



2012 ARGENTUM

## ARGENTUM 2012

What is art? This is a timeless question best left to museum curators, art historians, testy critics, and creative types arguing fervently in smoke-filled bars. A more uncomplicated question may be “Why is there art?”

For those of you who are encouraged, entertained, educated, -- and maybe “bewitched, bothered and bewildered” -- the answer to “why” is as unique as each individual artist and each individual viewer.

As you turn the pages in this year’s Argentum, I hope you are intrigued by the interesting ways your fellow artists and authors view the world. You may find yourself asking, “What was the photographer thinking at the moment he or she triggered the shutter?” “Why does this author’s words make me question my beliefs?” “What did the bead maker feel at the moment a flower blossomed from the flame?”

The world is full of questions. Perhaps art invites us to seek out answers. *Enjoy.*



Wendy Porter, Community member ▪ “Peace” ▪ Watercolor

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**Cover:** Kristen Frantzen Orr, *Grasshopper Kaleidoscope*



Lorraine Giurlani, GBC student ▪ “Wall Mirror” ▪ Photograph



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**GBC Foundation**

Special thanks to Karen Dannehl and Tanya Stokes for their help in guiding the creation of Argentum 2012, and to David Orr and Kristen Frantzen Orr for bead photography.

Kudos to Marin Wendell and Erin Radermacher of Everything Elko for their support of local arts and help in producing Argentum 2012.



## ARGENTUM SELECTION COMMITTEE – 2012

Thanks to the following community members who gave so generously of their time to select this year's submissions for Argentum. Your volunteered efforts and expertise are greatly appreciated.

- **Bailey Billington**, Advocate for the Arts

Bailey Billington was born and raised in Elko, Nevada. She has been involved in visual art from a young age including singing and playing the flute in band and in her church. She began acting in theatre productions at Great Basin College while in high school and also performed in many plays while attending GBC. She also took up photography as a GBC student. After graduating with an Associate of Arts, Billington transferred to Northern Arizona University where she studied Anthropology and Photography, and completed her Bachelor of Arts degree. Billington returned to Elko and continued acting with the Silver Stage Players. Today, she is a member of the City of Elko Arts and Culture Advisory Board, Rotary International and works for the American Red Cross. She enjoys working on her photography portfolio and on her many hobbies with her family and new son.

- **Richard Hooton**, Author

Richard Hooton was born and raised in southern Idaho, spending his early years on his grandfather's ranch near Sun Valley. A member of Western Writers of America, he is the author of the acclaimed historical fiction novel, *Soldier Hollow*, and his most recent release, *The Lamb Cart*. He still maintains his roots in the Intermountain West, and is currently a resident of Elko, Nevada, where he is researching and working on his next novel, *The Mustang Riders*.

- **Lynne Kistler**, Artist

Lynne Kistler was born in Washington D.C., and raised in Reno, Nevada. She is a fifth-generation Nevadan. She graduated from the University of Nevada Reno, with a Bachelor of Arts degree and a Masters in Art Education. Kistler taught high school art for 30 years in Reno. She then moved to Lamoille to ride and drive her horses, and teach art at Great Basin College. She enjoys creating her own artwork and is now getting ready for her own art show at the Northeastern Nevada Museum next year.

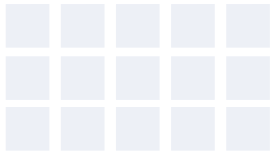
- **Gene Russell**, Photographer

Gene Russell was born in northern California. Growing into his musical self, his early creations were of notes, not prints. Russell found his passion as a photographer while in Houston, Texas. Since the early 1980's he has been sculpting his craft in fashion, portraiture and product photography. His client list includes the Queen of England, both Bush presidents, as well as notable film stars. Russell settled in Elko with his late wife, Karen, and now calls Elko County home.



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Kristen Frantzen Orr and Gail Rappa, GBC faculty ▪ “Shades of Green”  
▪ Flameworked glass bead, sterling silver, green moonstone



## Metamorphosis

Cold, hard rods of trapped color  
Coaxed into the intensity of dancing flame  
Molten wraps of vivid hues  
Flowing, reacting, merging  
Creativity once hidden, now transparent  
Uniquely formed, its shape emerges  
Placed within the kiln it rests  
Time to strengthen, to anneal  
Still glass, yet transformed  
The bead emerges

Lois Ports ▪ GBC student

“There is something very mesmerizing  
about working with molten glass to  
create small works of art.”

– Lois Ports, GBC student



Kristen Frantzen Orr and Gail Rappa, GBC faculty ▪ “Blossoms” ▪ Flameworked glass bead, sterling silver, amethyst







Ann Hagland, GBC student ▪ "Begonia Bug" ▪ Frameworked glass focal bead sculpture

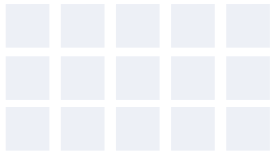
Making glass beads satisfies a need to use my hands to produce something that pleases me, challenges me and always has a bit of whimsy.

– Ann Hagland, GBC student



Megan Anderson, GBC student ▪ "Breaking Dawn" ▪ Photograph





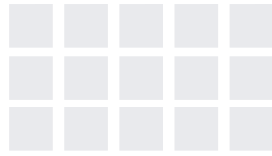
## Performance

It must have been wonderful once  
no lines tying us to false light,  
when nothing blighted the landscape  
when on a dark night  
one leg at a time  
the moon  
stepping out onto a stage  
pinpricked only with stars  
strutted her stuff  
like an old burlesque queen  
blowing kisses  
beaming promises  
revealing not quite everything  
leaving us wanting more.  
Oh,  
Moon...

## Solutions

Pillories!  
Centered in the town square  
head and hands locked in wood  
exposed to public scorn:  
Pillories!  
What a good idea  
for  
wily politicians  
priests that prey  
lawbreakers  
jawbreakers  
errant husbands  
run-away brides  
prodigal sons  
wolves in sheep's clothing  
snakes in the grass  
maybe even  
bad cooks!  
Pillories!  
WHAT  
A  
GOOD  
IDEA!

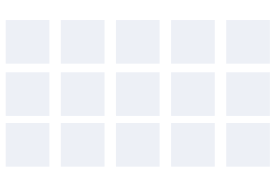
Thelma Richie Homer • Community Member



Karen Dannehl, GBC student ▪ "Turkish Delight" ▪ Jewelry - Necklace Argentium Silver



## The Sound of Heaven



All of the players, all of the singers are lined up.  
No tuning was required, no practice was needed.  
Their faces are bright, their smiles are wide.  
Each is prepared to give all that they have.

And suddenly, without hesitation, it begins.  
A low rumble is heard from thousands of drums.  
A hum comes forth from a million throats.  
Slowly, each instrument enters in turn.

Pianos and Organs, Trumpets and Tubas,  
Mandolins and Violins, Guitars and Sitaras,  
Flutes and Piccolos, Chimes and Harps,  
All of the instruments that ever were join together.

Millions of voices, never missing a verse,  
Millions of fingers, never missing a note,  
Millions of drummers, never missing a beat,  
Millions of players, never missing a step.

Each one is perfectly tuned, perfectly together.  
Each one is amplified by the stars themselves,  
Resonating with the music, giving praise to the Creator.  
It lasts for days, the players never tiring or slowing.

The song is brand new, never heard before,  
Yet the players know it all, through and through.  
Impossible to imagine, yet fully realized in an instant.  
Soon after it ends, another, more astonishing song begins.

William Becker ■ GBC student/staff



Jeannie Rosenthal, GBC student ▪ "Sarah" ▪ Jewelry - Bracelet, Copper, silver, brass and stone

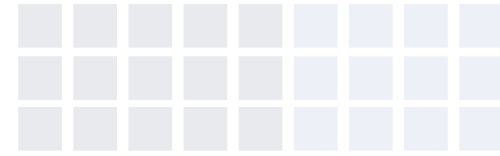




Wendy Porter, Community member ▪ “Anniversary Quilt”  
▪ Quilt, Cotton



Wendy Porter, Community member ▪ “Michele’s Pastels”  
▪ Quilt, Cotton

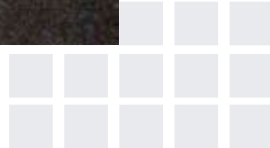


Incorporating old fabrics and recycling clothing into useful creations has been a welcome challenge. Creating a quilt from a 50-year-old maid-of-honor gown brought back pleasant memories.

– Wendy Porter, Community member



Allan Fisk, GBC student ▪ "Mandala" ▪ Colored pencil on black paper







Summer Callender, GBC student ▪ "Mandala" ▪ Colored pencil on black paper

## Lullaby No. Thirty-something

There is meaning  
in the mediocrity of days  
Listening close enough  
to hear its humming through the seemingly endless  
pointless, repetitious minutes  
of the day

That,  
the listening  
and actually hearing,  
is the most difficult daily task

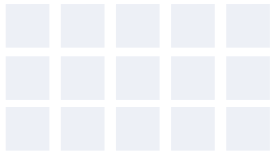
But if I am still enough  
a thin line  
of colorful sound vibrates—  
Often briefly  
Always beautifully—  
and if I chose to listen,  
soft transcendental truths  
alight upon heart and mind

---

I'm rocking my baby boy to sleep  
His head rests, restless on my chest  
tossing left, tossing right  
fighting sleep, welcoming stillness, drifting between

I notice the books on the shelf  
are falling over  
There is an urge to straighten them  
-Immediately-  
Then to tackle the basket of laundry  
sleeping on my daughter's bed  
where she should at the time be resting  
But she is drifting between sleep and awake  
Lying with her father  
in the living room, spilling over with the day's clutter





So many unfinished tasks  
are falling over  
Like books on a shelf  
Urging to be straightened  
So many unfinished chores  
collecting dust in the corners of our house  
In the cracks of my day  
Perceptions of who I am and wanted to be  
slipping through imagined crevices  
-My soul retreats thinking about it all-

---

In one small flicker  
my son's breathing slows  
Peacefully drifts  
His head no longer tossing  
but resting on my chest  
My breath involuntarily follows  
In out in out, breathe...

Our body heat sticky this dusk of summer night  
Yet he turns in to nuzzle closer  
and I, too, nestle into our swarthy cocoon

The books will fall over again  
One basket of laundry will be replaced  
by another  
The unfinished mediocrity  
of the day continues  
to stagnate all around me  
But this

*This*  
transcends tedious daily drudgery  
Inside this sticky cocoon  
there is humming – glorious soft humming

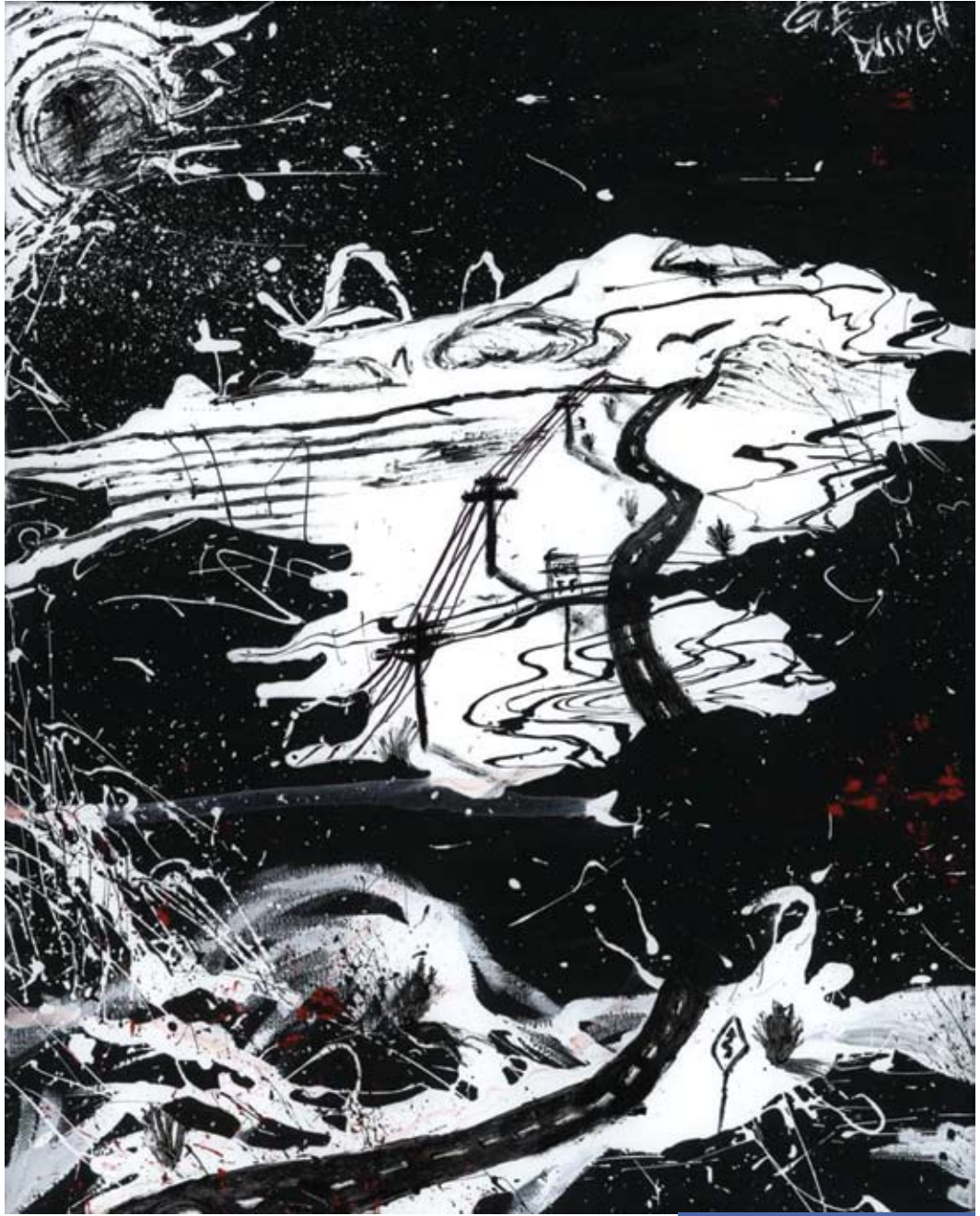
Jennifer Pierce • GBC faculty



G. Edward Winch, GBC student ■ "Mojave" ■ Acrylic

I'm a free range artist practicing in cartoons, illustrations, caricatures, psychedelic paintings, and photography. I'm always exploring new ways to express art.

– G. Edward Winch, GBC student

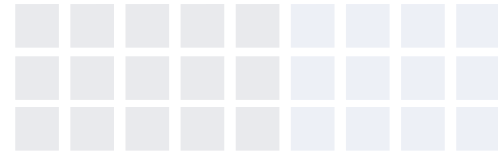


G. Edward Winch, GBC student ▪ "Horizon" ▪ Acrylic, Ink



Patricia Gray, Community member ▪ "Old Fishing Boat, Walker Lake, Nevada" ▪ Acrylic, Ink on Clayboard



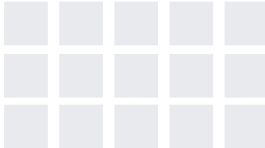


It's a lifelong ambition —  
pursuing fine art. Among  
my favorite subjects are  
landscapes depicting the  
solitude of Nevada.

– Patricia Gray, Community member



Ruth Collins, Community member ▪ "Grackles" ▪ Photograph







Cindy Joyce, Community member ▪ "Protecting the Young" ▪ Photograph

"I believe photography is a unique form  
of art that reflects one's soul."

– Cindy Joyce, Community member



Roger Hockemier, Community member ▪ "Beach" ▪ Photograph





Gayla Rockwell, GBC Student ▪ "The Shack" ▪ Photograph

## ■ Three Poems About You ■

### The Resentments You Carry

You face an elevator  
holding your resentments,  
grudges and angers  
folded and packed.  
You press the button.  
The door slides open.  
You step inside.  
“I’m free,” you say  
as you speed up or down.  
You think you know  
what floor you’re on.  
You think the baggage  
is gone.

Wherever you are,  
you hold resentments  
next to your heart,  
near where you breathe.

### Your Life Passes

Your life passes  
before your eyes  
behind your back.

Your life passes,  
like the guy says,  
while on your way  
somewhere else.

Your life passes  
as you grasp at straws  
arrange chairs  
on sinking ships

Your life passes  
regardless of time zones  
or metronomes.

And the ticking  
of your days  
marks wasted time  
and useless ways.

## Your Life Is Scattered on the Lawn

Carrying a well-packed  
U-Haul box to the car,  
you trip over the hose,  
fall flat and hard, arms out,  
as if to thrust a desperate gift  
on anybody passing by.

The street is empty.

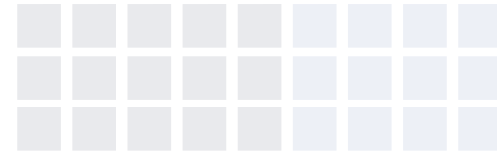
No one walks a dog,  
rides past on a bike.

No one stoops to help.

Your life is scattered on the lawn,  
in the gutter.

Your photos blow away from you.

You look at the contents  
spilled from the box  
important only an hour ago  
and cry and cry  
for your life and your stuff.

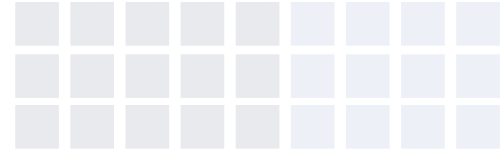


Nancy Harris McLelland ▪ Community member





Susan Summer Elliott, Community member ▪ "Ink Blue" ▪ Photograph





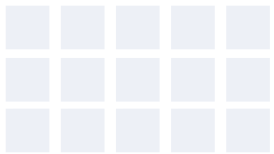
Will Barber, Community member ▪ “Homestead Under Storm Clouds” ▪ Photograph

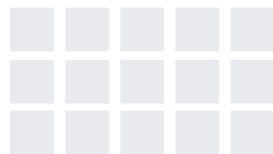






Isaac Duran, GBC student ▪ "Eyes of a Stranger" ▪ Photograph



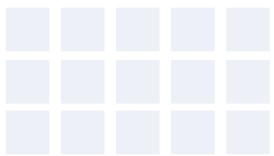


Janet Sanchez, GBC student ▪ "Black Hat" ▪ Photograph





Ron Richardson, Community member ▪ "Springtime in NE Nevada" ▪ Photograph



## The Generator

We have a place on Jackstone Creek  
At the foot of the Adobe Hills.  
It's nothing big or fancy,  
But for us it fills the bill.

It's not the Rubies or Lamoille,  
But there's beauty to be had.  
We have a creek that flows year 'round;  
For Nevada that's not bad.

There's trees along the driveway;  
The green's a pretty sight.  
The generator shed's in back.  
Life is good when things go right.

But with the good there's problems too,  
And we've had our share of those.  
Two miles of road become two miles of mud  
When it thaws after the snows.

But the problem that I dread the most  
(I've come to hate the sound)  
Is my wife calling me at work,  
"The generator's down."

Now I'm not a good mechanic  
But there's a little bit I know  
I'd best go home and take a look;  
Perhaps I can make it go.

First I snug down all the bolts;  
The wires all seem tight.  
But I guess I missed the problem,  
'Cause something sure ain't right.

My five-year-old comes out to help.  
"Daddy, why won't the engine turn?"  
I smile at him; I'm glad he's here.  
"Son, that's what we're trying to learn."

Together we check it out;  
I poke and probe and pry.  
But it seems past my ability  
To find the reason why.

So I call my friend Bret Murphy,  
He knows this stuff more than me.  
"That valve below the solenoid  
Don't seem right to me."

Of course it's not stocked in Elko,  
So I phone up Salt Lake.  
"We'll put it on the bus tonight,  
Same model, number, make."

Next day at noon Greyhound calls,  
"Your parts have just come in."  
I hurry down to pick them up,  
Then go right home again.

This doesn't seem too difficult,  
Pull off the old, put in the new.  
But the diesel still won't start,  
Guess there's something else to do.

I go through it all again once more,  
It ought to start, but no.  
I recheck everything I've done  
But I still can't make it go.

My wife come out, "Can I help?"  
"No," snarling, I growl.  
She calls away my helper,  
"We'll leave dad alone for now."

I take it apart, redo it all;  
This time should do the trick.  
But when I try to start it,  
It still won't move a lick.

"Dammit." I stomp outside the shed,  
Throw the wrench across the yard.  
"This --- ---- thing's a piece of ----."  
It shouldn't be this hard.

Then I look to the western sky;  
The sun is getting low.  
Perhaps I ought to try a prayer,  
I've done all else I know.

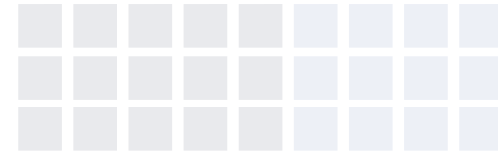
"Dear Lord, I don't deserve it,  
For my family, please, not me."  
Then I face the generator;  
"Now START, you S.O.B."

I've done all that I can do;  
I'll try it just once more.  
Then wonder upon wonder,  
The old diesel starts to roar.

I go inside to wash my hands  
And my wife's not quite so grim.  
My little boy is happy;  
Dad's a hero, still, to him.

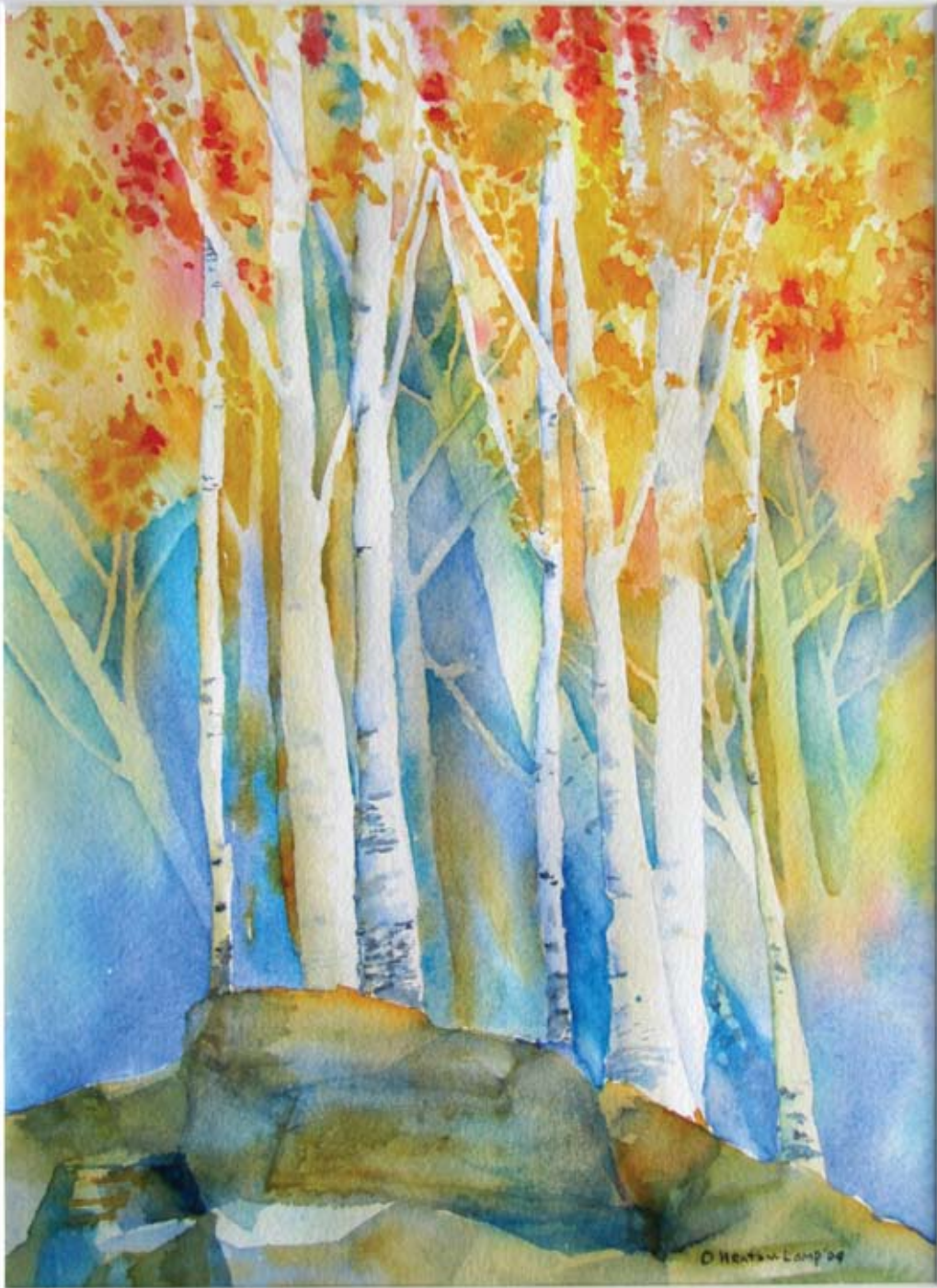
But I know I didn't start it;  
It was the words I spoke out there.  
But you, the listener, can decide,  
Was it the cussing or the prayer?

Dan Thurston ▪ Community member

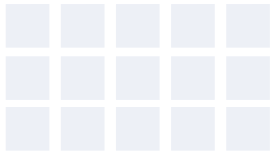


My poems are literally true –  
an attempt to find romance in  
modern, everyday life.

– Dan Thurston, Community Member



Debbie Heaton-Lamp, Community member ▪ "Lamoille Aspens" ▪ Watercolor



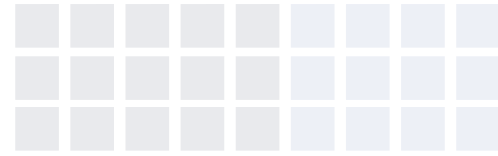
Mary Ann Plavi, GBC student ▪ “Pogonip” ▪ Photograph







Megan Anderson, GBC student ■ “Perky and A Poppin’!” ■ Photograph



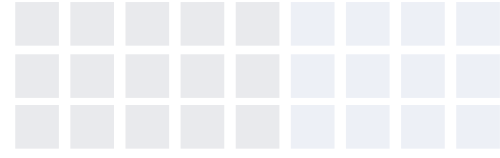
I’ve always been ‘that girl with the camera...always wanting to capture the memories. My children are my constant inspiration, as are the moon, flowers and nature in general.

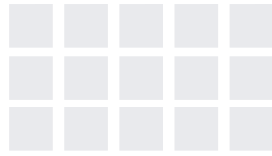
– Megan Anderson, GBC student





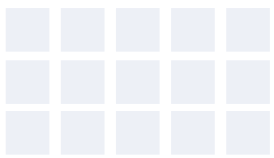
Jim Briggs, GBC staff ■ "Fall Bloom" ■ Photograph





Paige Allen, Community member ▪ “Fall Woods” ▪ Photograph





Michele Barney, Community member ▪ “Up in the Air” ▪ Photograph

## Summer Air

Summer Air, Simple, Subtle, Saturating

Frigid, bitter, expansive lake below

Building audacity to make that leap

Standing on this intimidating cliff

Trying not to look below

Just force myself off

Force myself into the abyss beneath

It always looks so much higher

From the tippy top

Always looks so much more intimidating

Instigating, irrational, implacable

Falling, feeling fearless, flailing

Lightening I feel in the floor of my stomach,

lightening I crave so deeply

My body's disbelief that my mind actually did it

Then SPLAT. The water welcomes me

Will this deepening water like me too much?

Mercilessly want to keep me all to itself?

Then I break through that barrier to the vital oxygen

And take the deepest, most genuine breath of my life.

I feel SO alive

Living, Laughter, Lustrous

Kendra Thompson ▪ GBC staff





Kendra Thompson, GBC staff ▪ "Taking the Leap" ▪ Photograph

