

La Voz de Esperanza

NOVEMBER 2018 | VOL. 31 ISSUE 9

SAN ANTONIO, TEJAS

Calaveras and Literary Ofrendas 2018



Las Monas Performance Group, 2016- photo by Jess González



La Voz de Esperanza

November 2018
Vol. 31 Issue 9

Editor: Gloria A. Ramírez
Design: Elizandro Carrington
Cover Photo: Jess González, *Las Monas Performance Group*

Contributors

Sally Gaytán-Baker, Samadhi López Metta Bexar, YF con CHaz, Ángeles Decara, Paz García, Ana María González, Bárbara Renaud González, Pamela Michelle Herrera, Alice-Catherine Jennings, Rachel Jennings, Don Mathis, Josie Méndez-Negrete, Moki, Adriana Netro, Gloria A. Ramírez, Rosemary Reyna, Randi Romo, Nadine Saliba, Enrique Sánchez, Jeanie Sanders, Rita E. Urquijo-Ruiz, Mónica Santaella Valdivia, Brad Veloz

La Voz Mail Collective

Richard Aguilar, Mary Alvarado, Alicia Arredondo, Elisa Díaz, Ray Garza, Rachel Jennings, Mildred Hilbrich, Jeremy Landin, Ray McDonald, Angie Merla, Edie Ortega, Tony Pérez, Blanca Rivera, Mary Agnes Rodríguez, Guadalupe Segura, Roger Singler, Jessica Sotelo, Cynthia Szunyz, Sandra Torres, M. Valdez, Helen Villarreal

Esperanza Director

Graciela I. Sánchez

Esperanza Staff

Elizandro Carrington, Yaneth Flores, Sarah Gould, Eliza Pérez, Paul Plouf, Kristel Orta-Puente, Natalie Rodríguez, René Saenz, Susana Segura, Amelia Valdez

Conjunto de Nepantleras

—Esperanza Board of Directors—

Norma Cantú, Rachel Jennings, Amy Kastely, Jan Olsen, Ana Lucia Ramírez, Gloria A. Ramírez, Rudy Rosales, Tiffany Ross, Lilliana Saldaña, Nadine Saliba, Graciela I. Sánchez, Lillian Stevens

• *We advocate for a wide variety of social, economic & environmental justice issues.*

• *Opinions expressed in La Voz are not necessarily those of the Esperanza Center.*

La Voz de Esperanza

is a publication of

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

210.228.0201

www.esperanzacenter.org

Inquiries/Articles can be sent to:

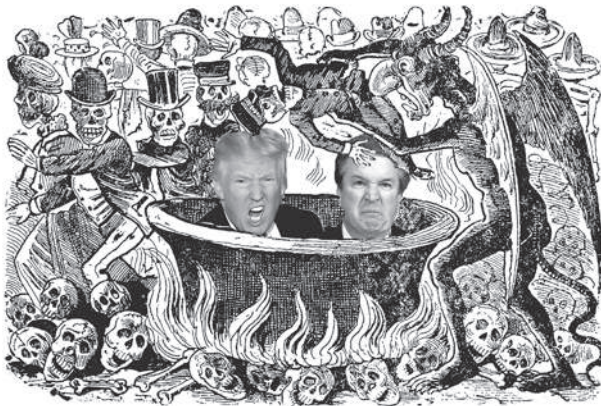
lavoz@esperanzacenter.org

Articles due by the 8th of each month

Policy Statements

* *We ask that articles be visionary, progressive, instructive & thoughtful. Submissions must be literate & critical; not sexist, racist, homophobic, violent, or oppressive & may be edited for length.*

* All letters in response to Esperanza activities or articles in La Voz will be considered for publication. Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.



This year “pelos de elote” (corn hair) is the most popular calavera 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 with translations in English by yours truly. I eventually dubbed him, Don Calaveras. This year another prominent calaverista celebrates her quinceañera of writing calaveras. Rita Urquijo-Ruiz began writing in 2004 after being inspired by Esperanza’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 tributes started appearing with folks like Brad Veloz submitting 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 Rodríguez 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 sheets published by José Guadalupe Posada with poems, illustrations and depictions of life endured by working-class Mexicanos at the turn of the century. His writings often depicted skulls and skeletons that eventually were called calaveras as were his piquant poems.

All this, to say that many turns have brought us to the now traditional issue of the November 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. ¡Mil 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 Rinconcito and the annual Peace Market, November 23-26.

—Gloria A. Ramirez

ATTENTION VOZ READERS: If you have a mailing address correction please send it to lavoz@esperanzacenter.org. If you want to be removed from the La Voz mailing list, for whatever reason, please let us know. La Voz is provided as a courtesy to people on the mailing list of the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center. **The subscription rate is \$35 per year (\$100 for institutions).** The cost of producing and mailing La Voz has substantially increased and we need your help to keep it afloat. To help, send in your subscriptions, sign up as a monthly donor, or send in a donation to the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center. Thank you. -GAR

VOZ VISION STATEMENT: La Voz de Esperanza speaks for many individual, progressive voices who are gente-based, multi-visioned and milagro-bound. We are diverse survivors of materialism, racism, misogyny, homophobia, classism, violence, earth-damage, speciesism and cultural and political oppression. We are recapturing the powers of alliance, activism and healthy conflict in order to achieve interdependent economic/spiritual healing and fuerza. La Voz is a resource for peace, justice, and human rights, providing a forum for criticism, information, education, humor and other creative works. La Voz provokes bold actions in response to local and global problems, with the knowledge that the many risks we take for the earth, our body, and the dignity of all people will result in profound change for the seven generations to come.

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 calavera 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 have frustrated us all year long.

2018 DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS

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 fleshed woman but she senses in her unbeating heart that reveling in anything dead is right up her ally. That thought causes her to sob as she strolls along her chosen river. She needs a hat as wide and brilliant as La 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, rattling 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 than La Calavera Catrina can be in any parade of death.



Sitting crossed legged in her hut La Llorona begins to weave magic with her bony hands. Snake teeth jangle, 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 only she can. She knows La Calavera Catrina will prance tomorrow wearing her large hat. But she, La Llorona, will be brave and challenge the sunlight as she marches in front of everyone in the Day of the Dead parade. She believes nothing can match her splendor as she takes a hand and gives the snake skin teeth a twirl on the wide brim of her new hat.

—Jeanie Sanders

Mortals

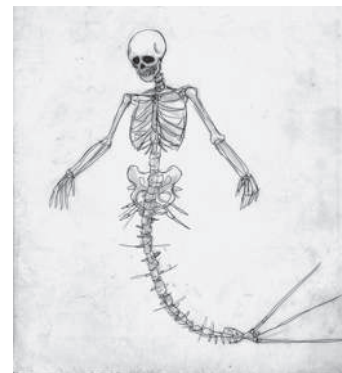
—After “Circe”
by Madeleine Miller

Floating from earth
our souls turn
to cold smoke
unable to eat or drink
until the day we return
each year.

—Alice-Catherine Jennings

ILUSIÓN DEL TIEMPO

El tiempo nos encanta, nos fascina nos envuelve en su mítica promesa del mañana, en su insistente memoria del pasado de las cosas que se fueron y no vuelven, de los momenos que están por llegar de nuestro camino por la vida, endeble sendero que a diario termina... y nosotros, humanos simples, terrenales seres, olvidadizos de las alas con que nacimos, nos asustamos y en la zozobra nos detenemos

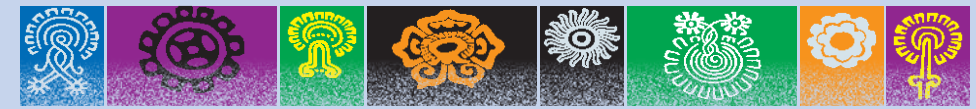


a contemplar en cada día la imposibilidad de este tiempo que nos duerme que nos envuelve en su cántico de sirena para hacernos olvidar que después de todo solo tenemos el presente y que con los brazos cruzados, como haciéndose la indiferente, con su acostumbrada paciencia nos espera la muerte.

—Ana María González



Literary Ofrendas



Cast away

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
Beaching myself upon the unbearable whiteness of the pool steps
I sit, gasping for the air that will not come for the barrier of my sobbing
Standing shakily, wrapped in the shroud of a blue and white beach towel
I go inside, leaving a dripping trail of my sorrow, that will dry to the eye,
An indelible secret message that is borne in heart, blood, brain and soul
I am a mother

with no child

—Randi Romo

La Muerte trajo manzanas
a todos en el salón
pero estaban envenenadas y
todos se fueron al panteón

—Ángeles Decara



Ya va a ser Día de muertos
DecaraPongámosles un altar
Decaraporque si no van a venir
Decaray los pies nos van a agarrar

—Ángeles Decara



Dicen que la Muerte anda
Decarabuscando a quien enamorar
Decarano se confien mis amigos
Decaraes para podérselos llevar

—Ángeles Decara

PLANTING SEASON

Grapefruits
I hate them
that was the size of the tumors
that took my boy and my man
funny thing they weren't blood
but in death they were the same

Strawberries
I hate them too
those were the fields were they worked
gas so deadly had to give it an odor
laid in wait for them trapped under tarps
getting the ground ready for the berries

They. Pulled. Up. The. Tarps.
After the funerals I start to hear
that this gas is so bad it's been banned
except for the strawberries and
except for some third world countries
with other brown skinned people who are
growing and picking fruits and vegetables
to fill American grocery stores bins
while grapefruit crops slowly blossom
inside the tiny farms of their loved one's brains

Para mi comadre, Amelia

—Randi Romo

Jennifer Lea Bearden
June 9, 1974 – February 4, 2018



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

Mi Madre

Naciste una de doce niños
Fuiste nombrada como una virgen
Amabas a los perros, te llamaban Lupe la perrera
Les compraste una casa a tus padres a los 18 años
Siempre fuiste una luchadora

—Brad Veloz



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

Pasión

Guiado por mis antepasados

Siempre has estado conmigo
Estuviste conmigo durante mi educación formal
Estuviste conmigo mientras servía a mi país
Estabas conmigo cuando me enamoré
Estabas conmigo cuando protesté en las calles contra la injusticia
Todavía estás conmigo

—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 heart failure and diabetes in 1985 due to years of spousal emotional and physical abuse. The night she passed, her Espiritu came to me while I was asleep. I awoke to a kiss on the cheek and when I

opened my eyes she was standing next to my bed with a big smile on her face. She told me she loved me and that it would not end here as she was taking that love with her. I asked her where she was going, she did not answer. She then proceeded to tuck me into bed, kissed me again and disappeared. When I awoke in the morning, confused, I thought it was a dream, as it couldn't have been real. Suddenly, the phone rang and we received the devastating news that she had passed. I felt such sadness that I began to cry. We had a picture of her on the wall in La Sala, and that morning, we found it placed next to my picture on a table in the hallway. I asked my Familia if someone had moved it, they all answered “No.” We looked at one another with confusion. No one in the house had moved it! This was her sign that she would be with me no matter what. I can't wait to see her again; I live my life as best I can so that I make it to Heaven where she will welcome me with loving arms. During my trials and tribulations I call on her for guidance, and she is always there. Te Quiero mucho Abuelita! LOVE CONQUERS ALL- LOVE CONQUERS DEATH PARA SIEMPRE!

—Rosemary Reyna



La familia among rows of strawberries with Abuelita Reyna and my aunt Maria holding me in her arms. This is the only picture I have of us together.



Artwork: Ester Hernández

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.”

“How can this be?” I ask, stunned, crouched on the examination bed, knowing the months I have bled.

I am a lucky woman.



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; have surgery to save my life.

The people got over. They humbled the mighty.

—Rachel Jennings

LA VOZ Calaveras

2018

Calavera al guero

Calaca mando un tuitar a todo el mundo informando Que un tal presidente guero Ya se estaba petateando.

¡El presidente colgó los tenis Lo llevamos a enterrar! En tuitar 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 cariñito Rechoncho y de buenos modos.

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

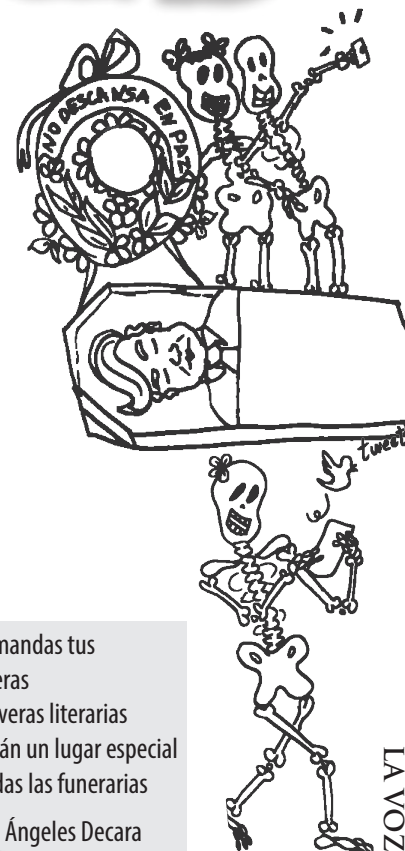
¡Nombre comadre Lola! No crea todo lo que lee Recuerde el refrán que dice “Mala hierba nunca muere”.

A lo puritito macho ¡Créanme lo que les digo! Ese presidente guero Ora es toditito mío.

Ya no más de las redadas O de impuestos agregados O de tuiters ofensivos O de obamas cancelados.

Una cosa sí es segura Calaquita es insaciable Los amantes que le falten ¡En Congreso tal vez los halle!

—Adriana Netro
[poem & artwork]



Si tu mandas tus calaveras a calaveras literarias te harán un lugar especial en todas las funerarias
—Ángeles Decara

Calaverita a MujerArtes

Con amor y algarabía Las mujeres hacen arte Toman barro y con sus manos Lo transforman en diamante.

Artesanas muy sinceras Crean sueños con cuidado Unos son multicolores Otros en marfil pintados.

Claramente un objetivo Tienen todas en la mente Y es pintar calaveritas Para honrar así a la Muerte.

¿Quién es la más celebrada? ¿de quién pintan tantos platos?

¿de quién son tantos huesitos, Que parecen garabatos?

Pan de muerto, sonajitas

Empanadas, cazuelitas Jarros grandes y chiquitos Para honrar a los muertitos. Que bonita es esta fiesta Donde todos nos juntamos Recordando a los difuntos Con tamales, pan y tragos.

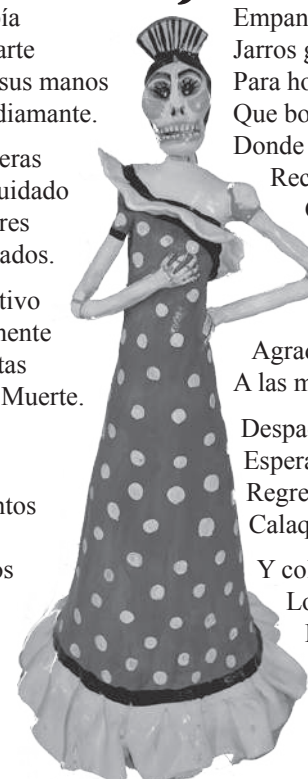
Y Calaca sentadita Cempoalxochitl en su cuello

Agradece nuevamente A las mujeres tanto empeño.

Despacito se despide Esperanza siempre tiene que Regresar al Rinconcito Calaquita es lo que quiere.

Y colorin colorado dicen Los que de cuentitos saben Este cuentecito cuento Con la lengua ¡no se traben!

—Adriana Netro



El beso de la calaca

A mi verita Se me arrejuntó mi calaverita Fue mi suerte Quien me sorteó mi muerte Así mi suicida Robar me chispó mi vida Aunque mi ansia No me usurpó mi tiesa Ya mi latir Otro me raptó mi sentir Sin mi aliento Se me acabó mi tormento Ya mi partida Ahora me marcó mi salida Así mi flaca Ya me besó la calaca

—Mónica Santaella Valdivia
[poem & artwork]



THE DEATH OF MY UTERUS: GIVING THANKS

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 as has Mary's womb nor sheltered like a scroll jar

a single Jesus parable, being home, in fact, to none but a deadly tumor and fibroids the size of beef livers.

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

Ain't I still a woman?

The life my crucified uterus gives me is my own.

—Rachel Jennings

Calaveras 2018

La Voz de Esperanza

Viva

Hay una hoguera que me espera:

Que me quemen viva en la hoguera
por trabajadora
por idealista
por india
por solidaria
por mujer
por soñadora
por latina
por ambiciosa
por emprendedora

Que me quemen viva en la hoguera
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 hecho
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 tiranía, 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 abiertos,
sinceros, incondicionales
de nuestro final tan cierto.

—Ana María González

El Beto

Hey, Beto!
Ya eres un escalete, bony man.
Te gusta la política, verdad?
What are you chasing, if not a good way to die?
Think you can change the world?
Punk-rockin, skateboarding, Whataburger-eating,
on stage with Willie
Really?
Un día, wáchate con el Ted, wáchate
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 sonsos
I'm the only one you have to beat.

—Bárbara Renaud González



Artwork: Celeste De Luna

It's Time / Es tiempo

La lechuza whispered, Now is the time
—El tiempo ha llegado
To rid ourselves of the slime
—Estamos en un pésimo estado
Call all the women of magic & myth
—Llamen las mujeres de hoy y el pasado
To kill them off and make it stick!
Hay que librarse de tanto baboso
Our time has come, Mujeres arise!
¡Hechenlos todos: machistas, misóginos
y malcriados en un gran pozo!
Enough with the insults and lies!

—Gloria A. Ramírez



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.
His sexism sticks in my craw.
May be crushed in Satan's maw.

In contrast, we have Christine Ford,
whose witness to the facts was moored.
Her courage in speaking had us floored.
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.
This gross drunk has might and muscle.
May he in fiery flames go dwell.

—Rachel Jennings

ICE PICK

Their hearts are frozen,
their brains are too
They separate families and
make people blue

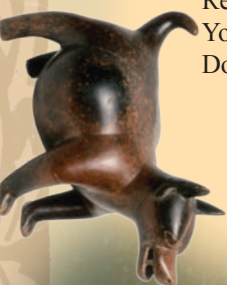
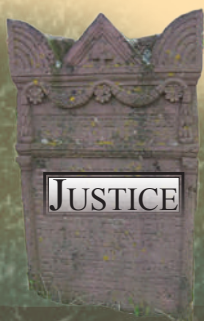
It is believed empathy exists
—even in mice
Yet, none has been displayed
by the agents of ICE

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



2018 LA VOZ Calaveras



Tomás & Dudley, 50 años,

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

“Ya son cincuenta años,
uy uy uy uy uy
para Tomás y Dudley
que los bendiga dios
pero miren ¡ay, qué emoción!
da brinquitos mi corazón

Pues son ellos preciosos
no hay ni que discutir
y su pueblo los ama
son ejemplo a seguir
son más lindos que una canción
de esas que son puro amor

Tomás Ybarra, su vida,
con Dudley Brooks, a su lado
es una gran maravilla,
nos brindan su virtud

Son nuestros héroes, valientes,
constantemente en la lucha
en San Antonio y el mundo
¡Que vivan siempre!
Uy, uy, uy, uy”

Así La Chata cantaba
con Joaquín al acordeón
la gente se alebrestaba
en grande celebración

Pues no es de todos los días
llegar juntos al tostón
David con mucha osadía
organizó un pachangón

Hubo arte, hubo comida
Náhuatlitos, poesía
el pueblo llegó enseguida
a aplaudir tal travesía

A Don Dudley y Don Tomás
gran gusto les invadió
y agradecidos de más
el convivio terminó

Pero poquito antes de eso
que se parece la Flaca
le dio a cada quien un beso
exigiendo hacer petaca

“—¡Toditos se me descuentan
no me importa qué celebren
diez mil, trescientos, cincuenta
a todos que los entierren!”

Dudley, Tomás y a su prole
La Calaca va cargando
y aunque les dé o no pozole
continuarán festejando

—Rita E. Urquijo-Ruiz



Tomás (left) and Dudley. Photo by: Kristel Orta-Puente



Rita's Quinceañera

15 años cumple Rita
Escribiendo calaveras
So, Katrina le da sita
A un baile la invita

Rita acepta muy pronto
Allí baila como trompo
Le pega la borrachera
Y se cae en la hoguera

—Gloria A. Ramírez



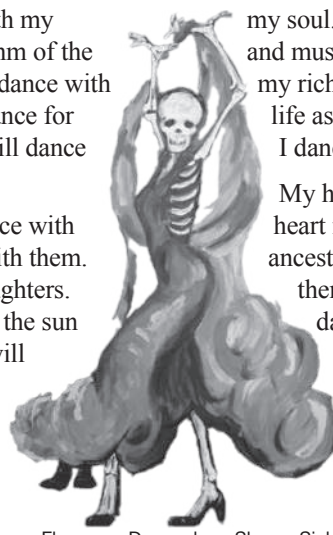
I am a flamenco dancer in life and in death

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



Flamenco Dancer by : Sharon Sieben

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 them. I dance for the past. 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

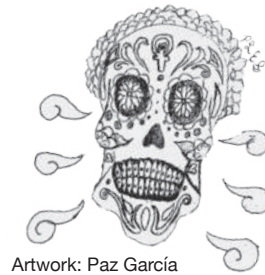
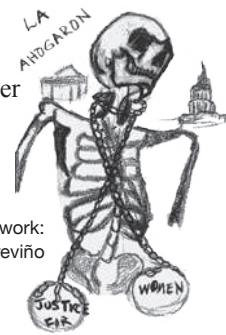


Voices From the Dead

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
anxiety
from centuries of oppression
we reveal the spirit that is feminism

Artwork:
Elva Pérez Treviño



Artwork: Paz García

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 ataruga

Ya por la casa de marfil
Se le distingue su perfil
Nadie tiene que visarle
Para poder del otro lado divisarle

No existe valla
Ni muralla
Que la detenga de su batalla
A la Huesuda
Nadie ataruga
Ella te zarcea
Cuando lo desea

Por ahora tiene el gustotote
De venir por El Pelos de Elotote
La Calaca ya está cansada
De cada pendejada
Que pone en su twiteada

A ella no la ha convencido
Todo lo que ha mentido
Tampoco la engaña
Toda su patraña
Ella no es mensa
Como lo que dicen de la prensa

Aseguradas tiene evidencias
De todas sus demencias
Sabe que eso de las manototas
Son puras habladotas

La Huesuda
Es concienzuda
Sepultura segura
Te asegura
Gran fiesta hoy haremos
Y hasta manteles largos pondremos

El Karma
Es un arma

Que alarma
Pues te descalabra en un tris tras
Como al sonar del compás

Cuando La Flaca lápida te pida
Para oficiar su partida
Dejaremos de comer camote
Que nos daba El Pelos de Elote

Ya se fregó La Calabaza
Eso le pasa
Por dividir
Por mentir
Adiós Trompeta
Te llevó La Pizpireta

Las campanadas de gusto se oyen
sonar
Hasta el mariachi vino a tocar
Se ha ido el narcisista
Ya en el infierno se le ve la pista
Ahí que se quede
Aquí regresar ya no se puede

Colorín colorado
Él se ha dorado
Aprende de ésta historia
Para que te quede en la memoria
Siembra discordia que emponzoña
Miseria te dará La Doña

La Calaca no pierde
Cuando viene y te muerde
No importa que tan blanca sea tu casa
A ella no se le pasa
De hasta atinarte con una piedra
Si la conciencia la tienes negra

—Moki (JIC)

Sheryl Scully, un gran bully

En San Antonio hay un gran bully
Lleva de nombre, Sheryl Sculley
A real American dictator for all
Manda a todos en city hall

No campaign needed for city manager
For half a mil' she'll do it all, they wager
Seventeen white men that call the shots
Build and build, while the Westside rots

They've gotten Sculley on a soapbox
Only when SA's rid of her, will we detox
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 Sculley followed the dinero
¡Y finalmente le quemaron el cuero!

—YF con CHaz



Artwork: Mary Agnes Rodríguez

Art: Mary Agnes Rodríguez

¡DON CALAVERAS CUMPLE 90 AÑOS!

Dos Mil Díez y Ocho

Este año me trae recuerdos de tiempos atrás
De cuando cumplí esa edad.
Este año cumplí 90 años de edad.
Han pasado 72 años desde que conocí Isabel
y le doy gracias a diós
y también a mis padres, Adrian y Victoria.
Que cosa tan maravillosa es el amor.
Le pregunté a mi padre,
“¿Porque nació cuando el mundo estaba en banca rota?”
Me contesto, “Amor mijo, puro amor.”

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 comunión!
La Catrina bien celosa quiso apartar a los dos
Azul metió zancadilla y La Catrina quedo en pos.
Se levanto patas de hilo arreglando hueserío.
Azul se fue de este mundo, no pudo
aguantar el frío.

¡Ay
Enrique!

La Democracia

Se dió cuenta la Huesuda
Que hay pleito en donde quiera
Entre los políticos especialmente.
“Vine a remediar la situación.”
Resulta que dos animales son la causa por la cual
se esta perdiendo la democracia en este país.
El asno y el elefante pertenecen a dos partidos políticos.
Son conocidos como senadores;
La Catrina los conoce por sentadores.

El Cachivache*

“Este tipo no vale la pena,” comentaba La Catrina.
Ha hecho tantas patochadas y lo que toca envenena.
¡Basta ya! Y sin ton ni son se lo llevó al panteón.

*Cachivache- piece of junk, worthless fellow
Patochada- stupidity, blunder, nonsense

Un Huapango

Luciendo lindos huaraches bailaba la Muerte un día
Un huapango muy sabroso al merito mediodía.
“Vine a Austin a bailar y llevarme a dos o tres
Pues nuestro Gobernador parece que anda siempre al revés.
Traje bastante huisache para hacer tinta muy negra
Los mariachis ya están listos y nos tocarán La Negra.”

EL MERENGUE

Vino a San Anto Calacas, a llevarse a Enrique un día
Pues ella estaba cansada de todas sus tonterías:
A tu edad, ya no te luces bailando ese tal merengue.
¿Me acompaña en este ultimo? ¿Lo haremos apretaitos?
Mucho ruido hace señora con todo su hueserío.
Apartese un poquito y siga la melodía.
Sus huesos estan muy frios. Subale al calentador
O pongase más carnita, tendrá un mejor sabor.
No te olvides que el merengue lo bailas apretaito
Cuida que no termines como platano bien frito.

by **Enrique Sánchez**

Un último adiós

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 farther 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.

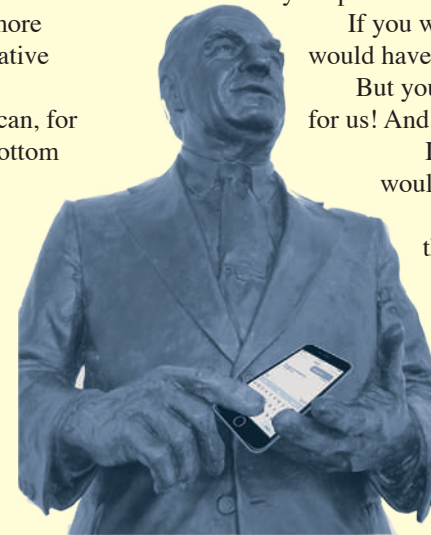
But you didn’t work for the other politicians, you worked for us! And for that, I thank you!

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



May 3, 1916- November 28, 2000

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.

HASTA PRONTO DR. FRANK TALAMANTES

Un gran hombre,
with a child’s heart,
and mischievous and playful
as they come.

En su Tejas se quedo;
cuando al Chuco su movió,
muy cerquitas del Segundo
y en la Cate jugó football.

Loved to laugh,
light on his feet,
he was a Chicano Fred Astaire
pasos movidos y calculados.

Cuando su tiempo llegó
Calaca no tubo compasión
con ella baila la cumbia
y gozan el reguetón.

Abre los portones, gordito
que allí un día llegaremos
juntos contigo de nuevo
bailaremos polka Tejana.

Vuela, vuela palomita
cuéntaselo a todo el mundo
Frank está con sus jefitos;
son ángeles de la guarda.

—Josie Méndez-Negrete



Frank (left) with his bud, George Negrete.

Ofrenda del gato negro (pa’ Casy)

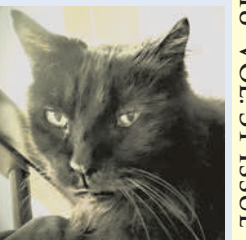
To make the spirit rise, combine in a heart:
1/3 of my life
All 16 years of yours
Pounds of fine, floating fur
Plain yogurt, or maple, or whatever I’m eating
A liberal dusting of slow blinks
4 patas delicadas, with claws
1 feather-duster tail
Unlimited purrs, as many as fit
Headbonks as desired
1 huge feline corazón

Let simmer in affection and a lifetime shared

Serve with the finest love
Not suitable for cabrones, pendejos, ni pescados
(He’s allergic to fish)

Exceedingly rich in spirit
Extremely rare
Now, I must wait until
El puente opens up
And you run toward me
And I to you
On the fur-dusted
Rainbow of dreams.

—Samadhi López Metta Bexar



La despedida



Heart-shaped lips,
slightly puckered
ready to give sweet kisses.
Wreath of rose buds
and baby’s breath
delicately placed
on petite curly head.
Festive tulle dress
sprinkled with dainty
flowers—
the color of lemon drops.

Eyes closed in eternal
slumber.
Scented candles flicker,
tear-stained voices
murmur Our Fathers
and Hail Marys.
Miniature casket
cotton candy pink
cradles her.
Church bell rings
Teresita gets her wings.

—Sally Gaytán-Baker

Amnesty International #127 Call Arthur @ 210.213.5919 for info.

Bexar Co. Green Party: Call 210.471.1791 | bcgp@bexargreens.org

Celebration Circle meets Sun., 11am @ Say Sí, 1518 S. Alamo. Meditation: Weds @ 7:30pm, Friends Meeting House, 7052 Vandiver. 210.533.6767.

DIGNITY SA Mass, 5:30pm, Sun. @ St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 1018 E. Grayson St. | 210.340.2230

Adult Wellness Support Group of PRIDE Center meets 4th Mon., 7-9pm @ Lions Field, 2809 Broadway. Call 210.213.5919.

Energía Mia: Call 512.838-3351 for information.

Fuerza Unida, 710 New Laredo Hwy. www.lafuerzaunida.org | 210.927.2294

Habitat for Humanity meets 1st Tues. for volunteers, 6pm, HFHSA Office @ 311 Probandt.

LGBTQ LULAC Council #22198 meets 3rd Thursdays @ 6:45pm @ Luby's on Main. E-mail: info@lulac22198.org

NOW SA meets 3rd Wed See FB | satx.now for info | 210. 802. 9068 | nowsaareachapter@gmail.com

Pax Christi, SA meets monthly on Saturdays. Call 210.460.8448

Proyecto Hospitalidad Liturgy meets Thurs. 7pm, 325 Courtland.

Metropolitan Community Church services & Sunday school 10:30am, 611 East Myrtle. Call 210.472.3597

Overeaters Anonymous meets MWF in Sp & daily in Eng. www.

oasanantonio.org | 210.492.5400.

PFLAG, meets 1st Thurs. @ 7pm, University Presbyterian Church 300 Bushnell Ave. | 210.848.7407.

Parents of Murdered Children, meets 2nd Mondays @ Balcones Heights Com. Ctr, 107 Glenarm | www.pomcsanantonio.org.

Rape Crisis Center, 4606 Centerview Suite 200, Hotline: 210.349.7273 | 210.521.7273 Email:sschwab@rapecrisis.com

The Religious Society of Friends meets Sunday @ 10am @ The Friends Meeting House, 7052 N. Vandiver. | 210.945.8456.

S.A. Gender Association meets 1st & 3rd Thursday, 6-9pm @ 611 E. Myrtle, Metropolitan Community Church.

SA AIDS Fdn 818 E. Grayson St. offers free Syphilis & HIV testing | 210.225.4715 | www.txsaaf.org.

SA Women Will March: www.sawomenwillmarch.org | (830) 488-7493

SGI-USA LGBT Buddhists meet 2nd Sat. at 10am @ 7142 San Pedro Ave., Ste 117 | 210.653.7755.

Shambhala Buddhist Meditation Tues. 7pm & Sun. 9:30am 257 E. Hildebrand Ave. | 210.222.9303.

S.N.A.P. (Survivors Network of those Abused by Priests). Contact Barbara at 210.725.8329.

Voice for Animals: 210.737.3138 or www.voiceforanimals.org

SA's LGBTQA Youth meets Tues., 6:30pm at Univ. Presby. Church, 300 Bushnell Ave. | www.fiesta-youth.org



¡Todos Somos Esperanza! Start your monthly donations now!

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.

¡ESPERANZA VIVE! ¡LA LUCHA SIGUE, SIGUE!

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

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 _____ quarter _____ six-months through the mail.

☐ Enclosed is a donation of _____ \$1000 _____ \$500 _____ \$250 _____ \$100 _____ \$50 _____ \$25 _____ \$15 _____ 10

La Voz Subscription _____ \$35 Individuals _____ \$100 Institutions _____ other \$ _____

☐ I would like to volunteer
☐ Please use my donation for the Rinconcito de Esperanza

For more information, call 210-228-0201
Make checks payable to the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center.
Send to 922 San Pedro, SA TX 78212. Donations to the Esperanza are tax deductible.

Notas Y Más

November 2018

Brief news items on upcoming community events. Send items for Notas y Más to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org or mail to: 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212. The deadline is the 8th of each month.

Centro Cultural Aztlan celebrates the **41st Annual Día de los Muertos** with an exhibition of *Altars y Ofrendas* on **Wednesday, November 2nd** from **6-9pm**. Suggested admission: \$3. Children, free! Día de los Muertos creations will be for sale at the “*Avenida de los Artesanos*”. Exhibit continues **M-F, 9am-5pm thru Nov. 9th**. The **23rd Annual Zonarte, El Mercado de Aztlan** takes place **Nov. 16, 17 & 18**. And, the **23rd Annual Virgen de Guadalupe** exhibit is on for **December 12 thru January 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 **Galería Guadalupe**, 723 S. Brazos St. Free! See: www.guadalupeculturalarts.org/dia-de-los-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.

Check: www.SAALM.ORG for details.

Gemini Ink, located at 1111 Navarro, offers *Caesura – Writing Silence in the Face of Uncertainty, Adversity, and Injustice* with **Jo Reyes-Boitel** on **Wednesdays—November 7, 14 & 28** from **6:30-8pm**. Free! And on **Nov. 9, 6-8pm**, **Gemini Ink** features *A Rope of Luna: Book Launch Party* for poet **Lisha García**, with a reading by poet **Natasha Saje**. Free! Check: geminiink.org



OTHERED by **Randi Romo**
A Collection of Poetry by Randi M. Romo
Distributed by Ingram and Sibling Rivalry Press • info@siblingrivalrypress.com



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 Rebirth.

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



Dolores Zapata-Murff M.A. LPC
Licensed Professional Counselor
210-815-1121

Creating Change One Person at a Time.

Will provide confidential bi-lingual and bi-cultural counseling.

No insurance claims. Private pay only. *Se Habla Español*
LGBTQ Sensitive: Individual and Couples Counseling



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.

NOVEMBER 8, 2018

Preserving African American Sites in Austin with Dr. Fred McGhee

DECEMBER 6, 2018

Escuelitas & the Emergence of a Mexican American Identity in South Texas with Dr. Phillis 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



This program was made possible in part with a grant from Humanities Texas, the state affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities and support of la Buena Gente de Esperanza.

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 mayors and HUD Secretaries, **Julián 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. **Joaquín Castro**,
District 20 Congressman

Friday November 16, 2008 - 9:30 AM



Artwork: Mary Agnes Rodríguez

See conference schedule at www.50yearsater.org

**CD AND BOOK RELEASE
& MULTI-MEDIA PERFORMANCE**

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 Texmaniacs with Bene Medina

Noche Azul

Sat. Dec. 15th

Sat. Nov. 17th

8pm • doors open @ 7pm • \$7 más o menos

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



NOVEMBER 6 OR VOTE EARLY TIL NOV. 2



ESPERANZA PEACE & JUSTICE CENTER
922 San Pedro San Antonio TX 78212
210.228.0201 • www.esperanzacenter.org

Non-Profit Org.
US Postage
PAID
San Antonio, TX
Permit #332



Haven't opened La Voz in a while? Prefer to read it online? Wrong address?
TO CANCEL A SUBSCRIPTION EMAIL lavoz@esperanzacenter.org **CALL:** 210.228.0201

Día de los Muertos CELEBRATION



Thurs. Nov. 1st 2018
3-11:30 pm

@ Rinconcito de Esperanza • 816 S. Colorado St. • 210-228-0201 / www.esperanzacenter.org

3:00 Tallercito de Son

4:10 Conjunto Heritage Taller

4:40 Las Tesoros de
San Antonio with Los
Cantares de Mi Tierra

5:30 MUERTOS' PROCESSION

6:15 Pánfilo's Güera

7:00 Calavera Readings

7:15 Juan y Armando Tejeda

8:00 Calavera Readings

8:15 Alyson Alonzo

8:45 Azul

9:15 Roger Arocha y Su
Conjunto

10:15 Volcán

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 • comida • hourly
raffles • live performances • with artists & artisans onsite!

Over 90 local & international vendors offering: traditional indigenous wear including huipiles, rebozos & quechquemits; 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 & remedies; jewelry of chakira, metal & gems; leather & fiber arts; collectibles; Aztec calendar readings & products from Peru, Panama, India & more! Accessible to all!

Artwork: Carlos Mérida

Esperanza Peace & Justice Center • 922 San Pedro Ave. San Antonio TX 78212 • www.esperanzacenter.org