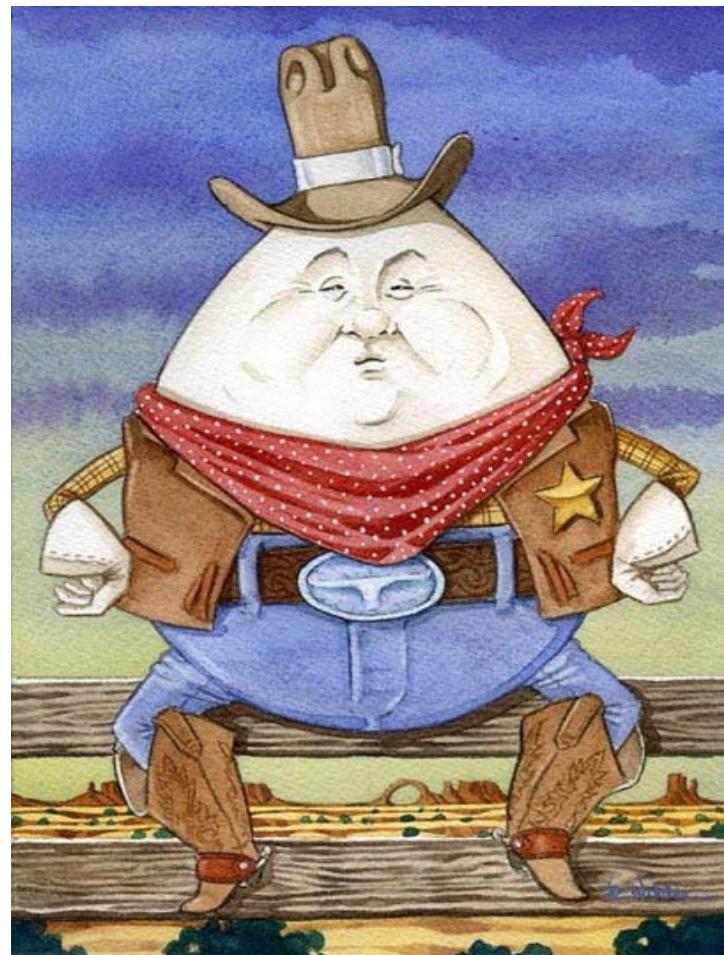




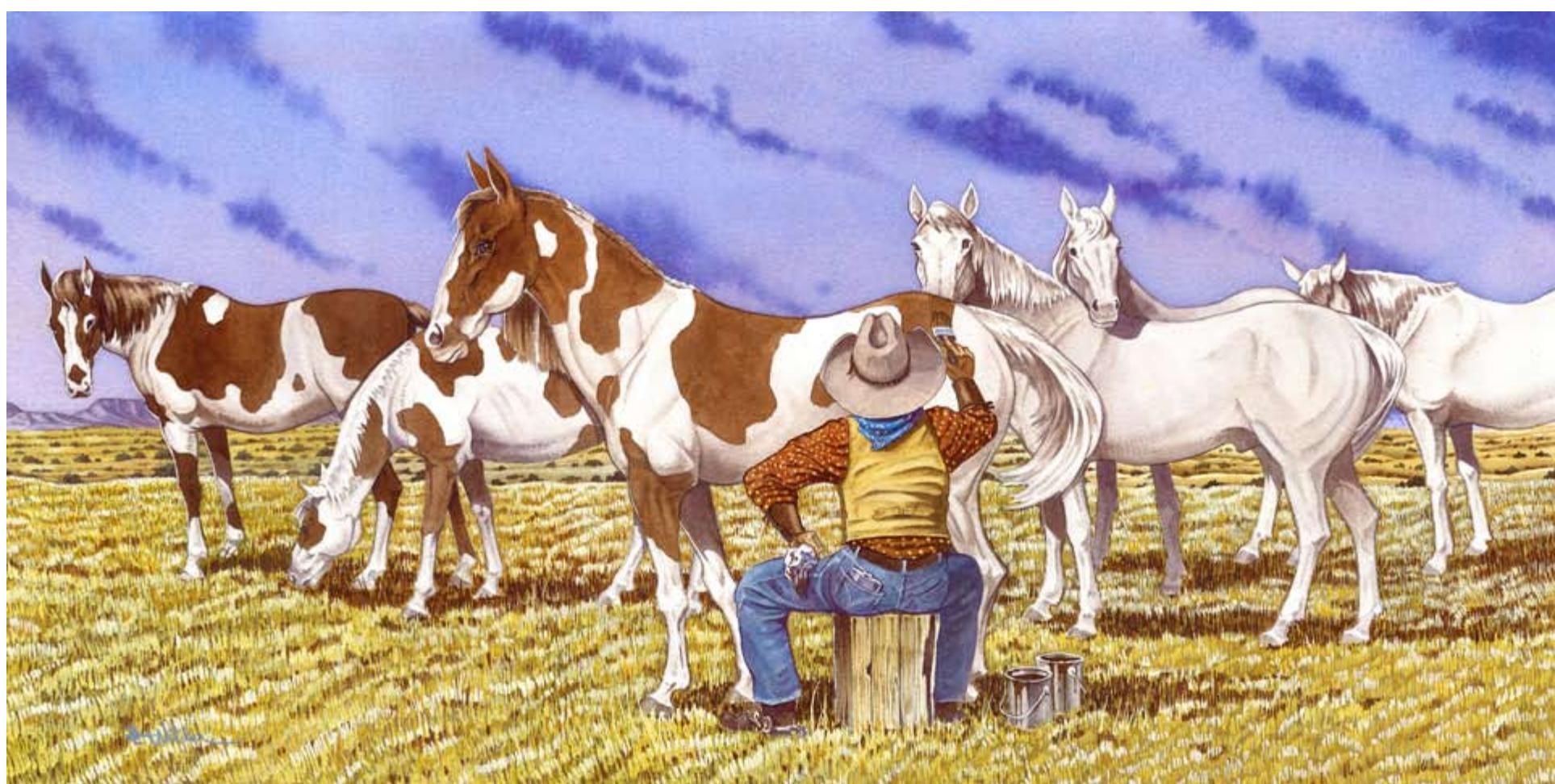
MONTANA LISA

THE ARTISTRY & WIT OF
**DAVID
WILDER**

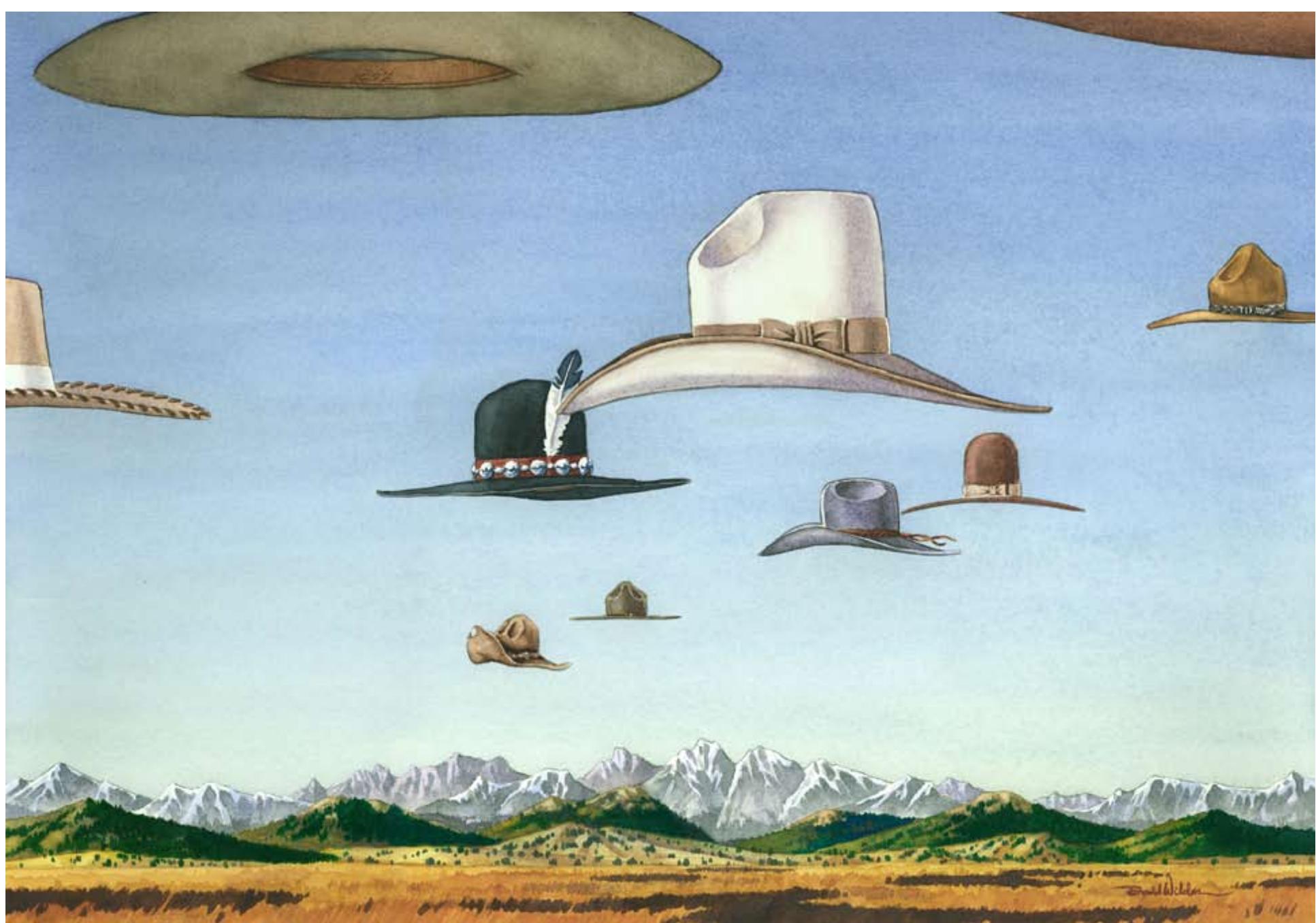


DUMPTY GOES WEST
COLLECTION OF BENJAMIN MEEK

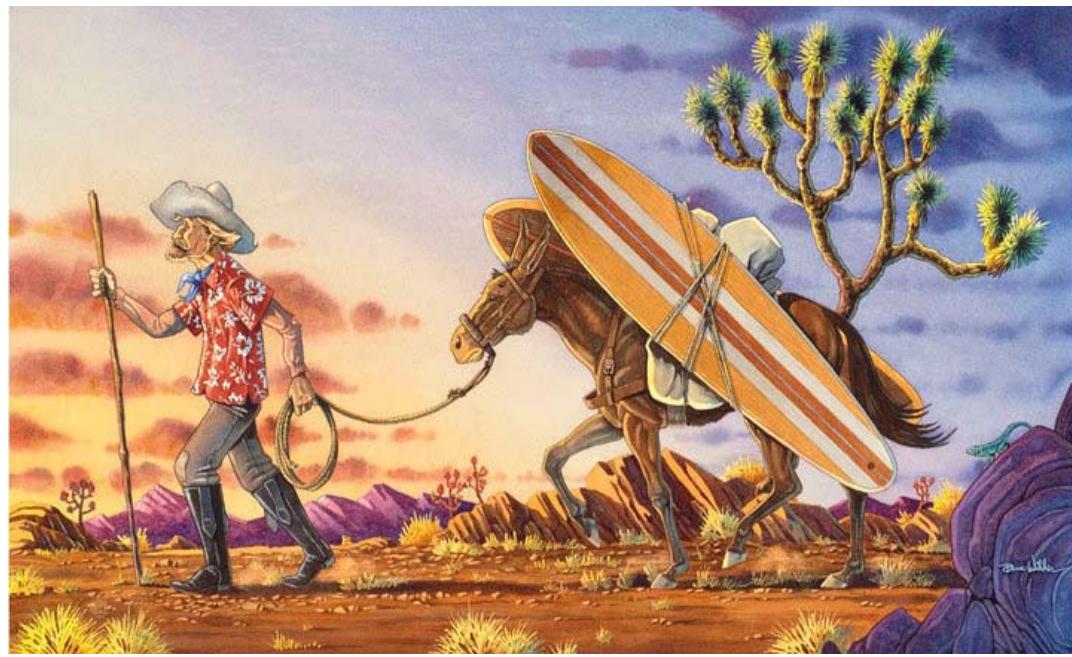
PAINT HORSES



more W I L D E R . . .



BIG HAT COUNTRY



EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of those moments when I concede the value of facebook. I would never have known of Dave Wilder's magnificent work had it not been for the thing we love to hate.

Dave combines his extraordinary skills as an artist with wit and an eye for the absurd to produce these memorable images.

Hopefully, Dave will become a Zephyr regular. I can't wait to see what he comes up with next. "**Go West**" (above) is his latest...

Limited edition giclée prints of "Go West" are now available. Original sized 16x28" prints are \$200, and the smaller 9x16 prints are \$60. Limited edition, 300.

<http://www.wilderarts.com>
and on facebook: "**David Wilder Arts**"

The Imaginary West

I was standing on a corner in Sedona, AZ, when a large, giddy woman with a camera came up to me and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

"No ma'am," I replied. "I'm a figment of your imagination. Best keep your eyes peeled for imaginary Indians."

I can't blame her for asking. She was a tourist after all, and I was dressed in the usual Stetson, vest, chaps and boots that most people associate with cowboys and their ilk. But the answer I gave her was true, after a fashion. I was not a real cowboy. There are no cows or horses anywhere near Uptown Sedona anymore (the smell would not be tolerated) and very few real cowboys either. I was employed as an entertainer, pretending to be a cowboy in a sanitized, fantasy version of a West that never existed. Sedona's real, messy, complicated West was bulldozed and regulated out of existence some years back. Replaced by an imaginary West, replete with T-shirts, rubber tomahawks, phony cowboys and faux adobe timeshare boxes. A West more in line with the public's Hollywood flavored expectations.

So, in a sense, I really was a figment of her imagination, an unreal cowboy for an unreal place and time. I stood next to her and smiled as her friend snapped our picture.