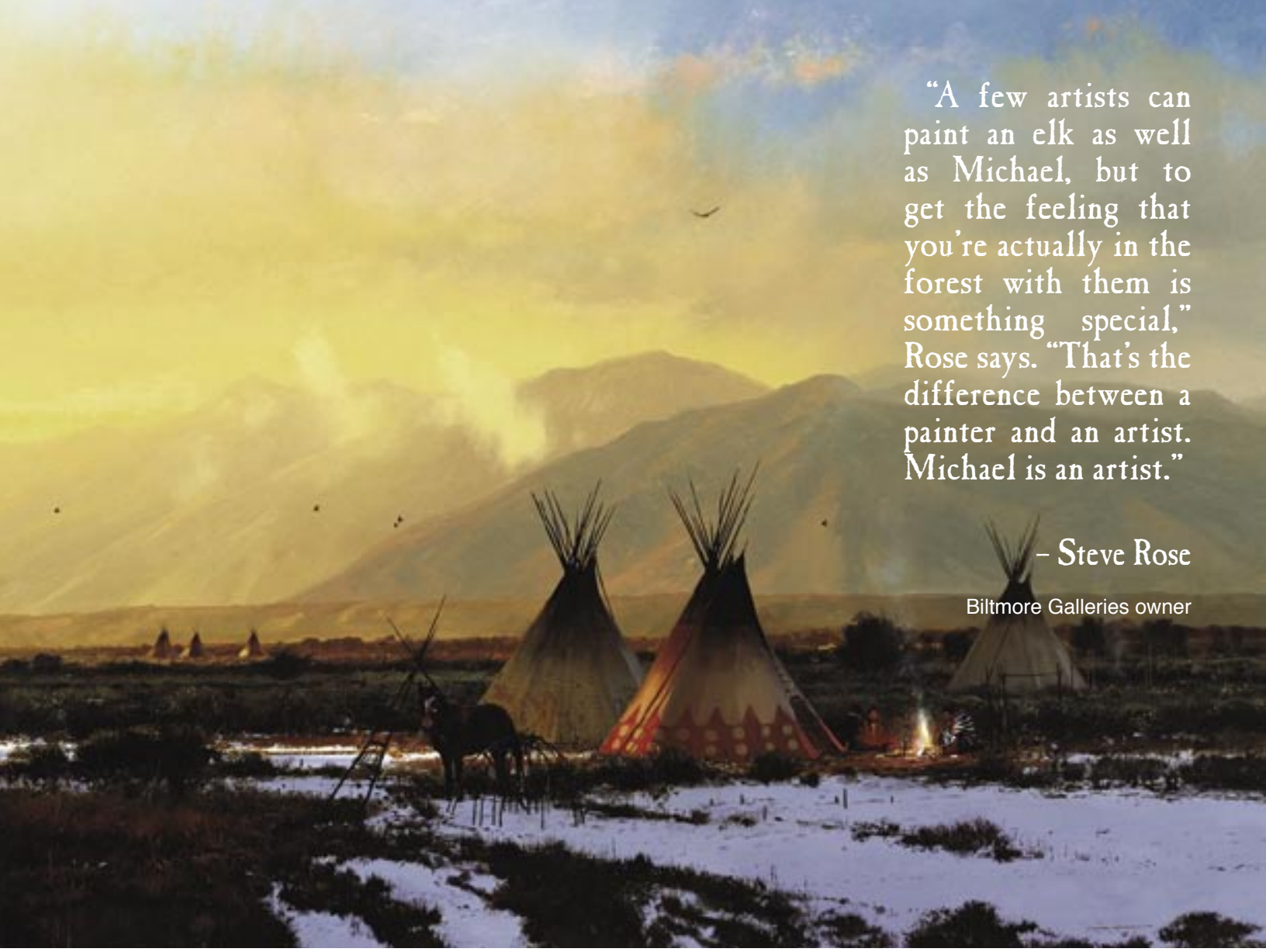
Coleman has fished with Eastwood and Roy Rogers, hobnobbed with then-President George Herbert Walker Bush and been highlighted on "The Merv Griffin Show" and "Good Morning America." He also has won the prestigious Prix de West Award and Gold and Silver medals from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma, among other accolades.

"I guess I've done all right," the soft-spoken artist concedes while sitting in an oversized chair in the home he and wife Jackie share on Provo's east bench. "I really don't think about that kind of stuff."

Doesn't matter. Others do — and they are eager to talk about the artist and his remarkable career.

"He's like a naturalist painter, but . . . he overlays that naturalism with a romantic vision," says Vern Swanson, director of the Springville Museum of Art. "His art has a subtle boldness to it, like a beautiful, muted sunset. He's a poet. It's poetry that he infuses into his color, composition and subject.

"One might say he was influenced by the Hudson River School, but he has a vision of the West that was singular and unique to himself," Swanson adds. "There are others who now paint like Michael Coleman, but he didn't paint like anybody" at the outset of his career.



"A few artists can paint an elk as well as Michael, but to get the feeling that you're actually in the forest with them is something special," Rose says. "That's the difference between a painter and an artist. Michael is an artist."

– Steve Rose

Biltmore Galleries owner

Biltmore Galleries owner Steve Rose cottons to Coleman's wildlife paintings.

"A few artists can paint an elk as well as Michael, but to get the feeling that you're actually in the forest with them is something special," Rose says. "That's the difference between a painter and an artist. Michael is an artist."

Roughing it: Coleman knows about what he paints and sculpts. His art is rooted in geography — in the mountains and foothills he canvassed as a boy living near the Provo power plant. Now covered with homes and asphalt, the area once was rural and wild.

Coleman recalls trapping animals in the fields, fishing the streams and bagging quarry with his Daisy pump-action BB gun. He would bring all sorts of birds and animals — alive and otherwise — home to study them.

"There were some interesting smells in my room," he chuckles. "And our backyard was full of all kinds of things."

One of them was a pet badger that sometimes accompanied him to Provo High and often holed up in the rose garden cultivated by his mother, Kathryn. Besides the badger, he had pet hawks, falcons, squirrels and chipmunks.

On one trek to Maple Flat, south of the Y Mountain, Coleman and brother Duff opted to rough it. They took an Army blanket, one banana and some matches. Despite their lack of preparation and the cold, the boys weathered the ordeal — barely.

"We nearly froze to death," Coleman recalls. "We spent all night long fighting for the Army blanket. And we were so hungry, just one banana between us."

At sunrise, a barefooted Coleman spotted a porcupine in the meadow and chased it down. He recalls grabbing a piece of wood and beating the animal senseless, then using sharp rocks to sever its hind legs.

"We shoved it into the fire and started roasting it," Coleman recalls. "We were peeling off pieces off meat [that] would be raw on one side and burnt on the other."

Not only was wildlife fair game for the budding artist, so too was the land. During his daily hikes in the hills, Coleman studied the earth intently with art in mind.

"I began seeing how rich it was . . . and how the light would change the color of my skin and everything around me," he says. "I remember thinking, 'Is this all I'm ever going to think about?' I liked stormy and moody days and the colors of winter and fall."

Getting schooled: Coleman's artistic ardor was stoked when he saw paintings by Thomas Moran, Alfred Bierstadt and John Frederick Kensett on display at Brigham Young University. The paintings mirrored the art he hoped to produce.

He assumed the work was done by faculty members, who could impart the art and its techniques to him. So he enrolled at the university, only to learn later that the paintings were the work of 19th-century masters.

What's more, faculty members were interested in modern art and brushed aside Coleman's dreams. One professor even tried to talk Jackie, at BYU on an art scholarship at the time, out of marrying him. After what Coleman terms "three years of misery," he left the school.

"I learned more by looking at those paintings than I ever did from the teachers," he says.

His first brush with commercial success at age 21 taught him another hard lesson. Initially, the 10-year contract he signed with Salt Lake City art dealer Dewey Moore seemed like a masterstroke. The dealer assured him he would make $5,000 that year — a tidy sum compared with the muskrats he trapped and sold for 90 cents apiece to an Orem fur buyer.

Coleman's paintings sold quickly, but the money that began as a steady stream soon slowed to a trickle. He and

Jackie, by then married and expecting their first child, were in financial straits.

Swanson, who worked for Moore at the time, learned what the dealer was doing and showed the artist the books. Coleman says the records showed Moore, who later served time in prison for art forgery, was selling his paintings and keeping the money.

"He was a first-rate crook, a wheeler-dealer," says Coleman, who sued and later settled for $1,000 and some paintings.

Better times: Not only was Moore withholding money, but also information about other galleries' interest in the painter's work. Once the dealer was out of the picture, gallery owners began calling Coleman directly.

One was the Zantman Art Gallery in Carmel, Calif.

"They sold my paintings like crazy," Coleman says.

So did the Kennedy Gallery in New York City when Rudy Wunderlich, the nation's top art dealer and expert on Western art, learned about Coleman. Wunderlich's son, Jerry, was doing some research for the Buffalo Bill Museum and told his famous father about the Utah artist.

"He really put my name and [my art] on the map," Coleman says about Rudy. "He jacked up the prices of my paintings and scared the living daylights out of me. But the paintings sold."

Coleman's work has sold at countless galleries, shows and other venues ever since. His work now fetches between $2,500 and $130,000.

Swanson laments the expense of his friend's art.

"We only have one. Michael needs to donate his most important painting to the Springville Museum," he jokes.

Besides bringing in money, Coleman's art has enabled him to rub shoulders with celebrities. He and Jackie once had dinner with Clint Eastwood. He also fished with Eastwood several times at Stuart Island in British Columbia.

"He's a darn nice guy," Coleman says. "I told him he should play the part of [Mormon frontier lawman] Porter Rockwell. He said, 'Man, I'd love to if I could get the right script.' Roy Rodgers came on a couple of those trips, the crazy bounder. We'd be fishing for salmon and he'd start yodeling."

Some gallows humor surfaced on one Stuart Island excursion. The men, all good friends who enjoyed razzing one another, were squirreled away in a house with little insulation to muffle noise. You could hear everything, Coleman remembers. Neil Bogart, producer of the rock 'n' roll group KISS at the time, was billeted with another Jewish man who owned a Hollywood newspaper.

"Steve Rose [of the Biltmore Galleries] gets up one morning and bangs on the door where these two guys were staying," Coleman recalls. "He goes bang, bang, bang and says, 'Hey, Jew boys. Time for the showers.' You could hear Eastwood snickering in the next room. We must have laughed for 10 minutes."

Artist's library: Coleman's extensive collection of African big game and early Native American regalia of moccasins, shields, clothing and weapon artifacts complement his literary acquisitions.

Two decades later, Coleman hasn't outgrown his love of pranks. When some friends and neighbors began buzzing the Coleman home with remote-control airplanes, the artist shot one of them down.

"Then he did a wonderful painting of airplanes dogfighting, took it over and gave it to them as a present," Jackie Coleman says. "It was probably worth more than $20,000."

He also continues to hike and hunt big game, donating generously to preserve wildlife and habitat. He

gives no quarter to political correctness where hunting is concerned. Coleman also has bungee-jumped off the bridge at Victoria Falls in Africa.

"He says it straightened out his back really well," Jackie says. "He's not afraid to to do anything."

An affair of the heart: Nearly 40 years after his start as a professional artist, life is good for Coleman. He and Jackie's four children — three sons and a daughter — are grown and doing well. Life at the Coleman house centers around the children and grandchildren.

And painting.

At the beginning of Coleman's late career, interest in the artist and his work is strong as ever. Just as important, the artist is as interested as ever in his work.

He arises at 5:30 most mornings and preps his canvas, boards and other materials. He often sculpts in the morning until the natural light filters through the north windows. And the artist keeps working until 9 at night.

His open-beam wood studio, which Swanson calls the finest in Utah, mirrors the majestic subjects he captures on canvas and in bronze. Birchbark canoes hang from ceilings, animal skins

drape over chairs and exotic animals gape from walls. Sketches, sculptures, paintings, books and American Indian artifacts line shelves, fill floors and clump corners.

The animal trophies come from Coleman's hunting and fishing expeditions to British Columbia, Alaska, Africa, Europe and the United States.

"We have a rule about not bringing [dead animals] into the living part of the house," Jackie says. Alas, "he still manages to squeak some of them through."

For his part, Coleman doesn't dwell on past conquests as much as he does on future challenges.

"I have not done my best [work], for sure," he says. "I can hardly wait to see what happens next. That's what keeps me going."

Swanson says that drive and creative spark are important for Coleman to remain vital.

"Artists don't usually lose their eye or or their hand" as they age, he says. "They usually lose their interest."

Jackie doesn't see that happening with her husband.

"He has a real love affair with art. It's a love affair and a compulsion. I see him dying with a paintbrush in his hand."

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All in the family: Michael and his sons, Morgan and Nicholas, who also have renowned art careers.

"Artists don't usually lose their eye or or their hand" as they age, he says. "They usually lose their interest."

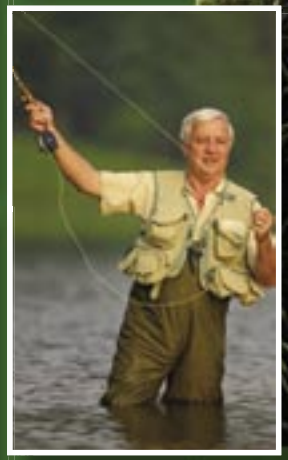
– Vern Swanson

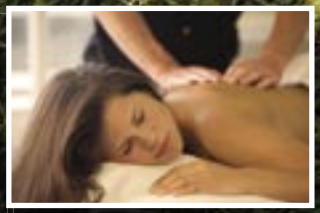
Springville Museum of Art director

Photos courtesy of J.N. Bartfield Gallery, New York, and Legacy Galleries, Jackson, Wyo., and Scottsdale, Ariz.

Right: Taxidermists' dream job – Coleman's collection of animals from around the world. All of them assist the artist in ensuring accuracy in form, color, and texture. He has seen them in the flesh as live subjects.

Highland Vistas





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Dixon Country

By Jim Davis

There isn't a spectacular vista around every bend along Highway 89 in southern Utah. It just seems that way.

But as impressive as a trip along this historic highway is, travelers shouldn't be lulled into the mistaken belief that it's all scenery and no culture.

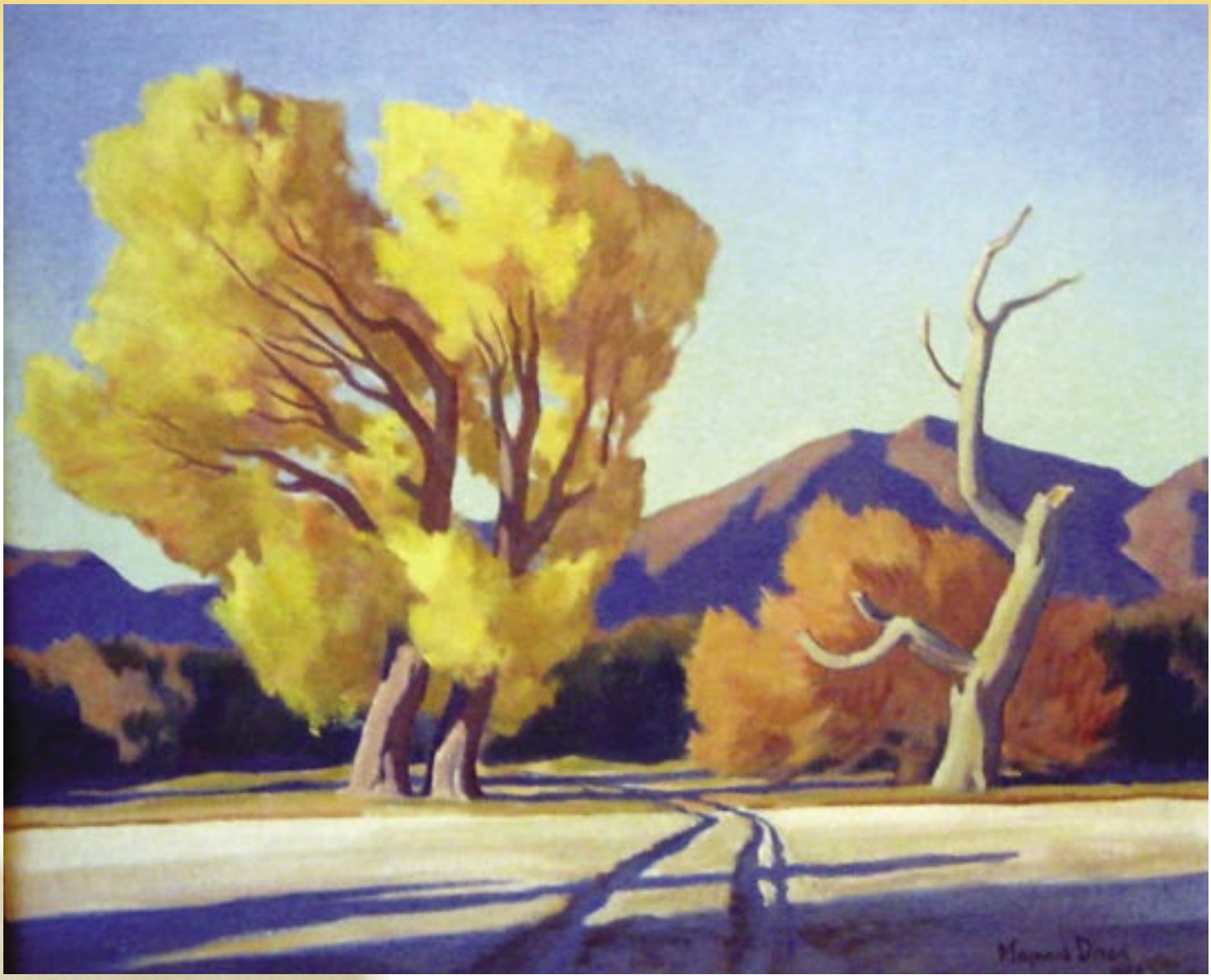
To prove the point, they simply need to pull off a straight stretch of road in the middle of the tiny town of Mount Carmel (population 116, according to the 2000 census), not far from Zion National Park.

There, tucked in amidst a collection of modest houses, sits the late-life home of one of the West's most famous painters, Maynard Dixon. Next door is the recently-built Bingham Gallery, home to an impressive array of American fine art that features many works by Dixon himself.

Maynard Dixon 1875-1946

The histories of Maynard Dixon and Mount Carmel became intertwined in the early part of the 20th century, when Dixon first encountered the magnificent landscapes of southern Utah. According to Paul Bingham, noted art collector who owns the Bingham Gallery with his wife Susan, Dixon first went to the Sout,hwest to paint at the turn of the century. He started visiting Mount Carmel over a period from 1910 to 1915 and did his first major painting along the Arizona Strip in 1922.

Before long, Dixon was making frequent camping/painting trips to the area. In 1939, he and his wife, muralist Edith Hamlin, built a summer home amongst the cottonwoods of Mount Carmel.



They spent summers there until Dixon died at the couple's winter home in Tucson in 1946. The following spring, at Dixon's request, Edith spread his ashes on a hillside overlooking the studio that was being built on the Mount Carmel property. Today there is a marker on the hillside where Dixon's wife spread those ashes some 60 years ago.

While Dixon's work stands on its own as a major component of art from America's West, it was a connection between Hamlin and Bingham that was the main ingredient responsible for the preservation of Dixon's home, and for the ongoing promotion of Western art that continues at the Bingham Gallery today.

Bingham was raised in northern Utah, but left in 1967 to take a job as a Xerox salesman in the San Francisco Bay area. At that time, he had friends who were in the art business in Salt Lake City. They periodically visited San Francisco to see Hamlin to purchase Maynard Dixon's art.

Photo of Edith Hamlin taken by Ansel Adams.

A friendship soon developed between Bingham and Hamlin, and before long Bingham opened his own fine art gallery in San Jose. He was soon doing shows for Hamlin, and she would also recommend other people to have paintings for sale.

At one point, in the mid-1970s, Bingham owned approximately 40 pieces of Dixon's art.

In 1987, Hamlin approached Bingham and his wife, Susan, and asked them to help inventory Dixon's paintings in preparation for selling. They put together a major show that featured 120 pieces of Dixon's art, including 10 to 15 oil paintings.

"Some pretty important things went through there," Bingham remembers.

The Binghams' efforts on behalf of Hamlin paid big dividends for them in several ways.

"As a result of all this aggressive activity … we became known as the Dixon dealers in America and everyone far and wide would come to us for Dixons," Paul Bingham says.

In addition, as a result of the inventory the Binghams had done for Hamlin (who died in 1992), they had a list of the numbers the artist had placed on the backs of all his paintings. The Binghams now had a valuable tool to help in the authentication of Dixon's art.

Then, in 1998, the couple purchased Dixon's Mount Carmel home from noted California artist Milford Zornes.

The Binghams soon started a nonprofit organization, the Thunderbird Foundation for the Arts, which seeks to preserve Dixon's legacy and to advance Western art.

"Artists who come here always use those words – that we preserve the Dixon legacy in the West," Bingham says. "Where else should it be? It was no accident that we bought the property and got it onto the National Register of Historic Places."

One sometimes overlooked facet of Dixon's and Hamlin's careers was their collaboration with other artists. They frequently hosted artists at their home and studio in creative gatherings that inspired all involved.

Gold Medal winner Chris Morel finishes his wet painting in Barracks Canyon

In the spirit of those creative get-togethers, the Thunderbird Foundation hosts a major event, Maynard Dixon Country, the last week of August each year. Foundation promotional materials describe it as a week of "painting, discussion and celebration of the artistic life." Some 35 to 40 of the country's premier painters attend each year.

The event, which began in 1999, includes a weekend art show which is open to the public. It features lectures, an art preview, a "wet paintings sale," on-site painting demonstrations and a gala awards

dinner. A significant portion of the proceeds support other foundation activities, such as art day camps for people with special needs, an artist retreat program and "emerging artists scholarships," which enable three Utah high school students to join the professionals at Maynard Dixon Country.

"It has become a nationally known, really remarkable event … probably the best event for landscape painting anywhere in the West," Bingham says.

The Dixon home and grounds are open to visitors May 1 through Nov. 1. Guided tours are done by appointment (for a $20 fee), and self-guided tours are available for $10.00 per person. To schedule tours call 435-648-2653

Bingham's explanation of why the foundation charges for admission reveals the passion he feels for the work and the legacy of Maynard Dixon.

"In addition to educating the public about Maynard Dixon, this is a living history museum where artist retreats, internships, day camps for people with special needs occur all summer long. To be given the privilege of touring that property comes at a small price. We just believe it's important."

For more information visit www.thunderbirdfoundation.com

By James M. Williams
PE, CE, SE, AIA

The Poetic Relationship of Architecture

Words are used to communicate and express information, thoughts and feelings. According to Webster, "A poem is a composition marked by language chosen especially for its sound, beauty and evocative power." The carefully selected words tell stories and arouse emotion. Some level of effort is required writing the poem as well as reading and understanding it. "Poetic license is an artistic deviation from conventional form or fact to achieve a certain effect." Architecture is the poetry of building. Architecture should tell a story. Poetic license is acceptable, and even needed.

The foundation of all poetry, art and architecture are relationships. If the relationships are not present, then poetry is only words, art an image and architecture merely shelter. Not all buildings are architecture. In fact, few are. As human beings our existence and success rely on the relationships we forge. Society is made up of these individual relationships, those that are successful and those that are not.

Design is simply the relationship between components or materials and details according to a well-devised plan. Architecture is a series of relationships that are natural and logical and build on each other. What materials naturally or logically associate? How are rooms to be used and how do these rooms relate to each other? How rooms and their uses relate to each other help define the building. How does light relate to the space? Are there any contrasting relationships between materials or forms? Do relationships within the structure balance?

What is the relationship between the building and its site or location, its orientation? What is the relationship between buildings and their uses, their occupants, and the spaces between? As these questions are answered, neighborhoods, cities, states and nations are formed.

Above: Craig Tillotson's Pirates Cove 2008 expansion.

Left: Kirk and Jackie Williamson's Cabo estate.

Below, and facing page bottom: Pedregal, Cabo San Lucas.

In order for a building or home to be poetry or architecture, the numerous relationships must be meaningful and well-thought out. They need to tell a story, provide an experience and evoke emotion. The function of a building can be described in plan, in two dimensions. The form of the building is three dimensional. The feeling or experience can not be described in two or three dimensions. It is part of a

Left: Las Ventanas Resort in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico.

Below: Pedregal, Cabo San Lucas.

different realm or dimension, one that is spiritual. The same effort that is required to read and understand poetry may be required in order to experience and understand the architecture. There may be different levels of design or meaning, just as there are different levels of relationships.

The relationships in architecture can and do affect our own personal relationships. They affect how we interact between family members and how we interact with friends and associates. In our working environments, we find small enclosed offices that confine or cubicles which are more open and encourage interaction. New design concepts are even more open with conference and lounge areas of various sizes and configurations. Homes are similar; they may have small rooms that isolate or larger open areas they unite.

Architecture should be created with the user in mind. Identifying the user and his or her relationships is a must. Along with identifying these relationships, it is important to determine what experience or experiences are desired. From that point it is merely organizing all the many relationships, both big and small. Words then become poems, images art and buildings architecture.

Architecture can change the world one life at a time, one relationship at a time.

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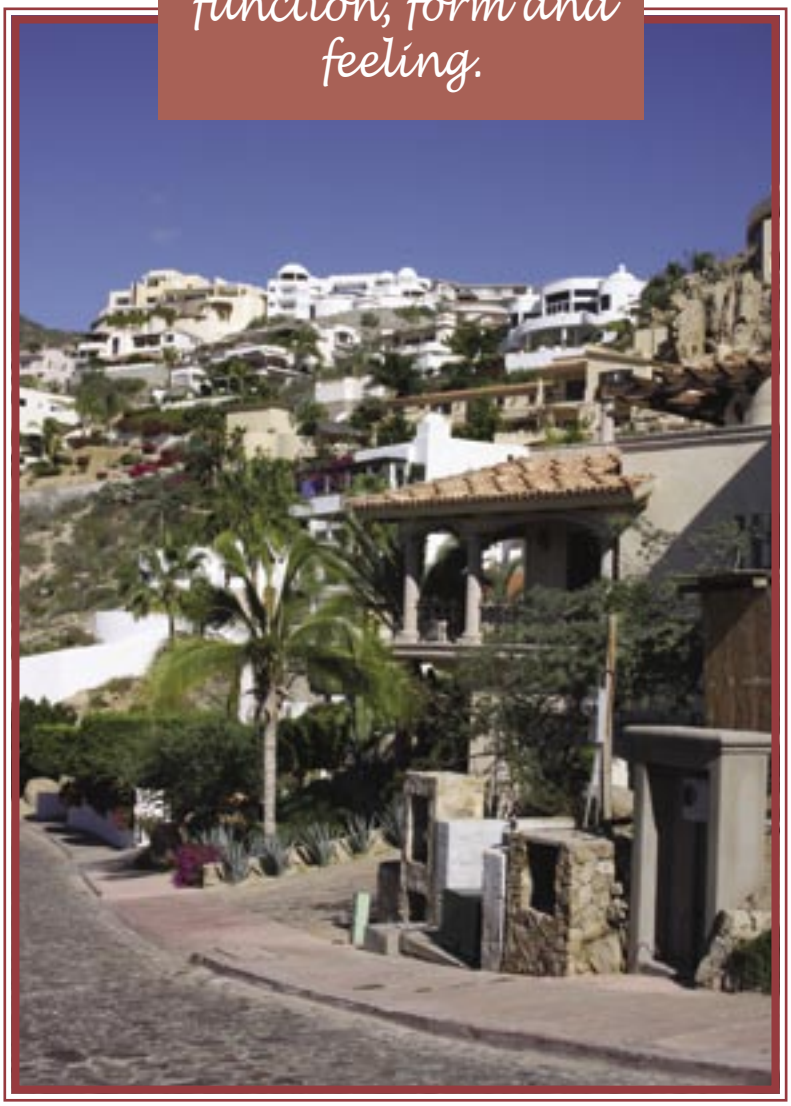
Humans need function, form and feeling.









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