As I paged through the April issue of *Smithsonian* magazine, a headline -- “Burning Man” -- caught my eye. A commentary on Nevada’s counter-culture event, I wondered? Nope. Instead, the article detailed the creative efforts of Chinese artist Cai Guo-Qiang who “paints” with fireworks and gunpowder.

Guo-Qiang may be “the only artist in human history who has had some one billion people gaze simultaneously at one of his artworks,” the writer proclaims. Guo-Qiang’s “fireworks sculpture” was televised worldwide for the opening of the Beijing Olympics in 2008, and, according to the article, Guo-Qiang’s subsequent “huge flaming earth sculptures…are meant to be seen from space.” The author reports that Guo-Qiang wants to open “a dialogue with the universe.”

It was a much more modest bunch chosen to be a part of this year’s Argentum. None mentioned aspirations of grandeur, but most looked deeper inside and commented on the therapeutic nature of creating art.

“Writing is the best form of therapy one could have,” noted Emily Hardy. “Paper does not judge, nor does the pen mock.”

For many, art was an escape from everyday life, an indulgence in their creative side, sanctuary from a stressful world. They wrote, painted, focused a lens, carved, and manipulated metal and glass, all in hopes of capturing a special moment and preserving it for all time.

“Art, to me, has always been the most noble and highest of callings,” wrote Nicholas LaPalm. “As artists we are ambassadors, responsible for carrying the words, images, ideals, and inspiration to the imaginations of the masses. Moreover, we are bound to the virtues of art, and indentured to upholding the notions of truth and of beauty.”

*Think art isn’t important? Think again.*  --  Lora Minter, Editor

---

*Kristen Frantzen Orr,* GBC Faculty/Spring Creek  •  “Fresh Powder”  •  Digital Photo
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kristen Frantzen Orr</td>
<td>Fresh Powder</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janet Correa</td>
<td>Bullet Proof</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassie Rantapaa</td>
<td>Wine Pour</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelynn Thompson</td>
<td>Dancers</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggie Corbari</td>
<td>Autumn Afternoon</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeannie Bailey</td>
<td>Acquiescence</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wil Becker</td>
<td>Efflorescent Rendezvous</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KM Withers</td>
<td>Sanctuary Lake Powell</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patricia Gray</td>
<td>Hillside Home, Marietta, NV</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kristen Orr and Gail Rappa</td>
<td>Golden Nocturne</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sally Rampe</td>
<td>Heart Leaf Earrings &amp; Pendant</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jolina Adams</td>
<td>Antique Key with Red Heart</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brandee Alexus Betancourt</td>
<td>Black Onyx Ring</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike McFarlane</td>
<td>Peach Bowl</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Curtis</td>
<td>Sailing on Lake Superior</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennifer Pierce</td>
<td>Repositioned</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heather Boyer</td>
<td>Waiting for the Loom</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patty Fox</td>
<td>Tippets</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heather Wines</td>
<td>Brodie</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jason Wallace</td>
<td>Time</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Bowen</td>
<td>Winter Reflection</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anthony DeBellis</td>
<td>Northern Nevada Ore Train</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholas LaPalm</td>
<td>Melancholic Skies</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Petrie</td>
<td>Autumn Showers</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brian Kump</td>
<td>Roll of Honor</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Medina-Visscher</td>
<td>Old Wagon Wheel</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shania Cook</td>
<td>They Changed Today</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heidi Stevens</td>
<td>Saddle</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jayme Cornmesser</td>
<td>Tuck</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daniel Stevenson</td>
<td>Gone to Seed</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tanya L. Stokes</td>
<td>Gholley’s Breakfast</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidne Teske</td>
<td>Winter at the Stone House</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katy Cooper</td>
<td>Whispy Winter</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cindy Joyce</td>
<td>A Buttery Glow in Winter’s Snow</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katie Glennon</td>
<td>Into the White</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Khatlyn Micheli</td>
<td>The Night is White</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Megan Frandsen</td>
<td>Wild One</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ami Rogers</td>
<td>Secret</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emily Hardy</td>
<td>Switched</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debbie Heaton-Lamp</td>
<td>Sunflower Burst</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha Watson</td>
<td>Family Walk</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelma Richie Homer</td>
<td>Wanderlust</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jana Tompkins</td>
<td>Words</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genny Albitre</td>
<td>Eye on Sunset</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Cover:** Loretta Reed, GBC Student/Spring Creek, Cowboy Cathedral, Digital Photo
Argentum Selection Committee - 2013

Thanks to the following community members who gave so generously of their time to select this year’s entries to Argentum. Your expertise and efforts, so graciously volunteered, are greatly appreciated.

Charlie Ekburg, Photographer

Charlie Ekburg has been interested and involved in photography since the 1950s. In the early 1980s he founded Sweet Light Photography to serve part-time customers with darkroom services as well as the creation of images. Ekburg revamped his business plan in the mid-1990s in order to produce stock photographic images and do assignment photography. He is currently the official photographer for the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering. (Recently a photo he took of cowboy poet Waddie Mitchell was projected onto the jumbo screen in the middle of New York City’s Times Square.) Ekburg also produces exclusive images for the National Basque Festival and the Ruby Mountain Balloon Festival, and is creator of the official RMBF poster. His images have been printed in Nevada Magazine, The Santa Fean, and The Los Angeles Times. In addition, Ekburg is an adjunct instructor for Great Basin College where he teaches photographic concepts. His website is www.sweetlightphotography.com.

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 Tanya Stokes, Karen Dannehl, and Karen Kimber for their help in guiding Argentum 2013. Thanks, also, to GBC’s Media Services for entry photography and publicity support, and to Tim Beasley for computer/web assistance.
**Tam Foree, Artist and Educator**

Tam Foree graduated from Colorado State University with a Bachelor of Art Education degree in 1985. That same year she began working for the Elko County School District as an Art Specialist for elementary students. After a successful career teaching in public schools, she retired to pursue another career as a “classical realist” painter. “Leaving the educational field was difficult for me,” Foree says, “so I chose to continue teaching art by offering lessons to homeschoolers and after-school students one day a week. Now I can focus on being an artist when I grow up!” Foree lives in Spring Creek with her husband. They have two daughters who are attending UNR.

---

**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 where she built her house (a collaborative effort) and raised two sons (also collaborative – it does take a village). Excerpts from her novel, *Assembling Georgia*, and examples of her photography, including nature photography from Nevada and the wetlands of Florida as well as scenes from Asia, can be found at www.bethcarpel.com.
Janet Correa, GBC Student/West Wendover • “Bullet Proof” • Digital Photo Collage
Cassie Rantapaa, GBC Student/Elko • “Wine Pour” • Acrylic
Evelyn Thompson, Community Member/Elko • “Dancers” • Acrylic
“I start with colors and shapes and put them together in a way that speaks to me.”

– Evelynn Thompson
Acquiescence

Irises sway in the breeze, promises of sweet perfume and pollen tease fluttering butterflies and bumblebees. High, full sun beckons blades of grass to rise up and become more than they are, anticipating falling blossoms. Tiny green crabapples swell into heavy red orbs, branches creaking, groaning. Lengthened summer rays spill from streaming cotton-balled clouds, slicing afternoon air – shadows across yesterday’s sky. Nipping frost in the air and on the skin: apples sweeter versions of themselves in lingering Indian summer. Sweet perfume, pollen – not-so-distant memories the moment light becomes periwinkle twinkling stars and breath is a long exhale sinking between mountains and moon.
Wil Becker, GBC Student/Battle Mountain • “Efflorescent Rendezvous” • Digital Photo
“This image started from a photo from one of my houseboat expeditions ... but it has changed to one expressing the beauty of reflected light into this unknown cove and the peace of nightfall ... Sanctuary.”

– KM Withers
Patricia Gray, Community Member/Spring Creek • “Hillside Home, Marietta, NV” • Acrylic
Kristen Frantzen Orr/Gail Rappa, GBC Faculty/Spring Creek/Tuscarora • “Golden Nocturne” • Jewelry - Flameworked Glass (Orr) and Sterling Silver, 14k Gold Bi-Metal, Citrine (Rappa)
“Working glass over a torch is a huge adrenaline rush ... nothing gives me more pleasure than flame-working glass beads. In this technique the bead is formed directly onto another surface.”

– Jolina Adams
Brandee Alexus Betancourt, GBC Student/Elko • “Black Onyx Ring” • Black Onyx, Silver Bezel, Copper Band

Mike McFarlane, GBC VP Academic Affairs/Elko • “Peach Bowl” • Wood

“Making bowls from single-piece raw wood is a rewarding challenge. You never know exactly what character of wood will be exposed after turning on the lathe. It’s amazing what you can make from your friends’ and neighbors’ trees.”
– Mike McFarlane
“I have always loved to work creatively with my hands. About 25 years ago I became interested in stained glass and church window restoration. This has become my primary creative and artistic outlet.”

– Mark Curtis
Repositioned

Here a maternal juxtaposition
seeking to just position
myself away from
two children, my children
constantly, so selfishly
reappearing on top of MY Self

Only to position myself
at each day’s end
impossibly close to them

Close enough to gently cradle
the juxtaposition of
Someday
Two selves
Not needing me so close

Jennifer Pierce • GBC Staff/Elko
Heather Boyer, Community Member/Wells • “Waiting for the Loom” • Digital Photo
Patty Fox, GBC Faculty/Elko • “Tippets” • Watercolor
Heather Wines, Community Member/Tuscarora • “Brodie” • Digital Photo
Time

Silence within a scream, stars at noon
Smiling eyes behind a frown, leap of faith
Mysteries exposed, secrets unknown
Reality in control, monkey on our backs
Flight in captivity, magic carpet ride
Lost in the pursuit, ghost of our fate
Distance betrothed to desire, needs without
Desperation within us, at the mercy of its whim
Daydreams of delight, controller of possibilities
Senseless machine of nature, governor of our success
Dreams given life, rectifier of mistakes
Decision of fate, impossibility to dream
Eras bygone, memories of compassion
Examination of values, quality inspired by need
Enormity measured, calculation by the masses
Intangible truths, lightning in the sky
Walls of darkness, moths in a tornado
Discipline inherent, steamroller of wrath
Ruler by defeat, king of futility
Measure of our lives, measure of our success
Lifetimes but a moment, moments become lifetimes

Jason Wallace • Community member/Elko
Paul Bowen, GBC Student/Elko • “Winter Reflection” • Digital Photo
Anthony DeBellis, GBC Student/Ely • “Northern Nevada Ore Train” • Digital Photo

“I am a fireman and conductor on the Nevada Northern Railway in Ely. Everything at the railroad is original, and mostly dates back to pre-1912. I try and recreate photos that could have been taken 100 years ago with what is left today.”

– Anthony DeBellis
Melancholic Skies

Today is grey, as the skies are filled, of clouds without silver lining.
The fog extends, transcends, then ends, where the light-blonde sun is shining.
    If only the grey, inside of me, would end just as abruptly,
Or if the grey in man, which forces his hand, to feast and rule corruptly,
    I’d picnic there, and only stare, at the cruel dark clouds behind me.
And I’d invite all of you, the animals too, to rest under Eden’s fig tree.
    But alas, it doesn’t end, instead black and white blend, in harmonic co-existence.
Thus, I’m destined to be sad, mankind: To be bad. And so we walk the tightrope’s distance.
We must balance it all, try not to fall, for in life’s long haul; there is no path of least resistance.

Nicholas LaPalm • Community Member/Spring Creek
Lauren Petrie, Community Member/Elko • “Autumn Showers” • Digital Photo
Brian Kump, GBC Student/Elko • “Roll of Honor” • Digital Photo

Andrea Medina-Visscher, GBC Student/Elko • “Old Wagon Wheel” • Digital Photo
Shania Cook, GBC Student/Elko • “They Changed Today” • Digital Photo

“I have been inspired this year to try something different – and art is what has spoken to me. I have been finding art in every state, in every home, and all around me.”

– Shania Cook
Heidi Stevens, GBC Student/Elko • “Saddle” • Digital Photo
Daniel Stevenson, GBC Student/Elko • “Gone to Seed” • Digital Photo
Gholley’s Breakfast

Gholley
the Gilly
keeper of my land.
   Slumbers contently
      ‘neath a canopy
         of evergreen tam.

   While out on the
      fence post,
         perching,
            Magpies spy.

   Yodeling softly,
      their eversome cry...
   “Have a European for Breakfast”
      my daughter once
         claimed
         ... the Birds sang.
   “Have a European for Breakfast”
      politely,
         patiently.
   “Have a European for Breakfast” they ask again
      as they wait.

   And to Magpies’ ears’
      soundless answers
         to query,

      They swoop,
         lightly down...
      Stiff legged, in unison,
         like Bridesmaids marching down,
            a diamond lit aisle,
      Made of Heaven sent snow.
      Leaving angel-winged marks
         to the glittering show.

   Determinedly striding to the altar,
      they traverse to the
      old cat’s bowl.
   “Breakfast is Served”

   While my old cat, Gholley the Gilly,
      keeper of my wee spot of
         land.

   Indeed...
      slumbers in La La Land...
         ‘neath a canopy of evergreen tam.

   Only to dream...
      of Having Europeans for Breakfast.

---

Tanya L. Stokes • GBC Staff/Spring Creek
Sidne Teske, Community Member/Tuscarora • “Winter at the Stone House” • Soft Pastels
Katy Cooper, Community Member/Spring Creek • “Whispy Winter” • Digital Photo
Cindy Joyce, Community Member/Wells • “A Buttery Glow in Winter’s Snow” • Digital Photo
Into the White

I drove my cat to her death today, Devi yowling in her crate on the passenger seat of my rig, my fingers touching through the crate holes, hoping my love and gratitude would travel like lightning to her heart. She quieted as we rose over the low hills between home and the high destination unknown to us.

I drove home empty crated today, yowling, tears striking my cheeks like lightning. My son came to bid Devi goodbye, his words to her so intimate it hurt to hear. And I, holding Devi still for final ministrations, lost myself in this great whiteness where thought and words end. I still don’t know how Devi and I merged in the white upon her death.

Devi came to me as a four-month-old kitten, pregnant already, bullied by a tomcat, crying at the thick wooden door of our house. I still don’t know how she talked through wood.

She delivered three kittens in my lap, looking into my eyes as labor began, asking me to explain to her this pain, that suddenness of kittens. I still don’t know how I comforted her.

Devi held me night after night for nine years after my husband died. She kneaded my chest until I put my forearm full length under her and held her neck and head in my hand. Her massage of purring, soft warmth of underbelly fur, and Braille of delicate bones decoded this huge beauty within her. I still don’t know how beauty caused me to hold on, hold on, hold on.

Devi had feline AIDS. Hard that last year was, diarrhea, skeletal thinness, crazed yowling, fleeing from the unseen down the hallway, hiding shoe deep in the closet, and at last an exhausted slide into sleep crimped by pain. I fought and fought to heal her until she jumped on my bed one last time and held me after almost a year’s absence. She told me it was time and mine to do, the mechanics of release. I still don’t know how she threaded through my thick denial.

Last week I drove to Sacramento to help a friend deal with a painful rejection. I saw Devi walk across the top of my friend’s refrigerator. For real. With my very eyes. I still don’t know how this works, just that the whiteness is now larded with the luminous gold of her eyes.

Katie Glennon • Community Member/Elko
Khatlyn Micheli, GBC Student/Carlin • “The Night is White” • Digital Photo
Megan Frandsen, GBC Student/Elko • “Wild One” • Watercolor
Secret

She sits across from me uncomfortably shifting her weight in the well-worn couch cushion. Crimson nails strum nervously against the ceramic cup held close, not for warmth, but for courage. The tang of morning coffee and stale nicotine wafts across the table as she leans in. Our eyes lock, hers pleading with silent intensity.

Every indelicate detail of her recent transgression rolls wickedly through garnet-stained lips. I feign indifference, preserving my empathetic facade. Feeling the electric pulse of delight begin to swell.

She who is adored by all and wears her Chanel suit so well. After bearing two perfect children, she has not let herself go. Yet has gone farther than I could ever imagine.

Her shoulders sag and her eyes dull with resignation as she concludes her sordid tale. I breathe it in slowly, chest compressed, crushed under the weight of the secret. It begins to fester almost immediately after the telling of it.

Ami Rogers • GBC Staff/Battle Mountain
Switched
(an excerpt from the short story “Harmony’s Melody”)

Sassi dreaded her spring break. She wished to visit Ireland, to see grandpa again. Her father would never schedule the time off or allow mother and daughter a trip. Sassi watched the clock with trepidation. Time was up. She moved sluggishly, passing the bus. She spotted the Ford Grand Torino. A handsome man lounged behind the steering wheel, smiling. She sighed, climbing into the car. Father launched into a well-rehearsed sermon. Sassi tuned him out. It was about fitting in with her American neighbors.

“I took this week off.” Father said.

“Okay,” she replied hesitantly.

“Has mother been teaching you Gaelic?”

Mother was, but Father hated their heritage and forbid it. “No.”

He squinted skeptically, but remained silent.

One evening Sassi came into the kitchen. Mother was chopping onions and crying, a fresh bruise on her cheek. Sassi decided that her plan had to be put in motion tonight. Dinner was tense. Silverware chimed against plates and the cicadas chirped outside, punctuated by Father’s outbursts. He complained of the food, the used furniture, his daughter.

“Now or never,” she thought, as Father’s words lashed about the room.

Quickly she grabbed each parent by the wrist. Her hands barely closed around flesh when she released the power. Time slowed. Sassi drew in their emotions. Anger flowed up her right arm from her father. Fear slid up her left arm to mingle with the little girl’s own anxiety. Sassi forced anger into Mother and planted a double dose of fear into Father. It was time he knew what his family felt.

It was over in seconds. Sassi felt a wave of exhaustion consume her, but forced herself not to pass out. Polarity in the room had shifted. Mother was clenching a knife, knuckles white and angry. Her head jerked up and her eyes fixed on Father, as she released a guttural snarl. She launched herself at Father. His chair slid back with a chilling screech, tripping him as he backed away.

Sassi tried to cry out, but her body wouldn’t respond. She watched Mother attack Father. In relief Sassi noticed the projected fear slough from Father, being sucked into the ground. She waited for the same from Mother, but the energy didn’t dissipate. Sassi’s last image was Father trying to fend off a mad woman’s steak knife.
Sassi woke under the table, cold tile supporting her cheek. A crash of shattering glass pulled her attention to the far side of the kitchen. Mother hurtling curses and objects at the closed door to the living room. Sassi scuttled further under the table, back pressed against the wall, knees drawn to her chest. A wailing police siren halted Mother’s next toss.

“Fucking asshole! You called the police? Coward! Let them in, I’m sure they would love to hear what you’ve done to us!”

Red and blue lights bounced through the kitchen’s sliding glass door. Sassi could hear slamming car doors. Men’s voices came muffled through the window and dark figures were outlined by the flashing lights. Mother mumbled, eyes narrowed as she rifled through a drawer. Metal caught Sassi’s eye, reflecting her pale image on the broad flat surface of a large blade. Mother hid the blade behind her back when a voice called out.

“Mrs. Flint, this is Officer Gates. Open the door. No one needs to get hurt. Your husband is concerned for your daughter. Where is the girl?”

“My daughter?” Mother shouted. She rounded on Sassi, “Little bird, would you open the door?”

Her tone sent chills down Sassi’s spine. She unlocked the door and Gates pulled it open, herding Sassi outside. Sassi noticed his hand gripped on his weapon.

“Mrs. Flint, I need to see your hands.” Gates said. “Empty, at your side”

“Don’t give her to HIM. Whatever he told you, it’s a lie!” Mother spat.

“Final warning. Hands empty and at your side!” Gates commanded.

Sassi began to shake again. Three officers were in battle formation behind her. Sassi darted toward her mother intending to suck all emotion from the deranged woman. At the same time, Mother struck out. The woman slashed the air centimeters from the policeman’s face.

Sassi clamped a hand against her mother’s hand, drawing anger from her parent. At that moment Gates tugged Sassi’s arm. “No!” she thought as power flowed. As backup arrived Sassi was torn from her mother and dragged into a squad car. A shriek tore the night air, followed by a gun blast.

“Mommy! Mooooommmmyyy!” Sassi yelled, pounding on the window.
Debbie Heaton-Lamp, Community Member/Elko • “Sunflower Burst” • Watercolor
Martha Watson, GBC Student/Elko • “Family Walk” • Acrylic
Wanderlust

The world holds me lightly in its arms
and on dark nights
when clouds loom low
and stars pin up a heavy sky
I become its courier
traveling in silent radiance
to the moon
and beyond
to the very edge of nothingness
eavesdropping on angels
listening to their wings
cutting through the air
as if thumbing through the pages
of my latest book of songs.

Thelma Richie Homer • Community Member/Elko
Words...

torn from the mind
detailing life
spilling across the page
ordering chaotic thoughts
or creating havoc
Words...
brightened by hope
steeped in despair
jumbled together without reason
or perhaps that is their purpose
Would the meaning change if the ink were red?

---

Jana Tompkins • Community Member/Elko
“I caught the reflection of the sunset in the eye of my horse and, at that moment, was mesmerized by the image.”

– Genny Albitre