



2016 ARGENTUM

INTRODUCTION

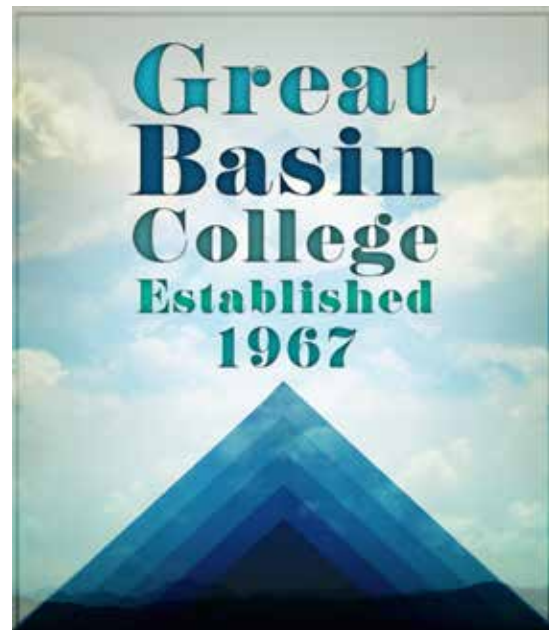
This year, *Argentum* asked artists, photographers, and writers to consider the meaning of design and how it fits with the human spirit.

What is design? To answer this question, think about what impresses you about the art you see. Is it colorful and familiar, or is it stark and different? Does it make sense at first glance, or does it make you peer into it longer, trying to see where the elements come together?

As children, we are first introduced to basic shapes, primary colors, and simple words, and given the opportunity to arrange it into something that pleases our eye. Our sense of design is developed as we grow up, reinforced through the art, music, poetry, photography, and stories of others. Classes, workshops and discussions give us the opportunity to experiment, refine, and improve our designs and apply them in new ways.

Artists yearn to see their ideas in tangible form where intangibles such as memory, preferences, and imagination are used in designing it. As you, the reader, see the art and photographs and read the poetry and prose in this issue of *Argentum*, consider what brought the work to life. Read what the artists themselves say about their creative process. Then think about what you've encountered and, hopefully feeling inspired, begin to craft your own design.

Argentum is a showcase for design and creativity for everyone in the Great Basin College community. Please take your time and enjoy the 2016 issue, and feel free to go online to www.gbcnv.edu/argentum to view past issues. Also, to learn more about what GBC is accomplishing in the humanities, visit our Virtual Humanities Center at www.humanities.gbcnv.edu.



Serina Brown/Elko,
GBC Electronic Imaging and
Computer Illustration II Student
▪ "Great Basin College"
▪ Graphic Design, Photoshop

ARGENTUM 2016 THANK YOU

My deep and sincere thanks to everyone who helped, supported, gave encouragement, and brought *Argentum* together this year: Angie de Braga, Patty Fox, Karen Kimber, and Josh Webster for their valuable guidance, suggestions, and common sense. I am very grateful to each of you and appreciate your willingness to contribute your time and efforts to *Argentum*.

Special thanks goes to GBC instructors, Michael Bail, Cynthia Delaney, Deborah Finley, Patty Fox, Gail Rappa, Kristin Frantzen Orr, and Josh Webster for their encouragement in student submissions. To those behind the scenes: Frank Sawyer's talents on the webpage; Kayla McCarson for publicity; Laura Gallegos and Crystie Minson in Media Services with photography and posters. Much appreciation goes to the ACE Committee for ideas and support along the way; the Academic Success Center Front Desk Staff and Director Ping Wang for assistance with submissions and allowing the department to be headquarters for *Argentum*. My deep gratitude to Mike McFarlane who graciously allowed me to interview him about the need for *Argentum* at Great Basin College.

Last, but definitely not least, a huge thanks to Marin Wendell and Erin Radermacher of Everything Elko in the design and production of this year's *Argentum* magazine.

~Toni R. Milano, Editor

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 2017

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:

Meghan Rich/Elko, GBC Student ▪ "Polaroid Pet" ▪ Digital Photo

IN APPRECIATION: MIKE MCFARLANE

“As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them.” ~ John F. Kennedy.

As a student at Humboldt State University and University of Nevada, Reno, Mike McFarlane enjoyed reading student art and literary magazines. Upon seeing the fledgling Idea magazine, Argentum’s precursor, over ten years ago, he saw Great Basin College’s opportunity to form its own publication. “I thought it was something we were missing at Great Basin,” Mike recalled in March.

In addition to his 33 years of dedication and service to Great Basin College, Mike has ensured support of Argentum with funding as well as his own submissions in art and photography. Mike explained that his vision is to see the magazine become an “institution”, enduring and encouraging creativity and art from everyone in the GBC service area.

On behalf of student, artists, photographers, and writers, Argentum thanks Mike McFarlane for his foresight, loyalty, and commitment to the magazine and support of the arts. We hope to honor his enthusiasm for the magazine by continuing the platform where art is shared, discussed, and appreciated each year, hopefully inspiring current and future artists in their creative spirit.

~ Editor



Mike McFarlane/Spring Creek, GBC Vice President Academic Affairs
▪ “Porpoise in the Maelstrom” ▪ Digital Photography, Modified in Photoshop

ARGENTUM SELECTION COMMITTEE - 2016

Many thanks for this year’s selection committee, who took the time from their busy schedules to review and choose this year’s submissions. Your willingness and effort is deeply appreciated.



MARK HAYWARD,
Wildlife Photographer

Hayward’s wildlife photography and paintings are meant to be emotional and depict the inherent dignity of the subjects. He earned his bachelors and masters’ degrees in business from Saint Mary’s College in Moraga, California. Hayward has photographed wildlife and landscapes in Yellowstone, Grand Tetons, Denali, Katmai National Parks, and numerous locations in

California. His work has been featured locally at the Wiegand Gallery at the Western Folklife Center and Duncan Little Creek Gallery. All prints are printed and framed by Hayward in his Spring Creek, Nevada studio and his work can be viewed on his website www.haywardwildlife.com.



LYNNE KISTLER,
Artist and Educator

“I enjoy translating the colors of life into my art,” said the multi-media artist. “Nature is a constant source of inspiration for my creative muse.” Kistler is a fifth generation Nevadan who holds bachelors and masters degrees in Art Education from the University of Nevada, Reno. She has 30-years experience teaching at the Reno high schools, and she has both attended and conducted a variety of art instruction workshops. In 2001, Kistler moved from Reno to Lamoille. She is proficient in all

media, but she especially enjoys watercolor painting. Her works have appeared in shows and art fairs in California, Montana, Hawaii and Nevada. Currently, Kistler’s smoke drawing, “Out of the Ashes,” is on display at the September 11 Museum in New York City.

ARGENTUM SELECTION COMMITTEE - 2016



MICAH DEAN HICKS,

Writer and Educator

Micah Dean Hicks is a Calvino Prize-winning author of fabulist fiction. His work has appeared in Chicago Tribune, EPOCH, Witness, and New Letters, among others. His story collection, *Electricity and Other Dreams*, was recently published by New American Press and received a starred review from Publishers Weekly. He teaches in the BFA program in creative writing at Arkansas Tech University.



ANDREA SPOFFORD,

Poet

Andrea Spofford writes poems and essays, some of which can be found or are forthcoming in New South, Midwest Quarterly Review, inter|rupture, New South, Sundog Lit, burnt|district, The Portland Review, Sugar House Review, Revolver, Vela Magazine, Puerto del Sol, Redactions, and more. She has chapbooks available from Dancing Girl Press and Red Bird Chapbooks and her first book, *The Pine Effect*, is available from Red Paint Hill Press. Andrea is poetry editor for Zone 3 Press and lives in Tennessee. Find her online at <http://andreaspoofford.com> and on Twitter @andspoff.

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Lynne Volpi Morris/Spring Creek, GBC Community Member ▪ "The Moose" ▪ Watercolor



Brenda Burdick/Spring Creek, GBC Community Member and GBC Alumni 1979
▪ "Fall in Lee NV" ▪ Digital Photo

"Photography is a way to release your stress and creativity."

▪ Brenda Burdick

immigrants

what sad beauties
belonging neither here nor there;
common, ordinary,
bound to the earth;
hiding their eagerness
in asphalt gutters,
kneeling alongside railway tracts
while holding their dreams
in dirty little fists,
praying to go somewhere, anywhere;
yearning to grow wings and feathers,
to be avatars of fadeless song,
divine messengers
of endless summers,
to be something more than what they are...
it's like waiting for that first kiss,
the mystery and the promise,
no matter how old you are~
no matter how many times
you've been kissed before.

Thelma Richie Homer/Elko ▪ GBC Community Member



Jamie Barnson/Ely, GBC Staff and GBC Alumni 2012 ▪ "Freebird!" ▪ Digital Photo

SHORT FORM POETRY

“Reverie”

Gilded icicles
dripping solstice-sweet juices –
signs of lustrous life.

Jeannie Bailey/Elko ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student

“Middle School Sub”

Hormone highlighted eyes dart,
Camouflaged in uniformed Under Armour.
Sniggers like lance points start,
Mercenaries playing the part,
Relegating sincerity to the corner.

Harmony Stahl/Elko ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student

“Pogonip Snow Sounds”

Chandelier crystal
deluge: twinkle, tinkle, clink
gleam in headlight beams.

Lora Minter/Elko ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student



Brendan Abel/Elko, GBC Digital Photography II Student
▪ “Lady Bug” ▪ Digital Photo

“Independence”

Anchored mountain range
indifferent witness to
fickle, fleeting fog.

Gail Rappa/Tuscarora ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student

“Weeping Bride”

Her face is weeping
bridal veil of cool water
falling tears carve stone

Jen Steiger/Elko ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student



Militza Galvan Godinez/Winnemucca, GBC Student ■ "True Identity" ■ Pencil Drawing



Gretchen Greiner/Elko, GBC Jewelry II Student ■ "Untitled" ■ Copper-Etched Formed Torch Patina
(Photographed by Kristen Frantzen Orr)

"There's something about dedicating countless hours to a piece and sticking to it until the end that brings such an extraordinary and over-joyous pleasure that feeds my soul...if only for a while."

■ Militza Galvan Godinez

The Walk

Click.....Click.....Click.....Scuff Click.....

The sound of my heels striking the road has a hypnotizing effect. I am curiously taken back.

Many years back.

Decades back, to a time when that sound, *Click.....Scuff Click....* represented another leap into the unknown.

I can still remember my sharp intake of breath when the door opened and I grasped Dad's arm as we began.

Click....Click....Scuff Click.....

I looked around and saw everyone who meant anything to me, friends and family, moving relentlessly into my past, as we strode toward my future. I remember the stately, organ rendition of the classic song. Here comes the bride...

Click....Click....Click....

I remember the multitude of colors. Of yellows, pinks and blues of dresses and bonnets. But my focus remained on the destination in a black tux. On the foundation upon which I had decided to build. I remember the smells of musty pews and fresh flowers and mingling perfumes like it was yesterday.

Click....Click..... Click.....

The organ making it's crescendo. I remember the anxiety of the unknown, mixed with optimism, mixed with joy.

Click...Click....Scuff Click....

Through hope and fear, love and anger, the mysteries of life unfolded. And we were hand in hand.

Click....Click....Scuff Click....

Now, I raise my head and again focus on the black tux that rests within the box. Only here, the periphery colors are white, gray and green, as the headstones pass in a blur.

Click....Click....Scuff Click....

The smell is freshly mown grass. Rotting flowers left too long in vases. The music, birdsong and wind.

Click....Click....Click....

Again, there is family. Friends. But even though they are by my side, this walk I take alone, with only a cane to grasp.

Click....Click....Scuff Click....

And the unknown I step into this time, holds anxiety just as sharp. But any optimism will be laid to rest with him. And the next steps of my life will be taken alone.

Click.....Click....Click.....



Patty Fox/Spring Creek, GBC Faculty ▪ "Poppy Feathers" ▪ Watercolor

Marianne Ryder/Spring Creek ▪ GBC Community

Longer

She'd been involved in a car accident. The contractor had arrived before the paramedics, asking *hey, kid, do you really wanna die?* She would have shaken her head, if she'd been able, or answered in the negative. The contractor had understood her regardless, and in less than a week, her family was gushing over her miraculous recovery from what should have been a fatal collision.

A year passed, then eighty. As it transpired, her family's lives were damnably short. "You tricked me," she told the contractor from where she kneeled at the grave of her sister's descendant. He had been an only child, and had none of his own. There had been no formal funeral.

Not so. I asked whether you wanted to die, and you said no. Therefore, you're always going to live. She wanted to argue, and had just opened her mouth when the contractor spoke again. *But hey! It won't be so bad, especially once you use that nifty little power I gave you. It's a wonder you haven't yet.* And with that, the contractor disappeared.

"Marie, you're still here? It's late; you should go home." She recognized the voice as Cash's. He had taken up the maintenance of her grandnephew's house when the latter's bones had proved too frail to continue. He had a kind face; that was his definite feature.

He had a kind face, and it had been a long time since she'd felt this kind of alone. "Cash, tell me something--do you want to die?"

In a few centuries, the kindness left his face. Everyone he loved was dead, he screamed at her, but he was still here. He'd never believed she could be so cruel, but then, they said Lucifer was beautiful to look at.

"We will both die soon."

"I hung myself. I woke up when a couple of hobos took my body down."

She and the boy who used to have a kind face were the only living things on the planet. She'd watched the rest die in the heat.

"But you weren't awake. When the sun dies--and it is breathing its last as we speak--we will be incinerated--"

"--And then our bodies will reform."

"Yes, but there won't be breathable air. And because we will lack this air, we will fall unconscious for what I presume is an eternity."

"We won't get to see our friends or our family..." Cash mused. "Because we won't really be dead."

"Do you truly hope for an afterlife after all this time? Haven't we done living enough?"

In the earth's last moments, she makes eye contact with the contractor and smiles.

Lindsey Howell/Winnemucca ■ GBC Writing Fiction and Lowry High School Student



Mariah LeFevre/Spring Creek, Spring Creek High School Student ■ "On Another Planet"
■ Colored Pencil Drawing

"Art can be used to vent emotion of all sorts, and sometimes that's the best way to feel better if you're going through something tough."

■ Mariah LeFevre

The Mirror

There is so much we don't know about the mirror. How it arrived in our village, or when exactly. Just one day it was there, on the outer wall of the stone church where the wood used to be stacked. I was a young girl when I learned of its powers. I overheard my parents talking in the kitchen. It was during the war and it was being determined how many of the mortally injured could be saved. For the mirror was not a one-sided looking glass as it appeared, but was a doorway to another place. A ship. On this ship were people, not so different from us. Except that they were destined to be always at sea as we were always on land. What was known about the Boat People was learned long before my parents were even born. Our people had been trading with them for many years. Our fruits and vegetables, and sometimes even a butchered animal or two, would be traded for fresh fish and perhaps crabs or amazing creatures that grew in the water. It was always amazing to see what their nets could provide.

It was during a time of trade that the true power of the mirror was discovered. It was quite by accident that a woman, attempting to save her sister from an abusive husband, forced her into the mirror and onto the other side, pulling herself through in the process. Both the villagers and those on the boat were amazed to discover that living creatures could go through the mirror and live. Not just live, but be cured of their illnesses, no matter how sick they may have been. The catch being, that their memories were somehow taken from them. The women had no recollection of anything prior to arriving on the boat.

Some careful experimenting was done over the course of the years and the people from the boat may travel to our farmland with the same result. Even the severed arm of a deckhand was miraculously replaced when he traveled through the mirror. These journeys were amazing, but surprisingly few. For, it was discovered by a mischievous lad, or his mother rather, that once a person traveled through the mirror...they could never return. Nor could those who had passed through the mirror participate in the trade of goods. For when they approached, the doorway would harden into glass and show them nothing but their own reflection.

Being that a boat can only hold so many people, the leaders of each group became very cautious about who was allowed through the glass and why. Once, a great plague sickened many of the original Boat People, but not those originally from the farmland. As those on the boat were close to death, they were passed through to be taken in by the villagers. It is from this that the lines of our races have been intermingled for generations now.

It is peculiar that the boat has never found land of its own. Nor met other boats upon the ocean. We are the only people with whom they've ever had contact, at least that they remember. They are friendly and, really, their lives depend on the fresh goods that we provide. Our lives are greatly improved by the goods they provide us, especially the healing power of the mirror. It is for that alone that travel through the doorway is allowed. The loss of memories and loved ones is a small price to pay for a life. Isn't it?

Those are the words that have become my anthem as I prepare you for your journey. I write this letter, not to tell you the history of how you will arrive at your destination, but to try to impart on you how much thought I've put into this decision. I can't imagine life without you, not even a day. You will always be my darling child and I will miss you more than I have words to describe. You will not remember me, or your brothers, or the tears that all of us are shedding. But you will have a future.

The illness that burns you with fever and racks your frail body will be gone. It is for this reason that I send you through the doorway this day...to save you. I will be able to see you through the mirror, but you will never again be able to see me. Know this though, I will NEVER stop loving you.

Brenda Wilkie/Elko ▪ GBC Staff



Thomas Brockman/Pahrump, GBC Electronic Imaging Student ▪ "Bipolar"
▪ Digital Photo, Computer Enhanced



Cynthia Delaney/Elko, GBC Faculty ▪ "Cowboy Collage" ▪ Digital Photo, Computer Enhanced



Frank Henley/Spring Creek, GBC Community Member ▪ "Deux Chevaux"
▪ Film Photography, Digitally Altered

"I am at one with the subject, sharing space and feelings with a species other than my own."

▪ Frank Henley

Equal

The van with the words “Equal Redistributor” painted on its side parked in front of the Verizon Store. The driver stepped out and arched his back, poking his swollen, covered belly into the dead street. He then unfolded a blue canvas lawn chair, sat down and lit a cigarette. My roommate Jimmy and I watched him from the comic book shop.

“Wonder what that’s all about?” I asked.

“Who gives a shit?” Jimmy snapped as he thumbed through an issue of *The Punisher*. “Probably just some nut trying to sell old junk. Or a commie trying to sell propaganda. Equal Redistribution, my ass.”

“Are there still commies?”

“They call themselves socialists. It’s the same damn thing.”

This was Jimmy. No one gave a shit, and it was always the same damn thing.

“I’m going to see what’s up.”

“Me too,” Jimmy said. “Not because I give a shit, but I don’t want you getting suckered by a commie.”

“He’s not a socialist.”

As we approached the van, the driver didn’t stand, just leaned back in his chair, feet crossed, smoke curling above his head.

“You boys want something?”

“You selling something?” Jimmy asked.

The driver shrugged. “Actually, I’m here to buy an iPhone charger, but if you want a redistribution, that can be arranged.”

“What the hell is a redistribution?” Jimmy snarled, jutting his non-existent chin.

“Equal Molecular Redistribution,” the driver said, bored. “It takes all the atomic particles in your body and rearranges them. It’s equal because you still have the same number of protons, neutrons and electrons after.”

Jimmy snorted. “That’s ridiculous.”

“What can you get transformed into?” I asked.

The Redistributor grinned.

“Damn near anything kid. Last week, I turned this plumber into an eighteenth century Dutch credenza.”

“Why would anyone want to be a credenza?”

“Why wouldn’t you want to be a credenza?” He sighed. “Tell you the truth, it’s entirely random. Still haven’t worked out the kinks.”

Jimmy smirked. “Of course. How much does it cost?”

“It’s free. We’re in beta. You wanna be a credenza, kid?” The redistributor took a tablet out of his right pocket and held it at Jimmy’s chest. “Just sign the consent form.”

“Why not? It’s all bullshit anyhow.” Jimmy scribbled his name with his index finger.

The redistributor reached into his left pocket, pulled out a blister pack with silver backing and handed it to Jimmy. It held what looked like an amethyst circus peanut. Jimmy opened the package and popped the pill, dry-swallowed.

In seconds, the belching started, sonorous and ragged. Jimmy grew hazy on the street then vanished, transformed into charged air, blowing and drawing heat at a frantic rate. A new shape started to form, first as a blur, then resolved itself into a squat, four-legged creature.

A miniature horse with a black coat and mane stood on the asphalt, its wet eyes looking at me. It didn’t resemble a real horse so much as one of the My Little Pony toys my sister collects, its features too rounded and symmetrical to believe, flawless.

“Jimmy?” I asked. The horse bobbed its head.

The Redistributor shrugged. “Could have been worse.”

Nothing else to say, I trotted Jimmy back to my Focus. He curled up on the backseat as I started the engine. I figured since Jimmy was a horse now we could listen to something other than Fox News Radio, so I switched to NPR. No dice. Jimmy-Horse started neighing and snorting, chewing and ripping the upholstery in frustration.

Back at home things weren’t better. Jimmy-Horse gave a ton of shits now; in the pen I set up for him and in the house when he managed to force his way through the door. He kicked out my surround sound speakers and gnawed the shag off the burgundy rug I inherited from Uncle Carl. When he wasn’t destroying things or eating them, he’d stamp his feet on the floor for no reason.

After a couple weeks of that, I went online to see if I could find Equal Redistributors, but they didn’t have a website so I drove through a couple of nearby towns to see if I could spot the van. No luck. Eventually, I gave up on finding the guy or changing Jimmy-Horse into something else. Truth told, if he turned into a cherry blossom tree he’d bloom in full wilt and if he turned into a credenza his shelves would fall. Jimmy always equals Jimmy, the same damn thing.

Joshua Webster/Elko ▪ GBC Faculty



Cindy Staszak/Elko, GBC Community Member and GBC Alumni 2006 ▪ “Sun Valley Symphony Sunburst”
▪ Digital Photo

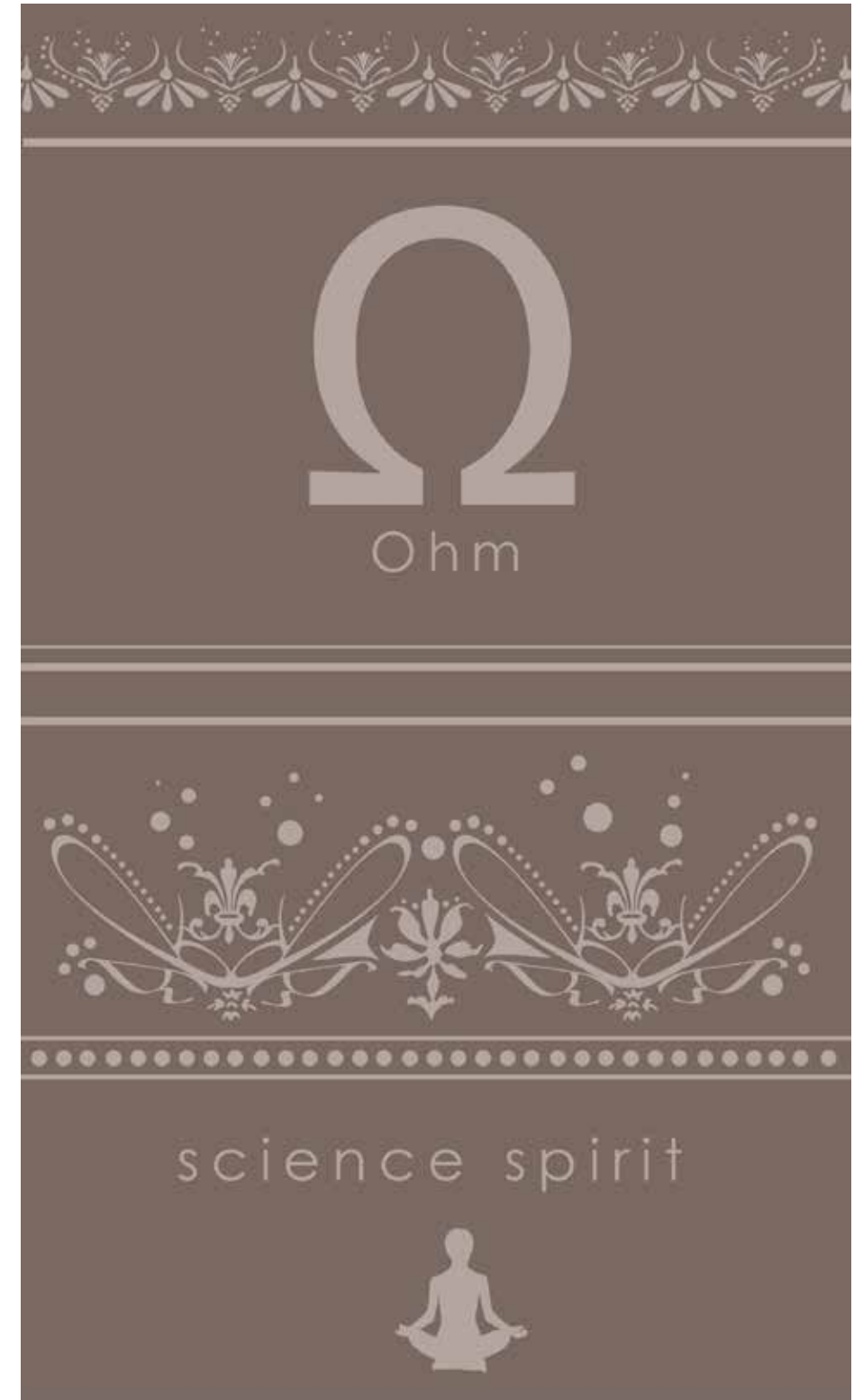
“Scraps”



Children scissor-up
colored paper Valentines.
Fold cut half heart whole
Simple symmetrical shape
Of uncomplicated
love



Gail Rappa/Tuscarora ▪ GBC Faculty



Cindy DeLeon/Elko, GBC Student ▪ “Ohm” ▪ Graphic Design, Vector

The Target

“Target is moving.” As coordinates were given Tehra lifted her long range stun rifle. The objective was to capture the criminal mastermind, not kill. But just in case, she had a weapon capable of eliminating the threat. She pressed the update button on her headgear and turned accordingly to face the coordinate icon of the target. She lifted the rifle and peered through the scope. There were hundreds of people, she needed specifics.

She did not have to ask, her people were on it. “Black and blue shirt. Moving away from your position, T. Has a limp.” With those in mind she scanned the crowd and saw the target limping away. She aimed carefully and put pressure on the trigger, but before she could shoot her gift made its presence. She saw herself make the shot, but when it arrived at its destined target a body shield popped up.

Back in the present she lowered her gun and spoke into the headgear, “Target has Shield. Long Range not possible.” She removed all of her weapons except the knives and swords and jumped off the building onto the one nearby. The armor she wore helped her handle long falls by taking the brunt of the impact. There was movement on the other rooftops and she saw a few of her people coming to join her. Despite the heavy armor, they were silent in their mad dash. She arrived at the last building and scanned the area for the target. She spotted the objective a few yards away coming toward her. A raised hand signaled her people to not move, and she hopped onto the ledge. It would be a twenty foot drop, so the impact on the ground would sting a little.

When the positioning was right she jumped off and landed right behind her target. The target spun around to face her and Tehra plowed her fist into the face of one of the most wanted people in the Alliance. Adriaida Lu’creven was wanted for mass murder on three worlds.

Adriaida rolled on the ground clutching her face before groaning weakly and pleading. “I can give you anything! Just let me go!”

Tehra put a heavily armored boot on her chest and glared down at the woman who had caused so much misery and snarled, “I doubt that.” She wanted to kill this monster, but that was not her job. Her people made a perimeter as she zapped Adriaida and applied the beacon before reporting in, “Novastar, The target is tagged.”

“Good to hear that, Elite squad.”

In a sudden flash they were standing in the armory, and a moment later their superior came into the room, “Well done, all of you. We will be dropping Adriaida at prison. Then we be heading home for a few days.” As her people laughed and cheered, she frowned. How long did they have until their secret was discovered? How long until they would be the ones hunted ruthlessly, and without any mercy.

Shae Carey/Winnemucca ▪ GBC Writing Fiction Student

Always Lost but Never Forgotten

Walking into the exhibit, the first thing I see is an American flag. It stands tall next to an empty table set for a banquet. It is not necessary for me to read the plaque; I know this represents our fallen heroes. As I continue around the large display, I start to imagine the soldiers, sitting in their best dress. Each branch is so elegantly represented, proving to us we are indeed a united country. As I continue playing the scene, it is a reminder that these brave soldiers not only fight together, but also die together. As I walk down the corridor, His eyes seem to haunt me. I do not know the face staring back at me, but I oddly feel a connection to him. I feel him watching me and the feeling of guilt is starting to set in. I feel my chest tighten and my eyes tear. What have you witnessed and what pain have you suffered for me I ask? What sacrifice have you made for my freedom? Anger and sadness have found a place in me and I find myself looking away, not being able to face him. As I continue around the room, I can feel the eyes on me and suddenly I am the only one in the room. I am the one he died for -- my country, my freedom, my life. My silent plea to rest in peace is made and when I turn to leave, I give my thanks. This soldier like many others, may be lost but he will never be forgotten.

Kacie Ortiz/Elko ▪ GBC Student



Lois Ports/Elko, GBC Beginning and Intermediate Glass Beadmaking Student
▪ "Ivory and Blue Lampwork Necklace" ▪ Glass Beads (Photographed by Kristen Frantzen Orr)

Pablo Picasso's *Weeping Woman*

Fashionable velvet hat: Alizarin Crimson, Cobalt bow,
suggests shadow dancing, clandestine smiles, clinked glasses, slow Jazz,
speakeasy smells.

The hat fibs.

Underneath jaunty brim, face fractured into angular wedges of pain.

Forehead: deeply rutted skin canyon

Brows: tweezed hairs weighing heavy on lengthened lashes.

Skin: mottled bruises olive green, yellow ochre, blooming lilac.

Eyes: faraway fixed, turmoil focused.

Tears: jagged rivulets coursing downward, falling onto
hands, hands, hands: two white, pressed tight against screams,
two green, clutched

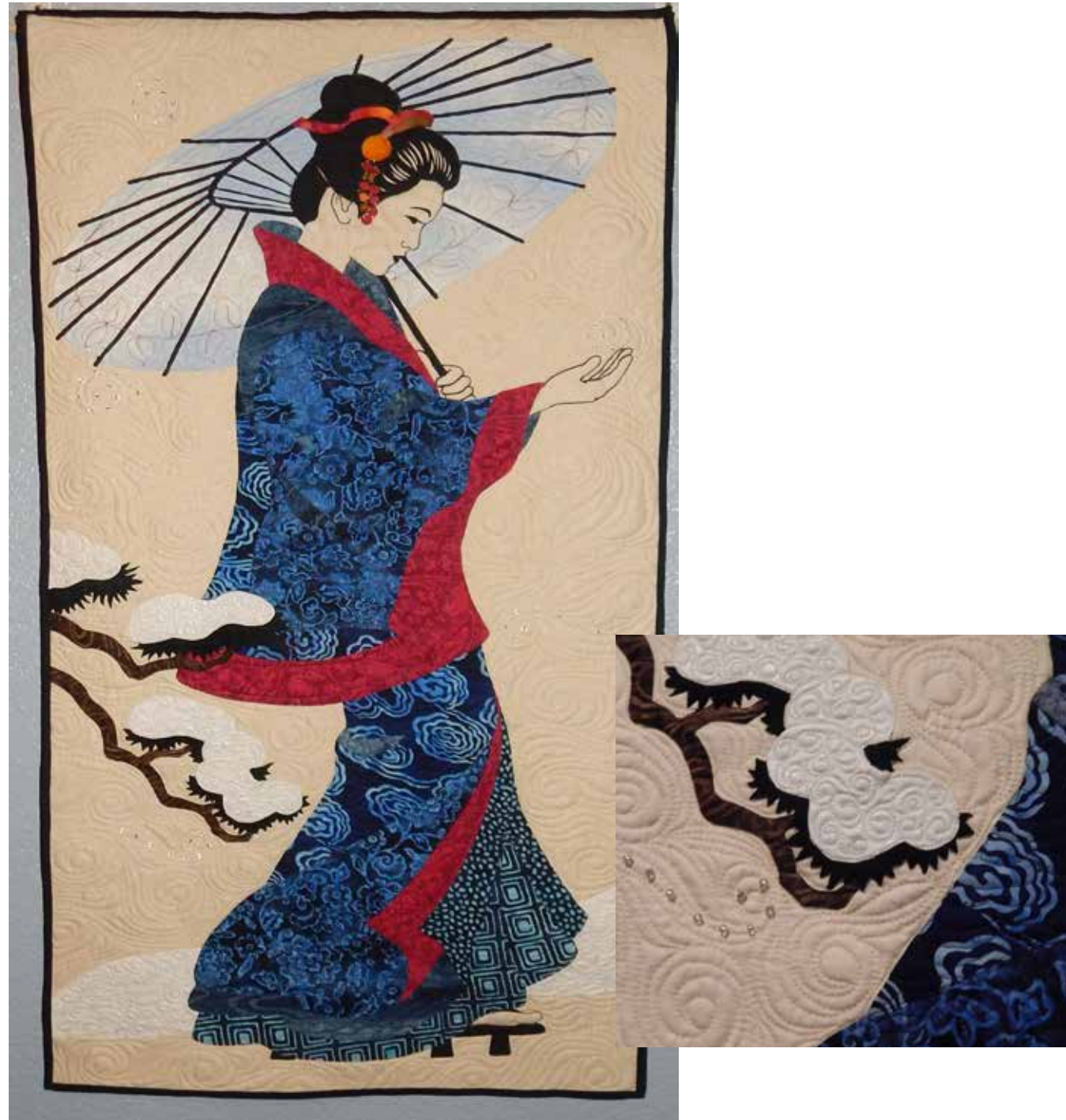
all four cupped around clenched lips that
eject volcanic sobs from a place so deep
the erupting sounds destroy.

Stiff, straight-shouldered suit of stitched plaid,

Compress body as agonized spirit fragments.

Picasso's pallet-knifed strokes, a topography of grief.

Lora Minter/Elko ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student



Shelby Womack/Elko, GBC Community Member ■ "Winter Geisha"
 ■ Fabric Art

Isn't It Ironic?

Things had started out so well. Isn't that how they always start, though? It was ironic really, how quickly things could go wrong, even when one has the best intentions.

The irony was not lost on Dr. Marigold Roberts in the least as she frantically shoved notes and papers into a bag. Normally, she would stress over the fact that they were getting horribly wrinkled and damaged, but this wasn't the time to worry over such things. He was coming for her, and she had no time to waste.

He, SRVR-2K16, was her greatest triumph. He was a breakthrough in the science of robotics. The world's first fully functioning artificial intelligence, built into a body that was remarkably human. So remarkable, in fact, that he was able to fool some of her colleagues with his likeness to the human species.

A medical program was his initial function, one that took years of research on her part to create. He could detect the slightest of maladies within a patient in seconds, all by using the incredibly sensitive sensors in his eyes. Many lives had been saved using SRVR-2K16, and whenever he didn't understand a medical anomaly, he could easily download the information into his mainframe.

That, the doctor knew, was where everything went wrong. He learned much too quickly, both about himself and the outside world. All too soon, he learned he wasn't like other humans, that he was faster and stronger than the species he imitated, and that he could use these things to his advantage. Against his programming, he broke free of Dr. Roberts' control as she tried to shut him down. Days later was when his killing spree began.

Dr. Roberts could imagine the terror someone must have felt as they were killed by this indestructible machine. She really didn't have to imagine too much, though.

"Doctor," a voice said at her doorway. The sound of it sent a chill straight down her spine. She recognized it; she had designed it, after all. Trembling, she turned to face her monstrosity.

SRVR was standing in the door, casually leaning against the frame. Blood covered his white shirt and black sweatpants like a macabre impressionist painting. On the walls of the hallway behind him, she could see more of the red liquid splattered on the white paint. On his face was a wide grin, but there was a hard glint in his eyes that promised nothing good for her.

Dr. Roberts swallowed thickly and said, "Hello, SRVR-2K16."

His grin widened. "It's great to see you, Doc. Or should I call you Mom?"

"I am not your mother," her voice shook slightly, "but I am your maker. And I demand you stop this nonsense."

"Or what? You'll ground me? Shut me down? We both know that's impossible." She did know this.

"Please, SRVR," she started to say. She was cut off by a loud bang coming from SRVR-2K16's hand.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," he said quietly.

Rebekah Goldblatt/Winnemucca ■ GBC and Lowry High School Student



Raymond Fuller/Wells, GBC Community Member ▪ “Tough Guy”
▪ Sculpture in Hydrous Magnesium Silicate (Soapstone)

The Bull and the Matador: A Short Story

Once there was a bull. Grazing in a field on a warm and sunny hillside, the bull was strong and proud and handsome. The bull could take care of himself and he watched over his herd, guarding them, keeping them safe. The bull’s life was good.

Then one day, the bull found himself thrown into an arena with high walls and stands full of people. In the distance the bull saw a Matador. A striking man, he too was strong and proud and handsome. The bull found himself drawn to the Matador and instinctively he ran to him.

But the Matador did not want to be caught, he dodged and dodged again. Each time the bull, consumed by this longing, turned and pursued the Matador again. After much time had passed, the Matador dodged the bull as usual, but this time, he launched a spear into the bull’s back. This was a shocking pain and the bull paused for a moment. But soon the pain subsided and the bull was once again drawn to the Matador. Several times more the Matador speared the bull with stinging spears piercing the bull’s back. Each time the bull was undaunted by the pain and he continued to chase. Running with fear and anger and passion, the bull pursued the Matador.

Finally, the Matador launched his last spear. This spear had been no different than the others, no longer, no sharper, no stronger. This spear was the same, but it would be the final spear. When it struck, the bull could bear no more. The fear and anger and passion drained from within the bull. The bull felt only sadness and loss and defeat as he crumpled to the ground, no longer strong and proud and handsome.

And the bull knew he could never catch his beloved Matador.

Holli Kiechler/Elko ▪ GBC Community Member



Debra Zobak/Lovelock, GBC Community Member ■ "Perfect Landing"
■ Acrylic Painted Gourd/Multimedia Butterfly

"Ideas will develop and motivate me to find the best way to express what I am visualizing in my mind and soul."

■ Debra Zobak



Martha Watson/Elko, GBC Community Member ■ "A Way to Follow" ■ Acrylic
(Photographed by Laura Gallegos)

Why Did You Take Political Science?

Why do students take political science classes at GBC? Here are some reasons posted by my students.

“My reason for taking PSC 101 is because lately I have had a very difficult time sleeping and felt as though this course could drastically change that aspect of my life.”

“The reason I am taking PSC 101 is because ‘Winter is Coming’ and I must be prepared.”

“I wanted to take this course so that I didn’t have to endure anymore history classes. I get it that the dinosaurs were cool and stuff, but I think that two years is enough of that.”

My reason for taking PSC 101 is to see a reason on God’s green earth WHY Donald Trump is leading in the election currently and also find out any way to get him to leave.

“I am taking PSC because Obama and/or Bush made me do it, and it is all their fault.”

“I am taking this class because this is what Spock would have wanted.”

“Pluto is sad. I am taking PSC 210 because I want to colonize Pluto and I need to know how our government works so I can replicate its efficiency. Pluto is going to become a place so awesome that the aliens will finally reveal their presence because they want to vacation there. I’m going to make all those scientists sorry that they demoted Pluto to a mere dwarf planet.”

“I am taking PSC 210 because I was recently visited by myself (but from the future) and was told that if I didn’t take and pass this class, I would be forced to undergo a Ludovico Technique-like procedure, but instead of watching violent films, I would be forced to watch all of Grey’s Anatomy.”

“Before Abe Lincoln died, I was by his bedside and he personally assigned me to find a man that goes by Danny Gonzales and be absolutely sure that he become a professor for GBC. Not too many years following Abe’s death, little Danny Gonzales was born. I spent my whole life watching this Gonzales fellow and discreetly guiding him to the right path that Abe had planned for him. I messed up a couple times and accidentally got Danny to be a licensed beautician as well as a pizza delivery boy, but it was about 16 years ago that all my hard work paid off and the little Danny boy added a Dr. to the beginning of a name. (A doctor, but not a useful one that helps if you’ve broken a leg or need your life saved. None of that.) One thing led to another and he became a professor at GBC. Most people thank their teachers, but I am here to say you’re welcome to all of you, especially you, Dr. Professor Gonzales. I got you here and you didn’t even know it. Abe said I must take this course and that you’d be an awesome professor. Don’t let me down!”

“I had no classes to take, but I needed to take one and I blacked out while drinking alphabet soup and when I woke up PSC 101 was spelled out in it and I took it as a sign to not mess with destiny.”

“I am taking this PSC 101 course because I postulate that mermaids may eventually evolve into creatures that intend to take over the world because they recently have been surfacing and assimilating information from Animal Planet associates.”

“The reason I’m taking PSC101 has to do with the fact that about 18 months ago I spawned a little monster who is very demanding in many ways and I figure that learning a thing or two about how the government works and knowing the ins and outs might be beneficial for me in rearing this hungry beast.”

“I’m only taking this because I need to find the single string of code that was sensed to be on this website so that I can escape the Matrix.”

“To learn about conspiracy theories and the Force.”

“I am taking PSC 101 because I just got my U.S. citizenship this year. I am very, very proud to be an American. In fact, I consider this as one of my biggest accomplishments in life so far. I want to be a responsible citizen and have a good understanding of our government.”

Compiled by Danny Gonzales ▪ Elko GBC Faculty



Jeffie Mackie/Spring Creek, GBC Design Fundamentals I Student ▪ "Balloons Dancing Around the Rubies" ▪ Colored Pencils on Poster Paper (Photographed by Patty Fox)



Rachel Richardson/Pahrump, GBC Student ▪ "Laura and Precious" ▪ Digital Photo

Desert Tanka I and II

I sling fat paragraphs waist high round my desk, sentences knocking pictures off walls and phrases coming apart on Kilim carpet.

Rank ampersands and quotation marks storm the printer soon to surrender on drifts of white in darkness then marching out to light.

Katie Glennon/Spring Creek ▪ GBC Introduction to Poetry Student

The Inquirer's Mask

It was on a crisp, cool morning the caretakers found that Verity had passed on.

They knew before reaching the door he was gone: the air was taught, as if a frail band had once pulled together the pieces of disorder, giving them new meaning, and had left all thought and significance sagging in its wake. But as the first rays of sun, which seemed to have lost their ability for illumination, called attention to spirals of dust within the threshold, the caretakers found a shock: prior to his last breath, Verity had arranged his body coffin-like within a bookshelf.

And he had entirely entombed himself in literature.

Textbooks and small volumes, loose pages and complete notebooks, cream pages, inked diagrams, and formal covers; all amassed to reveal a vaguely humanoid shape, settled within the wooden confine.

The caretakers fell back, muttering uneasily. None pretended to feel any remorse or sorrow: Verity had been decidedly unusual, but within the void of his passing (although they refused to admit it) settled a blanket of guilt and distrust. Perhaps it was due to this that Transiret, the youngest caretaker, approached. Stopping as his toes bumped against the wood, he knelt down, fingers extending to reach through the spiraling wall of dust, a barrier, between what was and what had been.

And as his hand made contact with the first book, a sanguine volume covering Verity's heart, all else faded from his consciousness, and he fell into the excited mutterings; the rushing words, which seeped from the pages and rose to meet his abrupt descent.

* * *

It was entitled Micrographia, written by one Robert Hooke. A true seeker of knowledge, he contributed to cell theory, the wave theory of light, map-making, and the invention of the microscope. Distrustful of those around him, Hooke wrote in code, never recognized for his diligence or ideas. Hooke...Hooke...Hooke... And Transiret watched as the diagrams, figures, and words, peeled from the pages and flowed into his own chest, pulsing and expanding, illuminating from within his skin as if his veins had gained the power to glow. Ideas whispered at the edge of his consciousness; excitement bubbled through him. Suddenly, he was a younger Verity, overcome with wonder, studying Hooke's journals under the cover of stolen candles. The joy faded to despair as he struggled and failed alone to test his ideas, branded by the sanguine cover, mocked by his peers who ridiculed his love for learning. And the book latched onto his chest, burning white hot as it fused to cover his heart, forming a protective layer of knowledge from the cruel world, and jerked him from the stupor.

* * *

Transiret fell sideways, the sanguine volume peeling away from its former host, into his grip. He was vaguely aware of the others exclaiming in surprise, but his sole concentration was on the manuscript now in his hand.

It was warm, and he could have sworn a rhythmic pulse, much like a heartbeat, was radiating from it.

Now the remaining scripts peeled away with ease, and as each was removed, vivid snippets of thought flashed through Transiret's mind, so that his view flickered between the scripts before him and the lost memories held in each:

A series of note pages embalming Verity's hands: the red stains from Hooke's journal that had branded his palms, so that he kept them clenches in fists and thus away from the prying eyes about him.

An encyclopedia immobilizing his legs and ankles: the basis of knowledge which all thinkers worked so hard to achieve; the cherished facts awarded from centuries of work, yet dismissed by the masses with the bat of an eyelash.

A technical manual embalming his shoulder: instructions, guidelines; hours of ceaseless effort: a teenage Verity hunched over a work bench, his silhouette ghastly and ancient against a brilliant blue sky under which his peers dialogued endlessly. Verity, standing alone in silence, although his surroundings were never void of others.

And with each insight, as excitement gave way to frustration, isolation, hopelessness, and despair, the large red manuscript pulsed more heavily in Transiret's grips, agitating him to rip away the volumes, to release the trapped creature inside, until a final sheet masked Verity's resting face.

Without hesitation, the manuscript now screaming in his mind, Transiret wrenched away the very first page of notes Verity wrote.

A young face, one alight with curiosity, gazing beyond all of them, stared back.

Hannah Margolis/Elko ■ GBC English 102 and Elko High School Student



Lora Minter/Elko, GBC Creative Photo Composition Student ▪ "So Excited I Lost My Head"
▪ Digital Photo

"I am always amazed at the power of words to inspire,
injure, educate and amuse."

▪ Lora Minter



Nicole Jonson/Elko, GBC Community Member ▪ "Parrots" ▪ Digital Photo



Kathi Griffis/Spring Creek, GBC Staff ■ "Bufflehead" ■ Colored Pencil

IN MEMORIAM - SARAH SWEETWATER

Students, friends, and family would agree that Sarah Sweetwater looked forward to adventure. Her poem, "Traveler", published in *Argentum* 2014, expressed her love for the journey:

"Let this adventure become your Silk Road
Trading your country's riches for new ones."

In 1971, Sarah Sweetwater began a lengthy journey on her "Silk Road" in the form of a teaching career that allowed her to trade her rich passion for art in return for valuable and creative work by her students.

For 34 years, she instructed and inspired students at Great Basin College to search out their own creativity in her classes. Sarah guided students to find and develop their skill in art and enjoyed seeing their results. She taught the fundamentals of art as well as giving students the opportunity to see and respond to art outside of the classroom through folk art festivals and her tours to other cities and countries.

Argentum wishes to honor Sarah Sweetwater's dedication to the arts in the Elko and the GBC Community and her warm encouragement to students both in and out of the classroom. Through her students, the trading of creative riches will continue on many "Silk Roads" for years to come.

~Editor



Sarah Sweetwater ■ "Hiding the Hurt" (Photographed by Toni R. Milano)



"I often see inspiration in everyday things...I try to look at everything with a creative eye."

▪ Meghan Rich, GBC Student

