

# ALONSOVILLE VOICE

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

## Issue No. 13

### Brought to you by:

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### In this Issue:

Featured Artists:

Katherine Kavanaugh:  
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William Stegman

Eric Gordon

Dana Satorius

Rudy Satorius

Denise Bolton

Carol Kurtz Stack

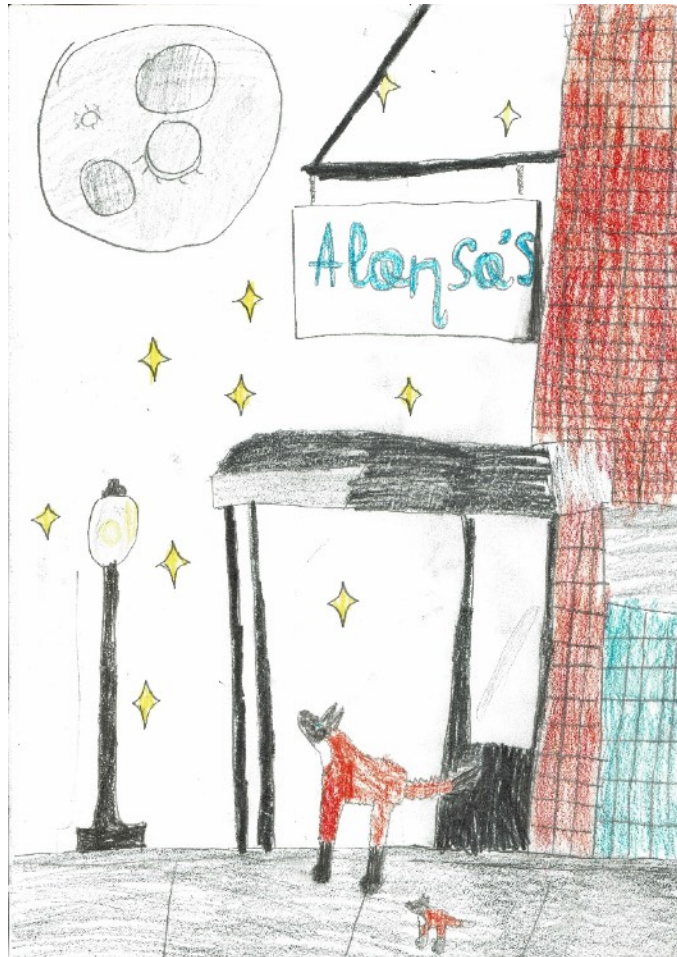
Kieran Paulson

Nick Sheridan

Larry Grubb

Cyndy Serfas

Michael Paulson



"Alonsoville at Night" by William Stegman, age 8

### News and Notes:

The next Keswick Improvement Association (KIA) meeting will be held in September to elect directors.

Baltimore, Broadway and Beyond. From July 10th to July 28th, Everyman Theater will transform its main stage into an exciting new venue with cocktail tables, a swanky bar, and all the glitz, glamour, and flare of a classic Broadway cabaret.

<https://everymantheatre.org/event/bbb/>

## **Katherine Kavanaugh: Installation Revelations**

Before Katherine became an artist, you could call her a seeker. The second oldest in a large Irish Catholic family, she grew up on an 80-acre farm in Carlton, Minnesota, 30 miles outside of Duluth. No stranger to hard work, she managed to pay her way through college working as an assistant to an oral surgeon. She graduated with a degree in communications from the University of Minnesota, Duluth. Her first job out of college was in "a high-end clothing store." She was hired to be a buyer. She lasted three months and moved on to being a counselor at a residential treatment center for adolescent boys. Saving money for travel, "I was ready to be challenged by my limited world view," Katherine said in a recent interview.



She bought a round-trip ticket for Icelandic Air to Europe for \$165 dollars. Landing in Luxembourg, she needed a good camera. The best deal could be found on a U.S. Army base. In cold January air, she hitchhiked to Frankfurt, Germany, and purchased the camera. In youth hostels, she found kinship with "wanna-be hippies," free spirits. "I wanted to have an experience on the edge of the world. I didn't know what that meant, so I asked around." People said she should go to Greece.

In Athens, she stayed on a yacht, 50 cents a night. She walked the city, absorbing the antiquities, planting seeds in her mind for later use. Then she took a ferry to the islands, Paros and Santorini, which was "built on a volcanic hill." She rented a cavern and savored the isolated beauty. Back in Athens, she met a couple from California. Next destination? A kibbutz in Israel. "They gave me their address in Jerusalem. I had to fly to Istanbul and then to Tel Aviv, where I signed on to a kibbutz. I worked in the laundry, kitchen and candy factory. I stayed long enough to become more aware of what this kibbutz was about. A lot of people had numbers on their wrists."

In Haifa, she took the ferry to Cyprus. With a backpack and sleeping bag, she hitchhiked around the island, sleeping in the mountains. Then she took a plane back to Athens, hitched over to the South of France, then Rome, Spain and up to Calais and England. She returned to Luxembourg and flew home. She had been on the road for eight months.

Back in Duluth, she considered marrying her boyfriend but didn't feel ready... too much doubt. Lake Superior in June still had ice... 20 below for weeks... can't do this. "I needed to escape provincial life in Minnesota." Her adventures in Europe gave her confidence; she was "an independent woman managing her life." At the time, art was not part of that life. "I didn't realize I was on a search for my identity." She purchased a VW camper van with a Colman stove, pop top and refrigerator. What else did one need? With her Irish setter, she headed south and eventually ended up in San Francisco, working as a temp secretary for Bechtel and staying with people she had met in the kibbutz. Then on to Newport, Oregon, working on a fishing boat, using a gaff hook to toss salmon on the deck. "You had to cut open the fish and throw guts into the water." All while being seasick. "The captain was kind." He said nothing when she leaned over the side.

*"I needed to understand the monkey on my back about making art.  
Over the years it got louder."*

### **First Work of Art**

In June of 1973, after being out in the fishing boat, she returned to Newport and picked up her mail at the PO box. There was a note from her dad: "I'm in the hospital. Had stroke #2. You know what they say about Strike 3."

The next day she packed up her van and drove back to Minnesota. Her father survived the stroke and still could function. She lived with friends on the outskirts of Duluth and had a job working with a WIC (Women Infants and Children) program. Within a year, while snowshoeing, she came upon a small house on the edge of Duluth. It was owned by friends who wanted to sell. Resting on rotting cedar posts, it needed to be "jacked up." She would have to put in a basement to prevent the house from collapsing. It sold for \$2,500 and \$500 down. That's with hardly any insulation, no cast-iron stove (she got up twice a night to put wood in the little stove), no running water, and an outhouse.

She hired a friend, Bruce Bugbee, to help put a basement under the house. She drove a Chevy pickup. "I found a pile of cement blocks. I loaded the pickup truck many times and used them to build the basement." She created a "huge garden space" and started a catering business, Movable Feast. Working with the Community Action Program, Katherine shared her expertise by turning vacant plots into community gardens,. The local agricultural extension tilled the soil. Cost to lease a plot from the city? One dollar for a year. "It was very rewarding." Katherine also started a cannery kitchen for people who had the plots.. They cooked the food in "big

pressure cookers” and canned the food in jars. “Working with them was very gratifying.”

By then, she was “totally in love” with the house, rebuilt from the ground up. “It was my primary art form for five years. I learned carpentry skills, using a circular saw, table saw, and drills.” She also taught herself wiring. “I put my heart and soul into that house. That’s the essence of making art. It goes to a deep level if it’s working.”

It was hard to think of sharing this space.

After years of solitary living, Katherine wanted someone in her life. “My biological clock was ticking. I wanted kids and was approaching 30. I had a few boyfriends over time, but nothing serious.” Then one June night at a staff meeting for an activist newspaper, *The Port Guardian*, she heard across the room “this beguiling, sonorous male voice speaking with gravity and authority.” She had heard that voice before, on the early-morning show at the university radio station, KUMD. She decided to interview this self-proclaimed station manager, Tom Livingston. “Not long after, he moved into my house. It was a complicated and challenging adjustment. We were from quite different worlds: me, the hammering and building type; him, the quiet intellectual committed to public-radio type who liked to sing folk songs. I struggled with sharing my space. He struggled with this wild, independent woman.”

They were married two years later in the backyard of Tom’s parents. The reception was held on her parents’ farm. “It was a hippie wedding,” nothing formal. The following year they had “a beautiful boy, Adam.” Their daughter, Sabra, was born at home two years later, in the house which both had grown to love.

## **The Evolution as an Artist**

Tom played a key role in transforming KUMD from a 100-watt station to a 100,000-watt powerhouse. “He felt he had done all he could. I too was ready for a move.” They ended up in Shreveport, Louisiana. His mission? Building an LSU public radio station from scratch. Katherine sold the house. The kids were two and four.

“Shreveport was nothing like Northern Minnesota. We both completed two-year Master of Liberal Arts degrees at LSU.” She focused on visual art, art history and printmaking, while she ran the university art gallery. “I met an amazing artist,” 65-year-old Clyde Connell, who changed Katherine’s life. Nationally recognized and respected, Ms. Connell grew up on a plantation and was a late bloomer. Here was a path Katherine could follow. “I curated two shows of her work and wrote a 100-page

thesis about her: The Evolution of a "Presence" in the Art of Clyde Connell. Witnessing black culture, Ms. Connell made "massive, rough, wooden constructions." Katherine was totally moved by the power and integrity of this work. Meanwhile, thanks to NPR funding, Tom was launching a network of radio stations in the South. The revolution would not be televised.

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## aria

A 2001 site-specific installation in the Camp Gallery of the artist residency, Virginia Center for the Creative Arts in Amherst, VA. The gallery was originally a dairy barn built in the 1920's.

"aria" was a response to:

-large luna moths which floated through the barn at night



-the air currents in the barn  
-4 silos surrounding the barn  
-the neo-classical columns in southern Virginia homes

240 columns of Japanese rayon paper each column from 12 - 15 feet, barn

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In Shreveport, Katherine had been enmeshed in the art scene. She curated shows for regional artists from Dallas and Houston. After graduating, Katherine worked as a director at a non-profit art center, which was in the process of transforming from a craft center to a contemporary art center. This approach did not go over well with some board members. They would take her aside privately and say, "Don't you forget you're a Yankee."

After nearly five years in Shreveport, Tom was invited by the DC public radio station, WETA, to apply for the job as station manager. "We were ready to leave." They moved to the suburb of Fairfax, Virginia. It was a big change. Now she was in "deep suburbia." Couldn't imagine living here... couldn't relate to the people. "No one knew what art was, even in DC." Didn't matter. At the age of 42, she had embraced her vocation as an artist and what she wanted to do as an artist. "It met me as a deeper point in my identity."

She treasured her solitude. "The kids went off to school and on most days I went to my converted dining room—now a studio. At the end of the year, I was making some sculptures that got me excited about handling materials, hammering and gluing things together." She was made for this work. "I joined the Washington Sculptures Group and met serious-minded people. I became a grant writer for the group and curated a couple of shows. I had a community!" After a couple of years, she applied for a Master of Fine Arts degree at the University of Maryland, College Park, with a "full ride" and teaching assistantship. She loved teaching art and sharing her passion with students. In the studio, she was making ever larger objects out of wood, plaster, and fiberglass. "They kept getting bigger and soon I began to deal with 'space' as a motivating force—cutting into walls and considering how to alter large, open spaces." In retrospect, she could see how building her house and collaborating with Clyde Cannell made her path work. "What really happened was that I got braver and finally had the time and courage to claim my true identity."

Her first show was in New York in '97, a single piece, in a group show. "It was weird seeing it on display. It put wind under my wings." Then she had a solo show at a gallery in Dupont circle. "It took me a long time to get there. I was not looking for approval or money. In '99, she began teaching at the Maryland Institute College of Art (MICA). People asked me to show my work in classes. "It was feedback to keep me going." No one was going to buy her site-specific installations. She depended on grants. After Tom left his job at WETA in '96, he started a consulting business. Since he could work from home, it made it possible to live anywhere. They bought a house on

Wingate and moved into Alonsoville in March of '04. No more driving from Fairfax to MICA.

Her motivation flowered. For several years Katherine constructed large site-specific outdoor and indoor installations which sometimes incorporated video and audio, collaborating with composers, poets and dancers. Inspired by "the poetry of a site—indoor or outdoor," she turned up "the visual volume through the type and arrangement of materials." She has received three Maryland State Arts Council individual artist awards. Her work has appeared at Stevenson University as a solo multi-media exhibition; the Evergreen House of Johns Hopkins University; the Museum of the Americas; the Organization of American States, Washington, DC; Goucher College; the Corcoran Museum of Art; the list goes on. Her projects extend overseas, with exhibitions in Iceland, France, Ireland and Germany. She also has artist residencies in the States and Europe. Her latest proposal is to the Virginia Center for Creative Arts International residency in a chapel in southern France that was built in 1305 along the River Garron. If the proposal is accepted, she will return next year to construct the piece, which will be completed in collaboration with composer, Mara Gibson.

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## Class

A site-specific installation completed May 2006 for the Evergreen House of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

The piece consisted of 100 cast glass rowhouses in 3 different sizes, each representing different classes of workers' houses. The exact scale and features of the Baltimore rowhouses near the B&O rail yards were used for models. The piece referenced the relationship between the owner of the Evergreen House, (John Work Garrett, president of the B&O Railroad at the time



he bought the house in 1878) and the immigrant railroad and factory workers who lived in the various classes of houses.

Rowhouses on tall poles like birdhouses gather across the east garden, and perch on top of the hill. Imagine residents of the rowhouses, like birds crossing boundaries, flocking to the country garden at the Evergreen House for fresh air and a view.



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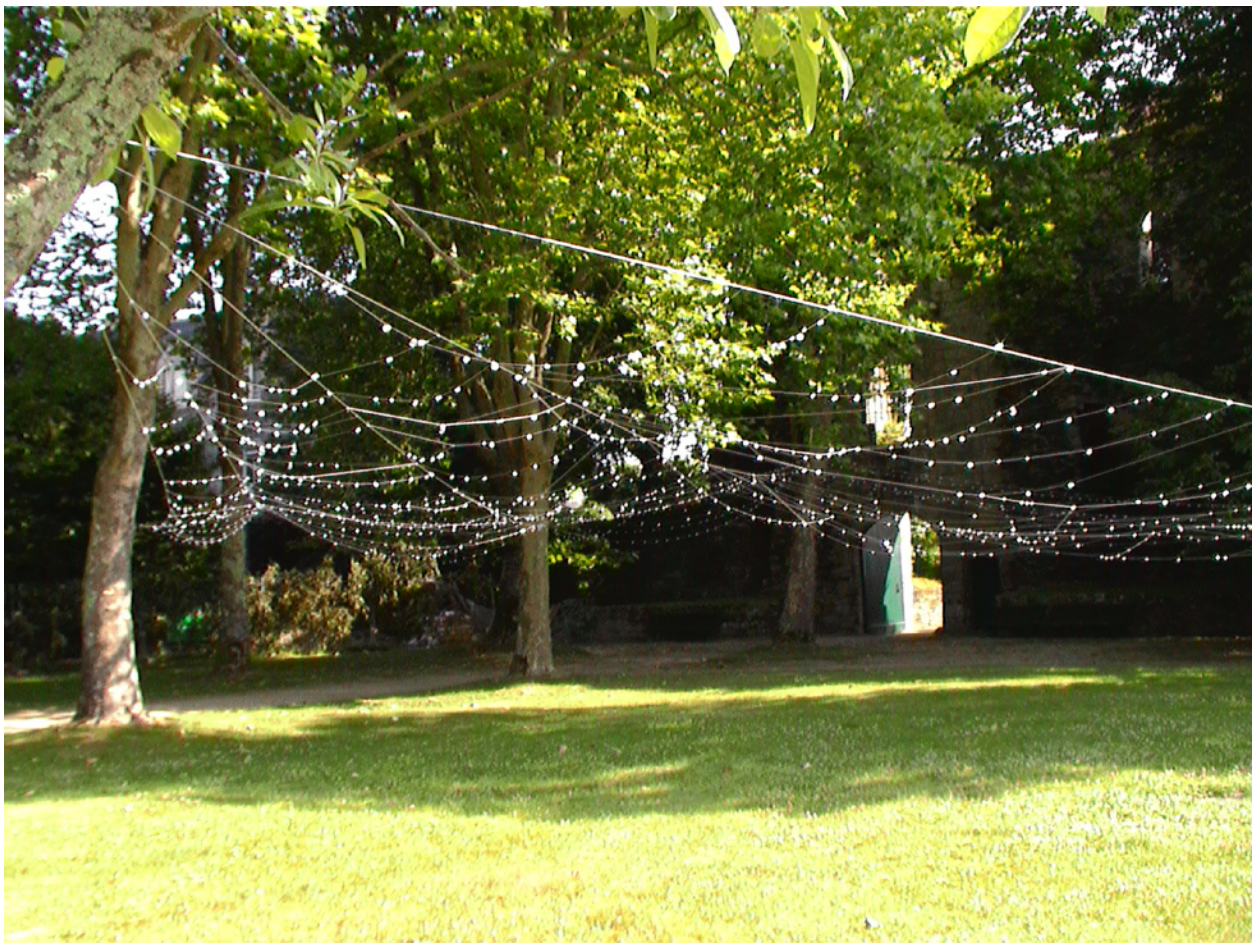
## WEB

*(Images next page)*

A 2003 site-specific installation in Brittany, France inspired by the clover in a chateau courtyard and the thousands of spider-webs found in the grasses. At night the multi-faceted, glass beads and monofilament related to constellation charts of Northern France.

*Steel cable, monofilament, 2500 faceted glass beads, clover*







“Bay Marsh at LBI, NJ” by Denise Bolton, acrylic over watercolor on paper

## **Once Upon A Time**

The Roland Park Golf Club was created in 1896. The club, later known as the Baltimore County Country Club, was established to enhance the attractiveness of Roland Park as a place to live. The original property included an 18-hole golf course on 150 acres that stretched across Falls Road. It was Maryland’s first 18-hole course. The club hosted the U.S. Open in 1899. The land on the west side is now occupied by Poly and Western high schools and the The Village of Cross Keys.

~ The Open Space Campaign for Greater Roland Park



"Taco Cat" by Eric Gordon, acrylic and reclaimed paint on canvas

### **Strong Maybe**

People I talked to, the perfume seller, the clerk at the desk,  
People at booths in the subway (fingernail), the taco maker,  
Big Dog and Michael, Valerie, the guard at Art Institute,  
Montana women. People at Cloud Gate.  
You are moving, now you're smiling.  
There are people who are lost. There are people  
After we got ourselves together we all looked each other in the eyes  
And said  
"Hey we're not going out like this."  
Wild provisions of your fingertips,  
The season is like nine months long  
And we just had a bad week, the forest outside the airport,  
my growth plate (never) not fused with my shoulder.  
...

...

The train moves  
Like it's afraid (to get to the city).  
I'm so happy this is happening, you can't unring it.  
It felt like.... In the light of your face  
Recruiting muscles, a deer whistle in the dark,  
The wind unstoppable, go where it will.  
Where does (did) god want us to go?  
What do you do with your tongue but speak?  
I was a failure but loved, not successful but loving,  
I'm from nothing, please listen closely, and turn this into an instrument  
~ Don Berger



"Tree" by Carol Kurtz Stack



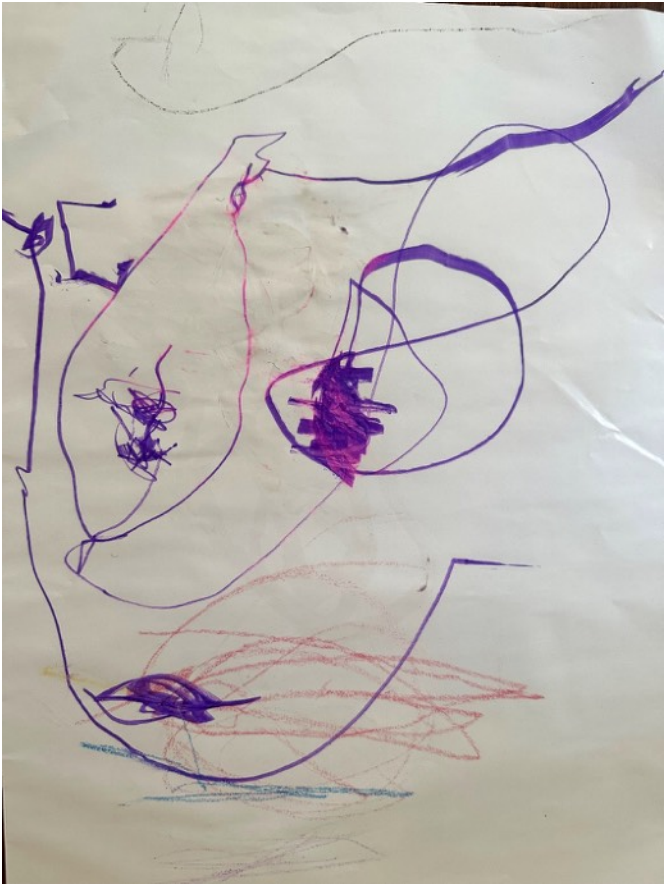
"Baltimore Façade" by Carol Kurtz Stack

**Quote of the Day**  
Hell is truth seen too late.  
~ Tyron Edwards, philosopher



"Animals of the Rainforest" by Rudy Satorius, age 6, marker (above)

"Purple Snake" by Dana Sartorius, age 3, glue stick and marker (right)





"Feline Dragon," by Kieran Paulson, age 10

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### **Life in the City: Wipeout on Wingate**

Deep in the night on the 16<sup>th</sup> of June, Denise Bolton was awakened by a loud scraping sound. "I thought someone was taking the trashcan down the driveway. Then there was a loud bang and more scraping. So I looked out the window and saw a car driving up the sidewalk, a grey Toyota sedan. I thought for sure it would hit my car and tree. It continued driving up the sidewalk and then went out the driveway. I was too tired to call the police."

Sunday morning she went out and saw the bumper lying across the sidewalk. The iron railing was bent. Neighbors on both sides had it far worse: three iron railings flattened and steps destroyed. Tom Livingston called the police. They came, filed a property damage report, and departed. Denise noticed there was a license plate attached to the bumper. This prompted a second phone call to 311. Police responded immediately and did a more thorough report.

That's life in the city.

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Woodcarving by Larry Grubb



Why not show your neighborhood pride and up your style game at the same time?  
*Alonsoville hats available in limited quantities!*  
[ebrlap@gmail.com](mailto:ebrlap@gmail.com)





Paintings by Nick Sheridan





Sculpture Studio in Brittany,  
Michael Paulson, 2014

Primitive Hut on Isle of Skye,  
Michael Paulson, 2015





Snapseed, Cyndy Serfas



## One More Word

As a lapsed Catholic, I have had a soft spot for Mary since the passing of my wife Kathy in 2000. During her final months, Mother Mary was a great comfort for her.

### Notre Dame

When the world's too much to take  
When cyberspace offers scant escape  
And darkness drains the brain  
Time to move, old man  
Take the bod' out for a spin  
Across Stony Run, up Linkwood to Charles  
Legs striding, heart a steady beat  
A glance at the liberator, Simon Bolivar across the street  
Where's such leaders now? No need to dwell.  
Concentrate on the breath, let darkness recede  
Up an alley worthy of London  
Gabled mansions, rose gardens, shiny pleasure cars  
At the reservoir I reach the peak  
Takes 360 to grasp the shapes  
Over Cold Spring and the Loyola campus  
Invisible to students, a ghost who has outlived his time  
Yet, here I be, sound of mind and soul while the world goes mad  
What's a poet to do with this cacophony of hate?  
I head for my destination, down the hill, up the steps  
Across another campus, Notre Dame  
The oaks tower over the shady lawn, including the dead giants  
Branches caught in an expression of a question  
The now mottled sky has no answers for mortals  
Ask why and sense the silence  
Decades past I had the answer  
What's the question? came the reply.  
The older, the wiser? Depends on the path  
Before the bricks, beneath the cross six stories up  
Stands Mother Mary, bronzed to perfection  
Her garment flows like a stream  
Her arms extend in supplication  
Never seen a queen with a Mona Lisa smile  
As if bearing a sweet secret sealing our fate  
Pleading for love to wash away hate.