

2014 ARGENTUM

ARGENTUM 2014

As I looked at the beautifully crafted keys included in this year's Argentum, my mind filled with images of pirate chests, the distinctive keys required to open them, and the curious and unusual treasures hidden within. I envisioned precious metal shaped by imagination and skill, one-of-a-kind works of art, multi-colored ceramics, even inventive words provoking thoughts of unknown worlds and emotions. I would definitely seek for those things in my personal treasure hunt.

I encourage you to peruse Argentum and discover the unique treasures hidden within our 2014 edition. Appreciate the efforts of authors and artists who unleash individual creativity to provide us with work that can spark the imagination and take us to new and novel places.

When you are finished exploring these pages, please pass along this Argentum to someone else. In doing so, you help Great Basin College recognize local authors and artists, and support our efforts to encourage creativity in our students, faculty, staff and communities.

--- Lora Minter, editor

For information about submitting your work for upcoming Argentum magazines:
Website: <http://gbcnv.edu/argentum> Email: argentum@gbcnv.edu

This publication is made possible by the generosity of:

GBC's Office of Academic Affairs
GBC's Arts and Cultural Enrichment (ACE) Committee

Special thanks to the Argentum Steering Committee: Tanya Stokes, Karen Kimber, Lynne Volpi, and Beth Clifton. Without the support of Patty Fox, Cynthia Delaney, Kristen Frantzen Orr, Gail Rappa, Angie de Braga, and the Media Services office, this issue would still be sitting on the desk. Their support of artists and authors at GBC is inspiring.

Kudos to Marin Wendell and Erin Radermacher of Everything Elko for their support of the arts and their help in producing Argentum.

Cover Art:

Cynthia Delaney, GBC Faculty/Elko ▪ "Not Forgotten" ▪ Digital Photo Collage

Back Cover Art:

Patricia Anderson, GBC Staff/Spring Creek ▪ "GBC Fountain in Fall" ▪ Digital Photo

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Artist	Title	Page
Taela Terrillion	<i>Koi</i>	6
Toni Rose Milano	<i>Florida Pelican</i>	7
Gail Rappa	<i>Flash</i>	8
Duane Troike	<i>Stamped Image</i>	9
Frank J. Henley	<i>T-Rex</i>	10
Kathi Griffis	<i>But Mommy</i>	12
Nicole Schubert	<i>Egyptian Narrative</i>	13
Cheryl Schmidlein	<i>Tropical Birds - Eleven Different Parrots</i>	14
Richard Hooton	<i>I Like Birds</i>	15
Ann Haglund & Shelby Smith	<i>Birch Tree with Cardinals</i>	16
Paul Bowen	<i>Alone in the Light</i>	17
Cindy Joyce	<i>Foxy Lady</i>	18
Mallary Paoli	<i>Highland Cow</i>	19
Joyce Armour	<i>Lady</i>	20
Ceren Yalcin	<i>Queen Bee</i>	21
Earl Edwards	<i>Zebra Cranes</i>	21
Joe de Braga	<i>A Perfect Day</i>	22
Maureen Dempsey	<i>Canoeing</i>	23
Anthony DeBellis	<i>Wig Wag Signals at Night</i>	24
Thomas Brown	<i>Headed Home</i>	25
Patricia Gray	<i>Bison, Yellowstone</i>	26
Sarah Hadland	<i>Intensity</i>	27
Talisa Brown	<i>Life is an Open Door</i>	28
Andrea Medina	<i>Cowgirl</i>	29
Arthor Asson	<i>I Want to Milk an Ostrich</i>	30
Frank Sawyer	<i>Phoenix</i>	31
Katie Glennon	<i>Trailer Trash</i>	32
Gretchen Greiner	<i>Owl Pin</i>	34
Susan Church	<i>Key to my Heart</i>	35
Kristen Frantzen Orr	<i>Key to the Bird Lady's Heart</i>	35
Gail Rappa	<i>Moonstone Key</i>	35
Simone Marie	<i>Fleur de Lis Bracelet</i>	36
Lois Ports	<i>Leaf Bracelets</i>	36
Michael Bail	<i>Mad Hatter</i>	37
Amber Shinpaugh	<i>Entirety</i>	38
Amber Shinpaugh	<i>Washed Away</i>	39
Sarah Sweetwater	<i>Traveler</i>	40
Kevin Lee Johnston	<i>Tractor in Snow</i>	42
Heather Kennison	<i>Consider the Tumbleweed</i>	42
Franklin Graham Sr.	<i>Deeth, Nevada</i>	43
Patty Fox	<i>Reese River Sheep</i>	44
Thelma Richie Homer	<i>Wear and TEAR</i>	45
Lacey Gobber	<i>Contrast Image</i>	46
Martha Watson	<i>Boats</i>	47

ARGENTUM SELECTION COMMITTEE - 2014

A heartfelt “thank you” goes to the following community members who gave generously of their time to select this year’s Argentum entries. Your expertise and efforts, graciously volunteered, are appreciated.



SIDNIE MILLER,
Artist and Educator

Sidnie Miller was born in Elko, Nevada, and is a third generation Elkoan on both sides. She graduated from the University of California Santa Barbara with a degree in painting and a teaching certificate. She taught art in Elko schools for 30 years and then taught for GBC. She loves all areas of art, particularly jewelry creation.



BETH CARPEL,
Writer and Photographer

Beth Carpel grew up in Washington, D.C. and lived in various parts of the country before settling in Spring Creek. Her photography tends toward the natural world. In the past few years she’s been interested in birds and bones. Her “bonescape” photos are changed digitally to a much greater degree than her nature photos. She is the author of the novel *Assembling Georgia*.



KEITH CLARK,
Photographer

Keith Clark is an internationally published photographer. From Africa to Asia, Ireland to Alaska, Keith's work has been featured in magazines, books, galleries and on national television. He has photographed Emmy award-winning actors. His Las Vegas studio hosted authors, executives, brides, babies, friends and family.

Clark now makes his home at the base of the Ruby Mountains in Lamoille, Nevada, where he owns a studio and enjoys capturing images of the old West from horseback.



Taela Terrillion, GBC Student/Spring Creek ▪ “Koi” ▪ Digital Photo





Toni Rose Milano, GBC Student/Spring Creek ■ "Florida Pelican" ■ Digital Photo



Flash



Little clan of siblings as I first remember it, still fresh and mostly intact: two boys, two girls, tallest Tommy to shortest me. We stand on the sturdy staircase in an array of flannel pajamas, faces lit with rare, genuine awe by the Christmas card of a tree hovering over a pond of shiny paper parcels all green, red, silver, gold.

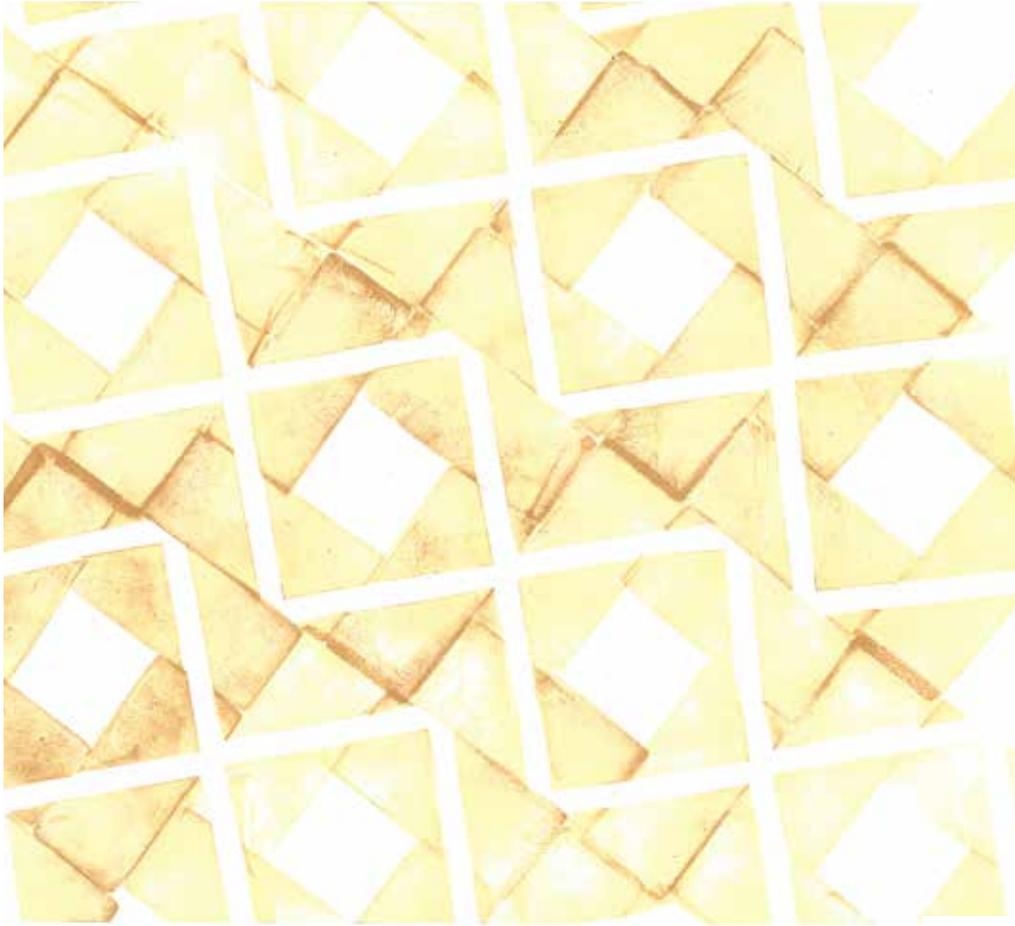
Perhaps it's not my memory at all and only a glimpse from a shuffle through old smeared Polaroids: captured moments all mahogany and bruised blue in the dim morning, lit by the tangle of colored tree lights, illuminated by the camera's tinny flash. Or, more than likely, a remembered snippet from dad's fickle movie camera, brought out rarely then, each of us having moved through the endearing stages of early childhood.

There is no photo, but my mother likes to tell of me at three, running down a path in the public gardens on my chubby little legs crying out, "Here I come, swan boats!" I will have to take her word for it. And, when she is gone, will her words slip into the sacred realm of the dead, where insignificant comments and dismissed advice become profound, where recollections transform to facts?

And my own wonder that my children, so awake in each moment, will likely not remember much of what they have experienced up to now. It will be up to my husband and I to be the keepers of their early memories. I can only hope that joy will be so familiar it won't stand out as a stark snapshot of an experience, but instead be as common as the millions of unremarkable and miraculous breaths they will take.



Gail Rappa ■ GBC Faculty/Tuscarora



Duane Troike, GBC Visual Foundations Online Student/Winnemucca
▪ "Stamped Image" ▪ Ink on posterboard





Frank J. Henley, Community Member/Spring Creek ▪ "T-Rex" ▪ Digital Photo





“I enjoy photographing nature doing unusual things ... Nevada is full of interesting objects.”

▪ Frank Henley





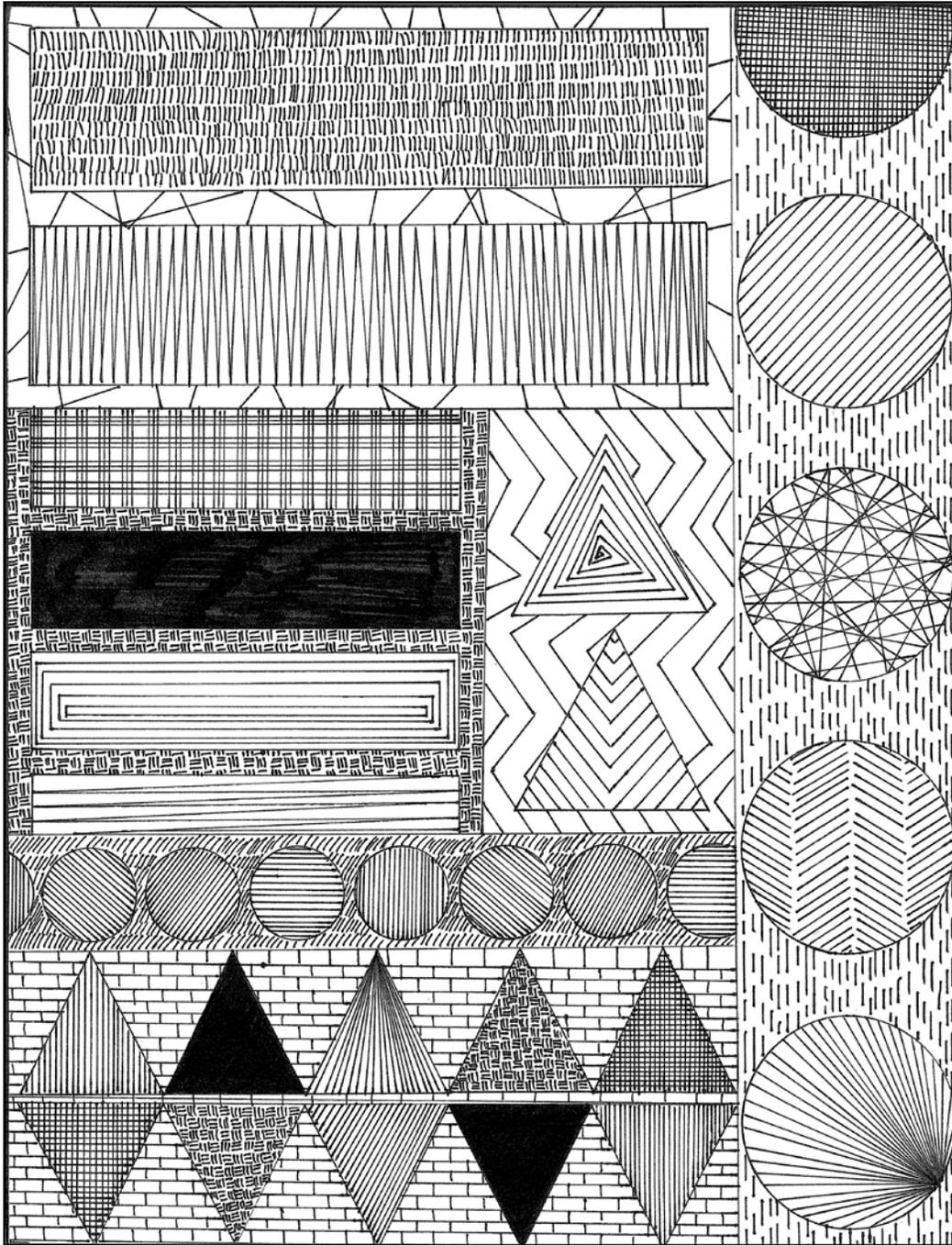
Kathi Griffis, Community Member/Spring Creek ▪ “But Mommy” ▪ Graphite



“Just a science kid trying to pass my fine arts credit!!
Some things turn out cool!”

▪ Nicole Schubert





Nicole Schubert, GBC Visual Foundations Student/Spring Creek ▪ "Egyptian Narrative"

▪ Black Sharpie



Cheryl Schmidlein, Community Member/Elko ▪ "Tropical Birds - Eleven Different Parrots" ▪ Stained Glass, Copper Foil

"Stained glass is more than church windows ... the sky is the limit. Working with glass does something to your soul."

▪ Cheryl Schmidlein

I Like Birds



Especially the ones that learn how to cuss,
I once told a friend.

I like Mynahs and Macaws and Cockatoos,
And Roosters with their cock-a-doodle-doos.

I like Corvids, too,
The Magpies and Crows clean up my road kill
When I run over a snake on the gravel road
At the bottom of my hill.

I don't like snakes.
They hiss and slither and rattle and
Leave their winding tracks in dirt and sand
And they coil and threaten with ready fangs.

The crows will get them - it's all right,
When they come out to sun themselves
On a warm dirt road in the cold, bright light.
And crawl so slow they're easy to catch.

The mocking crows follow and sass me from above.
"Caw! Caw! Caw! you ground-bound creature down below,
Where the little houses stand row on row,
And where children play, and
People come and go."

Go keep us safe, I scold and shout, and leave me be!
Can't you see I'm stuck here on the ground.
Go do your job and eat a snake!
I'd come with you, but not to eat.
If I had wings like you.



Richard Hooton ▪ Community Member/Elko



Ann Hagland & Shelby Smith, Community Members/
Elko ■ "Birch Trees with Cardinals" ■ Fabric Art

This collaborative work began with an October 2010 Quilt World pattern which was reduced. Hagland developed her own cardinals and Smith used a long arm machine to free form quilt the background.



Paul Bowen, Community Member/Elko ▪ “Alone in the Light” ▪ Digital Photo





Cindy Joyce, Community Member/Wells ▪ "Foxy Lady" ▪ Digital Photo





Mallary Paoli, Community Member/Elko ▪ "Highland Cow" ▪ Digital Photo





Joyce Armour, Community Member/Elko ▪ "Lady" ▪ Rock, Clay, Resin, Paint, Brass



Ceren Yalcin,
GBC Student/Elko
▪ "Queen Bee"
▪ Acrylic on Clay/Sculpture



"Art, to me, is beauty
interpreted in the eyes of
the beholder."

▪ Earl Edwards

Earl Edwards,
Community Member/Spring Creek
▪ "Zebra Cranes"
▪ Zebrawood





Joe de Braga, Community Member/Elko ■ "A Perfect Day" ■ Digital Cell Phone Photo



Canoeing

You and I
are better
at canoeing
than we
once were.

Fifteen years:
J strokes
C strokes
Draw strokes
Paddle-like-hell strokes.

We've learned
canoeing is an art.

You've stopped giving
long-winded directions
from the stern,

I've quit steering
from the bow and holding
onto the gunwale.

We've studied:
the river
the rocks
the rapids
the waves

Together.

Last week
you showed me
a new stroke:

The sweep you
called it.

My paddle had
to be tilted at
just the right angle;

you had to pull
your paddle at the
same time I did.

If not, we'd swim you said.

I thought about trying
it just to see if you were right.

Fifteen years ago
I might have.

You and I
are better
at canoeing
than we
once were.

Maureen Dempsey ■ Community Member/Spring Creek



Anthony DeBellis, GBC Student/Ely ▪ "Wig Wag Signals at Night" ▪ Digital Photo





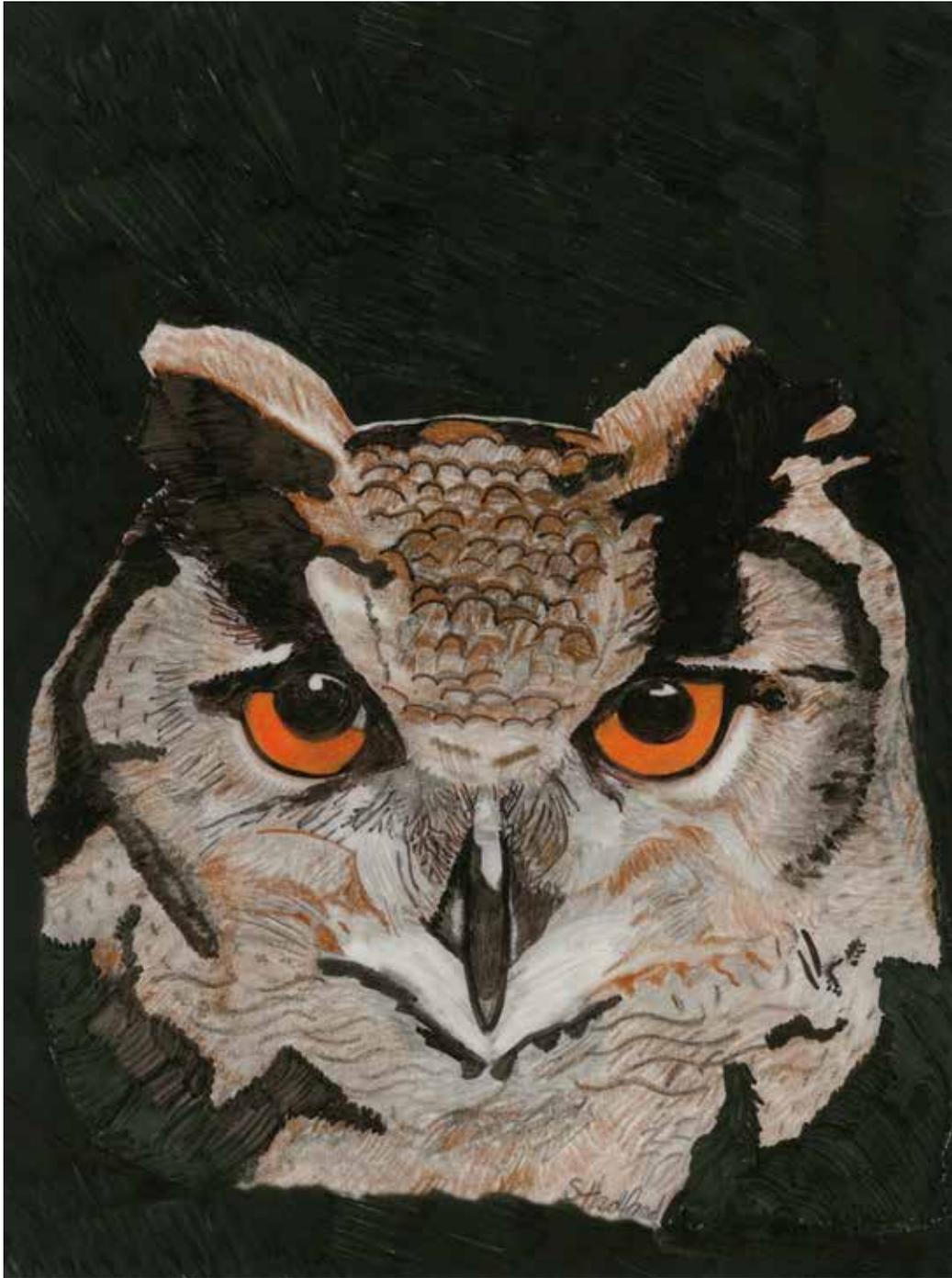
Thomas Brown, Community Member/Spring Creek ▪ “Headed Home” ▪ Digital Photo





Patricia Gray, Community Member/Spring Creek ■ "Bison, Yellowstone"
■ Acrylic Ink on Clayboard





Sarah Hadland, GBC Visual Foundations Student/Eureka ▪ "Intensity"
▪ Colored pencil, Push-pencil, Black Sharpie



Talisa Brown, GBC Photography Student/Pahrump ▪ "Life is an Open Door" ▪ Digital Photo





Andrea Medina, GBC Ceramics Student/Elko ▪ “Cowgirl” ▪ Ceramics

“I am just beginning on my photography journey.
I am taking my first photography class at GBC
and am so excited to learn this art!”

▪ Talisa Brown

I Want to Milk An Ostrich



I want to milk an ostrich,
A sublime ambition indeed.
For the ostrich is,
Without a doubt,
A most noble breed.

With cows there is the stool,
For goats one must kneel.
But one may,
In comfort stand,
For ostriches – ideal!

Oh, I suppose it's true,
Standing will work for giraffes.
But hitting the bucket,
At such a range,
Will require considerable craft.

I rack my brain,
But fail to find a third.
So on the whole,
With comfort in mind,
I want to milk a bird.



Arthur Asson ▪ Community Member/Spring Creek



Phoenix



As I gazed into the flames
And watched them rise to touch the sky
I searched the blood-red glowing embers
For memories long since gone by

I saw my birth as an infinitesimal spark
Too small in fury to warrant a blaze

And then in seconds a boy I saw
With imagination a dreamer of days

In seconds still a man I saw
Lean and hungry in his youthful years

Then with the slightest breath of wind
A wise man drowning in aging tears

And as I gazed into the flames
And watched them rise ever higher
The charred remains of my body I saw
Burning on the funeral pyre.



Frank Sawyer ▪ GBC Faculty/Elko

Trailer Trash



I've had the hardest time figuring out I own my home and share it with none. Occasionally, my children and grandchildren punctuate my solitude. My housekeeper comes most frequently, sweeping up puppy-chewed pinecone mess, changing coral bed linens, watering vivid green plants. Home is a 1974 rectangular trailer, one end for entertaining, cooking, eating, the other for laundry, bathing, sleeping. I live in high desert plateau of rabbitbrush, sage, pinion pine, prairie grasses, thin dirt, granite rocks.

I rarely use the living room, dining area or den. Business calls are taken in my office chair, bed, bathroom, or over kitchen sink, me dripping juice from a peach so ripe the smell swoons me. Most days and into evening I inhabit the office where my computer lives. Bills are paid in the dark of night to soaring music. When first light leavens darkness, I go to sleep in my bedroom where king bed and big screen television face off in perpetuity.

This trailer encloses 1,200 square feet, the living space facing the Ruby Mountains, a miniature model of full scale mountain ranges in Colorado where I was born. Two large windows face the Rubies behind which the sun and moon rise. So clear the air, a few steps out my door seem enough to ride the moon, gliding across the night sky like wooden swan boats on park pond.

In the den, a propane stove, forest green enamel with glass panels front and sides, real fake logs. I love the flame, the ease of it and the beauty. I had a pellet stove that ate 50-pound bags I heaved into its maw twice daily, soot blackening glass almost immediately. I must see the fire or any stove turns into nothing more than folly.

My bedroom and bath make up the other end. A tiny window brings light into the bathroom. My brother-in-law parked his beater truck on the dirt road above my bathroom and stood on its bed to see if he could spy me. That's how we placed that sliver of sight through the wall just so for incoming light.

When we moved into this house, twelve years ago, my husband was dying of Alzheimer's. We moved in Thanksgiving. He died mid-December. I bought this trailer because it cost less





than a good used car. I bought this trailer because deer, coyote, mountains, sun, moon, stars peer through my windows. I bought this trailer because I felt safe within its silence.

Who is it that moved in with me secretly, who silences my desires and esthetics, preferences and dreams? Who is she that lives within me invisible, killing plans to make beautiful my bathroom, all the worst of plastic harvest gold shower bath combo, faux marble vanity, flaking fake gold faucet, thin mirror with fluorescent light box above to illuminate my spartan grooming -- brush hair, scrub teeth, swipe face, done.

Who is she to inform me that it is foolish to move my leather sleigh bed into the living room to view the moon and sun rise? Who is it that believes that this house is for others? She will not countenance kitchen cabinets painted flat black with warm cream walls and soapstone countertops. I want to know who this is living so assuredly in my home, setting the rules, scaring the crap out of me at 3 a.m.

My grandparents, parents, and husband were so blink of an eye. Only my life seems so long. I've been wandering in the infinite space of empty, frozen in pain of loss. Creation of self, as with the earth, requires that wild burning in the dark at the hand of the unbidden one. Pulsing lava she bellows to expansion and diminishment. I am throat to both.

Genesis fire in this lifetime rises from fault lines laid down within me, unwelcome places, barren places, weak places, burned places. I create out of failed seams and boiling fissures oozing lava, the red raw and flawed, cracked, down low places, sulfurous hissing. Everything good and loving within me comes from such a place.

Perhaps in another lifetime I will create my self from ocean shores, outer banks, cliff edges, high mountain ridges, within drifts of snow or sand. Now, in this time and place, paint the cabinets black as a coffin. Rip out carpet and put down yellow pine floors. Move bed to behold rising sun, moon, constellations. I and the stiff one are uneasy keepers of the silence within the empty.



Katie Glennon ■ Community Member/Elko



Gretchen Greiner, GBC Jewelry 2 Student /Elko ▪ "Owl Pin" ▪ Bone, Brass, Copper, Silver





Susan Church, GBC Jewelry 2 Student/Keddy Ranch
▪ "Key to my Heart" ▪ Copper, Silver



Kristen Frantzen Orr, GBC Faculty/Spring Creek
▪ "Key to the Bird Lady's Heart"
▪ Jewelry Fabrication - Sterling Silver, Copper



Gail Rappa, GBC Faculty/Tuscarora
▪ "Moonstone Key"
▪ Sterling Silver, 14K Gold, Moonstone



Simone Marie, GBC Jewelry 2 Student/Spring Creek ▪ “Fleur de Lis Bracelet”
▪ Metal, Brass, Copper, Silver

Lois Ports, GBC Jewelry 2 Student/Elko ▪ “Leaf Bracelets” ▪ Copper, Brass





Michael Bail, GBC Ceramics Student/Elko ▪ "Mad Hatter" ▪ Ceramics



Entirety



i want to relive the straight lines of your jaw,
and the subtle curves of your lips
the shallow stare of your eyes
the ever-present dent in your chin when you smile
your sharp cheekbones
the gentle structure of your nose
the slight arch in your eyebrows
you in your entirety. you're so incredible to me.
i am in love with the straight lines of your temper,
and the subtle curves of your arms around me,
the shallow stare of your love pouring onto me,
the ever-present dent in your heart where i belong,
your sharp physique,
the gentle structure of your personality,
the slight arch in your back as you lean down to kiss me.
i am in love with you. you in your entirety.



Washed Away



I've been taking so many baths
just to drown away the scent of you from my skin;
to mask the potent odor of heartbreak
with the fragrance of independence.

But no amount of Lush products could wash away the memories
or clean my body of the imprints you made;
my fragile skin acting like memory foam
to your powerful grip.

So, instead I am left with gallons of water
flowery bubble bath
and a million curses,
followed by your name.



Amber Shinpaugh ▪ GBC Student/Las Vegas

“My creative process is not unusual for a writer. I stay up
until 3 a.m. and write until I can no longer think.”

▪ Amber Shinpaugh

Traveler

Open your front door,
Walk out in the world.
Begin your journey
With a hungry heart.

Turn around now
And close the door on your house.
Step out of your comfort
And into the unknown.

Empty your full mind
Of your preferred tastes,
Your favorite fragrances,
Of smoothly paved paths.

Go out beyond your history
Into a landscape of strange roads.
Leave your past
Back in your homeland.

This day is for new stories
Spoken in tongues sounding strange,
Accompanied by music
In other notes and rhythms.

Stand still in the new land
Opening the pores of your senses
Like a child at play,
Cram life into your mouth.

Forget the flavors of your cuisine
And the musical marches of your history
As you savor a yogurt soup
And feel your feet on cobblestone streets.

Maybe what you really need
Is a traditional Turkish Bath
To steam and soak off the old
And scrub away the dead skin.

Forget your best tennis match and
Leave behind your favorite American team.
They fill your mouth too full of words
And your mind with your own stories.

Listen. You are here now.
What stories will *their* history tell?
You are the visitor here in Turkey.
Your job is to be a good student.

Their stories are buried in ancient sites,
Written on stones in unknown forms,
Carved with shapes new to you
Connected by myths of different titles.

Be a child learning at play
Become a student with an open mind,
Notice all the differences
And celebrate them



Your homeland yogurt is sweetened and fruited
So this tastes sharp and lumpy.

Be patient. Taste again.
Soon its tartness will be welcomed

Let this adventure become your Silk Road
Trading your country's riches for new ones.

Trade your baseballs for spices
Setting bowls of oregano and cumin at your table

Bring your synthetic, machine-made cloth
To exchange for the handspun, woven fabrics

Designed with ancient symbols.
Echoing magical meanings.

With your shoes and socks off
Embrace the sensuous silkiness

Of the weaver's flying fingers
Massaging your soul from the soles up.

You're on your Silk Road now.
With eagerness, trade what you know
Bartering good heartedly
For the unknown.

Don't be embarrassed by your ignorance.
When their currency confuses and you pay too much
Smile into their laughter
And be the fool lightheartedly.

Next time, those multiple zeroes
Will more clearly translate
And you'll recognize the million lira purchase
Is only \$1.70 in our currency.

Returning home, open your front door,
Walk back in from the world.
Fingering those coins
As disks full of memories.



Sarah Sweetwater ■ GBC Professor Emeritus/Elko



Kevin Lee Johnston, GBC Photography Student/Winnemucca ▪ "Tractor in Snow"
▪ Digital Photo

Consider the Tumbleweed

Consider the tumbleweed;
Its shallow roots are so easily uplifted.
So it moves on, spreading its seed
And welcoming change as a long lost friend.

Tumbleweeds are not lonely;
They amass in great numbers
And when they long last come to rest,
They shelter their young to create new life.

When the tumbleweeds of life roll in
Many are lost in the wind.
Others still, are found again
So new ones can begin.

Heather Kennison ▪ Community Member/Spring Creek



Franklin Graham Sr., Community Member/Elko ▪ "Deeth, Nevada" ▪ Colored Pencil





Patty Fox, GBC Faculty/Spring Creek ■ "Reese River Sheep" ■ Watercolor



Wear and TEAR



You'd think I would have learned
that love and blind desire
can cause a lot of pain;
like the red plaid DeLiso Debs
I passed every day
in the window of the corner shoe store:
 irresistible
 something I had to have
 couldn't live without
 laid away
 paid for on time,
the last payment as much of a sacrifice
as the first;
the wound on my heel
breaking open with every wearing.



Thelma Richie Homer ▪ Community Member/Elko

“I came to writing poetry in my 70s...my advice to aspiring
poets is that it never too late ... just start.”

▪ Thelma Richie Homer



Lacey Gobber, GBC Visual Foundations Online Student/Carlin ▪ “Contrast Image” ▪ Black Sharpie





Martha Watson, Community Member/Elko ■ "Boats" ■ Acrylic

