

Art Spotlight

Kathryn Lindquist

By Brooke Steigauf

CSP is recognizing Kathryn Lindquist for her artistic talent, particularly with painting! She is a psychology major and biology minor, but art still holds a special place in her heart and life. As a young girl, her parents tried to keep paints away from her to prevent the mess that came with giving them to a child. Kathryn does, however, distinctly remember her grandmother sitting down with her at around age nine and teaching her how to paint blades of grass. Her grandma also bought her sketchbooks and consistently supporting her on her artistic pursuit even as her health declined. Her first painting other than kindergarten crafts was of Mother Mary. Kathryn remembers feeling impatient and finding the task of painting tedious. She spent most of her time as a young girl drawing and occasionally watercoloring until her sophomore year of high school when she discovered her love and natural skill in oil painting. She enjoyed the medium immediately for its loose structure and ability to be more free and abstract with the subjects of her pieces.

As she got older and developed more skills in painting, her parents became more and more supportive. They bought her an easel in high school and encouraged her to paint at home. Her first oil painting was selected by her teacher and displayed in a small coffee shop in Duluth, MN for a short time, which her parents drove her to see. She switched to acrylic paint in college and continues to work with

it because she has found that she liked that it dries faster but still misses the smooth transitions that she could accomplish with oil paints.

She says that she strongly felt the sense of competitiveness entering the art world when she first began painting and that drove her to practice more and become better. She has come to specialize in drawing and painting figures and human faces. Kathryn has begun working on a larger scale and recently painted a figure on a 5'x4' piece of pallet, which is primarily the surface she paints on now. She still enjoys painting on canvas because it's what she used in high school but she prefers pallet because the surface doesn't absorb as much, therefore, gives the paint more time to be worked with before it dries. She likes to create large pieces of work because it enables her to have more room for detail and is easier to perfect. Kathryn also said that with a larger scale, she is more able to put emotions and mood into her figures and their surroundings. She aspires to improve her skills so that she can continue to make bigger and more realistic paintings. Kathryn is an overall craftswoman and has had experience working with ink painting, clay sculpting, jewelry making, wheel throwing, and even "painting" with chocolate! She is a true talent on the CSP campus and continues to inspire others with her work.



Photo by Kathryn Lindquist

Twas the Night before St. Patrick's Day

By Brooke Steigauf

T'was the night before St.
Patrick's Day and all
through the night
the leprechaun guarded
his pot of gold with all his
might

Although
dressed in all
green His heart
was blue

A pot
of gold
for
love he
had
made
due

His heart was lonely
His love had expired
He sat alone for hours
His mind grew tired
He fell fast asleep
but awoke to such a clatter
and searched through

the darkness to see
what was the matter

He
panicked
at the sight
of his
biggest
fear There
was no pot
of gold it
had
disappeared

He found his
prized
possession next
to a man's bed

He thought
up a scheme
with his
mean, lonely
head

He saw the
man
sleeping

through
his
frosty
window
The
next
night
he entered right
through
the keyhole

In the still
of the night the
man
began to
snore and
the leprechaun
came to
settle his
score

The man was nestled
all snug, deep in rest
The leprechaun scurried
over the man's chest

He climbed up his ear,
and looked up his nose
then up his left nostril

the leprechaun rose

Down his throat the
leprechaun flew
choking the man

turning his face blue

When the man was dead
the leprechaun left

gold in hand returned
from its theft

The leprechaun felt

no shame at what was done
his mind was selfish

his conscious was none

That single pot of gold
was all he had

He was a slave to his
riches; a poor poor lad