

# COURIER-JOURNAL

## Latin American Arts Festival Raises Hope for Peace, Justice

By Emily Morrison

It was billed as "an expression of concern by Rochester artists over the impact of U.S. policy on the lives and culture of Latin America." If the surprisingly large turnout on a sunny Saturday afternoon was any indication of success, in a city in which sunny Saturdays are a rarity, then the voices raised during the Latin American Solidarity Arts Festival did not fall on apathetic ears.

Paintings and photography exhibitions were spatially interspersed with sculpture, video, dance performances, Latin music, protest songs, and readings of poems by both Latin American and local poets during the five-hour long festival, attended by some 300 to 500 spectators on July 27 at Pyramid Arts Center on University Avenue. A display of indigenous crafts from Mexico, El Salvador, Chile, Guatemala, Haiti, and Ecuador offered for sale such items as baskets, bark paintings, hand-woven garments, and leather accessories. Nearby, a mixed media assemblage by local artist and festival coordinator Kathryn Gaspar juxtaposed rosary beads, coins, religious figurines, dented kitchen implements, beads, bones, and political buttons in a 25-by-12 foot three-dimensional collage entitled "No Military Solution."

*'I do not believe in inhuman  
hatred*

*I do not believe man is the enemy  
I believe that with your hand and  
with mine ...*

*We will fill this country with joy  
delicious and golden as wheat.'*

Pablo Neruda

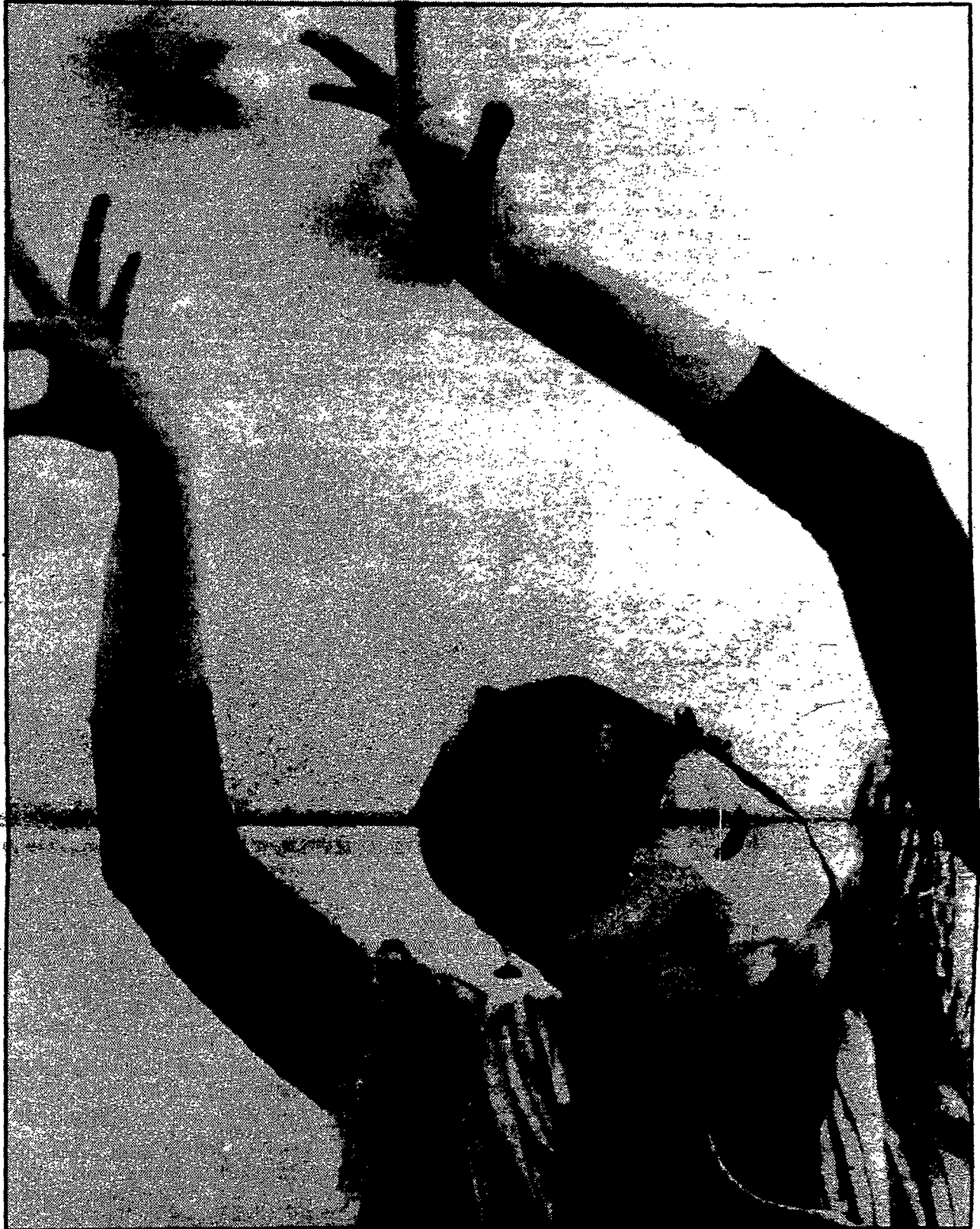
Gaspar organized the festival with four other members of the Rochester Peace and Justice Education Center's Rochester Committee on Latin America (ROCLA), Leslie Lockett, Henry Padron, weaver and photographer Marilyn Anderson, and her husband, John Garlock. The event was co-sponsored by the Puerto Rican Arts and Cultural Center, a division of the Ibero-American Action League, Inc.

Gaspar says she became involved with ROCLA after two of her friends came home from Central America with various stories of government oppression and alleged U.S. military intervention. "I felt really angry that we weren't getting the complete story from the White House and the media," she explains. "That's why the first panel of my piece reads, 'What is truth?' There are enough eyewitness situations to prove to me that we're getting facts that are twisted."

Although Gaspar has been creating collages and paintings since 1976, it was not until this past January that she became galvanized by her beliefs into producing political artwork. The last straw, she claims, was a photograph she says she saw some time ago in the Courier-Journal of a woman holding aloft the bloody shirt of a presumed victim of the "contras" in Nicaragua.

"I really wrestled with how to raise consciousness, reach people, wake them up, give them information on doing whatever you can do, whether it's making more art or sending material aid to these countries, where the level of poverty is appalling," she enumerates.

Continued on Page 7



Flamenco dancer Elizabeth Tilar donned a shamanic mask, designed by Elliot Fintushel and made by John Young, for her July 27th Latin American Arts Festival performance of "The Wounded Healer: Balancing Between Worlds."

### Inside This Edition

#### Coming Back Less Pain

Juan Bonilla, a baseball player making a comeback from drug problems, shared his experience with students at St. Joseph's Villa — Page 4.

Divorce is never easy, but mediation, offered at Catholic Family Center, is a cooperative approach — Page 12.

#### Irish Visitor Calendar

Belfast is no fun in the summer, especially for children. Project Children gives kids a break — Page 9.

Make sure you don't miss our semi-monthly calendar of diocesan events — Page 13.

#### Summer Camp New Column

Visits to Camps S.S.J. and Silver Birch in Rochester show two reasons why kids and summer go together — Pages 10 and 11.

Joe Holleran joins the Courier-Journal staff, sharing his experience of many and varied ministries — Page 16.

## Diocesan Official Recalls Visit To Hiroshima's Peace Memorial

By Mary L. Heidkamp  
Associate Director  
Division of Social Ministry  
Justice and Peace

In the spring of 1972, I visited Hiroshima with two Japanese friends, Mariko and Harumi. I was a lay missionary with the Maryknoll Fathers at this time, and my visit to Hiroshima had been provoked by a chance meeting with a survivor of the first atomic bomb. My roommate during a hospital stay in city of Kobe, was a Russian refugee who lived in Hiroshima in 1945.

I was fascinated by her background — her escape from Russia and her final arrival in a makeshift boat on the shores of Japan. Although it was difficult to understand her Russian-accented Japanese (I wonder how I sounded to her), she told me of her life in Hiroshima and finally about the day the bomb was dropped. Her most vivid memory, amid all of the horror of that day and the days to follow, was wandering around looking for water. Her body — like most bodies of those living and dead — was severely burnt. Her eyes and throat were seared, yet nowhere was there fresh water. Hiroshima had been a city made beautiful by the abundance of its water, and now there was none.

Continued from Page 6

