



2013 ARGENTUM

## ARGENTUM 2013

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

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**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](http://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](http://www.bethcarpel.com).



Janet Correa, GBC Student/West Wendover ▪ "Bullet Proof" ▪ Digital Photo Collage





Cassie Rantapaa, GBC Student/Elko ▪ "Wine Pour" ▪ Acrylic



Evelynn Thompson, Community Member/Elko ▪ "Dancers" ▪ Acrylic







“I start with colors and shapes and put them together in a way that speaks to me.”

– Evelyn Thompson



Maggie Corbari, GBC Student/Winnemucca ▪ "Autumn Afternoon" ▪ Digital Photo

## 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.

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Jeannie Bailey ▪ GBC Staff/Elko



Wil Becker, GBC Student/Battle Mountain ▪ "Efflorescent Rendezvous" ▪ Digital Photo



KM Withers, GBC Faculty/Pahrump ▪ "Sanctuary Lake Powell" ▪ Oil on Canvas

"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 - Frameworked Glass (Orr) and Sterling Silver, 14k Gold Bi-Metal, Citrine (Rappa)





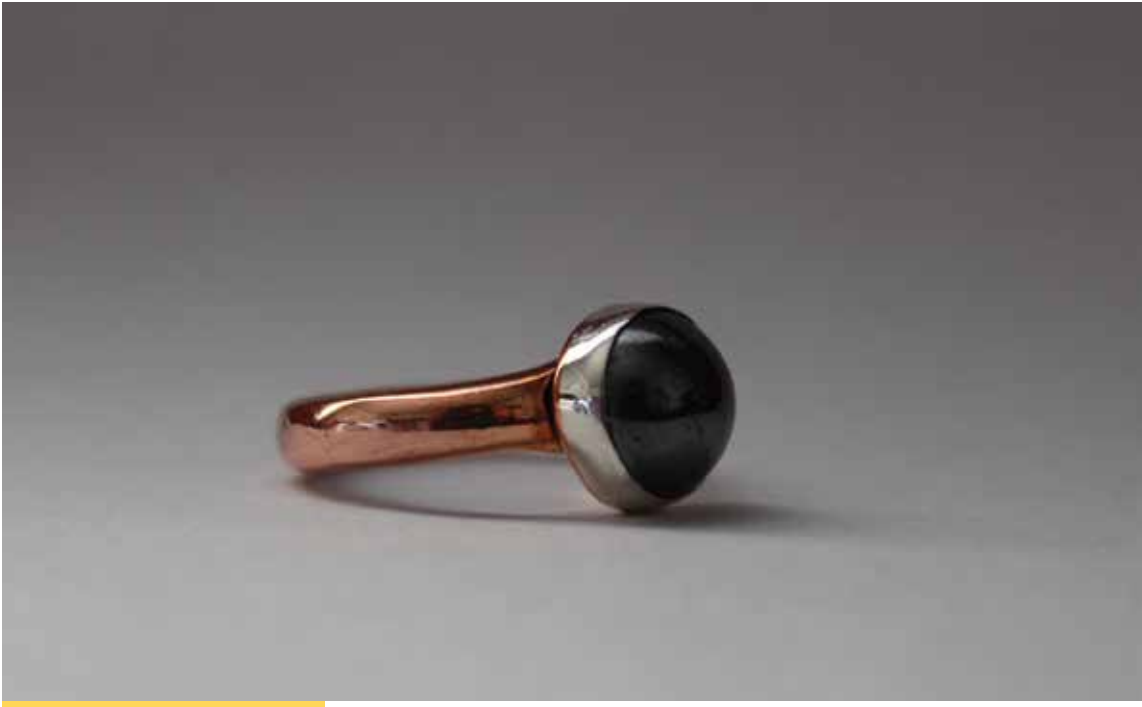
Sally Rampe, GBC Student/Elko ▪ “Heart Leaf Earrings & Pendant” ▪ Copper, Silver

“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



Jolina Adams, GBC Staff/Winnemucca  
▪ “Antique Key with Red Heart”  
▪ Flameworked Glass Bead



Brandee Alexis Betancourt, GBC Student/Elko ▪ "Black Onyx Ring" ▪ Black Onyx, Silver Bezel, Copper Band



"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

Mike McFarlane, GBC VP Academic Affairs/Elko ▪ "Peach Bowl" ▪ Wood





Mark Curtis, GBC President/Elko ▪ “Sailing on Lake Superior”  
▪ Stained Glass, Lead Came, Copper Foil

“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-blond 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



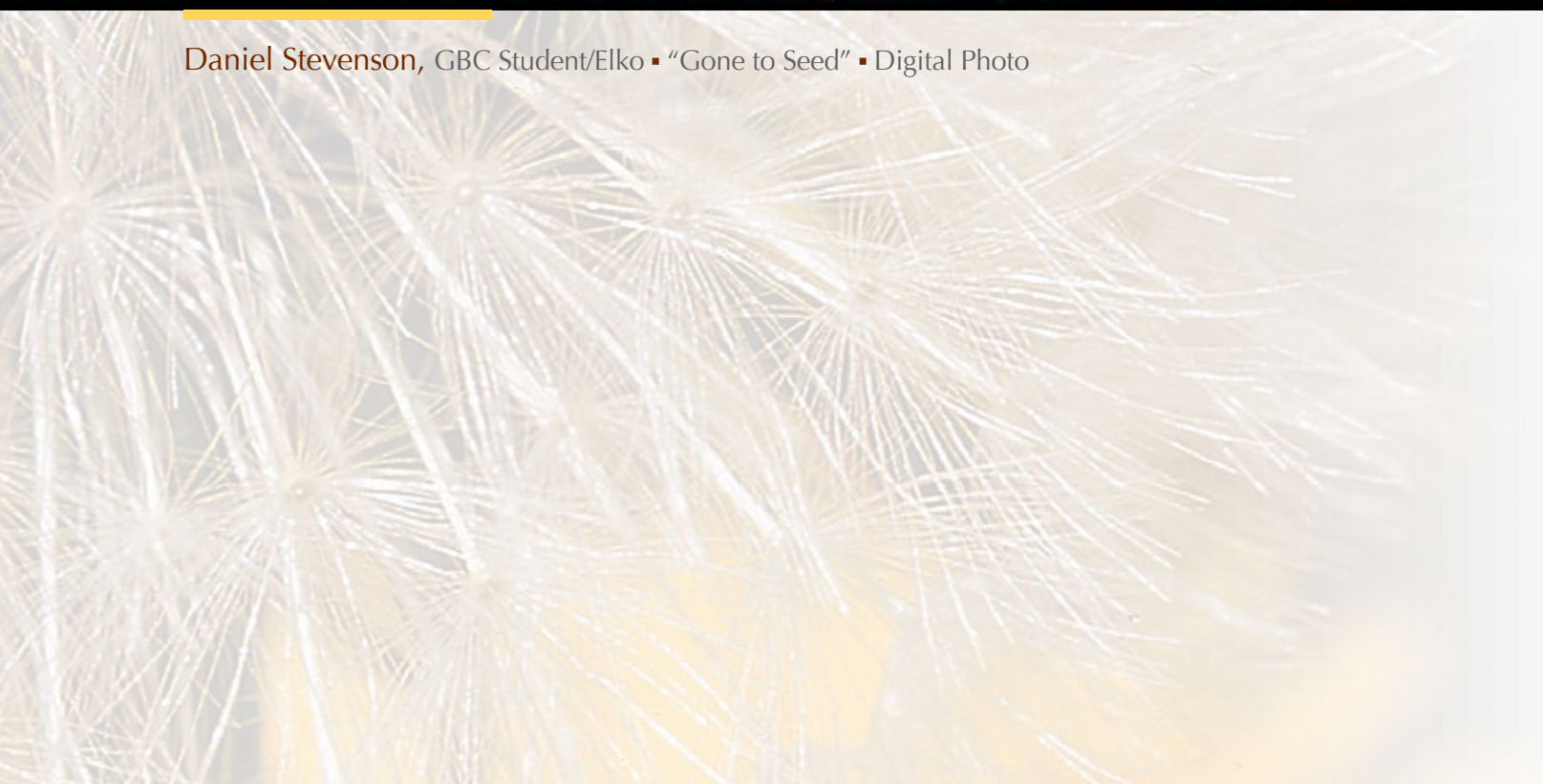


Jayne Cormmesser, GBC Student/Deeth ▪ "Tuck" ▪ Digital Photo





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 cramped 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



Genny Albitre, Community Member/Elko ▪ "Eye on Sunset" ▪ Digital Photo

"I caught the reflection of the sunset in the eye of my horse and, at that moment, was mesmerized by the image."

– Genny Albitre

