

# 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](mailto: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

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## 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.

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





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



## Flash

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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?

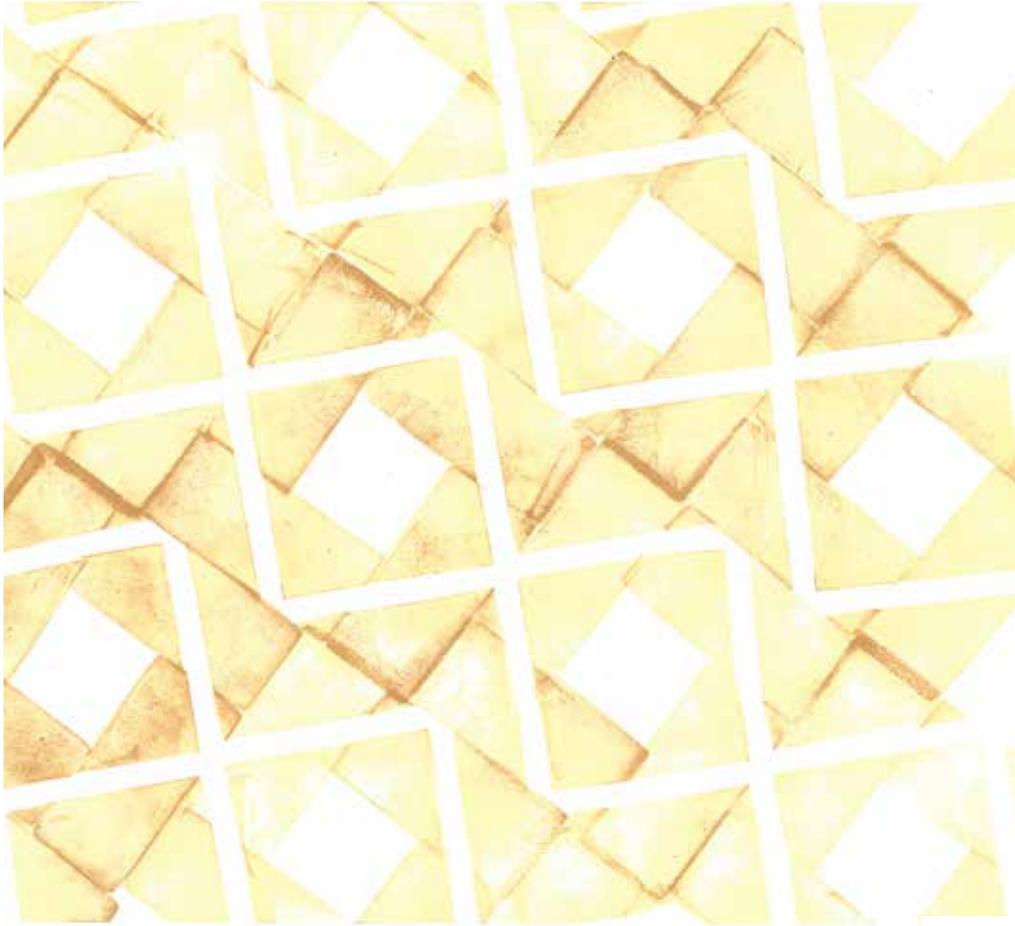
And my own wonder that my children, so awake in each moment, will likely not remember much of what they have experienced up to now. It will be up to my husband and I to be the keepers of their early memories. I can only hope that joy will be so familiar it won't stand out as a stark snapshot of an experience,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

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**Gail Rappa** ■ GBC Faculty/Tuscarora



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





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**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





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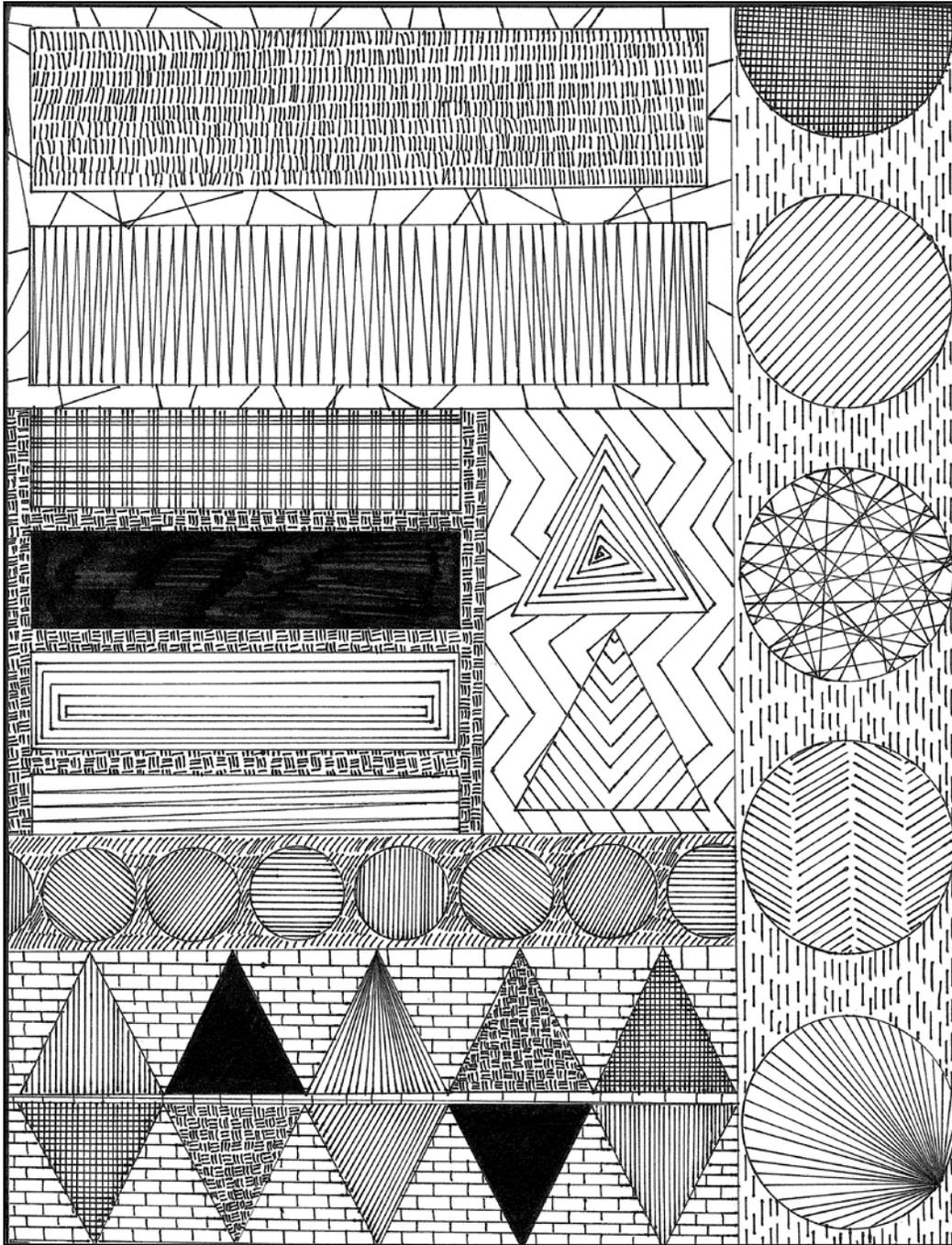
**Kathi Griffis**, Community Member/Spring Creek ▪ “But Mommy” ▪ Graphite



“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

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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.

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**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.



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





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





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**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





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



## Canoeing

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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.

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**Maureen Dempsey** ■ Community Member/Spring Creek



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





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**Thomas Brown**, Community Member/Spring Creek ■ "Headed Home" ■ Digital Photo

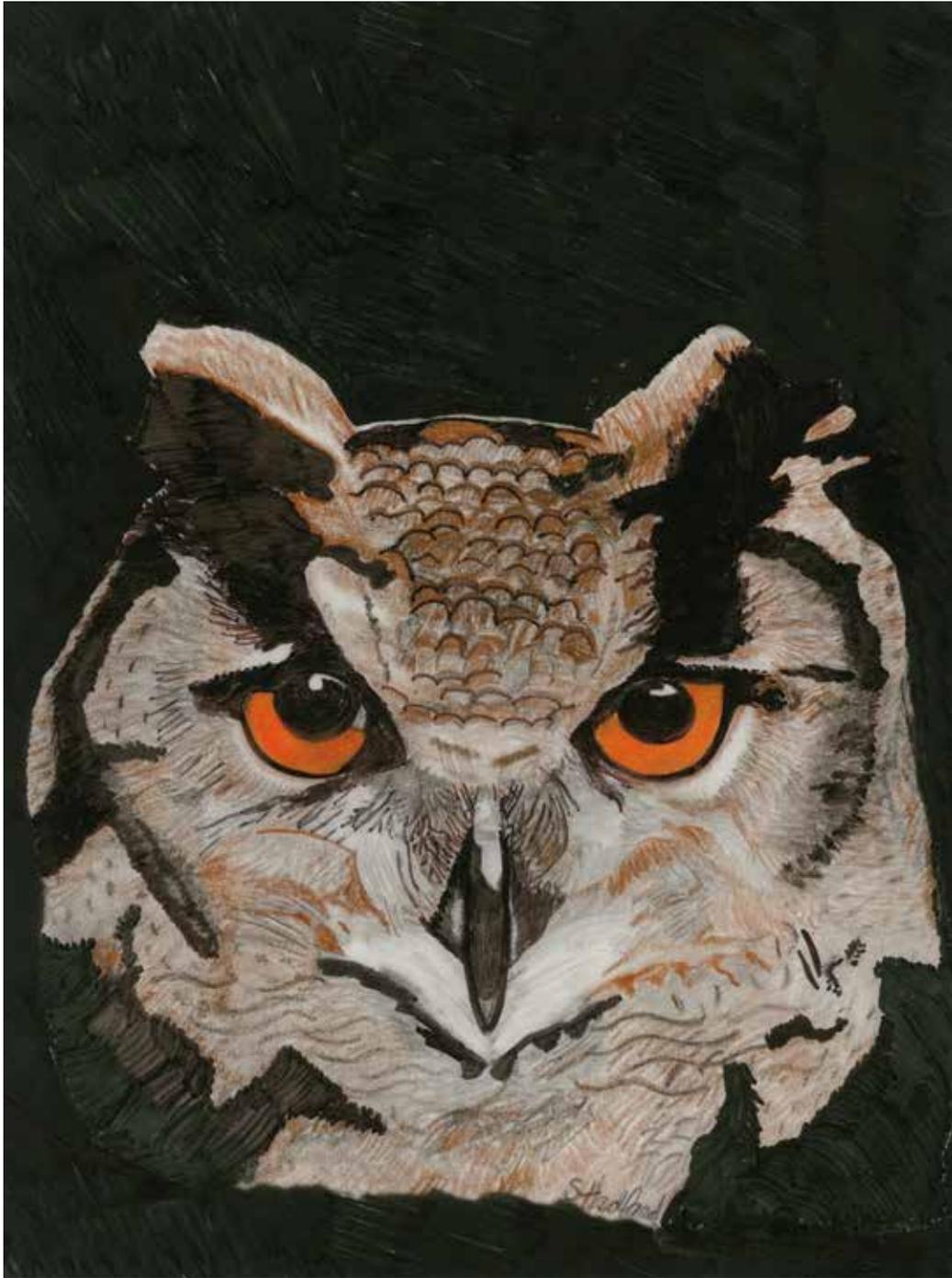




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**Patricia Gray**, Community Member/Spring Creek ■ "Bison, Yellowstone"  
■ Acrylic Ink on Clayboard





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



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**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

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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

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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.

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**Katie Glennon** ■ Community Member/Elko



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





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



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



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



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



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





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**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

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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

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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.

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**Sarah Sweetwater** ■ GBC Professor Emeritus/Elko



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

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## 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.

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**Heather Kennison** ▪ Community Member/Spring Creek



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





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**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

