

2015 ARGENTUM

INTRODUCTION

In the 2013 movie *Words and Pictures*, two instructors at an upscale prep school – one of them a writer/poet, the other a successful painter – spark a school wide debate about what is more important: images or the written word.

The artist and art teacher, played by Juliette Binoche, tells her Honors Art students that “words are lies” and that only art speaks the truth.

The writer and English teacher, played by Clive Owen, unnerved when his Honors English students voice their support of “pictures” over “words,” launches into a defense of language and its ability to change the course of lives and governments.

The art-word debate escalates, eventually culminating in a “War on Words” assembly, where Honors Art and English students ask their school mates to decide which has more impact, more value, and more worth – words or pictures?

Through the students’ point and counterpoint defense of words and pictures, they challenge all pupils, and all movie viewers, to choose for themselves between the power of an artistic image and the power of the written word.

*“A picture is worth a thousand words. Anonymous,”
declares one student.*

*“There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away.
Emily Dickenson,” counters another.*

*“Shakespeare’s portrait appeared on his portfolio,” says one student.
“He wrote ‘Reader, look not at this picture, but at this book.’”*

*Another student, “What is the use of a book, said Alice,
without pictures?” Lewis Carroll.”*

In the end, the teacher/poet quotes Marcel Proust, acknowledging that it is “only through art that we can know what another person sees.” He calls for a truce, and a coming together of words and pictures.

While the movie garnered mixed reviews for its own effective use of words and pictures, no critic seemed to fault the premise – that language and artistic expression matter.

Argentum welcomes the words and pictures of our students, faculty, staff and community members, no matter where they are on their creative journeys. The sharing of stories and ideas, artistically and in written form, can help individuals make sense of their lives, and expose us collectively to new ways of looking at our daily world.

Great Basin College’s Virtual Humanities Center (VHC) is a new resource for educators, students and community members appreciative of new ideas. The VHC can be found at <http://humanities.gbcnv.edu>. The Center’s mission is “to collect, curate, and cultivate humanities for rural Nevada,” and it hopes to become a resource for people seeking “the unique contributions the Humanities make through innovation, ideas, the arts, and culture.”

The committee spearheading the development of Humanities resources and classes are convinced that the Humanities matter, and are important to the world of the 21st Century. Take a look and see why.

ARGENTUM 2015

I would like to extend a special “Thank You” to the *2015 Argentum Steering Committee*. Tanya Stokes’s hard work, Patty Fox’s arts expertise, Karen Kimber’s willingness to “do publicity,” Toni Milano’s photography skills, and Josh Webster’s editing eye have been welcomed and valued.

GBC instructors Patty Fox, Cynthia Delaney, Kristen Frantzen Orr, Gail Rappa and Deb Finley have my deep appreciation for their support, not only of Argentum, but of the students who turn to them for guidance in bringing beautiful creations into the world. To both Frank Sawyer and Tim Beasley, who navigate pesky computer issues in times of crisis, you guys are lifesavers! To Angie de Braga and the ACE Committee, who all work diligently to bring cultural events to the campus and community, thanks for including Argentum on your list of worthwhile projects. A final thanks to the Academic Success Center and director Ping Wang for providing Argentum “office” and storage space, and all ASC staffers who graciously answered questions from people seeking information about Argentum throughout the year.

Kudos to Marin Wendell and Erin Radermacher of *Everything Elko* for production and design assistance.

- Lora Minter, Editor

THANK YOU S

Argentum thanks the college’s Arts and Cultural Enrichment (ACE) Committee for their support of this publication and all things “artsy” on campus.

ACE’s mission is to organize programs and events that expose GBC communities to diverse experiences, cultures, and viewpoints. ACE fosters a spirit of inquiry, creativity, and reflection at Great Basin College with emphasis on:

Live Performing Arts | Humanities Speakers | The Great Basin College Film Festival
Exhibits & Events at the GBC Art Gallery
Argentum – GBC’s Literary & Creative Arts Publication

Visit www.gbcnv.edu/ace for updates on upcoming cultural events.

Contact Angie de Braga at the GBC Continuing Education Department at 775-753-2231 for info on:

ARGENTUM 2016

Theme: Design for the Human Spirit (*Cash award to the submission that best depicts the theme.*)

Website: <http://gbcnv.edu/argentum> **Email:** argentum@gbcnv.edu

Cover Art:

Shelby Wilson/Spring Creek, GBC Art 100 - Beginning Drawing Student

■ “Curls and Glasses” ■ Pencil (Photo by Toni Milano)



IN APPRECIATION

Three years ago, when GBC President Mark Curtis moved to Elko, he brought with him his wife of 43 years, (who was also his high school sweetheart), and an appreciation for the art of stained glass making.

In 2012 the couple left Michigan, a state they called home for more than six decades, trading rainfall for desert, lakes for peaks. Curtis's wife Margaret says the couple fell in love with Nevada mountains, and that love inspired the creation of an 18-foot by 3-foot stained glass landscape scene now displayed in their home.

Curtis created seven, free standing, stained glass panels in order to make up the mountain and foothill scene. This is one of almost 50 major stained glass creations he has finished since taking up glass making in a community education class 30 years ago.

Curtis has said that his interest in stained glass was spurred by a desire to repair broken glass windows in a Michigan church he attended. After his wife signed him up for a stained glass class, he discovered the real joy a finished piece of art brings to others.

"With stained glass, both the end product and the hands-on process of creation, are so satisfying," he says.

As a community college graduate, Curtis believes deeply in access to higher education. As a stained glass artist, he believes the real beauty of the medium is the positive effect it has on others.

Argentum thanks President Curtis for his support of artists and authors. This publication is funded by the GBC Office of the President.



Mark Curtis/Elko, GBC President ■ "Mountain Range and Foothills" ■ Stained Glass, Lead Came, Zinc

ARGENTUM SELECTION COMMITTEE - 2015

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 are appreciated.



LORETTA REED,

Photographer and Educator

Loretta Reed graduated from the University of Nevada, Reno with a Bachelor’s Degree in both Biology and English. She has taught English in the Elko County School District for 29 years, and photography at Spring Creek High School for 20 years. She strives to impart a love of photography and the ability to truly see the world around us to her students. Reed began teaching photography as part of her yearbook adviser position and quickly

developed a lifelong love of capturing images through a lens. She takes portrait and event photos as a sideline and hopes to pursue photography as a second career when she retires.

Reed’s photos have been published on the cover of a number of magazines. She loves to take images of the Nevada landscape.

MARSHA DAVIS, Curator and Art Lover

Marsha Davis, a retired draftsman, Nevada native, and local area resident for 45 years, is a lifelong student of art who continues to learn about art everywhere she goes. As curator of Sierra Java’s art exhibits for the past 10 years, Davis is familiar with local artists and the abundance of talent in our community. She says Sierra Java is one of the few places in the area that will allow artists to exhibit their work for 90 days. These “one-man shows” provide artists exposure and the opportunity to get community feedback.



NANCY HARRIS MCLELLAND,

Poet and Educator

A seasoned and “user-friendly” college writing instructor, Nancy Harris McLelland has conducted writing workshops in collaboration with the Western Folklife Center, Great Basin College, and the Great Basin Writing Project. An Elko County native with a background in ranching, McLelland has presented her *Poems from Tuscarora* at both daytime and evening events at the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering. She currently publishes essays and poetry monthly on her literary blog

“Writing from Space” and conducts weekend writing retreats at her home in Tuscarora.

Additional info at www.tuscarora-writers-retreats.com.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Artist	Title	Page
Shelby Wilson	<i>Curls and Glasses</i>	Cover
Debra Zoback	<i>Twist and Shout</i>	7
Gail Rappa/Kristen Frantzen Orr	<i>Infinite</i>	8
Adam Minter	<i>Christmas in the Eye of a Child</i>	9
Frank Daniels	<i>Choosing the Right Path</i>	10
Gretchen Greiner	<i>Serial Bundling #5, #4, #6</i>	11
Lois Ports	<i>Strutting Along</i>	12
Joshua Webster	<i>Starkmoor College Facts: Alina Zoya Ilkin</i>	13
Nicci M. Freeman	<i>I Had Always Meant To...</i>	14
Sidnie Miller	<i>Jewelry Artist's Chatelaine</i>	16
Simone Marie Turner	<i>Fleur de Lis Shield</i>	17
Amelia Torrance	<i>Flight II</i>	18
Ashley Mendoza	<i>Industrial Bridge</i>	19
Jessica Smith	<i>A Divine Map</i>	20
Debbie Heaton-Lamp	<i>Tahoe Treasures</i>	21
Sally Haueter Rampe	<i>Goldilocks Bracelet</i>	22
Jennifer Stieger	<i>Place & Nature</i>	23
Lynne Volpi	<i>Mountain Majesty</i>	24
Patricia Gray	<i>Bristlecone III</i>	26
Dan Thurston	<i>The Backside of Summer</i>	27
Jolina Adams	<i>Reba Cluckintire</i>	28
Norman Whittaker	<i>Warmth</i>	29
Thelma Richie Homer	<i>Jukebox Blues</i>	30
Ryan Douglass	<i>This Side of the Glass</i>	31
Karen Blair	<i>Argentum 2015</i>	32
Patty Fox	<i>Goats at the Home Ranch</i>	34
Cynthia Delaney	<i>Spirits</i>	35
Jeffie Mackey	<i>Life Comes from Above</i>	36
Jessica Smith	<i>Claim Staker's Lament</i>	37
Arthur Asson	<i>The Worst Gospel Singer</i>	38
Michelle King	<i>Symbol and Flowers</i>	39
Julie Wallace	<i>Timeless</i>	40
Krys Munzing	<i>Sylvan II</i>	41
Paul Bowen	<i>Ready to Play</i>	42
Shawn Collins	<i>Beaded Woman's Gauntlets</i>	43
Cindy Joyce	<i>Contemplation</i>	44
Kari Denham	<i>Thin Walls</i>	45
Brendan Abel	<i>Tunnel</i>	46
Frank Henley	<i>Shed</i>	47
Frank L. Sawyer	<i>My Love is Like a CPU</i>	48
Troy Edler	<i>Star Love</i>	49
Cami Stephenson	<i>Bowling Reflections</i>	50
Angie de Braga	<i>Old Dodge</i>	51
Niki Jonson	<i>Hummingbird</i>	52
Gaye Terras	<i>Nature's Wonder</i>	53
Sarah Nahnacassia	<i>Spring Showers</i>	54
Ann Hagland	<i>Nature's Abstract #1</i>	55
Mike McFarlane	<i>West Avenue Tuscarora, Nevada</i>	56
Diane Rice	<i>Hand Coin</i>	57
Sarah Sweetwater	<i>A Travel Trilogy</i>	58
Kathi Griffis	<i>In the Spotlight</i>	59
Kacie Ortiz	<i>Corsair</i>	60
Maggie Corbari	<i>Ole Nevada</i>	61
Adam McKinney	<i>Laying One Down</i>	62
Meghan Rich	<i>Motorcross</i>	63



Debra Zoback/Lovelock, Community Member ■ “Twist and Shout” ■ Glass Beads

“Beading is a natural extension of my long fascination with stippling and pointillism. There are so many stitches, variations and applications. Add all those gorgeous bead colors and what can be done in such a small space is simply amazing.” ■ Debra Zoback



Gail Rappa/Tuscarora, GBC Faculty **Kristen Frantzen Orr/Spring Creek,**
GBC Faculty ■ "Infinite" ■ Sterling Silver, Flameworked Glass *(Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)*



Adam Minter/Elko, Community Member ▪ “Christmas in the Eye of a Child” ▪ Digital Photo



“Creating art provides a space and place where everything else disappears except for the flow of the paint and the image that appears.”

▪ Debbie Heaton-Lamp



Choosing the Right Path

Two roads diverged in a different wood.
One way was bad while the other was good.
A villain had taken the old road sign.
Which way to choose was for us to find.

We talked and we chatted, but neither knew
Which way was false or which was true.
Then you pointed left and I pointed right.
We started to argue and began to fight.

So you stormed off in the one direction.
THAT was the path that would lead to protection.
And I went the other way. I didn't know why.
Perhaps I was lured by the deep blue sky.

I looked back at you, and I saw you go
Into howling winds and blowing snow.
My way was better, or so I felt told,
But then it got dark and grew very cold.

It must be too late to turn back, we thought.
So we each pressed onward, but all for naught.
For I realized as I growled at the weather
That the right path to take was the one together.

Frank Daniels/Ely ■ GBC Faculty



Gretchen Greiner/Elko, GBC Jewelry II Student ■ "Serial Bundling #5, #4, #6" ■ Pressure Formed Copper, Bone, Alcohol Ink, Torch Patina (Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)





Lois Ports/Elko, Beginning Glass Beadmaking and Jewelry II Student ■ “Strutting Along”
■ Copper, Brass, Enamel, Flameworked Glass (Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)

“We are the stories we tell ourselves; the world is an
anthology. Tell worthwhile stories.”

■ Joshua Webster

Starkmoor College Facts: Alina Zoya Ilkin

APPROVED FOR POSTING BY STARKMOOR PUBLIC RELATIONS & MARKETING

At the age of 148 years, Ms. Alina Ilkin is the oldest person on Starkmoor's historic campus.

Alina's preservation, conducted anonymously and in violation of law, informed the work of Dr. Abrikosov, the embalmer of V.I. Lenin.

Sergei Korotkin, the famed author of novels, short stories, and dramatic works, paid to preserve his long-time lover's corpse as he could not continue to write "without the heavenly presence of my [his] radiant muse." He paid an estimated 1600 rubles, more than \$50,000 (adjusted for inflation), for the unsavory work upon her death in 1910.

Friends and colleagues report Korotkin kept Alina in her airtight glass case in his study, wedged between a teak curio cabinet and a bookshelf housing his first editions.

A number of colleges and universities in the United States and Europe expressed interest in Korotkin's papers, but only Starkmoor President Ferguson Whitehall agreed to house Alina along with the author's writings, an inviolable condition of their possession.

P.T. Barnum offered Kortokin's representatives \$20,000 for Ms. Ilkin alone, expressing no interest in the rest of the estate.

During the culture wars of the late 'Eighties and early 'Nineties, when faculty and students demanded Alina receive a proper burial, current Starkmoor President, Reginald Wilbur, refused, stating Korotkin "was a very important author."

Despite his intention to join Alina at Starkmoor ostensibly in eternal repose, Korotkin never left the Soviet Union. Imprisoned on charges of subversion, he died in a remote gulag, the location of his remains unmarked or recorded.

Alina arrived at Starkmoor College in the winter of 1932 and spent the spring term in the Vanderbilt Library's Atrium. When concerns about UV damage arose, administrators ordered her remanded to the third floor archive space.

Currently, Alina holds honorary memberships in every fraternity and sorority on campus as well as a number of campus clubs not including ROTC.

As part of a particularly raucous Christmas party in 1952, members of the faculty and administration including writer-in-residence William Faulkner reportedly awarded Alina with an honorary doctorate

in a makeshift ceremony, but no official record of this exists.

Named in over eight hundred scholarly articles, dissertations, and books, Ms. Ilkin has the longest curricula vitae of any Starkmoor faculty member.

Marcel DuChamp once referred to Alina Ilkin as, "the foremost exquisite corpse."

Three poems by Adrienne Rich reference Alina.

Paul McCartney's original sketch for the cover of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* included Starkmoor's revered lady, but Blake and Haworth left her out of the final design.

In a letter to Harold Bloom, Philip Roth claimed that during his week-long visit to Starkmoor in 1986 menacing dreams of Alina Ilkin haunted his sleep. John Updike, who visited in 1982, claimed to have "slept like a baby."

In a 2010 interview, Slovenian philosopher Slavoj Zizek stated he has intermittently worked on a monograph examining Ilkin as an artifact of the postmodern subject.

Eve Ensler has, reportedly, sought financial backing for a play entitled *Dollmadder* examining the relationship of the woman and author through the lens of both Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Ibsen's *A Doll's House*.

Alina Ilkin's middle name, Zoya, translates as "life," an irony equally preserved.

The funding for Alina's upkeep comes from a special endowment established for this sole purpose in 1943. Most of the donors chose to remain anonymous.

The birth and death records of Alina Ilkin have been lost to antiquity, victims of the Bolshevik Revolution.

Despite the overwhelming shadow Alina cast over Korotkin's life, his writings offer few (some would argue disturbingly so) references to her personal life, history, and habits.

Though circumstantial evidence supports the assertion Ms. Ilkin studied ballet, scholars of pathology and mummification suggest any present jarring, intentional or otherwise, would result in severe and catastrophic erosion of the skin and musculature to a degree they describe as "horrific."

Alina Zoya Ilkin is on view to the public during regular archive hours and by special appointment.

Joshua Webster/Elko ■ GBC Faculty

I Had Always Meant To...



He wandered up from the stream with a defeated look and came to sit beside me.

"I didn't catch anything."

"I didn't think you would. Fish were all done biting hours ago."

We sat in silence for a while, the bubbling and gurgling of the stream resounding in the background. I could hear his heavy breathing. It was so close to my ear that it sounded like the wind that beat at our doors and windows last fall when the biggest hurricane of the season hit on the first day of school.

I reached down beside me and came up with a plastic water bottle that was slick from condensation. I unscrewed the lid and lifted the rim of the bottle to my lips and drank greedily. When I had had my fill, I offered the bottle to him.

"Troy, do you want some water? It's awful hot out here."

He shook his head. "No thanks. I'm good."

I shrugged and tipped the bottle and peered inside. There wasn't that much left anyway. I set it aside for later.

We continued to sit on the flat rock that overlooked the stream for quite some time. Silence crept upon us once again, but that was alright. We just sat there, each of us pondering our own small problems and not really getting anywhere. In reality, we were both stalling because neither of us really wanted to go to our respective homes. It's not like we were abused at home or anything – we just didn't want to be there, being told what to do and when, where, why and how to do it. We'd much rather be alone, together. Just us two against the world. That's how it feels when you find your soul mate, and your soul mate is your best friend. You don't need the drudgery of daily life, because together you have superpowers.

"We'd better head back before it gets too late," Troy said quietly. I nodded in reluctant agreement. We bustled around, gathering packs, tackle boxes, fishing poles and the like. When we were properly outfitted to return home, Troy offered to carry my bag for me.





“No, no. That’s alright. I’ve got it.”

“Are you sure? It looks heavy...” He seemed very concerned.

“Troy, I’m a girl, not an invalid. It’s fine, really!”

“Hurumph,” was the sound he made as he adjusted his load and started down the path that would lead us to the base of the mountain. I hung back for a moment, taking a final glance at the stream. It was dazzling in the summer sun. The light that filtered through the leaves of the full summer trees made dancing reflections on the already sparkling water. I stood a moment more, inhaling deeply, taking it all in. Then I turned to join Troy, who had kindly stopped on the path to wait for me. Together, we descended the mountain.

That was when we were fifteen. I’m all grown-up now, living a grown-up life in a grown-up world. Every day I drive a grown-up’s car to a grown-up’s job and earn a grown-up’s paycheck. Then I go home to a grown-up’s house where a grown up’s family is waiting for me. We have dinner, do homework, watch TV, read bedtime stories, put the children to bed, check our email, watch the news and do other things that grown-ups do. Then we get up and do it all again the next day. Troy should have been doing this same routine with his family.

As we got older, Troy and I started to grow apart. I had always meant to call him, just to say hi. Let him know he was still so special to me. I had always meant to drop in on him and rehash old times. I always meant to tell him I loved him – loved him more than I loved anyone else. Only now it’s too late, he’s gone. I forget how they told me he died – drunk driver, texting and driving, heart attack, broken ankle, aliens called him home, I don’t know and it really doesn’t matter. The point is, he’s gone. It’s too late to do any of the “I had always meant to’s.” I wish one of the “I had always meant to’s” I had gotten around to had been to say goodbye.



Nicci M. Freeman/Spring Creek ■ GBC Staff



Sidnie Miller/Elko, GBC Jewelry II Student ■ "Jewelry Artist's Chatelaine" ■ Copper

(Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)





Simone Marie Turner/Spring Creek, GBC Jewelry II Student ■ "Fleur de Lis Shield"

■ Brass, Copper, Silver, Aquamarine, Labradorite (Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)



Amelia Torrance/Winnemucca, Community Member ■ "Flight II" ■ Digital Photoshop





Ashley Mendoza/Elko, GBC Digital II Student ■ “Industrial Bridge” ■ Digital Photo



“A professor once told me that art helps develop your problem-solving skills. More than that, without creativity, the world is just dull.”

■ Ashley Mendoza

A Divine Map



Maps show so many things
Treasures and tales
Of lost golden rings.
Some maps are dirty
And yellowed with age
Some maps are crisp
Some printed on noble page.
Some are folded
Hidden in some corner
And some are rewarded
With county recorders.

Maps are like you -
Maps are like me
Born a blank page
Empty and free.
But as time rattles on
All of us draw our own maps
With pencils of experience
We plot our own path.

Who else but God
Could show you the way
When you have no idea where you are going
And no idea of what to say.
You are not born
With a draftsman's keen eye
So, how can you tell
The mountains from the sky,
But if you look around on your map
There are a few hidden clues
To the state you were born
And the life you will choose.

One knows not
The roads you will take
Or the mountains you'll climb
Or the fences of fate
Which cross the designated path
Often when least suspect
Covered in rusty nails and barbs
God draws you a fence.

The map you are drawing
Is unique and intense
And you must always remember
There's a path around that nasty fence.
Look to the scale bar
To find out how long
An inch is a mile
But I might be wrong.

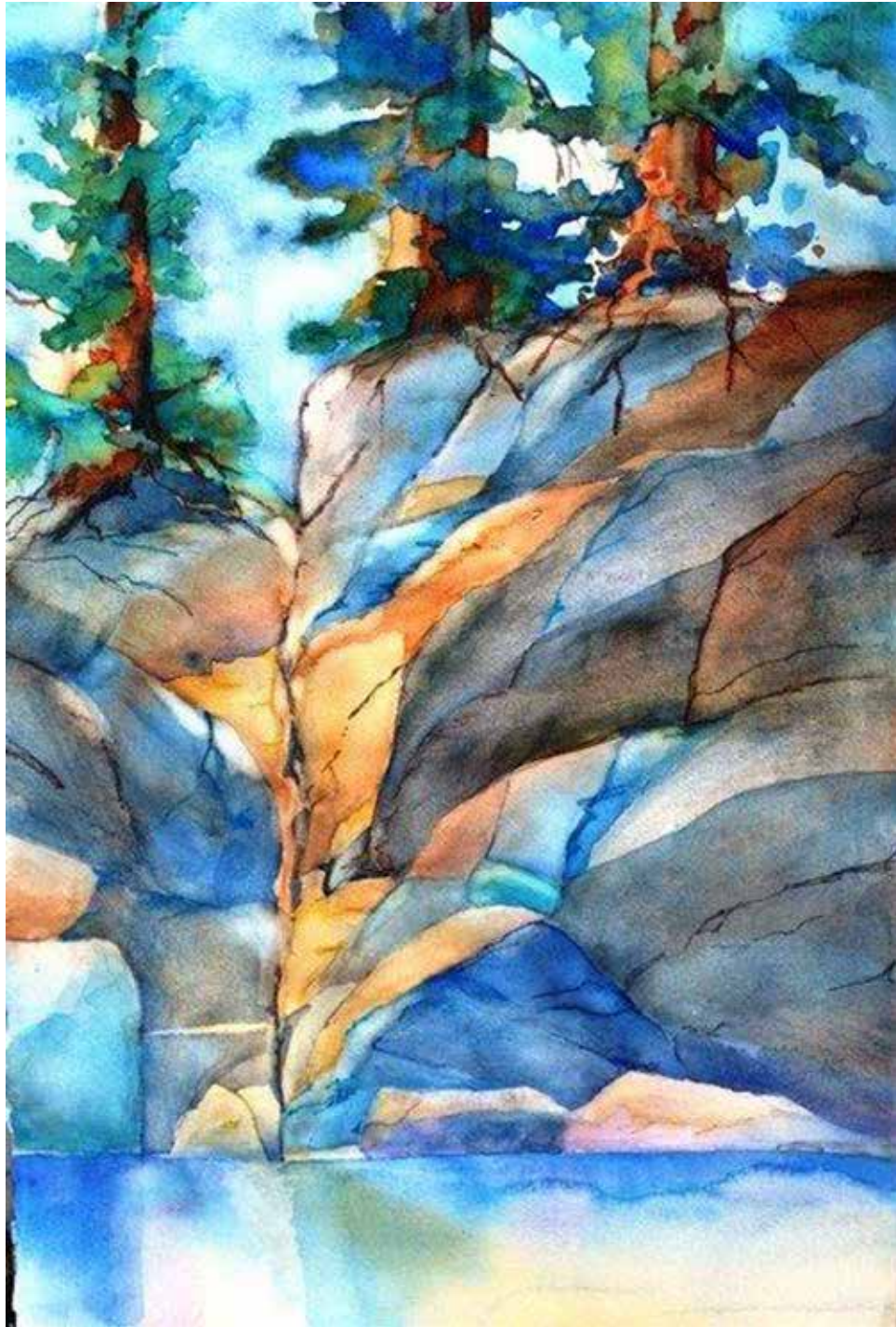
But of the drawing of maps
The most important rule is such
That the North Arrow
Must always face up.
Like hands towards the sky
It acts as your guide
No matter the weather
Or if your map leads you awry.

So say a little prayer
And you'll find your way.
Just look where you are going
And always have faith.



Jessica Smith/Orovada ■ GBC Student





Debbie Heaton-Lamp/Elko, Community Member ■ "Tahoe Treasures" ■ Watercolor



Sally Haueter Rampe/Elko, GBC Jewelry II Student ■ "Goldilocks Bracelet" ■ Copper, Brass, Silver
(Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)

"I have been an avid reader and writer since my childhood. Writing allows me to express my emotions, and to explain and interpret experiences in my life."

■ Jennifer Stieger

Place & Nature: How Landscape Impacts Memory



April 2007

A spring rain falls and the musky scent of wet sagebrush reminds me of childhood. The Nevada high desert has been home for more than thirty years; yawning deep blue skies and towering purple mountains are as familiar to me as the yellow swing set that used to occupy my grandparents' backyard. Granny and Poppy lived in a single-wide trailer on the outskirts of Battle Mountain, a sleepy rural community in northern Nevada. During the summertime, parched alkaline soil shriveled the tomato plants in Poppy's garden. Winter months temperatures hovered below freezing as long silver icicles dangled from the covered front porch and brilliant stars glistened in a canopy of darkness. Yet once inside Granny's home, savory aromas overwhelmed the senses. Fragrant fried chicken and buttery biscuits mingled with the sweet smell of Poppy's pipe. This isolated place situated in the barren Nevada landscape influences my memories, first molding, then solidifying them into permanent pieces of the past.

Memories, like an intangible apparition, possess dream-like characteristics as well. In a dream, an almost forgotten loved one may have a blurry face or reside in an unfamiliar place. As with memory, the many facets of a person's character cannot be recalled, but strong emotion - perhaps love or bitterness - will remain. The natural world and memory are intertwined as tightly as a master weaver spins his cloth.

The smell of damp sagebrush after a summer thunderstorm; the soft kiss of a dandelion seed; the brilliant blood-red sunset during a wildfire - these sensory images conjure memories and sentiments. Place and the natural world resuscitate emotions once thought dead. After my grandmother passed away, it was her home and the surrounding landscape that revived my memories of her. The house was not as I remembered. I went with Mom to visit Poppy not long after the funeral. Like Poppy,

the single-wide trailer was worn-out, battered from the harsh elements of the high desert. The dilapidated front porch had long since faded under an unrelenting Nevada sun. Granny's collection of wind chimes used to serenade my entrance, but on that day only the whistle of a lonely wind tickled my ears. Entering the trailer, I noticed worn furniture and dust particles swirling in the sunlight. The kitchen - the nucleus of Granny's life - was cluttered with dirty dishes. If I cocked my head and listened closely, giggles of unruly children echoed down the hallway, phantoms from the past. Later I stood outside on the shaky wooden porch and gazed at rolling brown hills gilded by the sun. Memories of Granny wrapped warm around me like a pair of arms.

September 2014

Poppy is dead. Clouds billow and roll in the late afternoon heat; large white masses of cotton obscure the deep blue of a Texas sky. The highway, a gray ribbon of concrete, stretches far into the horizon, and the human eye cannot tell where earth and sky touch. I follow Dad along the roadside as tall green grasses undulate in the wind. The air is like syrup - viscous and wet. A plastic bag heavy with white ash swings from Dad's hand; it is his father's remains. This field in a remote region in the Texas Panhandle is where my grandfather wished to have his and Granny's ashes scattered. As Dad spreads the ashes, and I watch the dust settle into the earth, the land transforms from dirt and grass into a sacred resting place for two souls.

As I stand next to Dad on the side of the road in an obscure Texas valley, I feel a connection with the land. This is earth where my grandparents walked. The dips and swells of the verdant fields are where two families met and became one. With a bright sun beating down upon my head and the whisperings of the wind in my ear, a reverence resonates in my soul, and I close my eyes to listen.

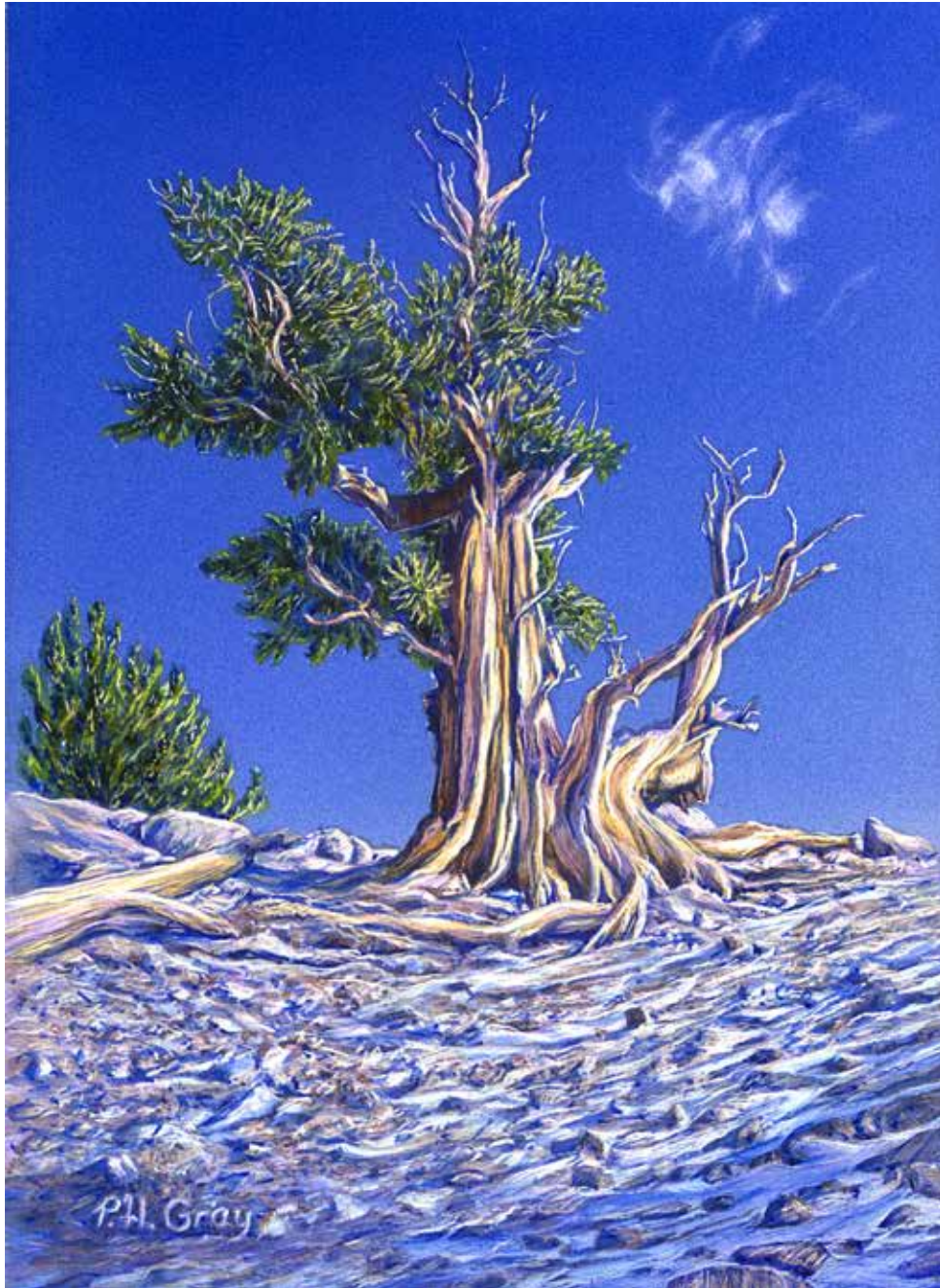


Jennifer Stieger/Elko ■ GBC Student





Lynne Volpi/Spring Creek, Community Member ■ "Mountain Majesty" ■ Watercolor



Patricia Gray/Spring Creek, Community Member ■ “Bristlecone III”
■ Acrylic Ink on Clayboard

“Since I’ll never drive 2,000 cows up the Chisholm Trail, I try to write what I know...try to find romance (in a broader meaning of the word) in the American West of today.” ■ Dan Thurston



The Backside of Summer

I drove home last week, and from Wilma's Hill
The valley below me was gold.
And it hit me, we're on the backside of summer.
The rabbit brush is turning gold.

The goslings that were little and cute in the spring
Have grown to almost goose size.
The first doe goat has come into heat
And the buck is coming alive.

Last weekend we spent stacking up hay;
The hay shed has all it can hold.
It's a good feeling, being ready for winter.
The rabbit brush is turning gold.

Last month we poured concrete at five in the morn,
And the sky already was light.
Last week, when we poured at five-thirty,
We did it with pickup headlights.

They're painting an Indian head on the high school gym floor;
It's all done up in Elko maroon.
But the coach is checking his schedule,
"I hope they finish it soon."

It's still warm after lunch and the calendar says
August has a few days to go.
But we know this won't last too much longer
The rabbit brush is turning gold.

I best check the furnace and heat tape the pipes,
Clean the culvert down on the road.
We don't want to be caught unready;
Summertime is now growing old.

I'm a tad apprehensive, a bit excited,
'Cause you can't put winter on hold.
It happens each year, in late summer,
As the rabbit brush turns gold.

Dan Thurston/Elko ■ Community Member



Jolina Adams/Winnemucca, GBC Staff and Beginning Glass Beadmaking Student

■ "Reba Cluckintire" ■ Frameworked Glass Bead (Photo by Kristen Frantzen Orr)





Norman Whittaker/Elko, GBC Faculty ■ “Warmth” ■ Clay Stoneware (Photo by Toni Milano)



Jukebox Blues



Our t-shirts never had anything written on them
advertising a secret life we wished to have;
we didn't sit around with incense lit
blowing our minds about sex
revealing tattooed buttocks above hip-hugger jeans.
Even though we lived in guarded innocence
we still caught the spirit of the blues,
tuned our ears to the Hit Parade,
imagined being one of the 20,000 bobby-soxers
pressed against the doors of the Paramount Theatre
screaming our heads off
swooning to Sinatra's "I've Got You Under My Skin."
We saved our nickel tips for the jukebox
juggling car-hop trays to "Mack the Knife,"
or the enlivening nostalgia of the Big Bands,
snapping our heels to "Mule Train."
Mostly though, we swung to the "Tennessee Waltz,"
"Mockingbird Hill" or
hummed "Doggie in the Window."
From sophisticate to swinger
we twisted with Chubby Checker
 'til Elvis
with his urgency on-the-rocks blues
transformed our baby doll nights
into musical euphoria
 waggin' his tail
 and telling us
we weren't "Nothin' but a Hound Dog."



Thelma Richie Homer/Elko ■ Community Member



This Side of the Glass



From this side of the glass,
The bitter wind is saved from my cheeks.
Though it beats the frozen glass for weeks,
I sit beside my fire with fervent desire
And watch snowflakes amass.

From this side of the glass,
No cold could dare find my sorrowful heart.
The winter's howling chill cannot tear me apart
From my crackling fire, but I do so admire
Its persistent crystal clash.

From this side of the glass,
I no longer recall its bite upon my face.
I've been held hostage in this pleasant place.
Heated by glowing fire I wish now to acquire
A brief touch of the flurry's pass.

From this side of the glass,
I say a great many things about the other side.
But if the blustery wind became my bride,
I'd lose my fire that I've come to require
And my comfort would cease at last.

From this side of the glass,
I shall watch this storm carry to the next,
And mortality will find me wholly perplexed,
As I sit beside my fire with apathetic desire
And watch snowflakes amass.



Ryan Douglass/Elko ■ Community Member

Argentum - Light Graffiti

“This image was created with a technique called light graffiti, also known as light painting,” explains photographer Karen Blair. “Simply put, it is painting with a hand held light source (flashlight, glow sticks or fire) and long exposure photography.”

So, how did she do it? Blair chose a Lake Tahoe site with stars and trees as a backdrop. She selected the camera’s manual or bulb setting, turned auto focus OFF, and set the ISO as low as possible. Using a small ball made out of different colored glow sticks, she wrote “Argentum” in the air all at once during a 30-second shot triggered by her niece, Lauren Sharp. Blair is not visible in the image because she wore dark clothing and kept moving.

“All letters were done just as if I was using a pen and paper, but I was painting with light,” she says. “I did have to get creative to cross the “t” without a tracer!” She says that since letters will be flipped, the light writer has to learn to write backwards in cursive, or learn how to flip the image in Photoshop.





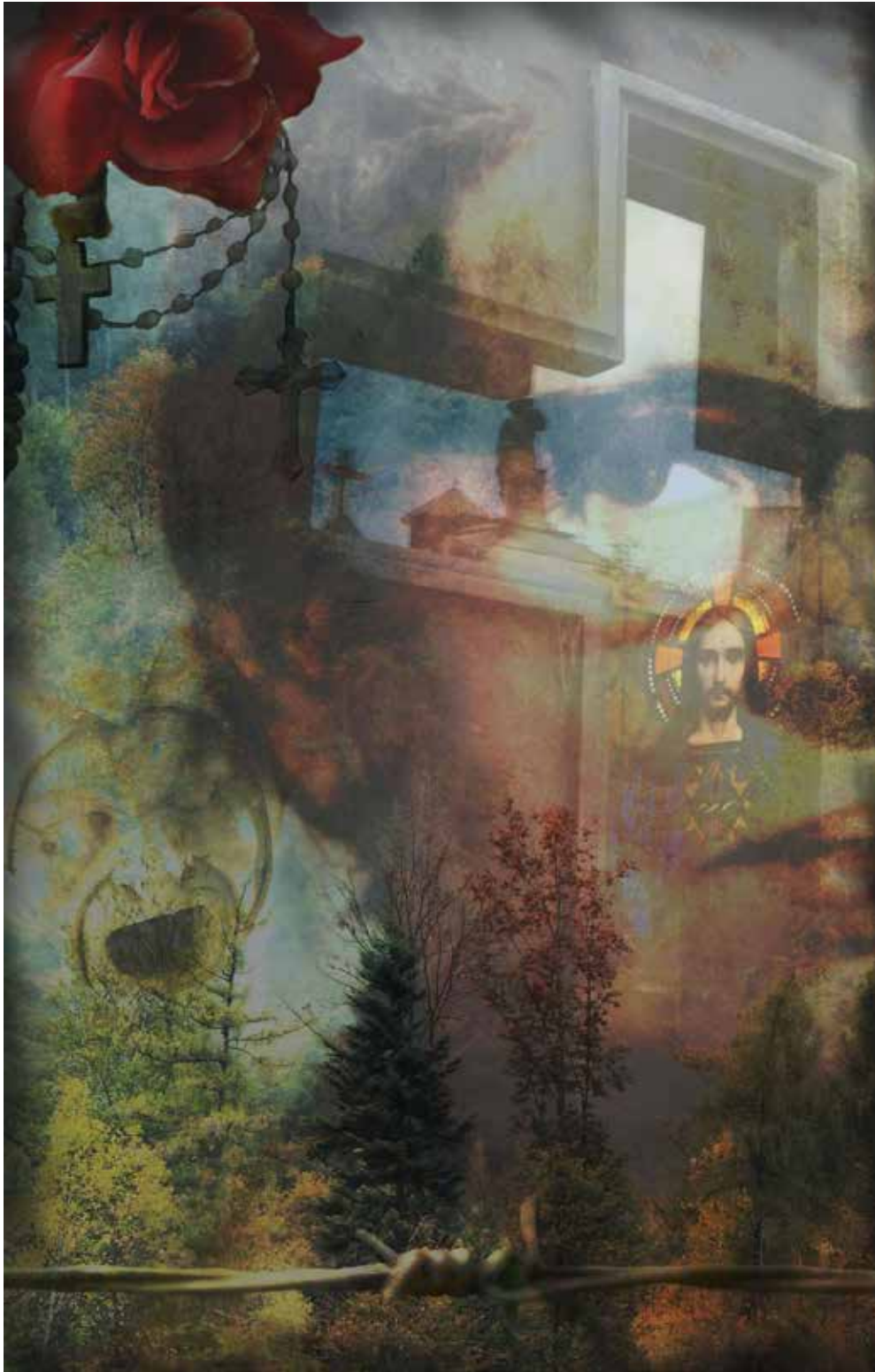
Karen Blair/Spring Creek, Community Member ■ "Argentum" ■ Light Painting Photography





Patty Fox/Spring Creek, GBC Faculty ■ "Goats at the Home Ranch" ■ Watercolor, Ink





Cynthia Delaney/Elko, GBC Faculty ■ "Spirits: Photo Collage, Images from Many Countries" ■ Digital Photo Collage





Jeffie Mackey/Spring Creek, GBC Art 100 - Visual Foundations Student ■ "Life Comes from Above"

■ Color Pencil (Photo by Toni Milano)



Jessica Smith/Orovada, GBC Student ■ "Claim Staker's Lament" ■ Oil



The Worst Gospel Singer



Well, I'm the worst Gospel singer that you ever did hear;
I've sung in every church around, but the people cringe in fear.
Strong men whimper, women faint, and preachers just get sore;
It isn't pretty and I'm done real quick, and then I'm out the door.

I loved to sing in church, as a boy I did pretty good;
'Til my voice changed, and then I sounded like a saw on wood.
I tried my luck at rodeos and bars - it was an extensive search;
But at last I thought, "There's no place like home," and went back to church.

First I tried the Baptists, a really agreeable bunch;
But they threw me out of church before the casserole lunch.
Next I tried the Methodists, but they also gave me the boot;
And left me with the impression that they and the Baptists were in cahoots.

So then I tried the Catholics, and though they didn't mention Hell;
They did mention Purgatory, and ran me out of town on a rail.
Next it was the Presbyters, but it wasn't meant to be;
I thought I might survive, 'til they mentioned a rope and a tree.

Next in desperation I gave the Seventh Days a try;
But they were never there on Sundays when I dropped by!
At last I tried the Episcopal, and they were most polite;
They said that they would pray for me, and then they put me to flight.

So I'm the worst Gospel singer that you never want to hear;
I've sung in every church around, but the people plug their ears.
Strong men whimper, women faint, and preachers just get mad;
At least I'm good at something, but I'm good at singing bad!



Arthur Asson/Spring Creek ■ Community Member





Michelle King/Elko, GBC Art 100 - Visual Foundations Student ■ "Symbol and Flowers" ■ Color Pencil

(Photo by Toni Milano)



Julie Wallace/Spring Creek, Community Member ■ "Timeless" ■ Digital Photo





Krys Munzing/Elko, Community Member ■ "Sylvan II" ■ Fiber Art





Paul Bowen/Elko, Community Member ■ "Ready to Play" ■ Digital Photo





Shawn Collins/Spring Creek, Community Member ■ “Beaded Woman’s Gauntlets” ■ Brain Tanned Buckskin Beads
(Photo by Laura Gallegos)





Cindy Joyce/Wells, Community Member ■ "Contemplation" ■ Digital Photo



Thin Walls



They're calling out my name
I've rolled the dice, it's my turn, and they are
Whispering answers to the game.
They're alongside and filed behind
Cheerleaders, then friends, and thumbs up fans.
Outspoken, outlying and internal,
Struggles of the mind make time bend.
Peering out of broken shades
The screams of nos and pleads of yes begin,
blaring in chorus with each blinking light
As I wander through the tokenless arcades
Watching others think for free they'll win.
Darkened corridors
Exploring the never there
Piping seagulls, salty sickness, crashing echoes
As I wade through waterless shores.
Hissing, snakey, figure eights of smoke
I watch them escape evil
Using the most faulty of wicked antidotes.
Breathing in a lung full of hope,
I exhale the bittersweet contents
Of a cocktail of self control
and see it wisp and float up
and linger amongst the poor lost souls
that walk around not sure which way's even up.
You start to fear the rooftop's creatures
That perch on corners,
The most pleased and relentless pieces of them all,
For they're your biggest fans
And the least of things to fear -
Beware it isn't them that clicks and squawks
Their master's sitting with a blinkless stare,
Slumped, unmoving, staring in an office chair
Making thousands of different lists -
A referee to this game, I'm told it's my turn.
I didn't want to roll, don't deal me in
No longer do we have a choice when all the
Walls are not paper but digital thin.



Kari Denham/Spring Creek ■ Community Member



Brendan Abel/Elko, GBC Digital I Student ■ "Tunnel" ■ Digital Photo





Frank Henley/Spring Creek, Community Member ■ "Shed" ■ Digital Photo



“My photos are a journal to me. Each photo I make is a piece of my soul. It’s my therapy, and my never-ending journey through life.”

■ Frank Henley

My Love is Like a CPU



My love is like a CPU,
I long to interface with you.
Caught up in your memory,
I'm the board and you're the key.
I monitor your every move,
You bring life to color, too.
I may be floppy time to time,
I'm just a call away on-line.
You and me and our own house;
You turn me on,
You click my mouse.
You got a slot,
I've got the card,
Let's just hope my drive is hard.
Looking in your steel grey eyes,
You're my PC love surprise.
Let cathode rays strike my heart,
Still we'll never be apart.
You know I love you,
I always will;
I'll gaze out from my Windows sill,
Think of you and take your hand,
Place you on my printer stand.
I want to spend my life with you,
'Cause my love is like a CPU.



Frank L. Sawyer/Elko ■ GBC Faculty





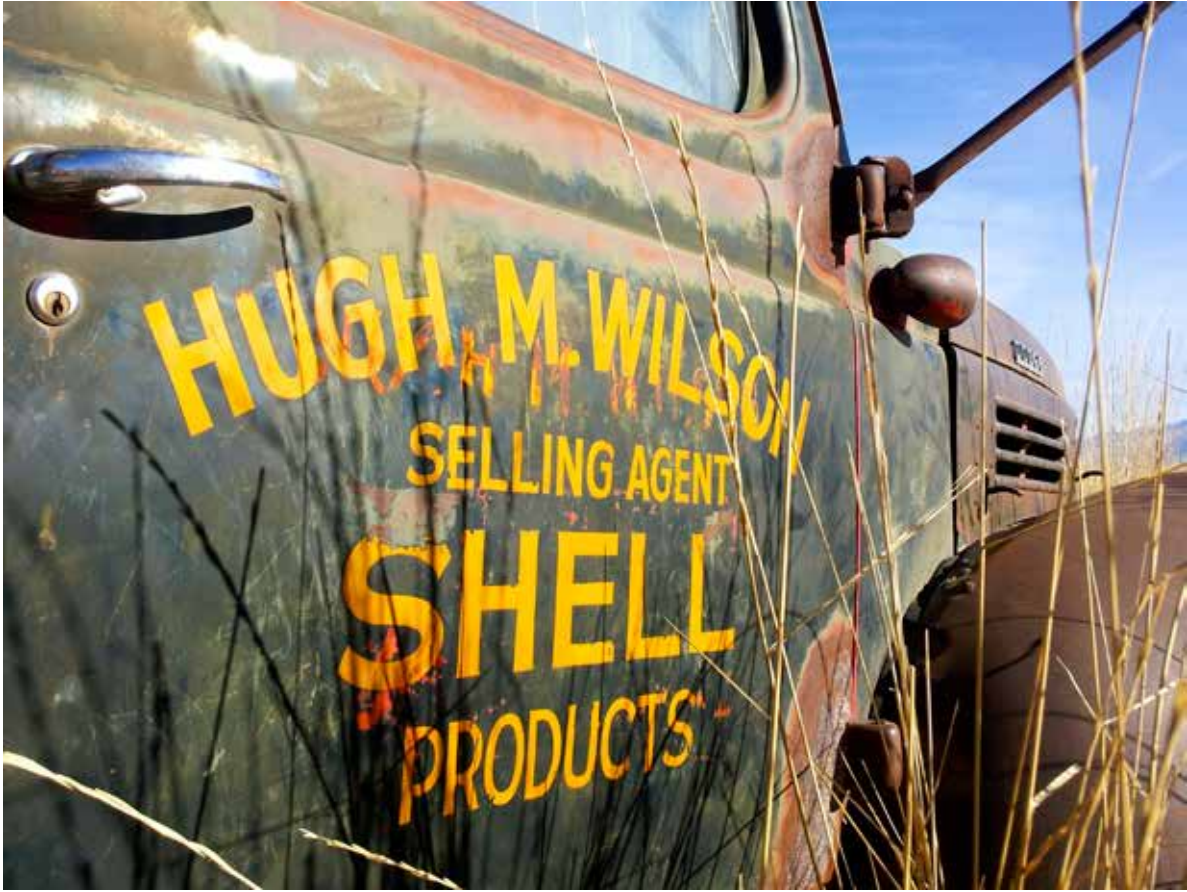
Troy Edler/Elko, Community Member ■ “Star Love” ■ Digital Photo





Cami Stephenson/Elko, Community Member ■ "Bowling Reflections" ■ Digital Photo





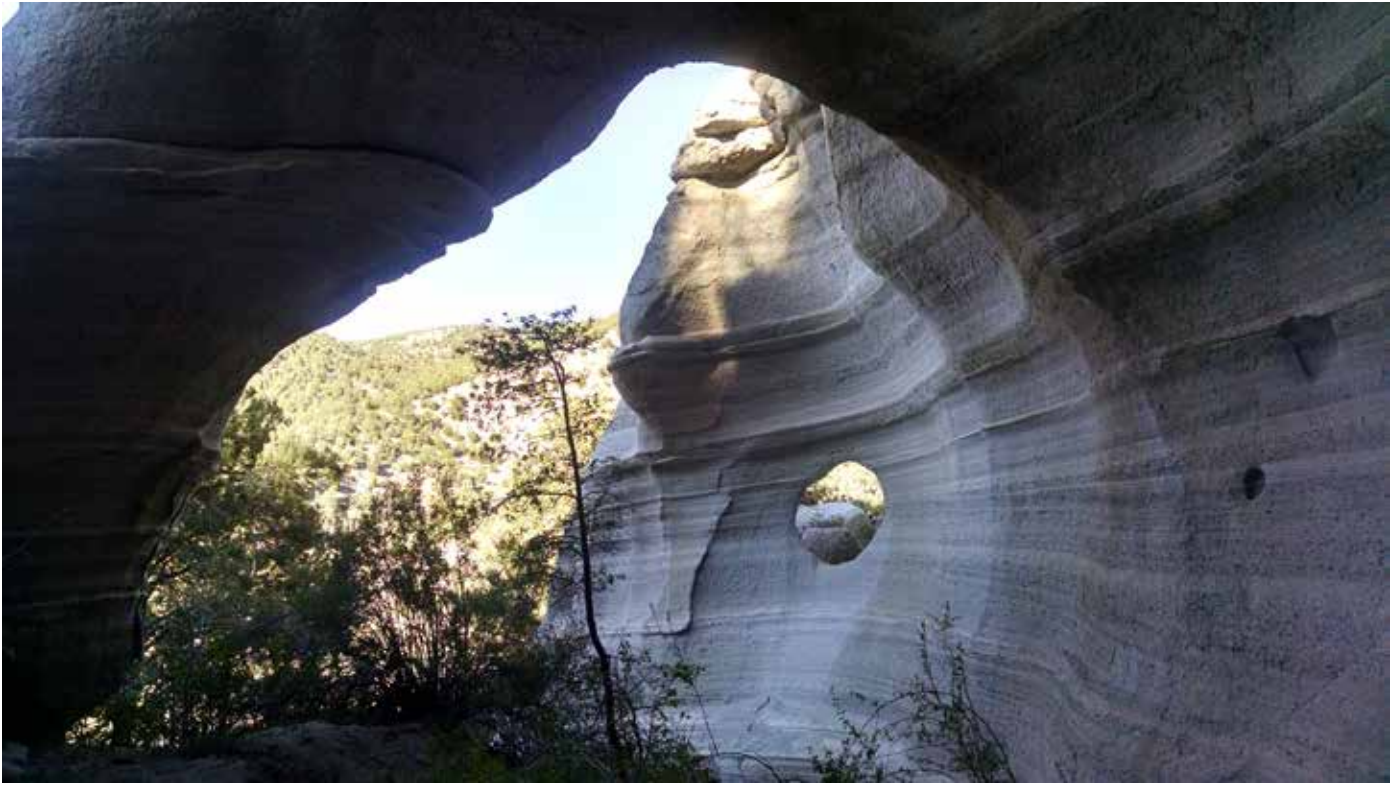
Angie de Braga/Elko, GBC Faculty ■ "Old Dodge" ■ Digital Photo





Niki Jonson/Elko, GBC Digital II Student ■ "Hummingbird" ■ Digital Photo





Gaye Terras/Spring Creek, GBC Staff ■ "Nature's Wonder" ■ Digital Photo



"Photography reflects your personality as you capture an image with your eyes in order to tell a story with your heart."

■ Cindy Joyce



Sarah Nahnacassia/Spring Creek, GBC Digital I Student ■ "Spring Showers" ■ Digital Photo





Ann Hagland/Elko, Community Member ■ "Nature's Abstract #1" ■ Watercolor





Mike McFarlane/Spring Creek, GBC Vice President ■ "West Avenue Tuscarora, Nevada" ■ Digital Photo





Diane Rice/Elko, GBC Digital II Student ■ "Hand Coin" ■ Digital Photo Collage



A Travel Trilogy



MIDDLE AGE SPREAD

In pre-dawn darkness,
My winter weight
Is a bodyguard.

The lean coyote
Of summer days
Fled the scene.

Heavy weight on bone vs
Delicate image in mind
Imprison me.

I AM NO LONGER WHO I WAS

Hair colored, curled and coiffed
Bled dollars from my purse
Arresting my age.

“Arresting” did I say?
Am I being held prisoner
In a stand-still life?

Let Silver creep in
Curls grow straight
Be-coming myself.

ST MARTINS IN THE FIELD

Three of us
Sitting at separate tables, alone.
Wearing comfortable shoes,
Black soft-cushioned soles
Neighbors to the white pair of Nikes
All: real walking comfort.

The first, a California lady, sighs -
Begins to eat her meal.
The second sips wine,
Her eyes cast down.
I sit silent, no words.

The lady rising is black, slender, serene
She cleaned her table carefully
The white woman also rises
Adding her dishes
Carefully to the pile.

We sat there, separated, silent
Yet joined by glance,
By white hair and aged face,
Perhaps by similar thoughts
And comfortable shoes.

Around our global neighborhood
We often eat alone,
Sit at separate tables,
Savor our adventures,
And wear comfortable shoes.

“Words and images are my
meditation,
my expression.”

▪ Sarah Sweetwater

Sarah Sweetwater/Elko ▪ Community Member





Kathi Griffis/Spring Creek, GBC Staff ■ "In the Spotlight" ■ Digital Photo





Kacie Ortiz/Elko, GBC Student ■ "Corsair" ■ Digital Photo





Maggie Corbari/Elko, GBC Student ■ "Ole Nevada" ■ Digital Photo





Adam McKinney/Battle Mountain, Community Member ■ “Laying One Down” ■ Digital Photo





Meghan Rich/Elko, GBC Digital II Student ■ "Motorcross" ■ Digital Photo





“Creating art means getting to scream and whisper and sing all without opening my mouth. Art is often the only way to get an emotion out of my head. By exploring emotions through art, I think I come to understand them better. Art keeps me sane, or at least it helps me hide the crazy.”

▪ Shelby Wilson

