Welcome to the 19th edition of La Voz de Esperanza’s Calaveras y Literary Ofrendas. Each year in anticipation of Day of the Dead, we dedicate the November Voz issue to the writing of calaveras and literary ofrendas, poems that make fun of the living as if they were dead and met with a hilarious but macabre death. Friendly calaveras poke fun at our friends’ quirks while satirical calaveras do away with politicians or those in power that make us feel frustrated all year long.

This year “pelos de elote” (corn hair) is the most popular calaveras target with “el llorón” (Kavanaugh, the crybaby), a close second. Politically, writing calaveras offers us a great outlet, especially this year when any expression of dissent or protest is considered “mob rule” rather than one of our rights—freedom of speech.

Chief among the Calaveristas is Enrique Sánchez, who wrote all the calaveras in the first Calaveras issue in 2000 in translation in English by yours truly. I eventually dubbed him, Don Calaveras. This year another prominent calaverista celebrates her quinceañera of writing calaveras. Rita Uquiñoz-Ruiz began writing in 2004 after attending the Esperanza Center’s memorable open-air concert with Lila Downs at the Guadalupe Plaza on the Westside.

Since La Voz began this special issue, we have evolved to include literary ofrendas—written offerings to honor those who have passed with poems, stories, epitaphs and family histories including photographs and artwork. The literary ofrendas began gradually with Antonia Castañeda’s remembrance of Doña Chelo’s passing, “La Despedida” in 2005, followed by Ofrenda a Eva Garza, 1917-1966 — From El Barrio to El Bolero by Deborah R. Vargas in 2006. In 2008, Day of the Dead rebates started appearing with works like Brad Veloz submitt- ining one for his mom. In 2009, 10 years after the first Calaveras issue appeared, Literary Ofrendas was added to the title of the issue with a beautiful cover by Liliana Wilson. Since then, the November Voz has continued with the name, Calaveras and Literary Ofrendas.

While our first issue featured only Posada drawings for the Calaveras — now, we have a supply of artists both local and national contributing art. Chief among the local artists is Mary Agnes Rodriguez who garnered the front page of the Calaveras issue in 2005 with a painting and drawings inside the issue. In the same year, we introduced the broadsheet using the middle spread of La Voz to create a long page of calaveras reminiscent of the popular Ofrendas was added to the title of the issue with a beautiful cover by Liliana Wilson. Since then, the November Voz has continued with the name, Calaveras and Literary Ofrendas.

All this, to say that many turns have brought us to the now traditional issue of the No- vember Voz with Calaveras and Literary Ofrendas. Many, many writers, artists and buena gente have made this Voz tradition possible. I am profoundly grateful to have been the editor of this community effort and hope to be here for our 20th anniversary issue in 2019. ¡Más gracias a todos!, ¡Posada, incluso!

In the meantime, be sure to join us at the annual celebration of Día de los muertos on November 1st at the Ricinconcito and the annual Peace Market, November 23-26.

—Alice-Catherine Jennings

Ilusión del Tiempo

El tiempo nos engaña, nos fascina no envuelve en su múltica promesa del mañana, en su insinuante memoria del pasado de las cosas que se fueron y no vuelven los momentos que están por llegar de nuestro camino por la vida, este escondite, este escondite en el invisible... y nosotros, humanos simples, terrenales seres, olvidadizos de las alas con que nacimos, nos asustamos y en la zozobra nos detenemos

—Ana María González

La Llorona Fashions a Hat

La Llorona is upset. Where is her place in the Day of the Dead parade? She has been dead a long time and knows the feel of every aspect of death. She is no full flesched woman but she senses in her unheating heart that reveling in anything dead is right up her alley.

That thought causes her to sob as she strolls along her chosen river. She needs a hat as wide and brilliant as Calavera Catrina wears.

While La Llorona walks and cries she begins to pick up treasures. Several bright plastic bags with advertisements marking their folds. Dead fish with their sparkling scales, slick frog skins, ratting snake teeth, and water weeds of every shape and kind she gathers in her withering arms to carry home. Smugly, La Llorona thinks I will be brighter then La Calavera Catrina can be in any parade of death.

—Jeanie Sanders

Sitting crossed legged in her hat La Llorona begins to weave magic with her bony hands. Snake teeth jingle, fish scales sparkle, water weeds drip around the edges of the hat she has covered with frog skin. All held in place by plastic bags arranged helter skelter.

Finished with her masterpiece La Llorona steps to her cracked mirror and smiles as she makes a sign as front of everyone in the Day of the Dead parade. She believes nothing can match her splendor as she takes her hand and the snake skin teeth a twist on the wide brim of her new hat.

—Jeanie Sanders
Marooned upon the peninsula of a lime green pool noodle
I float belly down in the ocean of a chlorinated basin
The sun warm upon my back, as it dapples the bottom below
Mesmerizing, iridescent flecks of the universe, caught in a bowl
My shadow looms, a twin, yet a stranger, no face nor name
If I hold my arms just right, the pool noodle becomes a set of wings
Arms horizontal along the noodle, my shadow is crucified for my sins
From angel to condemned, condemned to angel, with barely a ripple
I slip fully into the water, the blue of the bottom, pulling me deeper
into its womb, baptizing the air from my lungs, salvation at hand
Until the last vestiges of consciousness, rattling for one more breath
hurtles me upward, breaking the surface like a wounded sea beast
I float belly down in the ocean of a chlorinated basin
Marooned upon the peninsula of a lime green pool noodle
Cast away

My Mother
You were born one of twelve children
You were named like a virgin
You loved dogs
You were called Lupe la perrera
You bought your parents a house at age 18
You were always a fighter
—Brad Veloz

La Despedida De Mi Querida Abuelita Reyna
As I think of my Beloved Abuelita Maria Reyna, her memories always bring a smile to my face. I was her “Consentida”, being her first grandchild. She was a laborer, working the fields with the Familia, planting and harvesting a 30-acre spread of strawberries, turnips, tomatoes, whatever was in season. This was their way of living. I loved spending nights in her Casa, sleeping on blankets on the floor as she would tell us scary “historias”, “La Llorona (the Crying Woman)”, “La Lechusa (Giant Flying Bat)”, La Donkey Lady and so many others. I miss her “Tesitos” that would cure anything from “Susto”, “Empacho”, sleepless nights, and don’t forget La Yerba Buena, that cured everything! Her specialty was “Curando De Ojo” using an egg, rubbing the body of the afflicted to remove the evil that was placed on them, while at the same time, praying 3 Apostle’s Creeds. There were so many other “home remedies” too numerous to mention. To this day, I utilize those methods and they always work! She succumbed to “Curando De Ojo” using an egg, rubbing the body of the afflicted to remove the evil that was placed on them, while at the same time, praying 3 Apostle’s Creeds. There were so many other “home remedies” too numerous to mention. To this day, I utilize those methods and they always work! She succumbed to

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Literary Ofrendas

Passion
Guided by my ancestors
You have always been with me
You were with me during my formal education
You were with me as I served my country
You were with me when I fell in love
You were with me when I protested in the streets against injustice
You are still with me
—Brad Veloz

La Vida de mi querida Abuelita Reyna
You bought your parents a house at age 18
You were called Lupe la perrera
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—Brad Veloz
The Annunciation

I. The Visit
A knock but no time to answer.
The doctor appears in a white coat. She beams.

“Rachel, Rachel, I have good news.
You will be okay.
You will be fine.
You will survive this cancer. I promise.”

She has studied the pathology report, my personal history (a “poor historian,” some labeled me), my medical genealogy traced to my mother, grandmothers, great-grandmothers.

Do not be afraid, Rachel. Do not fear this cancer. You need a hysterectomy, possibly light radiation, but you will be okay.

II. Rachel’s Song
The bosses stole my livelihood, my dignity, my health insurance. Friends embraced me.
I was not alone.
When cancer laid a trap for me, and death sat at a big desk as well as in my uterus, the powerful punished me with denial of service and mountains of bills. The people cried for justice. When I sought mercy, a payment plan, a loan with interest, or Medicaid coverage, bureaucrats mocked me, shrugged, shut their files.
The people rose up to defend me.

Friends, comrades, strangers, too, were advocates, benefactors. They buoyed me up. They lifted my spirits.

They helped me find nurses, a doctor; get medication; find nurses, a doctor; have surgery to save my life.
The people got over. They humbled the mighty.

—Rachel Jennings

Preparing me for surgery, the removal of uterus, ovaries, fallopian tubes, the doctor says my body will be vertical on the operating table, feet soaring above my head, arms strapped to sides, intestines pressing lungs. Upside down! I imagine the Apostle Peter hanging by bleeding feet, spread-eagled like a butchered hog, so as not to mimic the death of Jesus.

Not I, however, but my uterus, as huge and awkward as Peter, will be crucified.

As for me, I do resemble Jesus in one regard: unmarried, childless, we have wandered a landscape of hills and caves, worlds exterior and interior, with an itinerary of our own making to share as we please parables, paradoxes, poems.

My uterus, traveling with me, has neither housed Jesus nor Mary’s womb nor sheltered a single Jesus parable, being home, in fact, to none but a deadly tumor and fibrils the size of beef livers.

After surgery, I peer at my four small punctures and a fierce gash in the expanse above my belly button.

Am I still a woman?

The life my crucified uterus gives me is my own.

—Rachel Jennings

The DEATH OF My UTERUS: GIVING THANKS

Calavera al guero

Calaca mando un tuiter
A todo el mundo informando
Que un tal presidente guero
Ya se estaba poteteando.

¿El presidente colgó los tenis
Lo llevamos a enterrar?
En tuiter Calaca escribe
Para a todos informar.

Caray, no puedo creerlo
Dice Chente el panadero
¿Será política la cosa
O por cosa de dinero?

La Huesuda muy contenta
 Quiere confirmar a todos
Que se lleva un carillito
Rechentillo y de buenos modos.

La gente sin creerlo
No sabe si echarse un trago
A salud del difuntito
O al final de tanto estrago.

¿Nombre comadre Lola?
No creo todo lo que lee
Recuerde el refrán que dice
“Mala hierba nunca muere”.

—Adriana Netro

[poem & artwork]

Calaverita a MujerArtes

With love and algarabía
Las mujeres hacen arte
Toman barro y con sus manos
Lo transforman en diamante.

El Huesudo muy contenta
Quiere confirmar a todos
Que se lleva un carillito
Rechentillo y de buenos modos.

Lo llevamos a enterrar!

—Adriana Netro

[poem & artwork]

El beso de la calaca

A mi verita
Se me arrejuntó mi calaverita
Fue mi suerte
Quien me sorteo mi muerte
Así mi suicida
Robar me chispó mi vida
Aunque mi ansia
Otra me raptó mi sentir
Quien me sorteó mi muerte
Fue mi suerte
A mi verita

—Adriana Netro

[poem & artwork]

—Mónica Santualla Valdivia

[poem & artwork]

The Voz de Esfuerzo: November 2018 Vol. 31 Issue 9-10

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¡Qué horror: A-Káva-los!
Desde que llegó el Trompudo... Voz de Esperanza
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Artwork: Celeste De Luna

¡Qué horror: A-Káva-los!
Desde que llegó el Trompudo
puros atrasos se han dado
nuestras tripas hechas nudo
2018
y el mundo está anonadado
La Voz de Esperanza
Pues nos parece imposible
que vamos de mal en peor
Viva
ya hay leyes irreversibles
y nada será mejor
Hay una hoguera que me espera:
Mientras se siga apoyando
Que me quemen viva en la hoguera
a racistas y sexistas
por trabajadora
el terror irá operando
por idealista
pues son todos narcisistas
por india
Y ahora hasta la Suprema
por solidaria
por mujer
de hecho todo el sistema
por soñadora
por latina
por ambiciosa
¡Qué horror que Kavanaugh sea
ahora un supremo juez!
Ni la colectiva náusea
Que me quemen viva en la hoguera
pudo contra su embriaguez
por no dejar mis raíces
por defender mis derechos
por luchar por la justicia
por acabar con las tinieblas
por vivir mi vida
por buscar la esperanza en cada día en cada gesto, en cada hechizo y tal vez en cada humano
Que me quemen viva en la hoguera
donde han sido quemadas
muchas otras mujeres
por los mismos anhelos;
muchas otras mujeres
que no se amedrentaron
ante la tirania, ni la injusticia
y todo con la frente en alto aceptaron
Que me quemen viva en la hoguera
para que su fuego me purifique
me encienda el alma y me apague el cuerpo
para que su luz me inunde

y me alumbre al esperado sendero
de la eternidad con los brazos abierto s,
sinceros, incondicionales
de nuestro final tan cierto.
—Ana María González

El Beto
Hey, Beto!
Ya eres un escaselo, bony man.
Te gusta la política, verdad?
What are you chassing, if not a good way to die?
Think you can change the world?
Punk-rockin, skateboarding, Whitaburger-eating, on stage with Willie
Really?
Un día, watchate con el Ted, watchate
Con Democrat celos también.
If you make it to Senator, por si maybe
I will follow you everywhere you go
Remember the Kennedys? Dicen...
You remind us of them. Ya sabes,
Don’t waste anymore time with los somos
I’m the only one you have to beat.
—Barbara Renaud González

ICE PICK
Their hearts are frozen,
their brains are too
They separate families and
make people blue
It is believed empathy exists
—even in mice
Yet, none has been displayed
by the agents of ICE
They detain kids in cages,
cold and damp
and dare claim it’s like
a summer camp
“Just doing my job,”
when questioned, they say
While children cower and
cry away
These precious tears,
those piercing cries
Will one day turn into a pick
and will break ICE
—Nadine Saliba

Secretary of Education
Betsy DeVos
Secretary Betsy DeVos is a nasty, terrible boss
who is less productive than moss.
Her trip to Hell will be no loss.
Betsy’s goal is to privatize.
Her speeches are pockmarked with lies.
Since she is deaf to children’s cries,
a private Hell will be her prize.
—Rachel Jennings

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE
BRETT KAVANAUGH
Brett Kavanaugh’s contempt for law
And rage against women we saw.
May be crushed in Satan’s maw.
In contrast, we have Christine Ford,
whose witness to the facts was moored.
Her truth in Heaven will be stored.
How can our courts ever be fair
when Kavanaugh is a top judge?
His foul temper I cannot bear.
My outrage is more than a grudge.
For justice we now must hustle.
Now at night I cannot sleep well.
These precious tears,
those piercing cries
May one day turn into a pick
and will break ICE
—Rachel Jennings

—Rita E. Urquijo-Ruiz
I am a flamenco dancer in life and in death.

I am a dancer. I dance with my whole heart. I dance with my soul. I dance with power in my feet. I dance to the rhythm of the guitar. I dance with the duende. I dance with passion. I dance with sorrow. I dance with happiness. I dance with anger. I dance for those, who danced before me. I dance for those, who will dance after me. Even when death comes for me, I will dance. I will dance with my ancestors. I will dance to celebrate life and death with them. I will dance for my daughter and for my daughter’s daughters. I will dance for generations to come. I will dance when the sun rises. I will dance when the sun sets. I will dance amongst the wind. I will dance when life continues. I will dance when death comes for me. Neither life nor death can prevent me from dancing. It is in my blood. It is in my soul. It is who I am. I come from a family where dance and music are integrated in our daily lives. It is a part of my rich culture and strong heritage. I welcome death and life as I am not afraid and neither should anyone else be. I dance as part of the celebration of life and death. My heart is not heavy as we celebrate death. My heart is full of happiness because I know I will see my ancestors, my family and my friends again. I dance for my daughter. I dance for the future. I dance for the passion. I dance for the sadness. I dance for the happiness. I dance for the anger. I dance for my family. I dance for my friends. I dance for my community. I dance for life. I dance for death. I dance for me.

—Pamela Michelle Herrera

Voices From the Dead

Mother Earth was called a savage by the Heavenly Father. Eve was framed. Christine Blasey Ford was mocked by a ruthless dictator for speaking her truth. We were taken as prizes of war. We were shamed by our families. We silenced our diverse voices to fulfill the needs of others. We were discredited in the Senate when we gave evidence. When we release the anger, angst from centuries of oppression we reveal the spirit that is feminism.

Our cries are far from weakness. A woman’s tears represent our strength. A woman’s features hold no shame. Her voice is there to teach. Her bleeding body connects her to the Earth. Her womb is her own to use. Her aging body is beautiful with much wisdom. You cannot crush our resistance no matter the tactics. No matter how many times you set the forest ablaze the pine cones will react to the heat of the fire and prepare the earth to grow again. You can bury us deep in the ground. Hang us in the gallows. Drown us in the rivers. But our spirits will linger as a call to Peace and Justice and we will rise again with Mother Earth’s aid beside our sisters and brothers to change the future.

—Paz García

A La Huesuda nadie la atarúga

Ya por la casa de marfil
Se le distingue su perfil
Nadie tiene que vislarle
Para poder de otro lado divisarle
No existe valla
Ni muralla
Que la detenga de su batalla
A la Huesuda
Nadie ataruga
El amor que te cuesta
Cuando lo desea
Por ahora tiene el gusto
de venir por El Pelos de Elote
La Calaca ya está camada
De cada pandajeda
Que pone en su twiteada
A ella no la ha convencido
Tampoco la engaña
A ella no la ha convencido
De cada pendejada
La Calaca ya está cansada
De venir por El Pelos de Elote
Las campanadas de gusto se oyen
Hasta el mariachi vino a tocar
Que nos daba El Pelos de Elote
Cuando La Flaca lápida te pida
Pues te descalabra en un tris tras
Que alarma
Que nos daba El Pelos de Elote
—Paz García

Art: Mary Agnes Rodríguez

Sheryl Scully, un gran bullly

En San Antonio hay un gran bullly
Lleva de nombre, Sheryl Scully
A real American dictator for all
Manda a todos on city hall
No campaign needed for city manager
For half a mil she’d do it all, they wager
Seventeen white men that call the shots Build and build, while the Westsiderots
They’ve gotten Scully on a soapbox
Only when SA’s rid of her, will we detect
Gentrify, commodify and falsify
This city’s Authenticity will certainly die
Ven Katrina, take her away
Offer her a million to do what YOU say
So, la Scully followed the dinero
¡Y finalmente le quemaron el cuero!—VF con CHaz

—Paz García

Art: Mary Agnes Rodríguez

A Voz Calaveras

Tomás & Dudley, 50 años,

(Con la música de “Atotonilco”) Acordeón por Joaquín Linn Cantada por La Chata Rita

I am a flamenco dancer in life and in death.

I am a dancer. I dance with my whole heart. I dance with my soul. I dance with power in my feet. I dance to the rhythm of the guitar. I dance with the duende. I dance with passion. I dance with sorrow. I dance with happiness. I dance with anger. I dance for those, who danced before me. I dance for those, who will dance after me. Even when death comes for me, I will dance. I will dance with my ancestors. I will dance to celebrate life and death with them. I will dance for my daughter and for my daughter’s daughters. I will dance for generations to come. I will dance when the sun rises. I will dance when the sun sets. I will dance amongst the wind. I will dance when life continues. I will dance when death comes for me. Neither life nor death can prevent me from dancing. It is in my blood. It is in my soul. It is who I am. I come from a family where dance and music are integrated in our daily lives. It is a part of my rich culture and strong heritage. I welcome death and life as I am not afraid and neither should anyone else be. I dance as part of the celebration of life and death. My heart is not heavy as we celebrate death. My heart is full of happiness because I know I will see my ancestors, my family and my friends again. I dance for my daughter. I dance for the future. I dance for the passion. I dance for the sadness. I dance for the happiness. I dance for the anger. I dance for my family. I dance for my friends. I dance for my community. I dance for life. I dance for death. I dance for me.

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—Paz García

Art: Mary Agnes Rodríguez

LA VOZ DE ESPERANZA: NOVIEMBRE 2018 Vol. 31 Issue 9-10

Art: Mary Agnes Rodríguez
**An Open Text Message to Henry B. González**

Dear Henry B. González,

Thank you for serving your city, state and country — for serving our community for more than 40 years. You were the best representative we ever had.

You did much for the Mexican-American, for the soldier, for the poor, for those on the bottom rung of society.

Sometimes, your actions had no effect — but you did them anyway. Your constituents could always count on you to go to bat for them. That’s why we loved you. That’s why we voted for you time and time again.

They say that on the Southside, people used to light a candle every night for Our Lady of Guadalupe and they would light a candle for you. And sometimes they would light yours first.

I get the feeling that you would have gone much further in your political career if you had played the game as it was played. If you would have traded favors with other politicians, they would have supported your proposed bills. But you didn’t work for the other politicians, you worked for us! And for that, I thank you!

I would leave a flower at your memorial if that would please you.

But I think you would rather have someone study the political issues, to research the candidates — and vote!

So that’s what I am going to do: Vote!

—Don Mathis

**Note:** Henry B. González, a beloved civil servant from San Antonio, served in the San Antonio City Council, 1953 to 1956; in the Texas Senate, 1957-1961; and in the Texas 20th Congressional District, 1961-1999.

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**Un último adiós**

**La despedida**

May 3, 1916 - November 28, 2000

Frank (left) with his bud, George Negrete.

**Hasta pronto Dr. Frank Talamantes**

Un gran hombre, con un corazón lleno de amor y misericordia, ha fallecido.

En su memoria, queremos recordarle las muchas buenas acciones que realizó durante su vida.

Un hombre que siempre estuvo al lado de quienes necesitaban ayuda, y que dejó una huella indeleble en nuestro corazón.

**La democracia**

Se dio cuenta la Huesuda

Que hay pleito en donde quiera

Entre los políticos especialmente.

“Vine a remediar la situación.”

Resulta que los dos animales son la causa por la cual se está perdiendo la democracia en este país.

El año y el elefante pertenecen a dos partidos políticos.

Son conocidos como senadores;

La Catrina los conoce por sentadores.

**Hasta pronto!**

**Dr. Frank Talamantes**

Un hombre dedicado a su trabajo, siempre a la vanguardia en sus ideas y acciones.

Un hombre que dejó una gran parte de su vida para la lucha de los derechos humanos.

Un hombre que siempre estuvo al lado de quienes necesitaban ayuda.

En su memoria, queremos recordarle las muchas buenas acciones que realizó durante su vida.

Un hombre que dejó una huella indeleble en nuestro corazón.

**Un último adiós**

**Para Azul**

La pista era muy amplia

La milonga fue su cruz

Con su figura esbelta y cantando “A media luz.”

Bailaba Azul el viejo tango con su preferido Aaron.

Era algo de verse de apreciarse, ¡Gran compañero!

La Catrina bien ceñida quiso apartar a los dos

Azul metió zancadillas y La Catrina quedó en pos.

Se levantó patas de hilo arreglando bueyserio.

Azul se fue de este mundo, no pudo aguantar el frío.

**Un huapango**

Vine a San Anto Calacas, a llevarse a Enrique un día

Pues ella estaba cansada de todas sus tonterías:

Vino a San Anto Calacas, a llevarse a Enrique un día

Pues ella estaba cansada de todas sus tonterías:

La Catrina bien ceñida quiso apartar a los dos

Azul metió zancadillas y La Catrina quedó en pos.

Se levantó patas de hilo arreglando bueyserio.

Azul se fue de este mundo, no pudo aguantar el frío.

**El marengué**

Vino a San Anto Calacas, a llevarse a Enrique un día

Pues ella estaba cansada de todas sus tonterías:

Vino a San Anto Calacas, a llevarse a Enrique un día

Pues ella estaba cansada de todas sus tonterías:

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November 2018

ESPERANZA VIVE! ¡LA LUCHA SIGUE, SIGUE!

FOR INFO: Call 210.228.0201 or email esperanza@esperanzacenter.org

Censtro Cultural Aztlán celebrates the 41st Anual Dia de los Muertos with an exhibition of Altars de Yorendur on Wednesday, November 2nd from 6-9pm. Suggested donation: $3. Children, free! Dia de los Muertos celebrations will be for sale at the “Avenida de los Arceanos”. Exhibit continues M-F, 9am-5pm thru Nov. 9th. The 23rd Annual Zonaarte, El Mercado de Aztlán takes place Nov. 16, 17 & 18. The 2nd Annual Virgin de Guadalupe exhibit is on for December 1st thru December 19, 2019. Check www.centroaztlan.org

The Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center will have an Altar Exhibition for Day of the Dead on November 2nd from 10am to 10pm. View altars at Galeria Guadalupe, 723 S. Brazos St. Free! See: www.galaudulpeculturalarts.org/dea-de-muertos-celebration

The San Antonio Art League & Museum located at 130 King William will sponsor an exhibit from November 4th thru December 16 with artwork by artists, Vikki Fields & Sylvia Benitez.

WESTSIDE COMMUNITY HISTORY & PRESERVATION SPEAKER SERIES

In collaboration with the Westside Preservation Alliance, the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center invites you to a speaker series highlighting recent efforts in community history & historic preservation in communities of color. Speakers will deliver a short presentation followed by an open conversation. Free to the public.

DECEMBER 6, 2018

Esccuelitas & The Emergence of a Mexican American Identity in South Texas with Dr. Philis Barragán Goetz

Refreshments at 6:30pm. Speakers at 7pm.
@ Esperanza Peace & Justice Center, 922 San Pedro Ave.
Call 210.228.0201 or see www.esperanzacenter.org

Check: www.SAALM.ORG for details.


DECEMBER 8, 2018

Preserving African American Sites in Austin with Dr. Fred McGhee

For more information, call 210.228.0201

 gửi to 210.228.0201

Joe checks payable to the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center.

November 15-17, 2018

Holding Up The Mirror: 50th Anniversary of the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights Hearing on Mexican-Americans in the Southwest

Our Lady of the Lake University Admission is free and open to the public.

A series of concurrent sessions & workshops will follow throughout Friday and into Saturday

Featured Event

A conversation with former San Antonio mayor and HUD Secretaries, Julian Castro, JD and Henry Cisneros, PhD as they discuss the progress Latinos have made in the 50 years since the 1968 hearing.

Moderated by Rep. Joaquin Castro, District 20 Congressman

Friday November 16, 2008 – 9:30 AM

See conference schedule at www.50yearslater.org

Dear San Antonio:
I’m gone but not lost. Letters to the World from Your Voting Rights Hero Willie Velásquez on the Occasion of His Birth.

By Bárbara Renaud González. Published by AALAS in collaboration with Auris Books. www.alaazotories.org

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November 2018

Notas Y Más

November 2018

Esperanza works to bring awareness and action on issues relevant to our communities. With our vision for social, environmental, economic and gender justice, Esperanza centers the voices and experiences of the poor & working class, women, queer people and people of color.

We hold pláticas and workshops; organize political actions; present exhibits and performances and document and preserve our cultural histories. We consistently challenge City Council and the corporate powers of the city on issues of development, low-wage jobs, gentrification, clean energy and more.

It takes all of us to keep the Esperanza going. What would it take for you to become a monthly donor? Call or come by the Esperanza to learn how.

Send your 2018 tax-deductible donations to Esperanza today!

□ I would like to donate ______ each month by automatic bank withdrawal. Contact me to sign up.
□ I would like to send $________ each month by automatic bank withdrawal.
□ Enclosed is a donation of $________
□ $1000 $500 $250
□ $500 $250 $150
□ $250 $150 $100
□ La Voz Subscription $33 Individuals
□ $100 Institutions
□ $100
□ If other ______
□ I would like to volunteer
□ Please use my donation for the Reciclo de Esperanza

For more information, call 210.228.0201

Note: Send donations to Esperanza Peace and Justice Center, 922 San Pedro Ave.

Check: www.SAALM.ORG for details.

Gimmi Ink, located at 1111 Navarro, offers Caesura – Writing Silence in the Face of Uncertainty, Adversity, and Injustice with Jo Reyes-Bordas.

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STILL HERE
Homenaje al Westside de San Antonio

Original music by
Lourdes Pérez

Recorded by famous
Westside músicos

Featuring the stories of
Los Corazones de Esperanza

With dancing by
Leticia Sánchez-Retamozo & Álvaro Duarte

Pre-Show Photo Exhibit & Reception @2pm
Sun. Nov. 11, 2018 @ 3pm
Tickets: $10 presale | $15 at the door
Esperanza • 922 San Pedro Ave.
Call 210-228-0201 for more information

After party book signing will feature music by Henry Gomez Trio + David González & Los Texmaniats with Bene Medina

Noche Azul
Sat. Nov. 17th
8pm • doors open @ 7pm • $7 más o menos
Esperanza Peace & Justice Center, 922 San Pedro Ave, San Antonio TX

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Esperanza Peace & Justice Center, 922 San Pedro Ave, San Antonio TX 78212

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29th Annual Mercado de Paz • Peace Market • 2018

Fri. & Sat., Nov 23 & 24 • 10am–6pm
Sun., Nov 25 • 12pm–6pm
global to local handmade gifts • arte • comidita • hourly raffles • live performances • with artists & artisans onsite!

Over 90 local & international vendors offering: traditional indigenous wear including huipiles, rebozos & quechquemitls; textiles of Chiapas, Puebla, Oaxaca & from Guatemala; folk art including alebrijes, retablos, milagros, nichos, santos & arboles de vida; the ancient arts of popotillo & feather painting; Zapotec weavings & fine embroidery of Toluca; ancestral remedies & plants; artwork in clay, tin, gicleé & canvas; natural body products & remedios; jewelry of chakira, metal & gems; leather & fiber arts; collectibles; Aztec calendar readings & products from Peru, Panama, India & more! Accessible to all!

Artwork: Carlos Mérida

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Artwork: Carlos Mérida