

The High Desert

PALETTE

May 2021, Vol. 1, No. 9

EXCLUSIVE

Cool Rusty Metal
Stuff, Pg. 6

***Did you
Know?***

Instruments From
Around the
Globe, Pg. 12

Traveler

Fusion, Pg. 18

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WELCOME TO

The High Desert Palette

May, 2021
Vol. 1 No. 9

Willcox is full of creative artists and craftspeople. Almost any art media you can imagine – and maybe some you might not – are represented. People of all ages, inspired by their own imaginations and by the natural beauty and heritage of this unique corner of Arizona, are creating extraordinary and unique art.

The High Desert Palette will introduce you to these artists and their work. We'll have original articles, interviews with area creatives, photographs, visual art, a calendar of events – to bring fascinating creatives and their output to you.

If you're a creative yourself, or if you admire the work they produce, *The High Desert Palette* is for you.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

6. Bear Carman

Cool Rusty Metal Stuff

12. Did You Know?

Instruments From Around the Globe

18. Traveler

A Fusion of Music

21. Art Look

Leigha Burris

24. False Angels

Original Writing by Luke Kaufmann

30. Support the Arts

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On the Cover -

Bear Carman

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WAMM Fest 2021

Willcox Theater and Arts is excited to announce our fourth annual WAMM Fest (Willcox Art Music, and Movies!) The event takes place June 5th at 4pm and will last until after dark.

Arts

Enjoy fun art games and activities for the whole family!



Music

listen to live music with Traveler in the park!



Read their interview article on Pg. 18!

Movies

End the evening with a movie (*Shrek*!)





BEAR CARMAN

Cool Rusty Metal Stuff

By Luke Kaufmann

A Deep Love for the Craft

"I call myself a brutalist minimalist," says Bear Carman, who likes to weld metal that's "already cut,

maybe even scrapped." His artwork is striking, jagged, yet graceful, each weld made with intention.

Bear discovered a love for welding attending Marana High School. His welding instructor, Mr. Marshall, was a Vietnam vet and former EMT who stressed the importance of safety and discipline. Bear's relationship with Mr. Marshall led to a deep appreciation for the craft.

"I realized when I did a weld and I got it 98% perfect," says Bear. The piece was displayed on Mr. Marshall's "Hall of Fame" shelf in his office. Bear says "getting his approval" meant a lot to him. As graduation approached, Bear was offered a lucrative job tig-welding in Oregon, but he decided to stay in Tucson.

The Rough Patch

After high school, Bear welded occasionally, glad to have what Mr. Marshall would call that



"tool in his toolbox," but his life eventually headed downhill. Seven years ago, he was at the end of himself, wrought with addiction and homeless. He cites January 10 th of 2014 as the turning point.

"On that day, I met the Lord; gave my life to the Lord," said Bear. There was no instant salvation, but he began to turn things around.

He slept in the same Tucson warehouse he used as a business while his need to build persisted.

"I always had Mr. Marshall and welding in the back of my mind," says Bear. "I wanted a shop where I could create."

Meeting Mary

Bear says he "... (moved) under an exorbitant amount of pressure" to

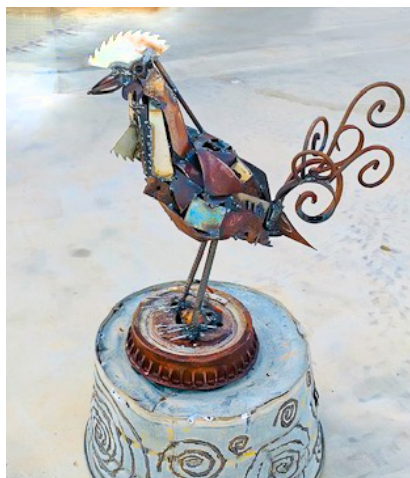
Willcox, Arizona with a lot of help from God. About three years ago, a month after his move, he met Mary Peterson, who came into his shop bearing treasure.

"She had all this rusty metal in the back of her grey Prius," says Bear, who instantly asked for her phone number. Now engaged, Mary and Bear keep a piece from that original haul

to remember the day they met. Soon after getting the metal, Bear traded for a welder and built an intricate flower out of old bolts.

"I burnt myself tremendously, but I was so excited," Bear says about making the flower. It sold immediately, so he made more. Mary bought him a helmet, and he soon had enough metalworks revenue to buy some gloves. The story of Bear's first commission

"I always had Mr. Marshall and welding in the back of my mind. I wanted a shop where I could create."



is indicative of his creative approach. He was asked to “build this huge, twelve-foot metal guy” for someone’s yard. The project proved arduous, and Bear couldn’t handle the stress from customer expectations, so the job became “the first and only commission I’ll ever do.”

“If I’m going to sell my art, I’m going to make what I want,” says Bear, who does not build to sell, but for the joy in “the forging, the friction, and the heat”. He uses as few welds as possible, believing “the refinement (of many welds) steals away from being a kid.”

“When I see Mary’s art it reminds me there’s great art and beauty everywhere if you keep your mind open.”

Meeting Mary amplified Bear’s skills. She showed him new methods, sometimes as simple as flipping a piece over or as complex as blueprinting an intricate arrangement. They often collaborate, and Bear describes her as the method to his chaos, as Mary often designs pieces for him to weld. She specializes in wall art and mosaics, some of which are displayed at their house.

“When I see Mary’s art it reminds me there’s great art and beauty everywhere if you keep your mind open,” says Bear. Despite their differences in approach and medium, they

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compliment each other well. Mary introduced him to a concept she calls “Creating with the Creator”.

“When you’re Creating with the Creator, you get out of self,” says Bear. The practice allows the couple to create without stress or ego.

Bear is grateful for a community that has welcomed him and shares appreciation for “cool rusty metal stuff.” He’s had the opportunity to expand into antiques with his store, Vintage, and recently obtained Bear’s Auction House on 380 N. Railroad Ave., which is also his new studio. He’s a versatile man, but the art of welding has followed him throughout his life.



!

Guest Artists ***2021 - 2022***

Willcox Theater and Arts presents our next season of Live on Stage Guest Artists! From the months September - April (2021-2022) we will have talented musicians come into our very own Palace of Art and Theater!



Cindy Rae

Friday
September 17th
@7pm



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Friday
October 22nd
@7pm



The Manhattan Dolls

Friday
November 19th
@7pm



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@6pm

Heather Massie

Saturday
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@7pm



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Friday
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Friday
April 30th
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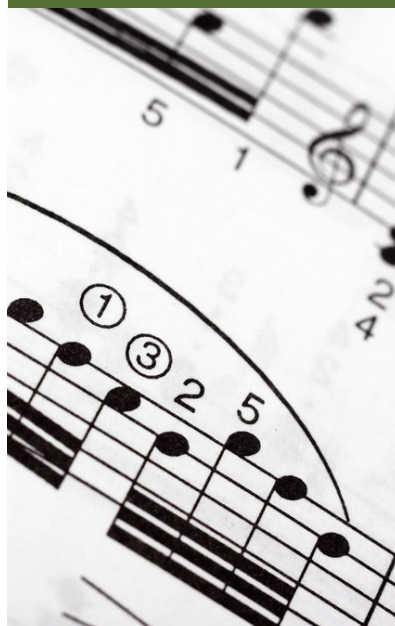
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DID YOU KNOW?

Instruments From Around the Globe

By Peter Spitzer

Some say music is the one thing the world has in common. In many aspects that is true. Despite geographic, class and cultural differences, civilizations across the globe have created their own instruments, different but surprisingly similar to other people's they never met. Here are just a few instruments and their stories.



Panpipe



Some of the earliest instruments known to man were wind instruments. It probably didn't take long for someone to accidentally blow into a pipe (reeds, animal, bones, etc.) and make a new sound. Tie some of those pipes together and you have an early Panpipe! Although generally identified as Greek due to being named after a Greek god, pan pipes were developed separately around the world. Found in Asia is the p'ai hsiao, one of the pan flute's oldest ancestors. Similar variations have been found in Romania, South America, Africa, and even in some remote Oceanic islands.

Chime bells, also known as bianzhong, are largely considered an important part of Chinese culture and were mainly used during the Qin and Han Dynasties. These bells were usually arranged in racks with each bell creating a unique sound. Due to the traditionally large quantity, they required five different players. China eventually started exporting these bells to other parts of Asia, including Korea and Vietnam, where they were highly prized for ceremonies.

Bianzhong



Haegeum



The haegeum is probably one of the most unique instruments you'll ever see and is largely kept local to Korea. It is mostly ceremonial in use due to its complicated construction and expensive design. Each haegeum consists of eight materials: gold, rock, thread (often silk), bamboo, gourd, clay, and leather. Despite the exotic design, it is almost played as a fiddle, with one hand creating tension in the string and the other controlling the bowing.

As we dig more and more into the past, we notice how important music is and was to the world, serving both as a unique expression and shared experience between cultures. Understanding this, we see that despite our differences, we aren't too different from those across the globe.

Artsrageous Summer Camps (2021)

Every summer we at Willcox Theater and Arts put on a variety of enjoyable summer camps for all ages! We are working through the WASA (Willcox Against Substance Abuse) summer camp program. Call them at (520) 384-8862 to register!



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Story in Motion, by Ralph Score

Build your story and capture it on video

Imagination and Art, by Mary Peterson

Participate in an imaginative look at storytelling and art

When Steel Talks, People Listen, by Jen Dorris

Learn about steel pan music and Trinidad and Tobago history/culture

Story in Song, by Cindy Rae

Listen to and appreciate songs that tell stories

Telling Tales: Kids and Creativity, by Kellie Fitzgerald

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TRAVELER

A Fusion of Music

By Joshua Allred

Fusion

Scott Jeffers formed the band Traveler in 2000 with the goal to take inspiration from a variety of ethnic music from around the world and blend those sounds and feelings with the familiar and popular sound of rock. This was a concept he often referred to as a fusion of music. He travels the globe both to perform in various venues and to find inspiration for his music, which he writes while he is away. "I go

“ If the music of Africa can be turned into popular music, why can't the music of Romania or really old, deeply rooted Gypsy Music, or music of Turkey or Greece? All that music has value.”

out and I travel, writing music while I do that. I'm influenced by the places I'm at or by the musicians I play with.”

Scott suggested that this was nothing new, explaining that blues had been inspired by African music, and that rock had been inspired by blues. “If the

music of Africa can be turned into popular music, why can't the music of Romania or really old, deeply rooted Gypsy music, or music of Turkey or Greece? All that music has Value.”

For him, his unique musical direction was a natural one. “It wasn't so much a decision as it was just the need to do it. I would hear the ethnic





See Pg. 12 to learn about instruments from around the globe!

overtones of certain music and would be drawn to them!"

The Importance of Passion

It was obvious that Scott was passionate about his career, calling his music his vision, and excitedly sharing details about his travels and the inspiration therein. "I'm constantly reminding myself how lucky I am that I can do what I love to do for a living," he admitted. He believes that this sort of passion is essential in being a successful musician. "If you want to do it good as a musician I think you have to love it. It would show to

the audience if you didn't love it. You have to have the passion for the music."

When asked to give advice to aspiring musicians he nodded to the importance of passion in recounting, "You know, I have to go against the advice my father gave to me when I was a young teenager deciding to follow music. My dad said to me, 'Now don't make music your career; make it your hobby and have a substantial career.' That was terrible advice for me and I didn't take it. I'm thankful every day I didn't take it."



Scott took a risk in making music his career; all musicians do. "As a musician, if you don't take a risk you won't find yourself in a position that you really like," he stated. "Only the people that really follow that road and are willing to go through some hard times and ups and downs and instability here and there will find themselves in the position of a professional musician. That's going to be your reward: having a life that you really love."

What's Next for Traveler?

Scott's musical journey is an ongoing one. "Our next fusion is fusing the music of India with the

different styles of music we are working with as well as rock." He explained when asked what the next step for Traveler is. As suggested the music will incorporate the ethnic sounds of

India as well as "electric guitars and a full rock ensemble."

Reflecting on their upcoming performance in downtown Willcox, Scott finished, "We are just finishing the tracks in the studio, so hopefully by the time we have our show in Willcox we will have some new sounds to bring forth!"

**// As a musician,
if you don't take
a risk you won't
find yourself in a
position that you
really like."**

Check Them Out:



@Traveler.World.Music



scottjefferstraveler.com

A promotional poster for WAMM Fest. The background is light blue with stylized white and blue clouds. In the top left, "WAMM Fest" is written in a curved font. In the top right, there is a black circle containing a white geometric logo. The word "Traveler" is written in large, bold, brown letters across the center. Above it, "Enjoy live music with" is written in a smaller, cursive font. Below it, "In downtown Willcox!" is written in a similar cursive font. At the bottom, a paragraph of text reads: "Traveler performs June 5th at 5:30pm in downtown Willcox for Willcox Theater and Arts' annual WAMM Fest! Experience their unique sound for free!"

WAMM Fest

Enjoy live music with

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Traveler performs June 5th at 5:30pm in downtown Willcox for Willcox Theater and Arts' annual WAMM Fest! Experience their unique sound for free!

ART LOOK

Featured are cakes by Leigha Burris

Baking is my passion, it's my art outlet. I've tried various mediums ranging from clay to glass, but cake, butter-cream and fondant are my favorite! I started my in-home bakery two years ago. As my customer base grew, I realized I needed to grow as well. That's why we are currently in the process of opening a small, family-owned bakery. We will be announcing a grand opening very soon!

- Leigha Burris (Bakester's Pastries)






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The following is the last installment of an open-ended story written by Luke Kaufmann. Various authors contributed over the course of the magazine's volume (September - May) and the full story can be found in the form of short installments through our magazine archive on our website at willcoxtheater.com.

FALSE ANGELS

Written By
Luke Kaufmann

Ten stories higher, Harriet and her father's pursuers were still thudding up the stone stairs. Those below thought their prey had nowhere to go.

"What's the plan?" Harriet gasped as they passed level 82. Her backpack thumped on her back, the outline of her flare gun jabbing her spine. Yells echoed up the stairs, each louder and clearer than the one before.

"We just have to get to 97. Then we can jump," said Samuel as he tiptoed around a few collapsed steps. He was dizzy from the never-ending spiral staircase and sweat poured from his skin. Samuel slipped, A History of Saint Ambrose falling from his grasp. For a moment, Harriet considered leaving it on the rough sandstone as she picked it up.

"I'm not quite desperate enough

to jump!" she said, letting the worn cover slide across her fingers into his.

"It will all make sense once we get there," said Samuel. He got up slowly, rubbing his hip and grunting. There was a salient quiet beneath them, as if someone had turned off the radio during the climax of a song. A metallic voice came from above, shaking the dust that swirled about the staircase. At once, Samuel got up and entered level 83.

On the side wall of a large, nearly barren room, was a massive collection of copper pipes. Many extended downwards into a massive, chimney-like gap and some headed up. They were the size of a straw until they branched out of the chimney, their open ends swelling like the bell of a trumpet. Each pipe was numbered, one for each level of the tower. Hundreds more unbroken pipes ran up and down the wall behind the clump of earpieces.

A brassy, indistinct voice came from a pipe labeled 78. Harriet drew closer and set her ear

against the metal. The voice sharpened, as if drawn into a focal point. It belonged to Vanessa.

"...settle this like reasonable people. I repeat, come down and settle this like reasonable people. I repeat..."

"What are they saying?" asked Samuel, staring at the marvel of engineering in front of him.

"Listen for yourself," said Harriet.

Samuel bent down and rolled his eyes as the voice went through the appeal once more, sounding less and less agreeable with every word. Then his eyes widened. "They must know what floor we're on," he whispered. "Hello? Yes, we're willing to listen to reason," he said a little louder into the tube.

They asked him to repeat himself.

Samuel shrieked into the pipe and took off. Harriet heard the sound screech through the copper and then rage at the other end. She followed her dad, careful of every stone. At this height, the tower was noticeably crooked with gravity and the staircase walls refusing to agree.

As they pressed past 90, the

steps became ornate. They were rarer stones with carvings and semi-precious gems decorating them. Ancient symbols and equations lined the walls.

"This is where countless discoveries were made, Harry," said Samuel. "Everything we know about math and the laws of the universe came from minds inside this tower. In fact, there..."

They heard echo of a gunshot. The two continued in silence, hyper-aware of the terrible beat of footfalls beneath them.

Finally, they arrived at floor 97. Harriet expected some obvious salvation, but there was no balloon parked on the small dock at the end of the room, and the floor was slanted severely. Samuel opened doors and compartments frantically, coughing as centuries-old dust plumed around him. Harriet spied a metal gate underneath a sign portraying a man caught in the claws of two behemoth hawks. She walked over to the gate, pushed it open, and found a closet full of strange-looking suits with wings.

Samuel walked up behind her, beaming. "You found them."
"Found what?"

"The angels of our salvation," he said with a chuckle.

A few stories beneath them, five

members of Relic Preservation International struggled upstairs. A trickle of blood came out of one man's ear, staining his white t-shirt. Vanessa Jones led the way, holding a flashlight like a pike and glaring upwards.

"When did we stop hearing them on the stairs?" said an older guy with long hair at the back of the procession. "We have to start sweeping floors soon, otherwise they'll slip underneath us."

"I know exactly where they stopped," said Vanessa. "We would have caught them already if your men had showed up on time."

"Watch your tone, Ms. Jones," said the man with the bleeding ear. "I have more than a little say in your upcoming contracts."

"Gentlemen, once we get the book, none of us will think about a contract again."

Vanessa and the four men, who wore guns and knives anywhere they would fit, continued until they reached the 97th floor.

"Back away from that ledge or we will gun you down!" Vanessa boomed at Samuel and his daughter as they stood at the edge of the dock, adjusting each other's harnesses. Samuel extended a hand over the ledge, dangling the book from three fingers.

"If you shoot me, these secrets turn to dust in the desert," said Samuel.

Vanessa's men drew their weapons but kept them by their sides. "Toss me the book or I'll turn your daughter to dust," said Vanessa. "What do you care about more: her life, or keeping world-changing knowledge all to yourself?"

The gunmen trained their pistols on the slight girl on the precipice, who was fiddling with something behind her back. Harriet jerked, firing a flare between her legs. It lit the room a garish red and burned every cobweb in its wake. When the flare impacted against the wall, Harriet and Samuel had already jumped.

Harriet felt her father's gloved hand in hers. She didn't dare let go, adjusting her goggles with one hand as they plowed through the hot sky. The air seemed to pull at their life itself.

A bullet whined past Samuel's head, but he tumbled and held on, pulling his daughter with him. They flailed in the air, then righted themselves. Samuel let go of Harriet's hand, and they both pulled their releases, praying.

Harriet jolted, her arms flung upwards as the wings caught the desert wind. She was still plummeting, but the wings

caught the air beautifully. She saw her dad spiraling down, in her peripheral vision, his arms too close to his body. Her shouts were drowned by the roar of the fall.

As the ground raced closer, Harriet found a position which let her fall slower. Once her organs stopped aching and fear gave way to adrenaline, flying felt wonderful. She watched her father gain control. At the last second and land softly behind a dune.

On the ground, Samuel watched Harriet as she descended. She came down faster than he had and skidded to a stop on the sand and falling forward.

He rushed to her. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, the impact was spread out" said Harriet, spitting out sand.

"But does anything hurt?"

"I'm fine, dad."

Harriet got up slowly, brushing off several coats of dust. Samuel helped her out of the wings and said, "We landed just where we wanted to, but let's rest for a second."

Dusk enveloped the desert, coloring the sand lush shades of orange and pink. Harriet helped her dad up the dune, then

turned to find a midnight-black hot air balloon sitting on a platform about 100 yards from the spire. "I really hope you like her because the one I came in is gone," said Harriet.

Samuel laughed and patted her on the back. "I saw what's left of the Thoroughbred on the way down. Next time I won't make you park so close."

"Are we going home?"

"We'll leave as soon as it's black out. There's a shield to hide the flame and the fabric should blend in with the sky. The society will assume us and the book didn't make it."

"They won't come find us?"

"We'll be ready."

They started preparing the craft, working in tandem, barely speaking. Soon, it was dark. Harriet lit the burner, and the small airship eased its way off the ground. A kind wind carried them towards a cluster of lights in the distance.

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Contact us with your contribution ideas!



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