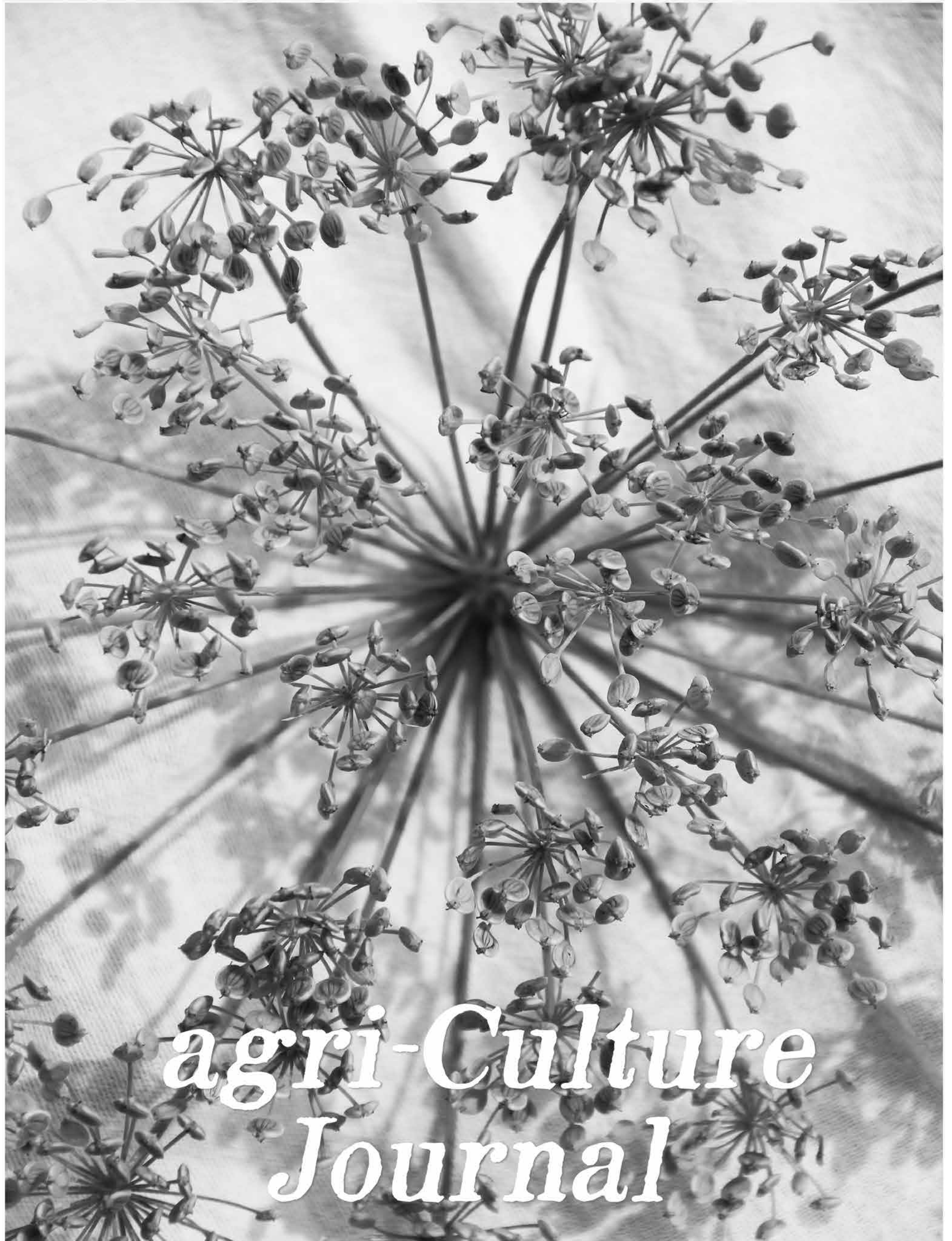


SeedBroadcast



*agri-Culture
Journal*

Cultivating Diverse Varieties of Resilience #14



14th Edition SeedBroadcast Journal

We would like to thank all who generously contributed to our **14th edition** of the bi-annual **SeedBroadcast agri-Culture Journal**. The next edition will be in the Autumn of 2020. We invite you all to consider sending a submission. This could be a drawing, photograph, story, recipes for climate change, poem, action (what can we all do to keep the seeds alive), or an essay, with relevance to the essence of seeds, seed saving practices, climate change and food sovereignty.

We are looking forward to hearing from you.
Each of you holds a wisdom and it is this wisdom we hope to share.

Please include a short bio, images should be at least 300 DPI 4" x 6" and include your mailing address as we will mail you a stack of printed copies to distribute in your own locale.

THE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS IS SEPTEMBER 28TH 2020

Send submissions to seedbroadcast@gmail.com

You can keep up with our actions and encounters with other seed lovers at on our website www.seedbroadcast.org and follow our blog at <http://seedbroadcast.blogspot.com/>

We want to thank our fiscal sponsor LittleGlobe, our supporters Robert Rauschenberg Foundation Climate Change Solutions Fund, the Puffin Foundation, Native Seeds/SEARCH, Albuquerque Museum, our SeedBroadcasting cohorts especially the farmers that have allowed us into their fields and lives.

To our partners in Seed: Climate Change Resilience,
Aaron Lowden and the Acoma Ancestral Lands Farm Corps Program, Acoma Pueblo, New Mexico

Dr. Larry Emerson and Jennifer Nevarez of Tse Daa K'aan Lifelong Learning Community in Hogback, New Mexico.

Beata Tsosie-Peña of Santa Clara Pueblo and the Española Healing Food Oasis
Ron and Debora Boyd of Mer-Girl Gardens, in La Villita, New Mexico

Land Arts of the American West,
Rocky Mountain Seed Alliance
Sarah Montgomery of Garden's Edge
Tiana Baca of Three Sisters Kitchen

Albuquerque Museum
Rowen White, Sierra Seed Coop
Native Seeds/SEARCH

UNM Art & Ecology
7th regen

Rachel Zollinger
Christine Mackey

Carol Padberg, Carla Corcoran and MFA students, Nomad9

Cristobal Wells, Ana Ruiz Díaz and Toña Osher for building our relationship to community actions and seed activists from Meso-America,

To all those gracious humans that shared their poignant seed stories, Ana Ruiz Díaz and Toña Osher for building our relationship to community actions and seed activists from Meso-America, to all the staff at the Albuquerque Museum, especially Josie Lopez, Elizabeth Becker and Stephen Hutchins, Whitney Stewart for graphic design, Paul Ross for distribution, Glyn Wilson-Charles SeedBroadcast super intern, Viola Arduini for web support, Bill Mann, Fodder Farm, Rick Ferchaud for endless weeding and digging, the many individuals for their continued support, and to the amazing anonymous donors that continue to support our work. And huge thank you to the soil, microbes, birds, sun, wind, rain and to our seeds that continue to inspire and give us hope. Thank you for joining with us in keeping these seeds alive.

SEED=FOOD=LIFE

First the farmer sows the seed,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hands
And turns him round to view the land.

15th Century Song

As we all know these times in which we are living can feel like the upside down times. Our world is spinning faster and faster so it is hard to keep up with all that comes our way. What we have known, or feel we know well, is constantly shifting and changing, sometimes for the better and more than often for the not so good of this planet.

Note: This edition was in action before the major rupture in our individual and collective lives and ways of being. This global pandemic has impacted all of us in extreme ways, our lives disrupted, our daily patterns flipped in new directions and the uncertainty of what will come tomorrow is present at all times. Now more than ever is the time to bring out those stashed seeds that have been kept in the tin box on the book shelf, or in the cardboard box in the shed and if possible plant them in the earth and nurture them as they will nurture you. Keep a few in a safe place, as did our ancestors and for those in the ground sing to them and watch them sprout and grow. We can learn many marvelous ways from their grace and resilience. We have postponed the printing of this edition but it is available to download from our website www.seedbroadcast.org and articles will be published once a week on our blog seedbroadcast.blogspot.com.

If you did not know already, we are at a crisis point.

All can be over whelming and out of balance. We need to muster up the courage to dig deep into finding meaningful ways to ground ourselves back into this world. These ways might be different for all of us but each of us holds a responsibility to act.

We at SeedBroadcast have been learning from the incredible capacity of our seeds, are dedicated to what they teach us and in return offer our support to keep their nurturing stories alive and in good health. We believe and are acting on keeping the seeds alive.

Might you?

We too are seeds...

SEEDBROADCAST holds the belief that it is a worldly right to be able save our seeds and share their potential, to be able to grow our own food and share this abundance, and to cultivate grassroots wisdom and share in her radical creativity and resilience.

We seek to reveal the culture that has been lost in agriculture and believe that seeds are witnesses to our past and hold potential for our future. Seeds have their own story to tell and it is up to us to listen before it is too late.

SEEDBROADCAST encourages communities to keep local food and culture alive and vibrant through working together in creative and inspiring ways. We spend time with people on their farms, in their gardens, at seed exchanges and at community gatherings to dig deeper into the, often, unheard stories of local agriculture. Our traditional farmers, avid gardeners and local organic food growers are inspired by the seeds they sow and save, they take notice of what grows and what does not, they learn from the seasonal shifts, experiment with when to plant the first pea and when to harvest the seed for next year. This vital knowledge base of plant and human connection is what we seek to cultivate, disperse and nurture.

We strive to live in reciprocity with all of our living breathing beings and to not only take but to sincerely give back.

What if we were to ask ourselves everyday
"What can we gift?"

Our gift, to all who are willing to open their hearts to the necessity of listening to those beings that have faced and are facing extinction and relocation and to learn from their resilience, is this offering of the Seed: Climate Change Resilience Project. A project that has been, and continues to be an

extraordinary journey of grasshoppers, drought, winds, late rains, early rains, elk raids, raccoon munching, no water, surprises, bean beetle, hardy crops, mud, hard soil, loss, love, beauty, relationship, reciprocity, awe and fearless resilience.

In 2019 we launched the SEED: CLIMATE CHANGE RESILIENCE exhibition at the Albuquerque Museum accompanied by numerous theme based events in collaboration with many bioregional partners and a special edition of the SeedBroadcast Journal. This coming year part of this exhibit will open at the Haak'u Museum in Acoma Pueblo and in Española, New Mexico. We will be adding new seed stories and directly involving the local communities in planning related events. Keep on the look out. We are also in the endless process of updating our web site. A new version will be up and running soon and much easier to navigate. And we are always in the process of tending our own fields and gardens, learning as much as we possibly can from the seeds and soil and trying new ways to keep the seeds alive and vibrant.

"Ground breaking and incredibly moving, Valuable exhibition on plants, seeds and the culture surrounding how our seeds turn to plants, plants to culture, and culture back to seeds. Thank you to all who helped and thank you to all of our ancestors."

"The exhibition is multilayered- filled with artifacts, relics, stories of becoming, stories of hope, hardship- all composting in one place. The exhibitions slows me down and I meander. I move in tandem with time. Beautiful celebration of people coming together. Thank you!"

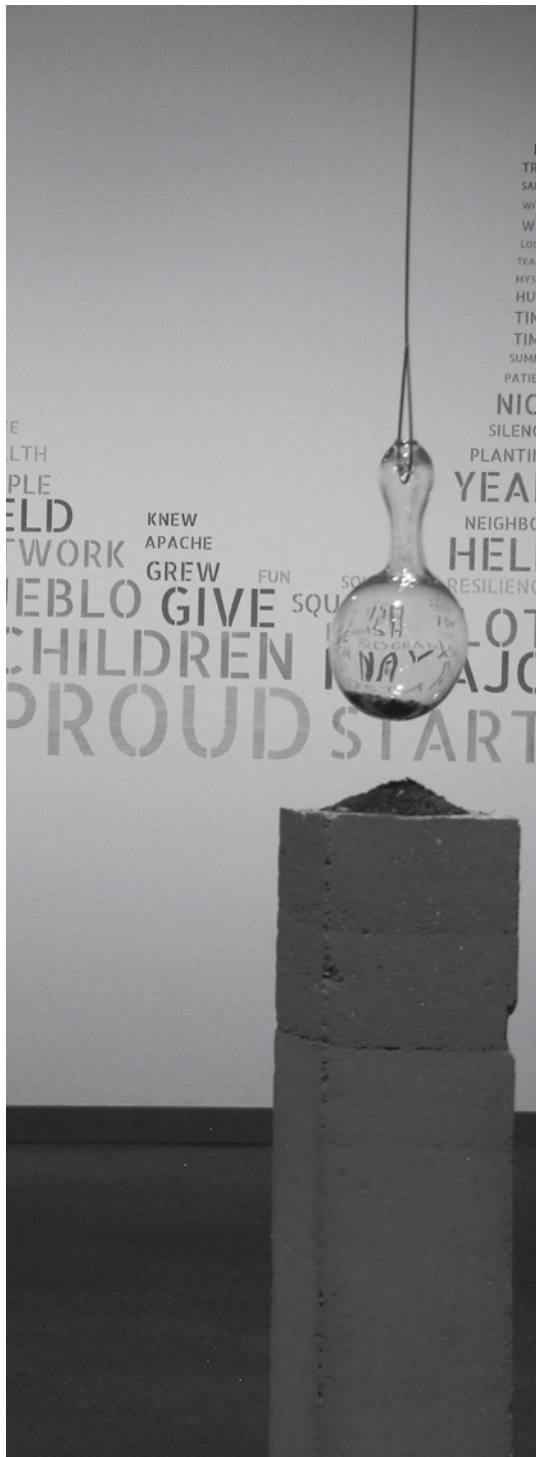
"Really beautiful and wonderful. Mixture of science, culture and art. Interactive and beautiful storytelling."

Above are a few quotes from visitors to SEED: Climate Change Resilience

"Gardening is about awareness and relationship — consequential relationship. It's also about taking a stand, and standing by your principles. At the same time, it's about giving up control and learning from your mistakes."

Wendy Johnson, Gardening at the Dragons Gate.

SeedBroadcast



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With the increasing demands for SEED Action now, we need your help to ensure that we continue to expand our collaborations and activations. Your support will keep the SeedBroadcast agri-Cultural Journal free and accessible, nurture seed stories and keep them alive and percolating and allow our partnerships with Native Seeds/SEARCH and community activist organizations to deepen the focus on food and seed sovereignty and climate change resilience. These are times of rapid climate and environmental crisis that are causing devastation to our mother earth so we need to continue to sustain and deepen our efforts. Your donation will help us to build the capacity to dig deep, sprout tall, and shout out for more action to plant the seeds of our ancestors across the land.

- Your donation will support the on going activation of Seed: Climate Change Resilience and community engagement.

- Your donation will help us to keep activating local food and seed resiliency through community partnerships.

- Your donation will help keep the agri-Culture Journal free and distributed from hand to hand.

SeedBroadcast has been and continues to be funded by in-kind donations of time, labor, and money from collective SeedBroadcasters.

SeedBroadcast has received generous grants from the Kindle Project Fund of the Common Counsel Foundation, McCune Charitable Foundation, the Robert Rauschenberg Foundation, the Puffin Foundation and anonymous donors that support our continued projects. We are also grateful to the individuals and institutions that have sponsored our participation in their public events helping to offset travel expenses. All of these funds are essential for the successful operation of SeedBroadcast.

SeedBroadcast thanks you for your support and BELIEF in the power of Seeds, Stories, and putting the culture back into agri-Culture!

SEEDS OF RESILIENCE STORIES

These stories are part of the SEED: Climate Change Resilience exhibition presented at the Albuquerque Museum June/September 2019.

BRETT BAKKER AND AMARILLO DEL NORTE BEAN SEEDS

When I collected it for Native Seeds/SEARCH in the 1990s, we called it Amarillo del Norte to differentiate from yellow beans from Mexico like Mantequilla or Azufrado. It's just a yellow bean from Northern New Mexico. I later found it was called Ancient Yellow by pioneering chile breeder Fabian Garcia back in 1917, and he said it was rare even then. So, here's a story of how I came across this seed.

On a seed collecting trip in Northern New Mexico, I was in Vadito, one of my favorite little villages up there. I met a guy named Nick Montoya. A farmer, firefighter, *santero*, and he was always generous with seeds. I got peas and beans and squash and all kinds of stuff. But, I hadn't seen this one and I'd been going to visit him for three or four years. And one time I went back and he's like, "Oh, yeh, I think you might like this one." And I thought it was really interesting that he waited that long. He was being patient, checking me out. Was I doing this for a good reason? You know, what was my intention? Was I going to be someone who just came, and, hit and run? But after I kept coming back for a few years, I think, I felt like he trusted me enough to give me this bean that was really rare.

I never saw it anywhere else. Miguel Santistevan said he found it in Mora years later. But it's still not very common up there, which is very bizarre because it's really productive, it grows at high elevation, it also grows down here in Albuquerque. Fabian Garcia said that you could grow two crops in the low elevations in one year.

So, the real lesson to me was, just being patient. You know. And especially when you're collecting seeds from elders and in traditional cultures you don't push. Because they're not like that. Whenever I'd go collecting seeds from someone and it would be, oh you know I want to come back and get some seeds, *oh when's a good time to come?* And their like, *I'm here*. It wasn't like *Monday at 4 o'clock*. They don't do that. It's just, you have to be patient and whenever the connection happens to be.

So, Nick was also a *santero*. In the winter he's carving saints and little ornaments and stuff. And I asked him one time, "Hey, do you ever do a San Isidro? You know, I have been looking for a San Isidro and I just don't see any up here." And he said, "No, no I've never done one of those, but that's a good idea." And we just went on and we were sitting in his kitchen, got my seeds and left. And a year later I went back. Same thing. We're sitting in his kitchen. I'm having coffee. His wife gives me a bowl of beans and we're talking and we're looking at the seeds. And he goes, "Oh yeh, by the way that's yours." And he gestures with his head into the corner of the kitchen. He did not know I was coming. And there's a little San Isidro *bulito* just sitting there, waiting for me. And just that patience, you know. And it was sitting there in the kitchen. It wasn't like he brought it out 'cause he knew I was coming. It was there waiting for me to show up because he knew I was coming back. And I get choked up just thinking about that one, but uh, yeh.



DETAIL: *ITS NOT BY CHANCE AT ALL*. ANCESTRAL LANDS ACOMA. PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST

BRETT BAKKER BEGAN COLLECTING AND PLANTING TRADITIONAL SOUTHWESTERN & HEIRLOOM CROPS IN 1979. HE IS CURRENTLY WITH THE ARID CROP SEED CACHE PROJECT AND FARMING IN THE SOUTH VALLEY, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

RON BOYD AND TURQUOISE CORN FROM HOPI LAND

This is the story about the turquoise corn from Hopi land. I would like to explain the way it was explained to me.

When I received this corn, I knew it to be Hopi Turquoise Corn. But I mentioned that to a Hopi man once, and he said, "This isn't actually Hopi Turquoise Corn unless it is planted on Hopi land in the Hopi way with the Hopi methods. Otherwise, we just call that turquoise corn from Hopi land." And that's a difference that I really appreciated.

I kind of like, while remembering all the years around corn, not just the Hopi Turquoise but this relationship with corn is really an earliest memory. That's a memory of about 60 years ago. I grew up rural, Arkansas, Valley River farm country and all around us was a lot of sweet corn and field corn and silage corn, mostly yellow corn. During the summer time, sweet corn: my mother would buy sweet corn, 12 ears for a dollar. I'd eat corn until I just couldn't eat it anymore. She would put it up. She'd can it. Then we'd have canned corn through the winter.

Then through my childhood I spent as much time as I could, because I liked earning money, working in the fields, and a lot of the field work was working on the corn. So, I irrigated corn, harvested corn, planted corn, ate corn.

This particular corn, the turquoise corn from Hopi land, I received, about, 30 some years ago. I think it was 1987 when a friend of mine, who had worked with John Kimmey ... John Kimmey was at that time heading a small seed company, first small seed company I was aware of: Talavaya Seed Company. Lionel had worked with John Kimmey. John and, now I know, his wife Claire had been to Third Mesa, Hotevilla and received this corn from Grandmother Carolina Tawangyouma. I received six seeds that year, about 1987. I planted those six seeds at the front door of my house and was delighted with the outcome. Of course, those six seeds probably must have made at least 12 ears.

This corn grows about four or five-foot-tall and it has one or two ears per stalk. So, over the next 30 some years, I reckon I've planted that corn at least a dozen times. Starting with those six seeds, it's pretty likely I harvested two to three thousand pounds of that corn. I first planted it in Taos, New Mexico and from there I moved a 1000 foot higher, to about 8000 foot. I planted that corn on the high road and made good crops there. Then I think the next crops probably came with me when I came down to La Villita on the Rio Grande, at 5700 foot. I've made half a dozen crops down there. I also planted at a friend's place in Chimayo. So, this corn has produced really well all the way from, well around 5000 to 8000 foot. Of course, I have handed off a lot of it. I know recently, a bunch of it came back to stories of turquoise from Hopi land in Illinois. I've sent some up to my friends in Colorado and he's had good success with it up there.

It's really a beautiful corn. When we plant it, we most often times do it with community or the tribe or friends. And a few years ago, we picked up on the idea, it was suggested somewhere, that when we plant the corn, not just the turquoise corn but any of the corn, we put

the corn in our mouths, then put it in the ground. The message suggested that when that corn is in your mouth, it gets a sense of you, you DNA, your genetics and it grows with you and about you. That just feels really nice. In fact, I have never planted this corn mechanically. It's always been planted either by hand or with a simple, simple little planting tool. I've never planted it with power tools. I've never planted it with a tractor. Then about three years ago, when we harvested, the kids helped me harvest it. These were 4, 5 and 6-year-olds that helped me harvest it. We took it all out of the ground with a scythe and sickle, made a big pile of it. Still got this beautiful picture of these kids running and jumping on the corn. Yeah, it's really brought a lot of magic.

So, we've eaten it in a lot of ways too. I believe it's a flour corn. So, we've used it for tortillas, atole, corn meal for corn bread. Even eaten it when it was in the milk. You can eat it that way but it's not all that exciting. Oh, we made chicos out of it once too.

I think the last year I had it at my field, I couldn't flood irrigate so I put overhead irrigation on it. And irrigated it that way. At the end of the season, there were a few problems with the outcome and I could hear the voice of the corn real clearly stating, "We're girls from the desert here and we don't get overhead sprinklers, unless it's the rain.". So that was really clear: I'll never do it with overhead irrigation again. When I planted it in Taos, it was higher up, not as hot and I could actually finish that corn with three irrigations: once when I planted it, once when the tassel came in, and then when the silk came in. That would finish it. But down at 5000 feet, in sandy soil, I've got to irrigate it a little bit more often.

It must have been four or five years ago. One of the things I noticed about it was the silk on the ears of this corn, when it was still golden and fresh and the silk on the top of that ear was as long as the ear. It's the longest, golden locks of silk I've ever seen on an eared corn.

It was a few years ago, back again, maybe about 10 years ago, a buddy and I did a project at Hopi land, and this involved peaches. I took this turquoise corn back because I felt like I should return some of it, and the young men who we were doing this project with said they had never seen this corn before. So, I'm not sure how much of it is still on Hopi land. But, yeah, it was really a delight, it was great evening with these young men. We were grafting peaches and before the evening was over, and with good laughter and jest, and I carry with me still, these young men told me that we were some of the white boys they'd been waiting for. That felt really good.

So, I'm going to plant this corn again this year. I sell it to a seed company and if I explain to them, the way it was explained to me: "this is not Hopi Turquoise Corn, this is turquoise corn from Hopi land. We're planting it white boy way and it's not Hopi corn unless it is planted Hopi way." It'll go to the seed company I work with and they're crazy excited about it. And there it goes, around the world. This company sells around the world. So, we'll see how it evolves.

**BEATA TSOSIE-PEÑA AND AURELIA'S GREEN AMARANTH SEEDS
FROM THE GARDEN'S EDGE SEED TRAVELS.**

My name is Beata Tsošie-Peña. I'm from Hapo Kha'p'oo Owinge, Santa Clara Pueblo, New Mexico. I'm going to share a poem with you called "Tsez" which is the indigenous people of Guatemala's word for amaranth. This poem is close to my heart as amaranth is a favorite plant of mine. I think it's beautiful and so powerful in its ability to feed the people and in its shared story that is so important to reflect on, as it's the story of indigenous people as well. I just really honor the Guatemalan farmers who came and shared their knowledge of this plant with us, how to grow it, how to harvest it. I had to honor it with a poem.

This poem is called "Tsez", it's with thanks to the Garden's Edge and the Qachuu Aloom Association.

I fell in love with Amarante this summer
From the moment that Cristobal's magic hands
Formed soft, circular beds in sandy dirt
Plowed up by borrowed tractor
That unearthed pottery shards...so old
And then his brown, calloused hands
Sprinkled tiny white seeds
On top of the circles he had made in earth
We paid attention
As he taught us knowledge that came from
Indigenous mountains in Rabinal, Guatemala
From hand woven cloth and ceremonies dressed in white
Dressed in rainbows and beautiful mujeres strong espiritu montaña
All smiles and dark ancient eyes
That has seen much history
While they knowingly cultivate their own
Knowledge that traveled here
In continuation of the old connections
That traveled ageless roadways buried beneath modern time
Macaw feathers and jade in plundered graves tell stories of this
And now Cristobal whose family was murdered for industry
Gently buries sacred seeds
and I think about Edson's words and stories from his elders
How this majestic plant named Tsez, revered like corn in Pueblos
Sustained and nurtured the intelligence of Mayan people
Over time created vast cities that spoke with constellations
Purple fields that blanketed hundreds of acres of rolling mountains
In a place blessed by rain and celestial origins
That cultivated and loved Amarante
All violet magenta rainforest green purple brilliance
Containing complete B proteins that needed no name
Nurtured advanced civilizations that lived in lush beauty
That eventually fell under the glare of Spanish domination
They saw how important this plant was to the people
And burned thousands of acres of crops
Cut off the hands
Of people who were caught trying to grow it
The people grew it anyway
And the seed survived
Lived to be planted among potshards
That came from a similar time and place
Survived to be planted

By those descended and connected
To the old ones who died to save it
The trees are turning yellow-red before their sleep
And now Julian whose eyes are bright alive
Teaches me about harvesting these seeds
How when they are ready
Hundreds will fall from bent over bright purple buds
Effortlessly into your hand with a gentle touch
Confidently he cuts a few and puts them upside down inside a bag
And Sylvia a mother of four garbed in color
Whose strong voice carries her forward as a woman of purpose
Demonstrates cooking with this amazing seed
Golden atole, popped on a fire, ground into flour, sprinkled on food, as cereal
I drink two full delicious cups with and without sugar
The children cannot get enough of the popped kind
They insist its popcorn and continue to eat
While my hands become stained pink as I rub the seed
Out of its flowers against a framed screen
We speak of winnowing
And I imagine the wind carrying the dried parts away
The seed falling onto a waiting container
Delicate masses of creationism
The size of a grain of sand, and so plentiful
I honor the plant with prayer
Now chopped at the stem
That came from a line of seed
Stretching across ages
Sharing our inherited experience
colonization and conquest within our DNA
I like to think we are acclimatized to it
Stronger and able to adapt
As we still draw knowledge from plants
Who store the weather patterns in their memory
Who were diligently stored and grown
by generations of hallowed hands
such an honor to plant this seed
and walk the roadways of remembrance
Even the plants have stories to pass on

Thank you.



DETAIL: WE ARE CALLED TO A DEEP
INTIMACY, AUDIO INSTALLATION:
PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST

AARON LOWDEN WAS BORN AND
RAISED IN ACOMA PUEBLO AND IS THE
PROGRAM COORDINATOR FOR ACOMA
ANCESTRAL LANDS FARM CORP PROGRAM

**AARON LOWDEN AND AKUMEH MEERUUNI
(ACOMA MELON) AND TIIDISHUKUUME'TR'A
(ACOMA HUBBARD SQUASH SEEDS)**

Most times we reference those good ancestors we think of them as some distant relatives from several generations ago. However, sometimes those good ancestors were people we knew in our lifetime. Most of shta nawaaiitemish (my uncles) are no longer here but they took every opportunity in shared space to impart so much knowledge during their time. One was kind, patient, and would give you direct answers. The other was stern, wanted quick results, and would make you work for the answers. Both reflecting their seeds; one like the meeruuni (melon) with that instantaneous sweetness, the other like the tiidiishukume'tr'a daani (winter squash) which you had to wait for that nourishment. Their gifts of knowledge about how we commune with the land and pray for the renewal everything as the sun shifts from north to south back and forth across our world. These seeds of squash and melons are the physical remains of that knowledge. They handed me these seeds, taught me how to sow them and treat them with the love of a parent. Cancer and diabetes took you both from us so much earlier than we thought. But with our haakumeh seed we are able to preserve a piece of their existence, their impact, and their love. Mah meh skuwaanama aahmoo shraumah anaweh Ya iy ni ya eh gi yu ty

FIVE PINTO BEANS

EDI LENORE

Abuelita was growing older. In the cold darkness of winter, she kept close to the fireplace in her favorite chair wrapped warmly in her beautiful chal. Her grandchildren often gathered at her feet and begged her to tell them stories. They loved to hear about her life as a young girl in Santa Fe. They also loved stories about long ago when the Spanish settlers first came to live in the new world on land granted to them by the King of Spain. The King granted land without notice that the land first belonged to the native people already living here. That is another story we need to hear.

"This is a story about **Five Pinto Beans**," Abuelita began.

Once upon a time Maria and Orlando came with a caravan of settlers to what we now call New Mexico. They were a newly married couple just beginning their life together. They worked hard to build a small adobe home and struggled to clear the nearby land for crops. They lived in a village with other settlers overseen by Don Manuel who had been granted his land by the King. He was a powerful man, but he was kind and wise.

One day in the spring, it was time for Maria to give birth to her first child. Orlando went to bring the paterna (midwife) who would help her give birth. Many young men of the village gathered outside the little house to keep Orlando company. Finally, the paterna opened the door with the news that Orlando had a son and that Maria was well.

Later that evening, when Maria and Orlando were finally alone, they named their new son 'Juan Jose'. It was a strong name and they liked the sound of it. He would be christened soon, and they would have to hurry to plan the celebration because the priest would be leaving for another parish. Don Manuel and his wife were invited guests.

It was a beautiful day for the christening filled with warm sunshine. Happy family and neighbors brought food and gifts. Near noon, the priest took the young child from his madrina (godmother) and baptized him with his new name.

(Abuleta crossed herself remembering the holiness of this moment. Her grandchildren do the same.)

When all the guests had left, Maria and Orlando decided to open Don Manuel's gift first. It was a very small package tied in a string, and it contained 5 pinto beans. But there was a note.

To parents of Juan Jose:

If you follow these instructions for each year of your young son's life, he will be wise and wealthy when he becomes a man.

Plant these five seeds and tend them carefully. Harvest and store all the seeds this fall.

Next spring, plant all the seeds, care for them and when they are mature, harvest them and store them as before.

This you must do each year until your son becomes a man.

From Don Manuel

The young couple were stunned, but decided to create a small garden space for these five seeds and harvest the crop in the fall. They did this every year, creating a bigger field as the crop grew with each year's harvest.

Finally the year came when Juan Jose became sixteen. He was a strong young man, blessed with his father's faith and his mother's devotion. He stood taller than his mother as the three of them greeted his birthday morning.

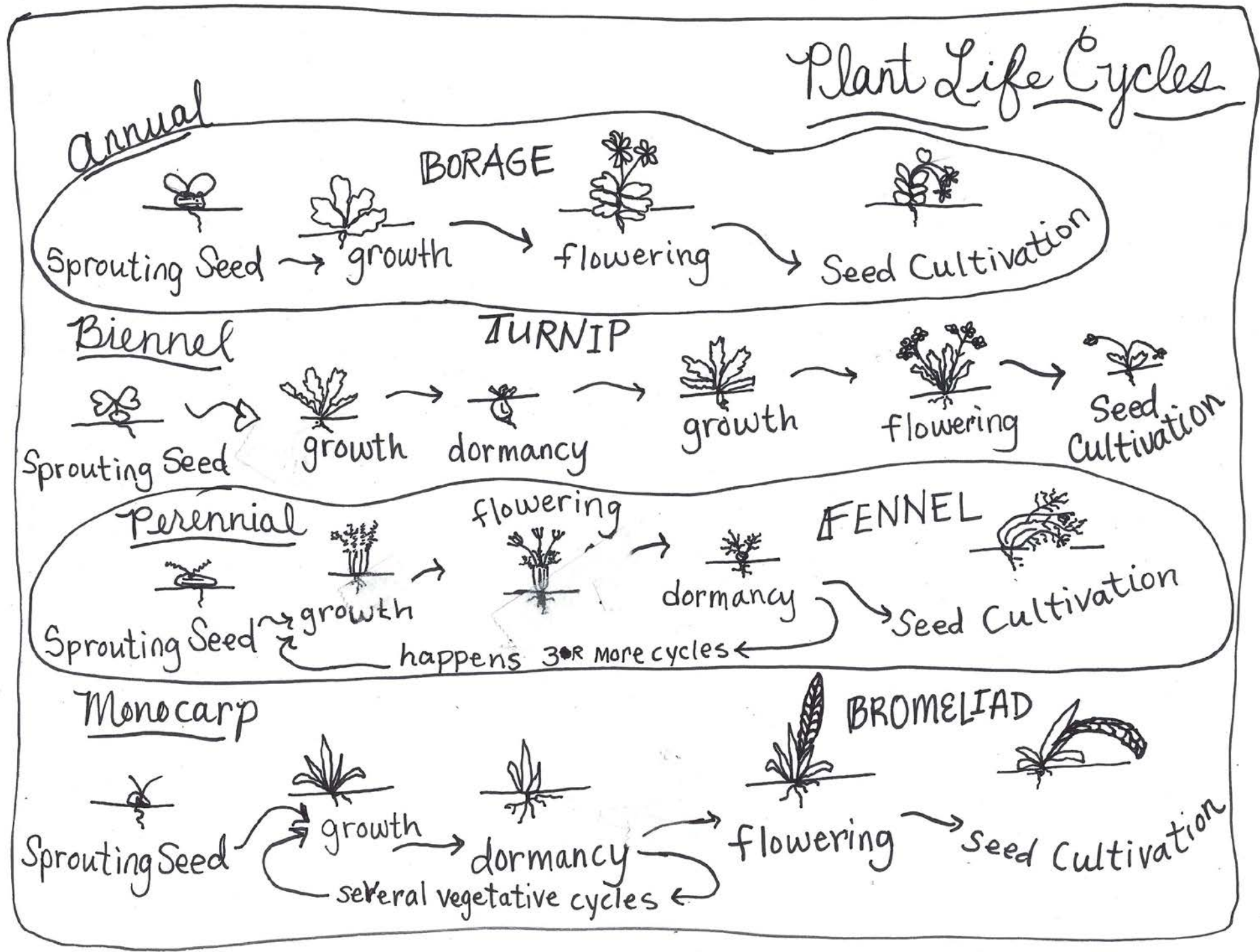
Orlando told him the special story of Don Manuel's gift of five pinto beans and instructions about how to grow and save each year's harvest. "It became a sacred trust to both your mother and myself," Orlando said.

"Those wide fields, that bag of bean seeds?" Juan Jose gradually understood the meaning of the gift. "I am ready to plant the fields this year! My father and my mother you have kept the trust. It is now time for me to assume my responsibilities as a man. My future is bright and hopeful. I am ready!"

Shouldering the bag of pinto bean seeds, he takes leave of his parents. They join hands and watch him walk proudly toward the fields.

THIS STORY WAS TOLD TO ME BY THE CURANDERA I KNEW WHO LIVED ACROSS THE RIVER FROM ME ON CERRO GORDO. THE STORY RESONATES WITH MY LOVE OF GARDENING. I HAVE A SERIOUS INTEREST AND CURIOSITY IN NATIVE SEEDS THAT HAVE EVOLVED TO THRIVE IN THEIR NATIVE LOCALE. I AM CONVINCED THAT THESE SEEDS HOLD THE SECRET TO OUR SUSTAINABLE LIFE, EVEN OUR VERY SURVIVAL, ON THIS PLANET.

I HAVE LIVED MANY PLACES BUT SENT DOWN MY ROOTS IN NEW MEXICO IN 1975. ENCHANTED BY THE BLEND OF VIBRANT CULTURES AND BEAUTIFUL SUN DRENCHED LANDSCAPES, I RAISED MY FAMILY ON THE RURAL FRINGES OF SANTA FE. MY CAREER SPANNED TWENTY NINE YEARS IN SOCIAL WORK AND HEALTH PLANNING FOR CHILDREN AND FAMILIES. I REMAIN CURIOUS TO UNDERSTAND HOW TRADITIONS GUIDE US THROUGH UNCERTAIN TIMES, AND MARK OUR RITES OF PASSAGE.



AND STILL I RISE

KUWA JASIRI

In a vast world of land there is nowhere to plant my Ancestral Seeds. Searching... for a place that honors us both. That holds memory steady in the soil. A community that welcomes us - cultural traditions and all. A space that knows our value, our struggle, our worth; answers our calls. Seems to not exist in this 13.16% people of color rural mountain town I live in. Seems, like always, to have a space that centers and honors me, I have to make.

Is this how they felt? Nowhere to be so they took to the streets... My Ancestry. In my community plot, no one notices me... til my garden abundance and radiant with the Seeds of what is to be. They cut them down when I am out of town. My Ancestry full and vibrant goes against the rule of "do not let plants go to Seed" - a fear they may spread. Strong and vivacious got us through the ages.

On the day mid-season I resign my plot, no one notices me leave. I dig up my past and let them know as usual we have to go. Torn from the Earth we know this truth. Although transplanted and on the move we know better is near.

Still searching I acquire my heritage Seeds. Varieties like Drum Gourd so the melodies of Ancestry can fill the Winter hollow.

KUWA JASIRI INDOMELA (THE ONE/THIS ONE PRONOUNS) IS A SEED STEWARD, WORDSMITH, SPIRIT TINDER. KUWA IS TAKING THE WORLD TO NEW PLACES WITH HARMONY, ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, REPARATIONS, BALANCE AND JUSTICE. IF YOU WANT TO COLLABORATE IN THE FUTURE EMAIL: HONESTAWAREFIRM@RISEUP.NET

CERTAIN UNCERTAINTIES

GLYN WILSON-CHARLES

My momma gave me a hunger for place.

She did it when she named me after a family farm miles and miles from what I call home, a farm no longer in the family by the time I was born, weeks early, hungry for July and blackberries and cold creek swimming.

She did it when she had three daughters and pointed to the mountains, the Three Sisters, and said - look, sisters, just like you.

She did it when she put three seeds in my hand, Three Sisters, sisters too.

And so, feet covered in fir sap and clay soil, mouth full of nasturtiums and borage, legs marked with blackberry thorns and barbed wire fence bites, I was born into place over and over again.

I've learned to search for it everywhere.

My first autumn rain in that cabin near the ocean, I sat in my friend's bed with her and we opened the window to breathe in the air, to place ourselves.

My first spring rain on the oxbow of that river, I walked downtown with my friends to do a public art project, everything got wet. And I was happy about it, soaked as I was in that memory, putting my clothes in the dryer.

My first winter rain in this dry land, and I rolled down the driver side window in my car and felt that electric, *whispering soft hinting misting* spattering rumor (magic). The land wanted the rain, the people wanted the rain, the mountains turn their heads up and the mesas relax their shoulders and the canyons roll a few stones and the rivers sigh. Everyone opens up and receives.

And so I receive, too.

My home woods: sorrel, miner's lettuce, pine needle tea, licorice fern, chanterelles. Where I live out most the year: a carefully forgotten shiitake log, chicken hearts, a lamb spine, apples.

And this new place I've fallen so deeply in love with so quickly: blue corn harina, smoked bolita beans, tibetan black barley, popped amaranth, green chiles, frozen summer peaches.

I find myself preoccupied by a desire for balance. I must have gotten it from my parents, who named their home *Equinox* after those two days a year in which dark and light complement each other equally. To accompany giving with receiving in order for it be *sharing* and *generosity* (and not *charity*), academia with practice in the field, celebrating life with honoring death, kindness with kindness. I wonder if so much of this striving for balance isn't just a constant practice in re-framing and re-defining, cultivating connection instead of othering by way of excessive delineation, in order to view everything in relationship: systems thinking, I suppose.

I was born heading towards an uncertain future (unfortunate wording that places time linearly but can't take it all on at once). I used to take that *uncertainty* as a promise of something less than what I know. Less happy, less full, less just, less hopeful. But now, perhaps, I see it for its possibility. In it, there is a most brilliant - blinding, energizing, exhausting, endless - possibility for change. An opportunity to shape a world all beings may thrive in, flexible and adaptable to changing circumstances we can never know, but do not have to fear.

So maybe that's what I'll leave you with: a plea to celebrate, to frolic in this great possibility. To be joyous in connection, with your feet on the earth and your heart on your sleeve and an empty seat at your dinner table for a friend or stranger. To cultivate that joy like one ten one hundred one thousand glorious seeds in the ground, all opening up and pushing toward the sky and sharing sharing sharing. Because whatever it is, whatever you want to call it that the world at large has been up to with their fences and anger and fear is not full of joy and will not take us anywhere we want to go, not together. And if there is something I have learned in my short forever that is almost twenty-one years, it is that while it might not be the easiest to do it all together it is so much more worth it. And really, it's the only way we're going to help each other to be less afraid and become more certain that we can take care of this earth, that we can learn to feed it and each other well.



I GREW UP ON A FARM IN WESTERN "OREGON," WITH A MOTHER WHO COOKED WITHOUT RECIPES, AND A FATHER WHO TAUGHT ME HOW TO HAVE A GOOD HANDSHAKE AND POUR THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF WINE. BANDED SHEEP TAILS AND GAVE SHOTS, PICKED BEANS AND BLACKBERRIES, AND KNEW THESE THINGS THE BEST: BIG TREES, GREEN MOSS UNDER BARE FEET, TREE SAP, BEAVER PONDS, WET EARTH, RIVER SWIMMING, AND NEVER TURNING ONE'S BACK ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN. CURRENTLY A STUDENT OF SOCIALLY ENGAGED ART AND FOOD STUDIES AT BENNINGTON COLLEGE IN VERMONT. STILL UNFAILINGLY CONSIDERS THE WEST MY ONLY HOME PLACE AND HAD THE GREAT PLEASURE TO WORK WITH SEEDBROADCAST IN NEW MEXICO THIS WINTER.

“How will you know the difficulties of being human if you’re always flying off to blue perfection? Where will you plant your grief-seeds? We need ground to scrape and hoe, not the sky of unspecified desire.”

Rumi

KITCHEN SHELF

ELIZA NARANJO MORSE



SHELVES ARE INTERESTING LITTLE SPACES WHERE PEOPLE KEEP ASPECTS OF THEMSELVES AND THE WORLD THEY ARE IN CONTACT WITH; THEIR NUTRIENTS, TREASURES, HISTORIES, GIFTS AND VARIOUS TOOLS FOR CREATIVE EFFORTS. ELIZA NARANJO MORSE LIVES IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO.

TREE TALK: DR. SUSAN SIMARD

SARA WRIGHT

Scientist Susan Simard is a professor of Forest Ecology at the University in Vancouver, British Columbia, who has been studying the below-ground fungal networks that connect trees and facilitate underground inter-tree communication and interaction. Over a period of more than thirty years this field scientist and her students have learned how fungi networks move water, carbon and nutrients such as nitrogen between and among trees as well as across species. Her research has demonstrated that these complex, symbiotic networks in our forests -- at the hub of which stand what she calls the "mother trees" -- mimic our own neural and social networks. This groundbreaking work on symbiotic plant communication has far-reaching implications that include developing sustainable ways to 'manage' forests, and to improve tree and plant resistance to pathogens. Although much of Simard's research occurs in forests, she has also studied the underground systems of grasslands, wetlands, tundra and alpine ecosystems.

Under our feet there is a whole world of biological pathways that connect trees and allow them to communicate and share resources and information. Other scientists who study these networks (like Dr. Merlin Sheldrake) agree with Susan who suggests that the forest behaves as though it's a single cohesive organism.

When Simard first studied forestry she discovered that the extent of the clear-cutting, the spraying and hacking away of aspens birches and other trees to make way for the more commercially valuable planted pines and firs was frightening. By the time she was doing graduate work scientists had discovered in the laboratory that one pine seedling root could transmit carbon to another pine seedling root, and Susan hypothesized that this kind of exchange was exactly what occurred in real forests. Although many believed she was crazy Susan finally procured funding for conducting experiments deep in the forest. She grew 80 replicates of three species: paper birch, Douglas fir, and western red cedar believing the birch and the fir would be involved in two way communication underground while the cedar would not (cedar and maple have a symbiotic relationship of their own). To test her idea she injected two isotopes of carbon into the trees (in plastic bags) and within an hour the birch and fir exchanged carbon through their root systems.

The carbon isotopes revealed that paper birch and Douglas fir were in a lively two-way conversation. It turns out at that time of the year, in the summer, that birch was sending more carbon to fir than fir was sending back to birch, especially when the fir was shaded. And then in later experiments, she found the opposite. Fir was sending more carbon to birch than birch was sending to fir, and this was because the fir was still growing while the birch was leafless. The two species were interdependent.

Douglas fir and birch were conversing not only in the language of carbon but also exchanged nitrogen, phosphorus, water, defense signals, allele (gene) chemicals and hormones.

Scientists already had learned that an underground mutualistic symbiosis called the 'myco-net' was involved in this exchange. Mushrooms are the above ground reproductive evidence of the underground fungal threads that form mycelium, and that mycelium infects and colonizes the roots of all the trees and plants. And where the fungal cells interact with the root cells, there's a trade of carbon for nutrients, and

that fungus gets those nutrients by growing through the soil and coating every soil particle. *The web is so dense that there can be hundreds of kilometers of mycelium under a single footstep.* Mycelium connects different individuals in the forest, not just individuals of the same species but also works between species, like birch and fir. Hub or "mother trees" (can be male or female) have the most powerful fungal highways. These trees nurture their young, the ones growing in the understory. In a single forest, a mother tree can be connected to hundreds of other trees each of which can send excess carbon etc. through the mycorrhizal network to understory seedlings, but especially to their own kin. Mother trees recognize and colonize their kin with bigger mycorrhizal networks. They send them more carbon below ground. They even reduce their own root competition to create space for their seedlings to grow. When mother trees are injured or dying, they also send carbon and defense signals to the next generation of seedlings helping the youngsters to resist future stresses. Through back and forth conversations, trees increase the survival rate of the whole community.

What makes the forest so resilient is that there are many hub or mother trees and many overlapping networks.

Unfortunately forests are also vulnerable, vulnerable not only to natural disturbances like bark beetles that preferentially attack big old trees but also to clear-cut logging. It is possible to remove one or two hub trees but not many of them; there is a tipping point after which the whole system collapses.

Trees may not have nervous systems but they can feel what is happening and can experience something analogous to pain. When a tree is cut it sends out electrical signals like wounded human tissue does. Thirty years ago Simard hoped that her initial discoveries would change the way forestry was practiced. She was wrong. Forestry practices remain the same everywhere. In 2014, the World Resources Institute reported that Canada had the highest forest disturbance rate of any country worldwide, and that includes Brazil.

Massive disturbance at this scale affects hydrological cycles, degrades wildlife habitat, and emits greenhouse gases back into the atmosphere, which creates more disturbance and more tree diebacks.

Worse, foresters continue to plant one or two species of trees for harvesting and weed out other trees like aspens and birches. These simplified forests lack complexity, and they're really vulnerable to infections and insect





infestation. As climate changes this is creating a perfect storm for extreme events to occur.

Simard explains her frustrations with Western science. "We don't ask good questions about the interconnectedness of the forest, because we're all trained as reductionists. We pick it apart and study one process at a time, even though we know these processes don't happen in isolation. When I walk into a forest, I feel the spirit of the whole thing, everything working together in harmony, but we don't have a way to map or measure that." In her view her research and that of others is exposing the limitations of the Western scientific method itself.*

The one hope is that forests as complex systems have an enormous capacity to self-heal. Simard has demonstrated this capacity with recent experiments in which retention of hub trees, and careful patch cutting can lead to regeneration and recovering species diversity.

Simard leaves us with three simple solutions:

- Spend time in your forest, grassland etc – learn about local conditions of that particular micro-climate.
- Save our old growth forests – these are the repositories of genes, mother trees, and mycorrhizal networks. We need this information to be passed on to the next generation of trees to help them withstand future stresses (as of 2019 we have less than 3 percent of our old growth forests left)
- We must regenerate our forests with a diversity of species and genotypes by planting and allow for natural regeneration to occur.

Because it is January, the time of year that bears give birth I want to close this essay with a bear – tree – carbon networking story. On the west coast in the Pacific temperate rainforests bears sit under trees and eat salmon leaving their carcasses behind. Researchers have discovered that the trees are absorbing salmon nitrogen and then sharing it with each other through the underground network. According to the Smithsonian this creates an interlinked system: fish forest fungi.

Someone forgot to mention the role that bears play in this story; the last sentence should read: bears, fish, forest, fungi.

Using reductionism and the scientific mechanistic paradigm as a baseline – scientists can think, intuit, even sense but they can't be allowed to feel. Our bodies carry our feelings/emotions. When we refuse to credit emotional intelligence as a form of knowledge we cripple ourselves. Without using our capacity to feel we can't help but distort our perceptions, skewing results – scientific or otherwise. We need all our faculties to problem solve efficiently.... Field scientists and ethologists like me probably have a better handle on this than most because we are looking at a more holistic picture.

It is not surprising that most of the criticism of Simard's research comes from scientists who immediately throw out the accusation that the researcher is anthropomorphizing the moment feeling enters the picture.

SARA IS A WRITER, ETHOLOGIST AND NATURALIST WHO IS MAKING HER HOME BETWEEN ABIQUIU, NEW MEXICO AND MAINE. SHE HAS INDIGENOUS ROOTS. NATURE IS HER MUSE AND INSPIRATION. SHE WRITES FOR MANY PUBLICATIONS MOST OF WHICH FOCUS ON NATURE, AND ECO-FEMINISM - THE BELIEF THAT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE EARTH IS ALSO HAPPENING TO WOMEN.



THE BUCKLE

LAYNE KALBFLEISCH

February 9, 2020

I'm a braided Indian
A Woodlands Indian
Ojibway
Living among Tewa
Saying Keresan words

Creator hears my prayers
Three names for Grandmother
Three names for Thank You
Howpa Hanu!

Cornmeal in my right hand
Tobacco in my left
Heya Hey!

My Grandmother was a Celtic knot
Scot Ojibway
Who was that woman at the Newberry Hotel?

Coyote sounds in the heart labyrinth
Christmas Day
An abandoned stable
How perfect
This is my home
The old ones told me

The Piedra Lumbre has a space
Between mesas
Orphan
Montosa
Kitchen
And Chimney Rock
Blessed Yucca

How did Gibson Gene know?

Cerro Pedernal in the hypothetical middle
The Weaver
Spider Woman
Changing Woman
That's what I hear

But like an ellipsis
It's the space between
The omission
What's not said

Ravens help.

LAYNE KALBFLEISCH, M.ED., PH.D., IS AN EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST, TEACHER AND COGNITIVE NEUROSCIENTIST WHO STUDIES THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN TALENT AND DISABILITY AND SUPPORTS PROBLEM-SOLVING AND INGENUITY ACROSS LIFE. SHE IS THE FOUNDER AND CEO OF 2E CONSULTS™ LLC, A PRACTICE THAT SERVES FAMILIES AND CHILDREN, AND ORGANIZATIONS THAT SUPPORT FAMILIES AND CHILDREN IN NEW MEXICO, VIRGINIA, AND ACROSS THE US. SHE TEACHES IN THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AT NORTHERN NEW MEXICO COLLEGE IN ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO, AND LIVES IN ABIQUIU, IN VIEW OF THE CERRO PEDERNAL. SHE IS FROM BOWETING, MICHIGAN, AND A MEMBER OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE TRIBE OF THE OJIBWAY.

SEED MOUNTAIN BEYOND MOUNTAINS: RESTORATION LIBERATION

LEE LEE + MOIRA WILLIAMS

There is an extraordinary practice of preservation maintained in the face of extreme economic challenges along the Grand Rue, in central Port-Au-Prince, Haiti. After the massive earthquake in 2010, from which these communities have yet to fully recover, the UN delineated 'Redzones' around the city as areas too poor or dangerous for foreigners to work. As a result, the neighborhoods that have needed the most assistance have been largely ignored by non-governmental relief and aid organizations. As artists, we are not required to follow these guidelines. London based photographer and curator, Leah Gordon, established the Ghetto Biennial in 2009. A decade later, she completed the 6th edition themed *Revolution*, after nine months of aggressive street protests against government corruption that started in February of 2019. The evolution of our SEED work there not only compliments the theme, but demonstrates that it is indeed possible, if not vital, to incite restoration liberation around seeds in what has been described as a 'post-apocalyptic' scenario.



GRAND-MÈRES DU GRAND RUE

Starting off by working with grandmothers in 2013, we prepared traditional Creole meals together in the minimal 'kitchens' made up of a portable, charcoal powered stove, a couple pots, a few utensils and a bucket that materialized out of single room dwellings and set up in a corner of the tangle of footpaths that weave through the neighborhood. Sitting still for hours while preparing meals allowed for the discovery of dynamic ways people moved about the neighborhood, revealing purpose and intention that is not always evident when moving around a place ourselves. Traditional recipes were recorded as we prepared a series of pop up dinners shared by the visiting artists and members of the Atis Rezistans collective. Through the process, we learned which ingredients were essential to Creole cuisine, ultimately leading to an ongoing effort of working with plants, seed saving and food security.

TCHAKA

As an initiation for the Gardens of the Grand Rue project in 2015, we prepared Tchaka to honor the patron of agriculture, Azaka. This particular recipe was used as a framework for a narrative written to explore the complexities of the relationships between Haiti and US food policy. Deconstructing the ingredients used in this porridge made up of pork stewed with the three sisters of corn beans and squash, the tale examined the decimation of the Creole Pig by the USDA which led to mass deforestation for charcoal production, the burning of genetically modified corn seed donated by Monsanto after the 2010 earthquake and the emerging threat of hybrid seeds, which imperil an already fragile local food system. Together with members of the TiMoun (Youth) Resistanz, we started planting seeds to see what could potentially grow in these densely populated areas. For example, Joumou (the local pumpkin) has a wonderful way of trailing across jagged rooftops that are pieced together with scavenged corrugated iron. Aside from vegetables that are happy when trellised, we found that trees thrive best in the cramped conditions, and that other ground

crops need more space to effectively grow, much less preserve seeds. We were introduced to SAKALA, an organization that cultivates a large-scale, urban permaculture garden growing atop a former industrial pad in Cite Soleil. In an attempt to establish food sovereignty, preserve cultural traditions and improve food security, there is an acute interest in growing out seeds to preserve the strong Haitian heritage centered on agriculture. We are still learning how to effectively accomplish this in the dense urban areas, but recognize SAKALA as an important component to increasing the capacity of urban Haitians to preserve heirlooms in these increasingly dense urban areas. This community garden has the breadth to actually preserve seeds and we are looking forward to establishing a functioning seed library in this infamous Redzone. After being awarded first place for foreign projects for the biennial that year, we focused on SEED themed work in 2017 as we produced a series of workshops, performance and installations rooted in the crosscurrents of collaborative works which augmented existing practices of plant preservation.

REVOLUTION

For the *Revolution* themed 2019 biennial, we started exploring historic connections between the former French colonies of Acadia and Haiti, looking at the entangled mobilities laid in place during these early days of colonialism and how these associations persist today. We are looking at the relationships between plant-human and non-human relationships held sacred by indigenous communities, and how these relationships guide the healing of the land in both places. In consideration of the role plants played through the Haitian revolution we are sharing how plant-based practices in both geographies may inform each other as we navigate our way through food sovereignty, sacred/medicinal relationships and rewilding efforts. We are interested in counter-practices that push against industrial agriculture and hybrid seeds.

WHITE PINES FROM DAWNLAND

The tall, straight trunks of Maine's white pine trees were marked and severed from the landscape by French settlers to build ships that carried lumber to Haiti. Hawthorn trees were equally struck from the land, stripped of their thorns then used as nails in the same ships to Haiti (Hawthorne is resistant to rot unlike pine). Both Pine and Hawthorne trees carry sacred/medicinal relationships with Wabanaki tribes in the Northeast. Both trees were used to construct plantations that in turn, served as frameworks against which the Haitian revolution took place. Tracing the ghosts of White Pine and Hawthorn trees, we are looking at the functional differences between in-tact plantation grounds versus fragmented land passed down equally through generations of families after the revolution. Although former plantations were founded on frameworks of oppression, they were structured as polycultures that maintain diversity of plant life essential to the preservation of heirloom crops today.

MOUNTAINS BEYOND MOUNTAINS

The indigenous Taino met the first free Africans who had escaped slavery into the dramatic mountainous landscape of Ayiti (Haiti), during the 1800's. Ayiti means 'mountains beyond mountains' an expression from and of the land. Both cultures recognized one another's interconnected, sacred relationships with the land. As a result, the Taino shared their knowledge of the land and the medicinal qualities found in Haiti's endemic plants with the Africans. Plant, food and soil knowledge continues to be cultivated, interwoven with multiple cultural nuances, as interventions of restoration and liberation throughout the tightest corners of urban Port-Au-Prince. These same plants are tended as micro-gardens in pots and doorways around the Grand Rue neighborhoods. Choosing to augment these existing efforts, we support ongoing workshops with our collaborators that weave together recorded conversations, migratory bird song recordings, observational drawings, knowledge sharing and movement.

CONTROL

Moringa trees have provided Haitians essential nutrients during the ongoing petrol revolts. Moringa was brought to Haiti from Africa as seeds sewn into the hems of garments worn by Africans during their forced migration across the Atlantic. The trees thrive in areas where little else can grow, yet they do not become invasive. When people take to the streets, the city is literally shut down and it is as if the protestors must commit to a hunger strike as they try to hold their government accountable. The nutrient dense leaves from Moringa trees we've planted over the past five years have offered an important dietary supplement during the revolts, when there is limited access to food aside from dry spaghetti. If you control food, you control people. Haitians are particularly sensitive to this as their food security has been undermined by international policy, which is why they burned huge piles of genetically modified corn seed 'donated' by Monsanto after the 2010 earthquake. We continue to plant Moringa trees, and save their seeds to start establishing a nutrient dense Grand Rue.

RESTORATION

In response to concerns that urban youth are being severed from the land, traditional plant, soil, health and cultural knowledge, we weave aspects of re-wilding into our SEED work to promote a whole-body ecologic revolution. We do this with seed saving workshops that unfold alongside art, citizen science and sound/movement sessions. We continue to share meals as the foundation of these creative gatherings, and demonstrate how to save seeds from the vegetable heavy meals. Paying close attention to the seasons, we prepare what is ripe and save the seeds. Establishing small nurseries, we invite TiMoun to germinate the seeds, tend their early growth and sell or trade the seedlings to broaden participation in the cultivation of urban micro-gardens. Informed by the progress of SEED work in Maine, we are establishing a preservation ring of 'living seed libraries' by calling on Haitian schools and environmental organizations to collaborate, exchange and inform creative acts that integrate arts into the conservation process.

Connecting the two geographies, we provide open source images and recordings of migratory warbler songs, and invite youth to study these migratory species. Encouraging students to mimic birdsong and create observational drawings that exist in the creative commons, we invite consideration of how Haiti maintains connections to the northeast both in bird migrations as well as the migration of laborers, who arrive in Maine and stay during the summer to tend agricultural fields. Using the SEED Barn in Blue Hill as a platform for creative engagement, we are developing programming around the peninsula through 2020 to explore our ongoing connection with Haiti in a way that echoes the larger north/south relationships. As summer visitors arrive in Maine to escape the heat of urban centers, a series of creative engagements will contextualize these historic relationships for Northeasterners. Around the shared table, we will discover how localization at home supports food security abroad. At former shipbuilding locations, we will integrate movement to explore relationships with the land and sea. In consideration of migrations, we will invite our community

to reflect on how we can better conserve beloved migratory birds by looking at ways to support land stewardship in places that host these birds in winter. Throughout each activity, we will disperse seeds that support native foodways and pollinators as we educate on indigenous methods of tending the wild landscape. In the process we will creatively explore ways of integrating eco-cultural restoration in order to promote healing of the land and support human and non-human species with whom we share it.

LEE LEE IS A VISUAL ARTIST WHO CONSTRUCTS COMMUNITY FRAMEWORKS FOR PARTICIPATORY RESTORATION PROJECTS AND CREATIVE SEED DISSEMINATION. SHE EXPLORES THE IMPACT OF MOBILITIES-CENTERED CULTURE AND WORKS TOWARDS LOCALIZATION TO PROMOTE FOOD SECURITY IN BOTH MAINE AND HAITI. FOUNDER OF THE SEED BARN IN BLUE HILL, MAINE, HER AWARD-WINNING GARDENS ARE A FOUNDATION OF THE NETWORK OF LIVING SEED LIBRARIES THAT ARE USED TO PROMOTE NATIVE FOODWAYS AND HEIRLOOM PRESERVATION. SHE MAINTAINS A PAINTING PRACTICE THAT CURRENTLY FOCUSES ON REPRESENTATIONS OF THE WILDLIFE SUPPORTED BY THE PLANTS SHE CULTIVATES.

SEED: HAITI - VIRTUALVOICES.ORG/SEED-HAITI

MOIRA WILLIAMS' OFTENCO-CREATIVE PRACTICE WEAVES TOGETHER PERFORMANCE, BIO-ART, FOOD, SOUND, SCULPTURE AND WALKING AS A LIVED EXPERIENCE, WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY CONNECTING AND CREATING OPPORTUNITIES FOR ARTISTS THROUGH CURATORIAL PROJECTS. MOIRA'S WORK AIMS TO FOLLOW THE LOGIC OF OUR SYMBIOTIC BEING IN THE WORLD WE SHARE WITH BACTERIA, WILD YEAST, SOIL, WATER, ANIMALS, PLANTS AND ONE ANOTHER. WORKS ARE MEANT TO BE LIVED, ADDED TO, SHIFTED AND MOVED OVER TIME AND SPACE - AND MAY FLOW THROUGH MOMENTS TO YEARS. [HTTP://WWW.MOIRA670.COM](http://WWW.MOIRA670.COM)

HAITIAN RUN ORGANIZATIONS TO SUPPORT!

SAKALA: WWW.SAKALA-HAITI.ORG

LAMBI FUND: WWW.LAMBIFUND.ORG

HAITI-CENTERED ORGANIZATIONS DOING GREAT WORK

SOIL: WWW.OURSOIL.ORG

SADHANA FOREST: SADHANAFORREST.ORG/HAITI

PARTNERS IN HEALTH: WWW.PIH.ORG/COUNTRY/HAITI

GHETTO BIENNIAL: GHETTOBIENNALE.ORG



LIZ BRINDLEY IS A FOOD ILLUSTRATOR AND FARMER IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO. HER MISSION IS TO HELP PEOPLE MORE DEEPLY CONNECT WITH FOOD THROUGH HER DESIGN BUSINESS, PRINTS & PLANTS. SHE IS THE RECIPIENT OF A SCHOLASTIC NATIONAL GOLD KEY ART & WRITING AWARD, AND HER WORK HAS BEEN EXHIBITED IN GALLERIES ACROSS THE UNITED STATES.

THE BEAUTY OF COMPOST

LIZ BRINDLEY

Since I started farming a few years ago, I've been drawn to the colors, textures, and shapes found in a pile of compost. To me, this pile of scraps is an abundant heap of design elements waiting to be discovered. But recently, I've come to find that the beauty of the discarded runs deeper.

The pile of compost I so admire starts with a seed planted in spring soil by eager hands worn and weathered from the time it takes to tend the land. This seed carries hope, intention, and the promise of possibility. As the season rushes forward and the days become longer and the sun hotter the seed turns into a sprout which turns into a gift of food from the earth.

This food is harvested and transferred from farms to the familiarity of my kitchen where I create a pile of scraps as I peel back the coating on citrus and slip off skins of garlic to reveal the fruits I'm after, the essence I seek in a moment of eager hunger. This pile grows larger as I chop and cut and slice and sauté.

Before I know it, a small mountain of fragments has formed and, in between my attention drifting from tasks that need tending to the food that is simmering, I've almost forgotten to pause to admire the pile of pieces before passing them back to the earth in a gift of reciprocity for the nourishment I've received.

I must stop to recognize the beauty of these delicate remnants that were once encased in seeds held by the soil that became shells and skins holding produce in protective embrace.

Without this moment of recognition, I can become so consumed with consumption that I forget to turn to compost to be reminded that creativity balances destruction. Without this recognition, I forget that I, too, am part of these cycles of shedding and releasing and ending to find new beginning. Without this recognition, I forget that what was used up can be useful for new life.

As I scoop up the scraps to dump them into the compost, I'm reminded that transformation takes time. This compost will pass into the next version of itself in a process of patience sprinkled with parts of the past that no longer fit the present. The scraps seem to shift their shapes with an effortless ease that allows change to carry them back to their beginning.

It is suddenly spring again, and I sprinkle the soil and seeds with this old life to form new life and continue on in connection with nature's cyclical rhythms.

SEEDS

CHELSEA CALL

Seeds are hope,
Possibility and potentiality.
Each exchange an act of reciprocity,
Support in giving and receiving.
The seeds hold memory,
Stories from passed kin.
In holding them we honor them,
We honor life.

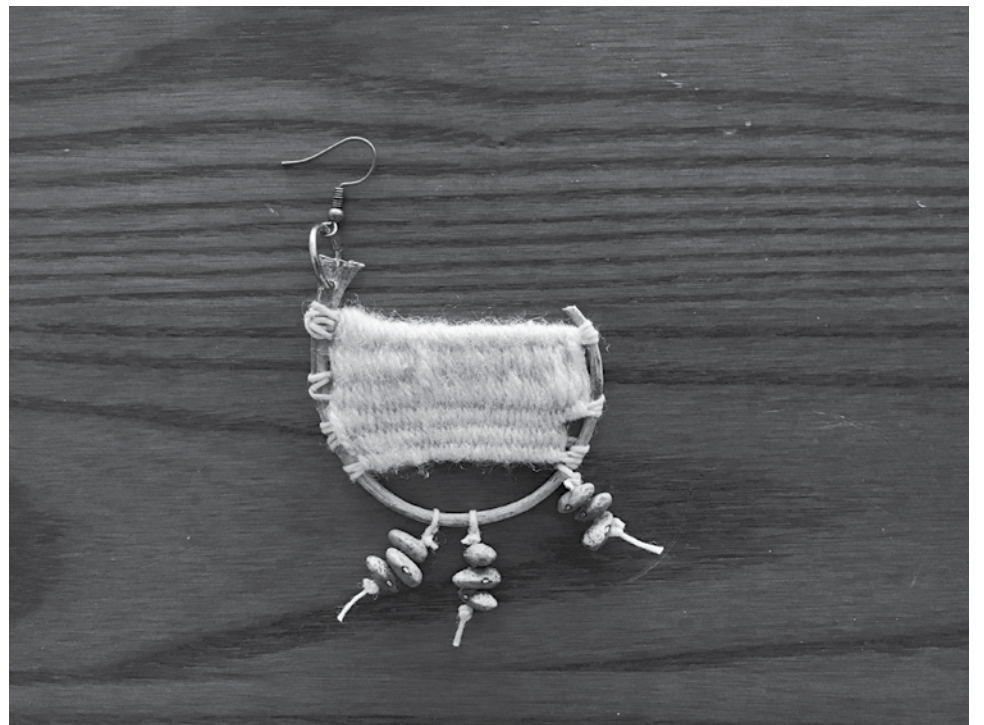
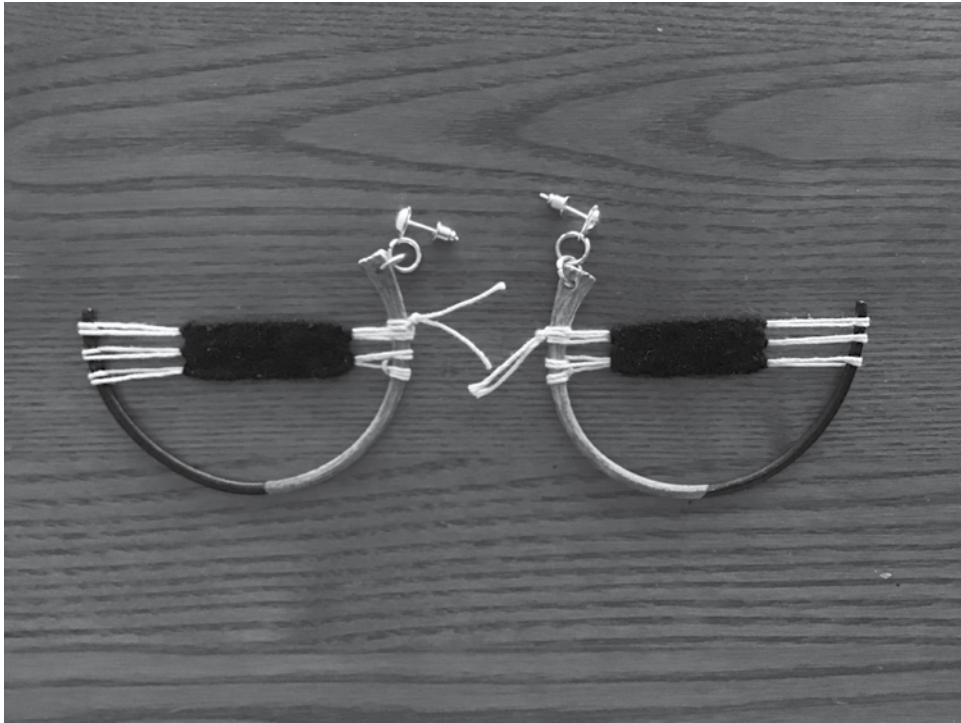
CHELSEA CALL (SHE/HER/THEY/THEM) IS AN INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST AND ART THERAPIST CURRENTLY RESIDING IN THE HIGH DESERT OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, (UNCEDED, OCCUPIED TEWA LAND). HER WORK FOCUSES ON FACILITATING HEALING THROUGH INTEGRATIVE INVESTIGATIONS AT THE INTERSECTIONS OF ART, ECOLOGY, AND PSYCHOLOGY.

WWW.CHELSEACALL.COM



TRUMPET VINE AND DEVIL'S CLAW

EARRINGS MADE BY BECCA VASQUEZ
GROWN IN ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO



BECCA VASQUEZ IS A MEXICAN-AMERICAN/
CHICANA SEED SAVER CURRENTLY LIVING IN
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO AND SOON EL
PASO, TEXAS

NUTRIENTS

SARA DANIELE RIVERA

Check the temperature of chicken in transit
keep a list of allergens what you can and
can't put in when taking food to a school
environment how to feed a child how to
keep a child whole measure garbanzo celery
tahini and know there was connective tissue
between food and seed and soil you were
there at the pipeline campsites and now you
are here in the city that raised you fighting
for the same care learning to mix blue corn
and pine nut chaparral oil into beeswax
a natural sun deterrent to know a plant
check the stem and the arrangement of
leaves sessile alternate petiolate to protect
a plant first identify what is killing it you said

this to me driving on airport road that when a
flower is dying you don't tell it to save itself
you don't place blame you don't tell it that
it should've understood the reading you
change the air it's breathing you bring it the
butterflies it wanted how to feed a flower
how to keep a flower whole how to observe
its wholeness what milkweed does what it
wants to do if you tend to milkweed maybe
it will attract the monarch butterfly all on its
own sit at a table across from a person sit
at a table across from a person who has been
fed and is wearing their favorite shoes then
ask them how they learned what they have
learned how they best understand the world
what if we read it out loud what if we read
it together what if we talk about the things
we most love to read together what if the
thing you were told you could not do is the
nutrient you need what if the thing you
believed you could not do is your exact poetry

SEMILLAS DE LÚCUMA



Seed-pits lined up.
Each a word I learned
incorrectly



or not at all. Aquí
no se dice así.
Una fruta



típica de acá. Shred
texture. Days
punctuated by loss.



The right thing to
say or do as elusive
as a taste unremembered.



I always believed I
walked multiple
worlds but I lived



in pre-translation,
waiting for names to
drop into my mouth.



I'm sorry, a veces
me equivoco—



My slight and
rotating catalogue
of apologies.



How to be an archive
of things no one
thought to tell?

SARA DANIELE RIVERA IS A CUBAN/PERUVIAN ARTIST, WRITER, TRANSLATOR, AND EDUCATOR FROM ALBUQUERQUE. HER POETRY AND FICTION HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN LITERARY JOURNALS AND ANTHOLOGIES. SHE WAS AWARDED A 2017 ST. BOTOLPH'S EMERGING ARTIST AWARD AND WON THE 2018 STEPHEN DUNN PRIZE IN POETRY. HER DRAWINGS, SCULPTURES, AND COMMUNITY-BASED INSTALLATIONS FOCUS ON TEXT-IN-SPACE AS SOCIAL INTERVENTION, AND HER PUBLIC ART PROJECTS ARE OFTEN DEVELOPED IN COLLABORATION WITH YOUTH.

ROOT AND SKY: CLOSING THE GAP

SARA WRIGHT
IMAGES IREN SCHIO

(1)

The drifting root
floats through empty space
a piece of lifeless wood
split in two directions.
One skyward, the other leans right
both paths lead nowhere.

The feather preened
and left behind
has no bird attached,
becomes a warlock's wand.
Tattered two toned wing
suspended root, draped
over dead white – a reminder
of what has been -
and will soon be lost again.

(2)

Roots sink deep
in lively conversation
beneath the forest floor
exchange news,
cooperate with elders
who surrender
ancestral wisdom to
to feed starving children.

The Cloud People
pour down
mineral rich
moisture, soaking
desert scrub
healing cracks
and splits.
Bare paths
ooze mud.



“And in this he showed me a little thing, the quantity of a hazel nut, lying in the palm of my hand, as it seemed. And it was as round as any ball. I looked upon it with the eye of my understanding and thought, “What may this be?” And it was answered generally thus, “it is all that is made.”
Julian of Norwich 1342-1416



Red Willow River
shrinks and swells.
One storm -
rain or snow
sprouts sprigs
of green mint,
buttery crocus.
Spring bulbs
defiantly break ground.

Sky's skin
is papery thin –
gilded by golden sunrises
ever deepening blue.
A white moon
bathes winter nights
in shadowy translucence.
Venus, a star shrine
weaves her way
west to east.

The birds
soar through
the sky bowl,
migrating on
the wings of
each season.
Spiraling and dipping
soaring on thermals
eagles and cranes
circle higher and higher...

And in the
'space in between'
spruces and fir
cottonwoods and juniper
scent Bosque and Forest -
provide shelter
and breathe for all.
Evergreen tips bristle.
Swelling cottonwood buds
anticipate spring's turning.

The 'Trees of Life'
forge *interconnection*
closing the gap
between root and sky.

POEMS ARE LIKE DREAMS - THEY ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH - AND THESE TWO POEMS REFLECT THAT REALITY. ONE WAS GROUNDED IN MY IMAGINATION - A PLACE WHERE HEALING WHAT IS BROKEN BECOMES POSSIBLE, AT LEAST IN THEORY AS SPRING APPROACHES... THE OTHER SIMPLY SPOKE TO "WHAT IS." DISEMBODIMENT IS THE DISEASE OF OUR TIME. WE ARE UNABLE TO STAY PRESENT IN OUR BODIES WITH AWARENESS TO WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE EARTH AND TO HUMANS.

IT WASN'T UNTIL I FINISHED THAT I SAW THAT THEY BOTH WENT TOGETHER BEAUTIFULLY - ONE EXPLICATES THE PROBLEM, THE OTHER IMAGINES A SOLUTION IN THE FORM OF TREES THAT ARE ROOTED IN THE EARTH, PROVIDING SHELTER AND RESTING PLACES FOR BIRDS AND OTHER CREATURES; AT THE SAME TIME THE TREES ARE REACHING INTO THE SKY AND BECOME PART OF THE FIRMAMENT. THE TREE OF LIFE IS A UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF LIFE, BOTH AS A SYMBOL AND AN ACTUAL SACRED TREE (ALL CULTURES HAVE ONE). IF ANYTHING SPEAKS TO EMBODIMENT - THAT IS - LIVING ON THIS EARTH IN A BODY THAT IS CAPABLE OF COMMUNICATING WITH ALL OTHER LIVING BEINGS WITH AWARENESS AND AS A RECEIVER, THE TREE IS IT.

SARA IS A WRITER, ETHOLOGIST AND NATURALIST WHO IS MAKING HER HOME BETWEEN ABIQUIU, NEW MEXICO AND MAINE. SHE HAS INDIGENOUS ROOTS. NATURE IS HER MUSE AND INSPIRATION. SHE WRITES FOR MANY PUBLICATIONS MOST OF WHICH FOCUS ON NATURE, AND ECO-FEMINISM - THE BELIEF THAT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE EARTH IS ALSO HAPPENING TO WOMEN.

IREN SCHIO LIVES AND WORKS IN ABIQUIU, WHERE SHE LOVES TO HIKE, GARDEN AND PURSUE HER ART.

RIO GRANDE GRAIN

CHRISTINE SALEM

Northern New Mexico was once the breadbasket of New Mexico with over 300 small mills in operation around the state. In 1892 New Mexico brought 230 varieties of wheat to the Chicago World's Fair.

Today most of our flours and grain products are derived from highly hybridized dwarf modern wheat, which is bred primarily for high yield at the expense of nutrition, flavor and biodiversity. It is grown primarily in the midwestern US and Saskatchewan and sold on the commodity markets. Modern wheat is highly dependent on chemical inputs and increasingly degrades human and soil health as well as farmers' incomes.

A small group of farmers, gardeners, and bread bakers have organized under the name Rio Grande Grain and hope to bring our grains back to their roots. Since spring 2018, we have trialed small quantities of over 60 varieties heritage and ancient wheat, rye, and barley, in small plots near Alcalde. We have collected qualitative and quantitative data on each variety over four growing seasons and discovered a few that are strong performers in our unique high desert region. In fall 2019 we were able to move from trial quantities to seed-increase quantities of our top performing varieties—Kamut, Sonoran White, Einkorn, Emmer, Turkey Red, Red Fife, Spelt, and Marquis wheat; Rebel and Swiss Mountain rye; and Tibetan Purple barley. In another year we'll have hundreds of pounds of seed that we can provide to small farmers who are ready to try a crop that supports regenerative agriculture principles and fetches a far higher price than commodity grain.

Farming in our region is different. Our fields are miniscule, compared to the vast fields in the upper Midwest. As farm families lost a generation or two to jobs in the city, many fields have been abandoned to disuse and colonization by stubborn Siberian elms.

Fortunately, the environmental movement and the locavore movement is beginning to reverse the decline of market farming and paving the way for locally-grown, heritage grains to return to our fields and our foods.

There are a number of steps involved, from creating a market (consumer and commercial) for the grains to producing enough product to serve that market; identifying the millers, malters, and brewers who can store, process, distribute these grains. We call it the grain chain because there are a lot of moving parts that are beginning gradually to fall into place.

Farm equipment is another issue. As we move beyond trial quantities of grain, hand harvesting, threshing, and cleaning is no longer an option. There used to be small combines (machines that both harvest and thresh the grain) that were suited to small fields. But those are no longer being manufactured in the US. We have a few small-scale combines in the state that have been imported from China. We are looking at equipment sharing to lessen the startup hurdle to a farmer wanting to experiment with growing grains. Technical support is another area we hope to offer to new growers.

Ironically, as many of us are eliminating gluten from our diets, biochemists are discovering that it's the short-rise white flours of modern wheat, modern processing, and commercial baking that likely are the unhealthy culprits. Long-rise sourdough breads made from whole grains can actually be tolerated by many with wheat sensitivities and are thought to support healthy gut microbes. Home bakers are enthusiastic about counter-top stone mills that preserve the whole grain – bran, germ, and all—to bake up breads using long-rise sour-dough leavens that mitigate the gluten and are actually good tasting and good for our guts.

We are returning to our roots and learning together how to grow locally-adapted, climate-resilient, soil-supporting grain crops for our future in northern New Mexico. If you'd like to know more, contact riograndegrainnm@gmail.com and [Instagram.com/riograndegrain](https://www.instagram.com/riograndegrain).



CHRISTINE IS A LIFELONG GARDENER, AND SINCE 2018, A SOUR-DOUGH BAKER AND GRAIN GROWER.

TOP: RIO GRANDE GRAIN TEAM FROM LEFT: CHRISTINE SALEM, DEBORAH MADISON, RON BOYD, ALESSANDRA HAINES, JODY PUGH, DIANE PRATT, STEVE HAINES, HAL BOGART. PHOTO CREDIT: DEBORA CLARE

BOTTOM: WINTER 2018 TRIALS JUST BEFORE THE HARVEST IN JUNE, 2019. PHOTO CREDIT: ALESSANDRA HAINES

SEED WOMEN

EMILY C-D

Who says little mommas can't paint big walls?

Many wonderful women came together to help me paint the mural pictured here that celebrates seeds. We discovered that the act of spreading color on a wall entered us into a state of mind that allowed us to openly share our individual stories of having human seeds grow within us and the adventure of cultivating those lives.

Perched on ladders and with brushes in hand, we spoke about our diverse experiences of motherhood and found solace in the knowledge that the journey, although distinctly personal for each of us, has been complicated for all of us. In our society, the negative aspects of motherhood are rarely openly spoken about, and woe is the woman who dares to admit that bearing and raising children can sometimes leave one feeling sad, lonely, and lost. I don't know how a seed feels when the embryo breaks through the seedcoat, but it is nothing short of a drastic act. When a woman gives birth, a baby is born, but she the mother is also transformed. It is beautiful, but it is not easy. Sharing the painting with other mothers celebrated the creation and recognized the pain.

In community, we created a powerful piece of public art that speaks to the beauty of seeds, and in so doing recognized our individual selves as part of something larger, interconnected, and full of life. The mural design is based on the illustrations I painted for the seed saving manual *Cultiva-Cosecha-Comparte: Semillas Para Todxs (Grow-Harvest-Share: Seeds for Everyone)* that SOMOS Semilla Seed Library published in 2017. The seed library is located in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico and so the mural celebrates crops of Mexican origin: corn, beans and squash of the famous three sisters garden, but also chili peppers, tomatoes and sunflowers. Much thanks to the Pollination Project for helping to fund the mural and to Mercado Sano and Tianguis TOSMA for lending us their wall to paint.

Please visit somossemilla.org to learn more about the seed library or if you wish to purchase *Semillas Para Todxs*, the first illustrated seed saving manual of its kind in Spanish. We are now in our third printing and the manual is in demand in Spanish-speaking communities across the Americas!





EMILY C-D IS A SINGLE MOM ARTIST WHO HAS PARTNERED WITH SOMOS SEMILLA SEED LIBRARY SINCE 2016. PAINTING THE BOTANICAL WORLD HAS BEEN A NATURAL OUTGROWTH OF A CREATIVE PROCESS LONG LINKED WITH PLANTS. WHEN DOING LAUNDRY SHE OFTEN FINDS HER POCKETS FILLED WITH RANDOM SEEDS PICKED UP ON COUNTRY WALKS. PLEASE FOLLOW HER [@EMILYCDART](https://www.instagram.com/emilycdart) ON IG AND CHECK OUT HER FULL PORTFOLIO AT WWW.EMILYCD.COM

FLOWERING: HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

EMILY C-D

We planted a seed and the flower gifted us so many more.
Did you know that ideas are seeds too?

Plants have been a constant inspiration in my artistic practice, and my recent art with seeds is part of a trajectory of work that merges environmental and social issues. Last summer I joined forces with activists to expand the conversation around migration, inviting the public to understand the phenomenon through the larger lens of nature in an artistic, participatory process.

Floreceer Aquí y Allá (To Flower, Here and There) is a trans-local migrant rights art action that occurred on July 6, 2019 in 14 different communities in North America all the way from San Pedro Sula, Honduras up to New York City. The call to action was made by ODA, or Otros Dreams en Acción, an organization based in Mexico City and dedicated to mutual support and political action for and by those who grew up in the United States and now find themselves in Mexico due to deportation, the deportation of a family member, or the threat of deportation. Dreaming our ideas together, we felt that the migration conversation is mired in negativity and difficult to understand political frameworks. Floreceer was our proposal to breach the topic on a more emotional level that would inspire people to open their hearts and consider migrants as part of a larger picture of humanity in movement in a world that is in fact constantly in motion.

As I see it, flowers spread their seeds on the wind to where they need to go to grow, meanwhile we humans are building walls and laws that impede our movement and therefore our growth. Could we be inspired by our plant teachers to let ourselves move to wherever we dream and deem is fertile soil for reaching our human potential?

So it was that we landed on the concept of FLORECER, which in Spanish literally means to flower or bloom, but can be understood in a broader context as to flourish. Together we formulated six shared proposals of what migrants need in order to live and prosper here, there, and everywhere:

1 ABOLISH MIGRANT DETENTION

We flourish here and there when we are all part of the solution. Detention and deportation are not part of the solution.

2 FAMILIES BELONG TOGETHER

We flourish here and there when laws and policies protect families, women, and children. Separating migrant families is a crime against humanity.

3 DIVERSE COMMUNITIES

We flourish here and there when our diversity is valued and protected. Natural ecosystems thrive with diversity, and human culture is no exception. Discrimination is dehumanization, lives are on the line.

4 SAFETY & INCLUSION

We flourish here and there when governments invest in structural change to guarantee mobility with human rights. Safety and inclusion for migrants creates safer communities for all of us.

5 EDUCATION & JOBS

We flourish here and there when we all have equal access to education and employment free from exploitation. This is the key for strong (trans) local economies.

6 PEOPLE BEFORE PAPERS

We flourish here and there when the human rights of every single person do not depend on any official paper. Documents should create access instead of inequality.

As a central action of Floreceer in the Zocalo, or main square, of Mexico City, we decided we would construct in community a monumental mandala made out of painted banners and seeds—corn, rice, and beans, staple crops that feed humanity across the globe. Much of the so-called migrant “crisis” is in fact fueled by the Climate Crisis, as communities are forced to move from their homelands because of their inability to continue to cultivate there the foods that have for millennia been the basis of their culture and basic nutrition. As such, the seeds we used in the installation held not only great cultural significance, but also immediate hunger stanching value, the reason for which at the termination of the event, all the seeds used in the construction of the giant 50 ft. mandala—nearly 700 lbs total!—were donated to local shelters so that migrants might eat.

While I was busy calculating, cutting, and painting yard upon yard of canvas in preparation for the event, Maggie Loreda, co-director of ODA, was working hard to organize simultaneous public actions with migrant groups and allies across the Americas, the idea being that art, music, and seeds can cross the borders that try to divide us. What was a beautiful surprise to all of us was that five of the communities decided to create their own versions of the mandala that I had designed for installation in the Zocalo. This was truly the power of pollination, community art that crosses borders!

Children painted together in Sunset Park, Brooklyn with the Red de Pueblos Transnacionales, Stop Shopping Choir, Global Exchange, and the New Sanctuary Coalition. In Tijuana, Espacio Migrante and Dreamers Moms created a gorgeous rendition with colored sawdust. La Resistencia in Tacoma, Washington did a wonderful poster with different native plants springing from the stems. In Tapachula on the southern border of Mexico, Iniciativas Para el Desarrollo Humano brought people together to create a mandala out of fruit, plants, and hand-written notes. And in Chicago, Organized Communities Against Deportation chalked their demands and dreams onto the street. This is the power of art that belongs to everyone!

WE PLANTED THE SEEDS TO FLOURISH HERE AND THERE.

We hope this is only the beginning.
#FloreceerAquíYAllá
#MigrantSolidarity

www.floreceeraquiyalla.mx

For more information about ODA, please visit
www.odamexico.org

IN SPANISH “ODA” TRANSLATES TO ODE, OR A POEM MEANT TO BE SUNG. WE BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF ARTS AND CULTURE TO LEARN FROM ONE ANOTHER AND TO TELL OUR STORIES FROM THE INSIDE OUT. WE BELIEVE IN OUR POTENTIAL AS A COMMUNITY TO MAKE POSITIVE CHANGE IN THE AFTERMATH OF DEPORTATION AND EXILE. WE BELIEVE IN OUR RIGHT TO BE FROM TWO COUNTRIES, TO BELONG AQUÍ Y ALLÁ.

EMILY C-D IS A BILINGUAL ILLUSTRATOR, MURALIST, SCULPTOR AND SEED SAVER, ORIGINALLY FROM MARYLAND, BASED IN MEXICO, AND WORKING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER. SHE PARTNERS WITH DIVERSE COMMUNITIES, CREATING IN COLLABORATION WORKS THAT SEEK TO CULTIVATE WONDER AND RESPECT FOR THE LIVING WORLD AND OUR PLACE WITHIN IT. PLEASE FOLLOW HER @EMILYCDART ON IG AND CHECK OUT HER FULL PORTFOLIO AT WWW.EMILYCD.COM

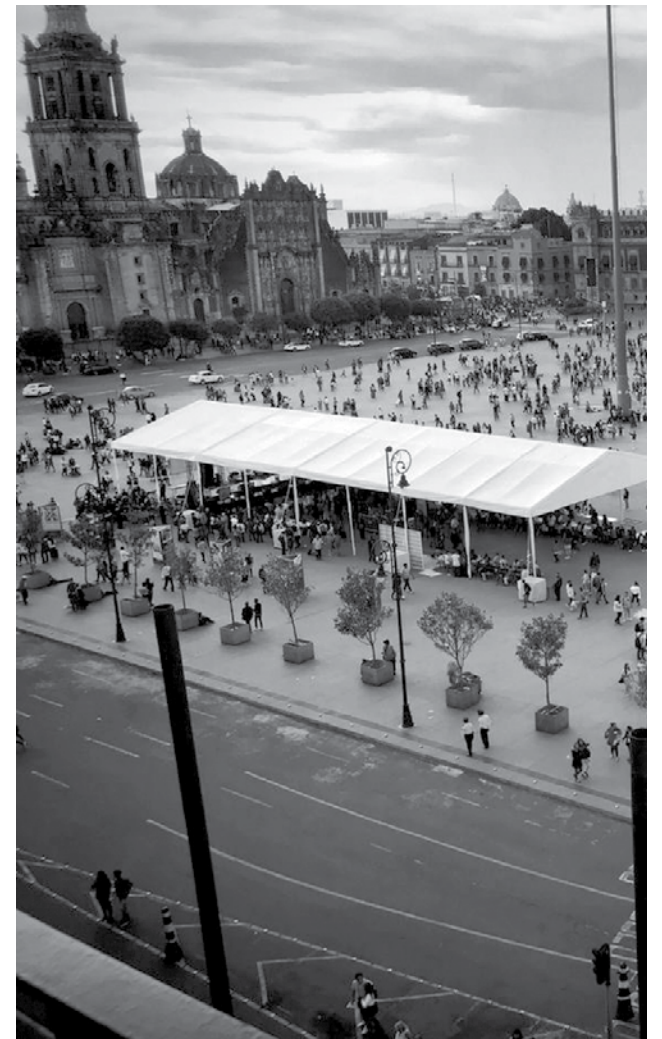


FLORECER AQUÍ Y ALLÁ

BIENESTAR LOCAL QUE ATRAVIESA FRONTERAS

6 DE JULIO DE 2019 >CIUDAD DE MÉXICO< Otros Dreams en Acción, Activate Labs, Ate Con Queso, CAFAMI, CAFEMIN, CCU, Tlanero, Deportados Unidos en la Lucha, Dyrak Pyah P'ox, La Migra Printing Shop, EDC, IPSOCULTA, IMULMI, La Muna, Las Vanders, Laido Homanda, SAM, Singing City, Migrantes Tso, The Mexican Standard, UVA, Yedpacchual Ameyá >SAN PEDRO SULA< Red de Jóvenes Desplazados y Deportados, Casa de Migrantes Honduras >SAN MARCOS< Jóvenes por el cambio >TAPACHULA< Inicativas para el Desarrollo Humano >HETEREC< Hermanos en el Camino >QUETZALCO< Centro de Apoyo Jurídico al Migrante >TULAN< Espacio Migrante, Dreamers Moms >PHOENIX< Iconco Campaigns >ATLANTA< Community Estrella, RESPECTTRANS, Immigration Education Project >CHICAGO< Organized Communities Against Deportation >SEATTLE< La Resistencia >LOS ANGELES< National Day Laborers Organizing Network, Pasadena Job Center >NEW YORK CITY< La Colmena, Red de Pueblos Transnacionales, Stop Shopping Choir, Global Exchange, New Sanctuary Coalition >T GRACIAS A< Angelica Foundation, Avela Foundation, DEP Events, Fondo Semillas

www.floreceeraquiyalla.mx



PROTECTING OUR GUARDIANS

JOHN MCLEOD



CELEBRATING AND HONORING NATIVE CORN AND INDIGENOUS GUARDIANS OF EARTH'S BIODIVERSITY. PHOTO CREDIT: AMY CHRISTIAN

It was an unusual Calenda (procession) even for Oaxaca, a city used to these colorful, musical and boisterous parades often led by giant puppets (monos) and a marching band for weddings, quinceaneras, and religious observances. This specific Calenda was dedicated to the protection of the guardians of native corn, to defenders of ecological diversity, and to those protecting indigenous lands. The Calenda, a Native Corn Coloquio, and an indigenous corn performance by Circo Mermejita of Mazunte, Oaxaca was a collaborative effort of seed and climate activists in February of 2020.



GUARDIANS OF THE WEB OF LIFE

Mexico is becoming increasingly dangerous for environmental activists. A recent example is the assassination of Homero Gómez González in late January 2020. Honero, a former logger in Michoacan State, who became one of Mexico's strongest defenders of Monarch Butterflies. For time immemorial, millions of these extraordinary butterflies annually arrived in his region for their winter retreat. Threatened by excessive logging, the natural habitat was finally designated a federally protected preserve, El Rosario Monarch Butterfly Biosphere Reserve. Although legally protected, loggers were still continuing their advance on this precious environment. Homero González, and one week later a co-worker Raul Hernandez Romero, paid with their lives guarding these beings.

JUSTICIA PARA LOS GUARDIANES
PHOTO CREDIT: AMY CHRISTIAN,
JOHN MCLEOD



TODOS SOMOS BERTA
 PHOTO CREDIT : JOHN MCLEOD,
 AMY CHRISTIAN

Berta Cáceres has become a symbol of the resistance in Central America to exploitive industries and threats to indigenous cultures and land. Co-founder of the Council of Popular and Indigenous Organizations of Honduras, Berta organized around social and indigenous issues from feminism and LGBTQ rights to opposing logging practices and US military bases on Lenka land.

She led a year-long grassroots protest that prevented the building of a major dam on the Rio Gualcarque that threatened the Lenka people's traditional way of life by limiting access to water, fuel and materials for medicines.

Berta was assassinated in her home at age 44.

"They are afraid of us because we are not afraid of them," Berta Cáceres.

PROTECTING COMMUNITY

Cherán, is a community, also in Michoacan, that has literally taken their land and community back from corruption, cartel, politicians, and their former police force. Under environmental attack on all fronts from logging that stripped 200-250 truckloads a day, this primarily indigenous community rose up in 2011. Women, concerned that a spring was being threatened by the logging, led the original actions. Politicians, police, cartel activities, and loggers were forced out of Cherán. Their actions led to community self-governing, self-protection, and environmental regenerative practices. Hillsides are being replanted with stock from the city's nurseries. Today, Cherán's version of direct democracy is led by the Council of twelve elected officials (K'eri Jánaskakua) and 180 council fires (fogatas) through whom consensual decisions of all matters are made. We have much to learn from these guardians.



VIVO CHERAN
 PHOTO CREDIT: AMY CHRISTIAN

PHOTO CREDIT: AMY CHRISTIAN



GUARDIANS OF NATIVE CORN

Perhaps for the first time in history, the state of Oaxaca is having to import corn. The sad irony is that this Central Valley of Mexico region is considered to be the epicenter of the development of the gift of corn.

The earliest known evidence of maize was found in an Oaxacan cave. For over 4,000 years, the indigenous people of the Central Valley have cultivated and cared for a diversity of native seeds that included the domestication of the grass Teosinte into corn as we know it. Due to climate-driven drought, farmers this year were unable to produce the amount of crops necessary to feed and nourish their people. Samuel, a traditional weaver and farmer reported that their community had only produced 10-20% of their usual crop this year due to late rains and drought. Around Oaxaca City and in municipal buildings, campesinos from southern Oaxaca, driven north by climate, have taken refuge, are occupying buildings, and holding demonstrations demanding the government assist in helping them with basic necessities.

In a panel of campesinos and intellectuals led by Dr. Ana Ruiz Díaz, the need to protect native strands of indigenous corn and the growing of traditional milpas were highlighted as critical to cultural survival and sustainable agricultural practices. Dr. Díaz is leading five legal challenges against the use of transgenic corn. These cases have forced an injunction against any importation of GMO corn for growers into Mexico. Responding to the stress of climate disruptions, native seed advocates stress (no pun intended) the need to maintain the ancient lineage of place-specific crops and the diversity of planting in milpas.

Summarizing what another indigenous corn expert Sr. Amado Ramirez told us, "The next revolution will be an ecological revolution, one spoken through the poets and artists, based upon the symbolic power of corn, and led through the kitchen."

DR. ANA RUIZ DÍAZ
AT NATIVE CORN COLLOQUIUM
PHOTO CREDIT: JOHN MCLEOD



“I think I am growing corn but the corn is growing me.”

Rowen White, Mohawk Seed Saver



AMADO RAMIREZ, NATIVE CORN ADVOCATE, EDUCATOR, SUPPLIER AND CREATOR OF ITANONI, A TRADITIONAL CORN BASED RESTAURANT IN OAXACA
PHOTO CREDIT: JOHN MCLEOD

Conveners of this collaborative event were Chris Wells of All Species Projects and Dr. Ana Ruiz Díaz of Mexico City. With special thanks to Wise Fool founder Amy Christian, Oaxacan mono-maker Pepe Azcona, Rosie Ramirez Martiinez-site coordinator, seamstress Marlene, Malcolm Kent of Olympia, journalist Tracy Barnett, Alexi's stilt troupe, muralist Mariel Garcia, Sabino Hernandez Lara of Zipolite and the many volunteers north and south who converged to make this event possible.

JOHN MCLEOD IS A RETIRED EDUCATOR, CLIMATE ACTIVIST AND OCCASIONAL PUPPETEER WHO LIVES ALONG THE TECOLOTE RIVER ON STORY RANCH, A FARM / WILDERNESS CENTER FOR RETREATS, WORKSHOPS AND COMMUNITY GATHERINGS.

RESISTCLIMATECHANGE@GMAIL.COM



CLARA NIBBELINK IS A VISUAL AND PERFORMANCE ARTIST CURRENTLY WORKING OUT OF BLOOMFIELD, NEW MEXICO. SHE HAS BEEN A FARMER, COMMUNITY GARDENER, AND FARMERS MARKET MANAGER, AND IS CONSTANTLY SEEKING NEW WAYS TO BUILD OUR (RE-)CONNECTIONS AS A COMMUNITY TO THE NATURAL WORLD AND TO WILDNESS. HER ORIGINAL PAPER-CRAFT IS CREATED THROUGH MINDFUL COMMUNION WITH PLANT, WIND, AND SKY, OFTEN ACCOMPANIED BY IMPROVISATIONALLY SUNG AND DANCED SPIRITUALS. YOU CAN FIND MORE OF HER WORK ON INSTAGRAM @NIBBELART, OR EMAIL CLARA.NIBBELINK@GMAIL.COM FOR INQUIRIES.

COMING HOME

CLARA NIBBELINK

More than anything, I needed mindfulness.

Touching bark, leaf, stamen, petal, root. Looking up into canopies and down into soil. Listening for the tree's wind, for the croak of the raven, for the murmurings of grasses--in these ways, I came home to my body and the world. I only had myself to give back. My song: a melody that refined itself over time into a singular prayer, lyrics traded with the trees. *You came to me. You called my name. This love. And I am not the same.* Gift begetting gratitude, gratitude returned as gift, my hands lifted in prayer.

(What more can I give than my gratitude? What can I give to those who give me life?)

I try to find a passage from mindful moment to mindful life. I learn the names of birds and plants. I bring bark and rock and root into my room and study their contours. I create recycled paper monuments to the trees, make seed packets from the scraps. I join a community garden, and though we feed mostly prairie dogs that year, our mutual tending nourishes a network of love. I celebrate in the deliverances from farmers; glorying in vegetables, wondering at their passage from seed to stomach, slowing myself into the bite. Slowing myself. Into. The bite. The taste. The dance. O! Thankful stomach, thankful body, thankful life.

(The answer is an action, an action given in gratitude, an action anchored in life. I must give to what gives to me.)

I join a farmers market and nothing gives me more joy than bridging the gap between the farmer and the eater. My body hums, most days, when I listen, with the joy of connection. One windy night upon the mesa, the trees sing to me and through me as they always do. My limbs dance as if called to in an imitation of boughs on wind, birds on wing, seed in sprout. *You came to me. You called my name. This love. And I am not the same.* And then, out of roots and soil, out of moonlight and stillness, a new song. A revelation, a gift: I am not the only one.

(We must find each other. We must give to what gives us life, together.)

This is the faith I keep. Stretching into darkness, a belief in roots and the webs of creature-life that connect us. These days, I keep it close and whisper it to my green heart in times of doubt--*I am not the only one.* There are many of us out there, like and not alike, and it is only in our great diversity that we will survive.

We: we who feel the wildness, who listen to and hear the songs of plants, who see our kin in seeds and root, who receive water as life and food as community: We are called to do the digging and the planting and the tending. We shall learn through our hard and necessary work together that this is the work of life: this is the path to joy and love, to awakensness and connection. This work takes us to the edge of ourselves, and it is there that we join the great wide world of all of us. Find we have been there since the beginning. Called home, we learn that this is truly magic, and it is truly ours.

(I am not the only one.)

This is my prayer. May we find each other. May we listen. May we give thanks, and from that thanks, may we give back in kind. May we feed what feeds us. May we feed each other. May we plant our faith in darkness. And may the seeds we plant, give life. *Amen.*

WHAT ARE THOSE SEEDS FOR?

SUSAN WIDER

My friend saw the small white yogurt container—overflowing with sticky peach pits—on the counter next to my kitchen sink.

“What are those seeds for?” she asked.

I explained that I never chuck seeds or pits of any kind into the garbage. I toss them out into the yard instead, or even plant them. I think it’s a throwback to elementary school, or Mom. As a child, there were tales in my head of Johnny Appleseed scattering seeds everywhere he went. I now know him as John Chapman, a nurseryman largely responsible for the introduction of apple trees in the eastern and midwestern United States, even into Canada. Perhaps my friend nodded agreement that day, but the topic was soon dropped.

Or so I thought. The next time I was at her home, I noticed her front sidewalk was littered with hulls of some kind, so I asked about them. What followed took on the tone of a lesson. My friend is a teacher of young children and a writer for that same demographic. Her favorite novels for her own reading are those for tweens and teens. This means that her explanations are geared toward young people, her delivery painstakingly slow, and filled with statements of the blindingly obvious, so tedious I just want to scream. She began a long explanation of how I should be preparing my seeds and pits, chilling them, scarifying, doing all the right things to enable sprouting.

But that’s precisely the issue. I don’t want to watch the seeds germinate in my yard. I simply intend to leave them behind, for after I’m gone. For when the Earth is one day free of humankind, and the planet is again able to flourish.

SUSAN WIDER SHARES HER PROPERTY OUTSIDE SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO WITH HAWKS, COYOTES, SNAKES, BOBCATS, AND A HUSBAND. HER WORK HAS APPEARED IN *BIRD WATCHER'S DIGEST*, *ORION*, AND *WILD HOPE* AMONG OTHERS. SUSAN'S BIOGRAPHY OF ARTIST CHARLOTTE SALOMON IS FORTHCOMING FROM NORTON YOUNG READERS AND SHE IS REPRESENTED BY STIMOLA LITERARY STUDIO.

HEALTHY SOIL = HEALTHY PLANTS

PETER CALLEN

How do you feed your plants? What do you feed your plants?

There are 3 basic ways plants take in nutrition through their roots, and one way through their leaves.

Through their roots:

These 3 ways usually all take place under good growing conditions, but sometimes one or more is favored than another.

Plants can feed Hydroponically, which doesn't mean the plant necessarily has to be floating in water, just that their nutrition is water soluble, along with other factors that make it possible for the plant to "drink their food". This is how most commercial agriculture operations feed their plants -water delivery. The soil is basically just holding the plant upright. Unfortunately, this method has led to a lot of dead soils.

Plants can feed through a method (ingenious plants) called mineral exchange, or technically, "Cation exchange" where the plant exchanges a positively charged Hydrogen atom for a positively charged Calcium, Magnesium, Potassium or Sodium atom. The cations are positively charged where as the anions, like Nitrogen, Sulfur, and Phosphorus, are negatively charged. Those anions are water soluble, so the plant can drink them up, if they are available in the soil. In acidic soils, the cations can get washed away or leached out of the soil, but here in the alkaline soils of the Southwest, our cations get bound to the rock and clay in the soil, making "cation exchange" difficult and costly for the plant.

Then there is plant feeding through the active biology in the soil, or SOM feeding. SOM is Soil Organic Matter, and that doesn't mean chunks of wood in the soil. SOM consists of 3 parts, the food, the living biology, and the waste products. The living biology part of SOM consists of bacteria, fungi, nematodes, rotifers, and many other denizens of the deep. To keep all this biota alive requires the proper food, water, temperature and shelter, just like any other farm animals. So not letting the soil dry out too much, or become waterlogged, is a good way to keep the soil life well hydrated, but not suffocated. The soil life breathes in oxygen and exhales CO₂, just like other animals do. All of this soil life needs to be fed a proper diet as well, and there is a standard recipe for this diet, which is 25 parts of Carbon to one part of Nitrogen (the standard compost making ratio). If you are planning on feeding your plants through the percent of SOM in the soil, you can figure your plants will receive about 100 lbs. of nitrogen per acre per one percent of SOM. This is adequate for medium to low nitrogen requirements. A couple of caveats though.

First one: In the history of the Earth, which came first, land plants or the soil life? The soil life of course, made it possible for land plants to exist, so which one feeds first? Again, it may be obvious, but seldom do people think of feeding their soil, they think of feeding their plants. But the soil always eats first.



Second one: Soils in the arid SW United States seldom have SOM percentages above 2 or 3%. Several reasons for this, the first being that hydration requirement; if the soil dries out too much, the soil life dies back and has to start over again instead of growing all spring/summer and fall. The second being the temperature. Biological activity in the soil doubles with every 10°F. rise in temperature. But this happens within a temperature range of about 40 to 80°F. Below or above that, soil biologic activity slows way down or stops altogether. So if soil temps. are getting into the 90's in the summertime, the process of building SOM is going to slow down or stop. The ideal soil temps. are in the 70's for soil biology to thrive and grow - if the food and water is adequate. The third reason that its so hard to maintain soil life in the arid SW is shelter for the soil life. Without adequate carbon stores (humates) in the soil, or mulch/cover on top of the soil, the soil life is exposed to wild temperature and moisture swings, as well as damaging UV rays from the sun.

With all of these challenges however, its still worth it to maintain soil life and help it grow. One of the big reasons you might not think of (is) that one of the major benefits of all that life in the ground are the waste products they produce.

Cookies and cake: Plant roots not only exude H⁺ ions, they also exude whole molecules of H, C, O combinations, like carbohydrates, proteins, and sugars. Lots of sugars. This attracts the real arbiters of health, the real conveyors of nutrients, the beneficial bacteria and fungi - yea team! "Life is short, eat dessert first", says the bacto-fun team. All that binging on carbs and sugar leads to a short life for those little gluttons, but their dead bodies pile up into a massive storehouse of broken down carbon humates. These humates are a joy for plant roots to live in, as they store both water and nutrients like a bank that the plant can draw upon when it needs to. The living part of the soil is important for plants too, as many bacteria and fungi mediate the transport and chemical availability of plant nutrients, even living within the plant roots themselves.

The waste products however accumulate over time and not only build up in the soil, but persist in the soil for many hundreds, even thousands of years, if not eroded away by wind and water. Hence the very deep, black soils in



SHEET MULCH BEDS "COMPOSTING IN PLACE" IN THE FIELD, BUILDING SOIL ORGANIC MATTER IN A "NO-TILL" FIELD.

the Mid-West which were formed under prairie grasses and wildflowers for millennia. These waste products are specially formed biological carbon molecules called humates, humic acids, and other compounds that will break down no further. These stable structures then provide safe homes for the living part of the soil, as well as providing an easy way for plant roots to penetrate further into the soil. Another spectacular benefit is the water holding capacity of these carbon structures. So as you can see, its not only the life in the soil, but their waste products that provide the conditions for what we call healthy soil.

So with all the benefits described, its worth doing everything we can to protect the living soil and encourage its growth. Its challenging to build SOM and provide food for your plants in this way, and challenging in different ways to feed your plants through the other pathways described earlier; cation exchange and hydroponically. Taken all together, these 3 ways that plant roots can feed are all useful to organic gardeners and farmers. The first 2 feeding methods described can be employed by organic growers as well, there are soluble organic minerals that can be used for hydroponic feeding, as well as a naturally occurring mineral (gypsum) also organically approved, that can be used to help buffer our alkaline soils and increase cation exchange capacity.

Plants also absorb nutrition through their leaves (foliar feeding) and this is a good way to provide extra nitrogen at critical times, but there is so much to cover with that method, its probably best left to another article.

So now how do you feed your plants?!

Healthy soil = Healthy plants = Healthy seed = Healthy people

PETER CALLEN HAS BEEN WORKING WITH CAMERON WEBER ON REJUVENATING THIS PUBLIC FIELD AT THE ABQ CITY OPEN SPACE VISITOR CENTER FOR THE PAST 2 YEARS. MONTHLY WORKSHOPS AND VOLUNTEER DAYS WILL BE HELD AGAIN THIS YEAR ON SOIL BUILDING, SOIL TESTING, PLANTING NATIVE POLLINATOR PLANTS AND HARVESTING THEIR SEEDS FOR OTHER RESTORATION PROJECTS. CHECK THE VISITOR CENTER FOR DETAILS.

WWW.CABQ.GOV/PARKSANDRECREATION/OPEN-SPACE/OPEN-SPACE-VISITORCENTER

BEN SCHOENBURG

So many seeds, processes, human-powered tools, and food. Amaranth was threshed by hand over a tarp and winnowed by pouring it from a height to let the casings or chaff blow away. It was then popped on a hot pan and eaten. Apples were picked, fed into the grinder, pressed, and drunk. Corn was shelled, winnowed, and ground to make masa, cornbread, and atole. Seeds from plants with the most desirable traits were stored in the seed vault to await the next planting. At the farm, each process begets another in a reciprocal dance of decomposition and renewal.

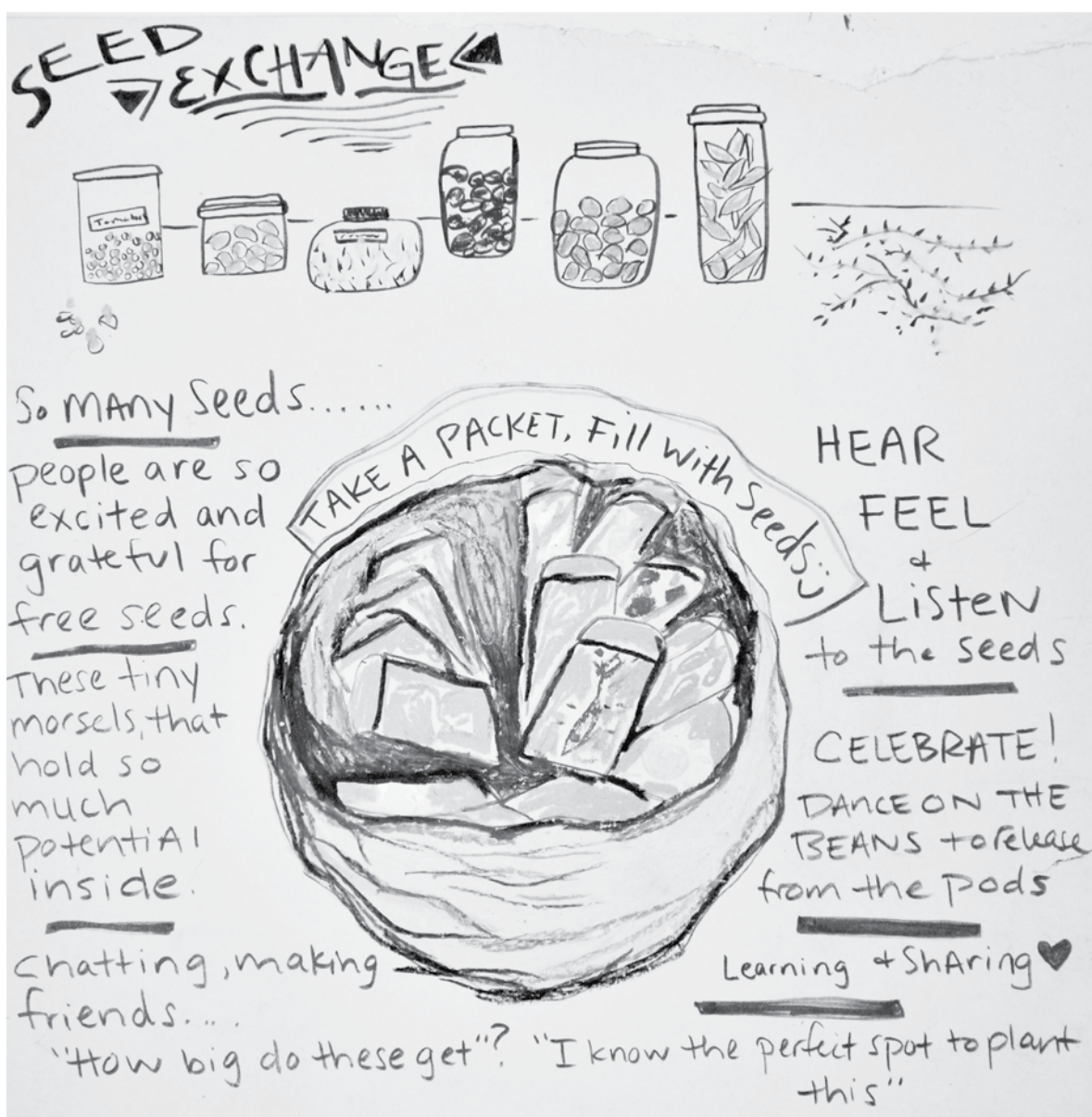


BEN SCHOENBURG IS A PRINTMAKER FROM ALBUQUERQUE, NM. HE STUDIED LITHOGRAPHY AT TAMARIND AND IS CURRENTLY PURSUING HIS MFA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO. HIS WORK INVESTIGATES THE MYTHS OF WEST AND THE MEXICO/U.S. BORDER THROUGH TRAVEL BY FOOT AND BICYCLE, SKETCHES, WRITINGS, SCULPTURE, AND PRINTMAKING. LAST FALL, HE TOOK PART IN THE LAND ARTS OF THE AMERICAN WEST SEMESTER PROGRAM. THIS PLACE-BASED LEARNING PROCESS EXPANDED HIS AWARENESS OF ENVIRONMENTAL INJUSTICE, RESTORATION ECOLOGY, AND SEED SOVEREIGNTY.

KATIE KEAVENY

In the fall of 2019, I was fortunate to participate in the Land Arts of the American West program at UNM. During part of the program, we spent a week at Jenn Hart-Mann's farm in Anton Chico, New Mexico. It was there, we learned about seed sovereignty, land and water rights, organic farming, and the SeedBroadcast project. It was our job, as a group to help organize the seed exchange event at the Albuquerque museum as part of the closing event for SEED: Climate Change Resilience. Through a truly collaborative effort, we created different activities for attendees to partake in. These included choosing/ decorating seed packets to fill seeds with, seed sound station, a bean dance, and a collaborative zine of the seed exchange itself. Everyone seemed to be delighted with the event and very excited about growing food. It was a wonderful experience and I was glad to be a part of it.

KATIE KEAVENY IS AN UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO STUDYING STUDIO ARTS. SHE WILL OBTAIN HER BACHELOR'S DEGREE IN MAY OF 2020. SHE IS ORIGINALLY FROM TOLEDO, OHIO AND HAS MOVED AROUND TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE U.S. SHE IS DELIGHTED TO CALL NEW MEXICO HER NEW HOME. HER WORK INCORPORATES PRINTMAKING, SCULPTURE, PAPERMAKING, PERFORMANCE, AND VIDEO ART AND EXPLORES IDEAS RELATED TO PERSONAL AND PLANETARY HEALING. SHE LOVES LEARNING ABOUT ARTS AND ECOLOGY, SUSTAINABILITY, PSYCHOLOGY, ART HISTORY, FARMING, CONTEMPORARY ART, AND HISTORY. KATIE IS PASSIONATE ABOUT WORKING WITH CHILDREN, PLAYING OUTSIDE, HAVING FUN, AND GROWING PLANTS.



These poems were created in response to the SEED: Climate Change Resilience exhibition and were performed at the Albuquerque Museum in July 2019

PILLAR OF SEED

MICHELLE OTERO

this
is me — cast kernel
or seed wing feathered
to soil
black or red or nest

we, seed relations, speak
seed language, craft root
letter, whip tendril tongue,
click-clack fava bean teeth

you, grass cousin, shape
seed pot from Chicken River clay
store yarrow, bee balm, corn jewel

we, dryland parable,
vocation, we
heirloom
nothing common about us, at all

SEEDS

CARMEN CANELA

So small
Buried under pounds of what's needed
They wait for the rain
Or the kind farmer who starts their journey
They peak out, their color now green.
Their roots placed firmly still underground.
They sunbathe
And smile
Taller, taller, taller
To their prime, their peak
They get harvested
Still holding their smile
They get shipped out to places they've
never heard of
On the dinner table of a family
On the shelf of a grocery store
On the plaid blanket of a picnic
Places they've never heard of
But they smile on

SEEDS

ANNIE LECHUGA

The beginning and end
to the plants that give us life
Dangling
Above

The dirt
The soil
The twigs

Glass encased this life
The illusion of gourds
Being lifted in the air
Clay towers holding the earth

The shadows appear as people
Reaching out for each other
But none are touching
For they are not people,
But life, not given the chance to grow
Their only job, to stay still
As voices tell their stories,
voices like water flowing down
Nourishing
Giving them purpose, life
While they sit suspended

MICHELLE OTERO IS ALBUQUERQUE'S FOURTH POET LAUREATE. SHE IS A WRITER, FACILITATOR, AND COACH WHO UTILIZES CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND STORYTELLING AS THE BASIS FOR ORGANIZATIONAL DEVELOPMENT AND POSITIVE SOCIAL CHANGE. HER PROCESS OF ENGAGING INDIVIDUALS AND COMMUNITIES THROUGH THE EXPRESSION OF SHARED STORY HAS FOUND A WIDE RANGE OF APPLICATIONS, FROM HELPING CONSERVATION ORGANIZATIONS BETTER UNDERSTAND THE PRIORITIES OF TRADITIONAL LAND-BASED COMMUNITIES TO HELPING PEOPLE HEAL FROM TRAUMA. MICHELLE WORKED WITH SHYZIR, ISABEL, ANNIE AND CARMEN AS PART OF THE VOCES SUMMER INSTITUTE OF THE NATIONAL HISPANIC CULTURAL CENTER

PLANTS ARE ALIVE

ISABEL BECERRA

When I was small, my grandma said,
 "Plants are alive. Like you and me. You need to
 talk to them, play music for them, tell them they're
 pretty, and sing to them. Plants bring good energy
 so keep them happy."

From a young age I understood not everyone
 believes plants are alive. Bad
 people were killing the forest, and I noticed
 mean people didn't have any plants.

My grandma would tell me,
 "The plant must be happy, and feel needed.
 You need to tell them things, to boost their
 self esteem. They will grow stronger and
 healthier! Most people think all plants need is
 water, sun, soil and the right temperature.
 But they also need love!
 You never wanna hurt a plant. Plants are pure and
 would never hurt you. Don't pinch them, or tear
 them, or ignore them. They will be sad and
 lose their colors.

The plant will be happy to share its powers
 to heal you or feed you. It won't be hurt. Plants
 are magical. So always stay connected to them.

NATURE: AND THE MYSTERY OF EVERGREEN

SHYZIR TAPLIN

Nature is such a wonder to see
 The beautyness of the evergreen trees
 The wandering hummingbirds and flies alike
 The tastyness of fruits and foods
 And getting lost as you see
 The awe in nature
 As it's true beauty shines bright
 With Evergreen

But if fallen by the wrong hands
 Nature will never shine like Evergreen
 Instead it will be a shallow of what it once was
 From Evergreen to dark and twisted green
 From wonders of hummingbirds to the smell of
 death of crows
 And from beautyness to rotten disgusting

But if by chance
 If well kept and protected
 Life can flourish as the evergreen shines
 Bright like the burning stars
 With limitless possibilities and creations
 And nature will return to it's natural beauty
 As the hummingbirds and flies wonder
 And nature shows it's true beauty again
 As it shines bright with Evergreen



PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST

FIRST SUPPER

VENERON YAZZEN

I met with Andrea Reynosa on a weekend in early September of 2019. Along with sharing and getting to know each other, Andrea discussed the past project she did with St. Joseph Mission School back in 2015. Hearing about the "First Supper" had already got my attention right away. The fact that food was involved was different from my past experiences with other artists, where it was those collaborations having to deal with many issues in society, politics, and humanism. Endless topics, but never have I looked at the importance of utilizing Art into the aspects of food. Food can be the fuel that generates the well being of our future. Andrea's ideas for curating the First Supper could not be overshadowed by my teacher lesson plans. I had just started my fourth year as a middle school teacher, and thought it was a good idea to involve my students in the process of the project. So, I simply pushed my plans for that week up and made more time for Art. My content area of teaching IS in Art, and I figured to let the whole week be focused on the needs for expression for food, tradition and identity.

That following school week our principal Antonio Trujillo, who use to be a Fransiscan priest but is now a practicing vigneron, opened our morning routine with food for thought, which was, how are we able to nurture our bodies through good food, and water? And, how to also share those gifts for others as well? The majority of the students who are Laguna and Acoma Pueblo, shared how they open their doors to strangers to eat during ceremonial feast days. One of my students, Damien Baca who resides in San Fidel, New Mexico, near Mount Taylor shared how he keeps the acequias clear from litter and overgrowth in weeds, which is a major contribution to the surrounding areas that grow food, is very essential to me who also lives next to him. After our morning gathering in the chapel, we dispersed and got ready for school, and Andrea was welcomed to my class to continue the discussion of the importance of seeds and foods.

My students shared many family recipes, traditional foods, and what cultural identity can consist of that surrounded food. When everyone had said what they needed, so came a small silence and I realised the recent edition we had gotten of the SeedBroadcast Journal was not yet dissected by my students, I disbursed the paper into six portions. I had the students read silently for fifteen minutes. We then discussed what was meaningful, eventful and heartfelt in the paper. The students showed great reflection towards everyone's ideas and poems in the paper. Andrea mentioned to me later that she was amazed at how the students 6-8th grade were articulated in how caring for seeds and foods can play a powerful role in the productiveness for people in society, especially for our students. Good food can mean good academic performances. I later explained to Andrea, that we had a few editions of the SeedBroadcast journal dating back to 2018, and that my students love to read them, but never mentioned to her that we sometimes cannot simply throw them away, but instead shred them up and used the paper for paper mache art projects.

Later on, Andrea had explained to me the basic concept of what she needed, and that was the artwork. Besides all the needs for the tableware, and the community to cook up good local food, which she had created out of basic cardboard, perfect round plate holders that had been prepped for any medium to create art onto. My students were excited to paint, draw and write onto the plate holders. Due to our lack of great internet connection, my students were then guided to the britannicas and encyclopedias to look for a seed, plant or food that could be painted or drawn on by impression to the plate holders. The students needed to either write an informative piece, poem or creative short story on plants or seeds. Some students wanted to reuse the photos from older editions of SeedBroadcast, which was pasted onto and the students plate holders, they would then write about anything they saw on the picture, a free expressive writing on the photo, but pertaining to the importance of the matters of seeds and foods.

The artistic process from each student was amazing to see, from how they think in developing an art piece, to moments of shock in foods they naturally eat and whether they were good or bad, and how they could do something better in helping the elders raise crops. There was a new development beginning to take form, and that was how they could carry on the traditions of growing better healthy foods. Even though they are young, they would often talk about being married, having kids and being grandparents, and to make it to that dream, depending on how good or bad the students involved the importance and aspects of the seeds, was only a time of matter. Overall, the importance of seeds, foods and traditions of keeping our identity alive gives our humanity a great awareness in how we should treat the environment firstly. When the four day school week was over, the students left behind that late thursday afternoon, their artworks on the plate holders, and knowing nothing was in return but only that there was a message to be carried on, please give more care to our seeds.

I helped Andrea and Mr. Trujillo setup for the first supper on a Friday evening, and as I was placing the students artworks, the plate holders, onto the neatly decorated tables, I felt that each message could be the last. I wondered if anyone else in the world was doing the same thing. After many neat introductions it was time to eat. Everyone was speaking, listening, sharing stories, and laughing, I realised this is what keeps us alive, the practice of giving and showing respect to everything natural, pretty much who these people are. These are farmers, cooks, a principal, teacher and a curator slash artist who displayed what it means to receive, learn and express, Andrea really made me wonder at all the really important things in life, and it started

with those small seeds. All that eating, drinking and giving thanks to a spirit of some higher power lingering in the air was indescribable to me, but overall beautiful. Before everyone left, there was the evident view of words said through beautiful expressions towards the students' works of art, along with the different foods, company, all those compliments and thankfulness for the event had made my heart beat with love and respect for everyone there that evening.

That next morning, I had never felt so human in a long time after being part of the First Supper, I was full of only goodness, with all those natural foods, stories and hopeful talks that our youth can make good things evolve from all the toxic things we older people are leaving behind. This made me think of how to hone in on our own growth as people, which is to learn through trials and errors, to experience, throw away, keep all that is good, and document. Move forward but with the power of knowledge in the seed, we could pass on how to nurture with love at least. Anyhow, Andrea left, she was heading back to New York, It was time for her to take on new things. She left me with many questions about how to teach and make our existence super important through seeds, and how this made our identity stronger through the expression of our cultural views. I did not want to stress my mind so much, so this was then followed by simply telling my students to eat all their vegetables first during lunchtime. They would at least have that energy to perform with great meaningfulness and care, a better definition of what being human on earth is all about. For some reason, my students came back excited and giddy that following school week, a Monday of course, and expecting to see Andrea Reynosa to return, but I had to remind them that she was heading back home, a small silence fell in the classroom and all the students gradually put their things away that morning, it was time to get back to my lesson plans.



DAISIES

DAMIEN BACA

Daisies, belonging to one of the largest families of plants in the world. But also beautiful like a magnificent girl. The grass is full of daisies, so beautiful and bright, hearts that shine like gold, the flowers unfold. Rays of shining whiteness are beautiful and bright.

THE WILD COLUMBINE

JOAQUIN CANDELARIA

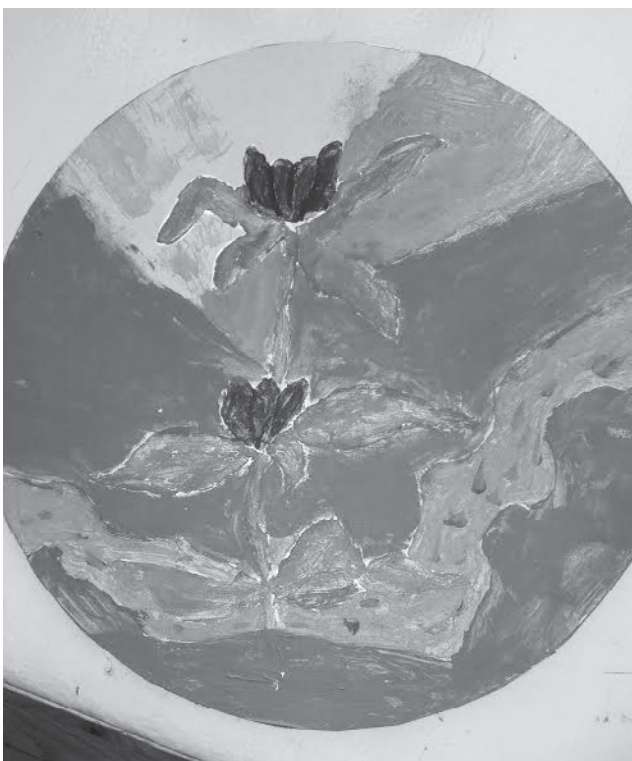
The Wild Columbine's scientific name is *Aquilegia Canadensis*. The Wild Columbine grows one to three feet tall and twelve to eighteen inches wide. The Wild Columbine occurs in most areas of Illinois, but is uncommon in south-central Illinois. Bumblebees and the Ruby-Throated Hummingbird come to these flowers for nectar. Bumblebees also collect pollen for larvae babies.



THE BOTTLE GENTIAN ANDREWSI

NICKOLAS CHINO

The flowers are waking, the water is rushing, and the sun is rising.
The birds are chirping.
The time is morning and the clouds are forming.
The Bottle Gentian is stretching it's leaves and getting ready to shine for the day.
The Bottle Gentiana is ready to bloom.
The Bottle Gentian is three feet tall.
The Bottle Gentian grows in the northeastern part of the US.
The Bottle Gentian is a herbaceous species.
There are more than 400 different species in the Gentian family.



THE WILD COLUMBINE : AN INFORMATIVE SHORT SUMMARY

CARMELLA CHOSA

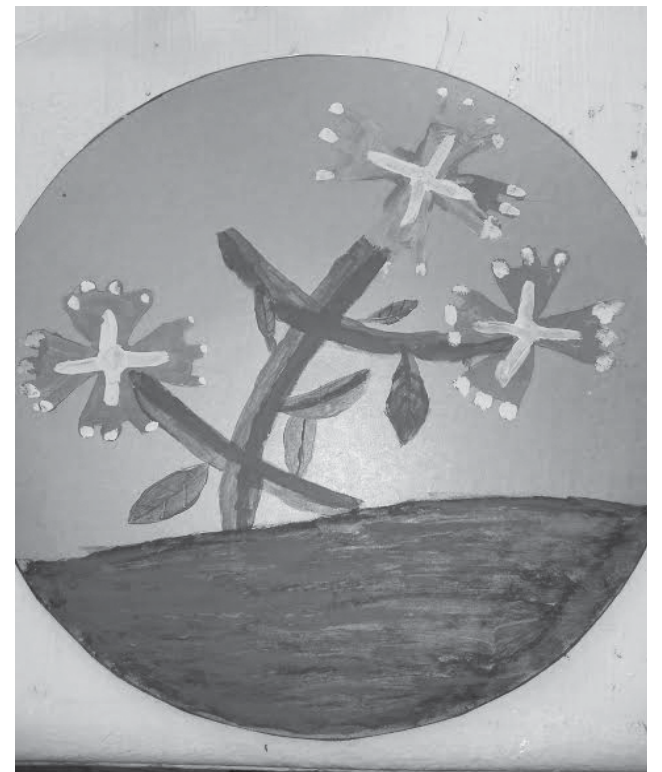
I chose to do the Canadian or Canada Columbine. It is usually called the Eastern Red Columbine or Wild Columbine. This is a species of flowering plant in the Buttercup family. It is a herbaceous Perennial natural to woodland and rocky slopes in eastern North American. They are very prized for its reddish yellow flowers. The Wild Columbine is used for gallbladder disorders, general stomach and intestinal problems. They usually use the stem and leaves for the medicine. I believe they dry and crush it into a powdery substance.



THE INDIAN PINK

JAMES NUNEZ

Once there was a man, he had planted this seed he had bought a while back from a herbalist. Over time he watched it grow, and he always thought of what the herbalist said to the man. The Indian Pink can heal people who are sick. Like fevers, and cleansing your body of bad things hanging around making you stay sick. So one day the man and his wife started getting sick, and the medicine that they bought, which was so expensive, wasn't helping at all. He threw it all out, and thought of trying to figure out how he could heal her, and that's when he remembered the herbalist's words and how his wife was always getting sick easily. So he picked the Indian Pink flower he purchased, and made it into a tea. A couple days later she was all better. What a Miracle!



MY NAME IS VENERON YAZZEN, I WAS BORN IN GALLUP NEW MEXICO AND I AM OF NAVAJO/DINE' DESCENT. I AM CURRENTLY TEACHING AT A SMALL CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL SCHOOL IN SAN FIDEL, NEW MEXICO. I RECEIVED MY BACHELORS IN STUDIO ARTS IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, AT THE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN INDIAN ARTS IN 2013. AFTER GRADUATION, I WANTED TO HAVE A SAFETY NET FOR MY TRADE, SO I FIGURED TO CONTINUE STUDYING FOR MY MAIN CONTENT AREA, AND THAT IS BEING AN ART TEACHER. I LATER GOT MY MASTERS IN SECONDARY EDUCATION AT GRAND CANYON UNIVERSITY IN PHOENIX ARIZONA, I GRADUATED IN APRIL OF 2016.

BEFORE ALL MY STUDIES, I LIVED IN ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. I HAVE ALWAYS ENJOYED ART AS A YOUNG PERSON. I USED TO REMEMBER HOW ALBUQUERQUE WAS FULL OF MURALS ALL OVER TOWN; THE COLORS AND SHAPES FROM GRAFFITI, COMMUNITY LEADERS ENRICHING THE NEIGHBORHOOD, TO EVEN COMMERCIALISTS ADVERTISING GOODS, ALWAYS MADE ME FEEL AT HOME. I FEEL THAT WHEN YOU CREATE SOMETHING OUT OF YOUR OWN HANDS WITH HARD WORK AND DEDICATION, IT IS WAY MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN A COMPUTER MANDATING AND CUTTING CORNERS FOR THE ART. ALTHOUGH I AM TEACHING MULTI-SUBJECTS FOR MULTI-LEVEL GRADES, SIXTH THROUGH EIGHTH GRADE, ART IS A SPECIAL PRACTICE AMONG MYSELF AND STUDENTS OF MINE. ART IS RELAXING, REDISCOVERING AND REDIRECTING OUR MINDS AND HEARTS TO SOMETHING GREATER.

I HAVE TRAVELLED AND STUDIED PAINTING/DRAWING IN VENICE, ITALY IN THE SUMMER OF 2013, THROUGH A STUDY ABROAD PROGRAM THROUGH MARIST COLLEGE, IN POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW JERSEY. TO BE BLESSED WITH THAT EXPERIENCE IS STILL A WONDERMENT IN HOW MANY PEOPLE SEE ARTISTS AND THE WORK THEY PRODUCED. I ALWAYS REMIND MYSELF TODAY AS A TEACHER, WHENEVER I HAVE THAT OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE RECOMMENDATIONS, GIVE ADVICE OR EVEN SIMPLY BEING HEARTFELT TOWARDS STUDENTS, I WOULD TELL THEM TO GO TRAVEL AND SEE THE WORLD. OVERALL, I WOULD ONLY LIKE MY STUDENTS TO BE HARD WORKERS IN WHAT THEY DO, AND NOT TO LIE AND BELIEVE THINGS ARE BROUGHT TO THEM. I'M HAPPY THAT WE ARE PART OF THIS EDITION OF SEEDBROADCAST. WE UNDERSTAND THAT EVERYONE AT SEEDBROADCAST IS PART OF AN ONGOING PROJECT THAT CONSISTS OF MAINLY HARD WORKING, CARING AND GENUINE PEOPLE.

EXCERPT FROM *IN THE WAITING ROOM* (2020)

HAZEL BATREZCHAVEZ (THEY/THEM)



my grandmother is here tonight
she writes like this
highlighter on lineless paper
bible verses
she like to pin them onto her mirror
so her survival tactics are reflected onto me
In The Waiting Room

where i am standing just as i am here now
alone
surrounded by whiteness to my right and left
i don't run here anymore, because there is nowhere to run to
instead i recall a memory
a few days before he passed away
when my great grandmother handed me the pan de elote
and she told me "vete con calma, tienes valor mija"



because on that day, February 15th, 2019
Trump declared a state of emergency
in El Paso, Texas to fund his wall
the blood running there, keeps running
the women does not know what to do
the land that is her body dries up
and the animals that make up her spirit die of thirst
so she separates the corn into three piles
good
bad
for the goat
and with each pass she makes to de grain it
she remembers the foreign hands that drew lines

lines that marked where the petroleum was
lines that marked the fields of cacao and coffee
lines that declared human and non-human
lines that divided
lines that conquered
lines that manipulated
lines that imprisoned

In The Waiting Room
it was in the wind that i heard them for the first time
my relatives in the plant animal and physical world
and they told me

tu eres parte de mi
sangre de mi sangre
hueso de mi hueso
para mi tu eres un tesoro



and so on March 13th, 2019
when congress failed to veto that state of emergency

i called out to the wind
asked them to hear my prayer
give me strength
and courage to confront my enemy
for we were too late



Roxsana Hernandez
Tamir Rice
Johana Medina Leon
Trayvon Martin
Felipe Gomez Alonzo
Michael Brown
Jakelin Caal
Alonzo Ashley
Mariee Juarez
Wilmar Jósue
Claudia Gomez
Carlos Vásquez
Zeresenay Ermias Testfatsion
Yulio Castro-Garrido
and for the thousand others that have died in our arms

i don't know where to point fingers

who has hurt me more
them or my own people
i ask that you light for us both

because In The Waiting Room
i am authenticated put into existence
in my own field of freedom
where I know these truths are self-evident
Alienation
Naturalization
Citizenship

in the front lines
we are incarcerated
in freezers
under freeways
in private prisons
with monitors on our ankles
in temporary tent-cities
where families are separated
and children have and continue to die
and my body was at the crossing
once and it was tall
like the leaves of the flor de izote

until the rio showed me el rincón
donde ha tomado vidas también
and i finally understood now
that just as the water from the rio flows and
divides
so are my people

In The Waiting Room
i am forced to bear witness to my plant rela-
tives and
how we have suffered from the same history
categorized and labeled
Migrant/Invasive
Alien/Human
White / Colored
Exotic /Latina

And again, I called out to the wind,
Is this what survival mode looks like?

Because on April 15th, 2019
A professor told me
It Is Your Job To Teach Us
And I Don't See Color

In The Waiting Room
i am tired of going through the motions
i wake up and wait for someone or something
to call me out
to tell me who am i
what am i? who am i?

What Are You?
i asked the wind
but it only carried the seeds
to our nearest correctional facility
a few miles away from here
where between us grows fields of
alfa sprouts

don't you remember this place?

where we ate the root of
the sunflower to survive
on stolen land

and i told you that i was born
on land like this
stolen from the Shawnee Tribe
that/this land was not mine to be born in
that/this land is not mine to live in
that/this land is not mine to plant seeds in
that/this land is not being rented, or borrowed
that/this land is stolen
i have participated in a history of colonial
resettlement with my presence
on this land for 25 years
the humans that birthed me are refugees on
this land



pushed from their homelands to claim another
this land is not
their land

i was given the first name of hazel
i was given the last name of batrezchavez
i am the product of a two humans, one born in Tampico,
Mexico, the other born in San Marcos, El Salvador
i choose to perform within the spectrum of genders that
are neither masculine or feminine and according to the
united states census
i am ethnically categorized as latina

and right now
i am sitting In The Waiting
alone surrounded by whiteness to my right and to my left
and i don't try to run anymore
because there is nowhere to run to
instead i look at how her survival tactics are reflected
back at me

and i repeat to myself: i am strong
threatening to some of them
in the spaces i navigate
i am a cash crop that can't be bought
the blood of generations of women
who've resisted run within me

piel el color de café
pelo el color de petróleo
ojos el color de cacao
i, too carry the border with me
wherever i go
(i am) (of them) (i am) (me too)

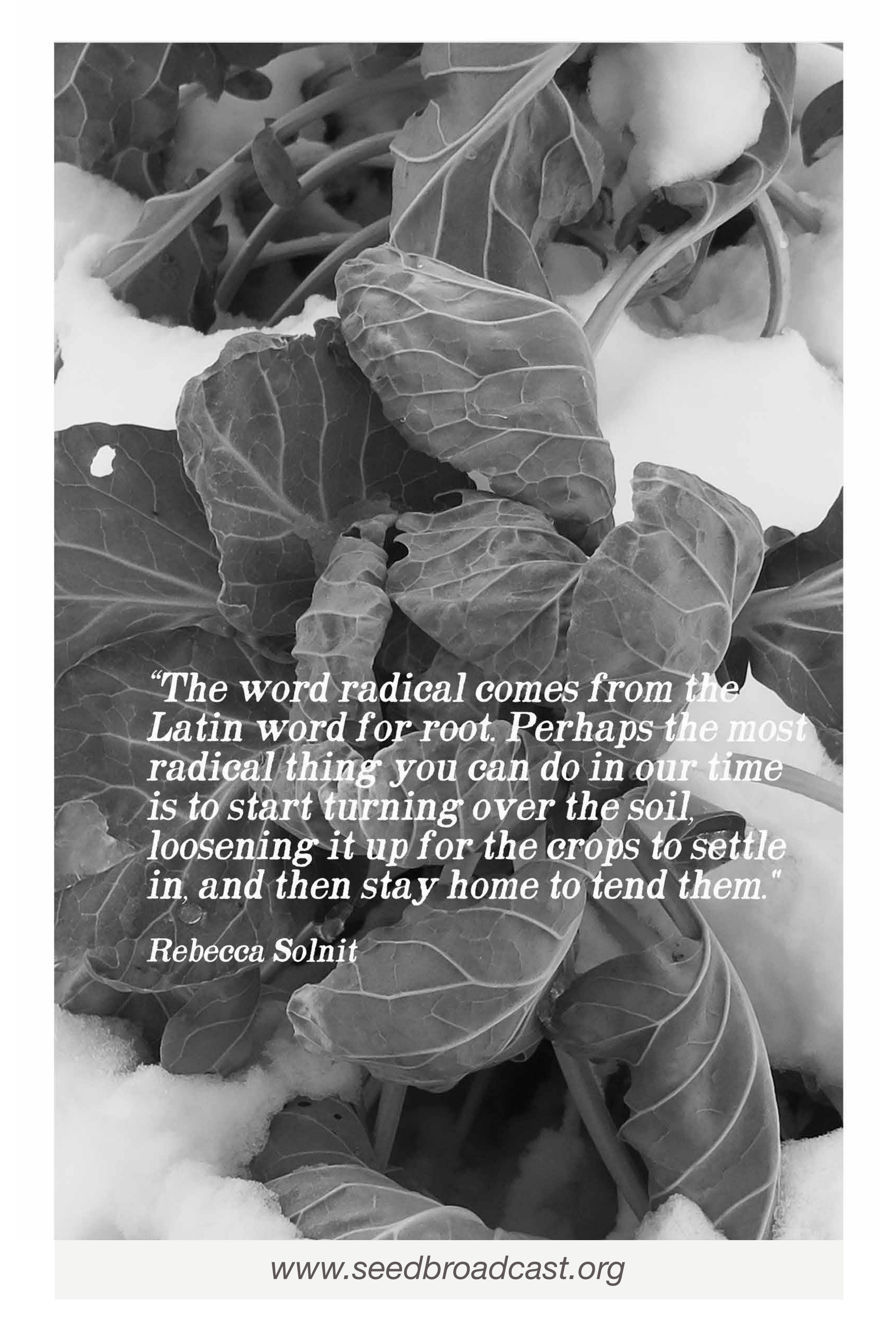
HAZEL BATREZCHAVEZ RECEIVED THEIR BFA IN STUDIO ART AND ANTHROPOLOGY FROM GRINNELL COLLEGE IN 2017. THEY HAVE BEEN A PART OF VARIOUS GROUP EXHIBITIONS AND POP-UP SHOWS IN MÉXICO AND THE UNITED STATES. BATREZCHAVEZ IS A RECIPIENT OF THE STORY MAPS FELLOWSHIP AT THE SANTA FE ART INSTITUTE, THE CENTER OF FINE ARTS, DEAN'S TRAVEL GRANT AWARD, MARYANN EVANS GRANT AND OF BOTH THE LUCILE LATTANNER REID BROCK AND THE BETTY SABO SCHOLARSHIP. THEY CURRENTLY RESIDE IN ALBUQUERQUE, AND TEACH INTRODUCTION TO ART PRACTICES AND SHOP FOUNDATIONS WHILE WORKING TOWARDS THEIR MFA THESIS SHOW TITLED IN THE WAITING ROOM.

IN THE WAITING ROOM, IS AN EXHIBITION THAT BEARS WITNESS TO THE PLACES WHERE INDIVIDUALS ARE ASKED TO PERFORM THEIR IDENTITY, IN HIGHLIGHTING THE MICROAGGRESSIONS FACED BY SOMEONE WHO IS RACIALIZED IN CROSSING BORDERS, INVERTING PRACTICES OF AUTHORITY AND FOCUSING ON THE HISTORICAL VIOLENCE OF LANGUAGE. IN THE WAITING ROOM, DRAWS PARALLELS BETWEEN THE SOUTHERN BORDER AND THE INSTITUTION AS SYSTEMS OF OPPRESSION THAT TAKE UP SPACE AND SILENCE CERTAIN HUMANS. THE WORK IS BUILT AS A REACTION TO THE CURRENT CULTURAL LANDSCAPE THE ARTIST NAVIGATES AND MOVES FREELY BETWEEN WRITTEN WORD, LARGE SCALE SCULPTURE, TEXTILES, PERFORMANCE, AND VIDEO INSTALLATION

[HAZEL - BATREZCHAVEZ .
SQUARESPACE.COM/ABSOUT-2](https://www.squarespace.com/absout-2)

INSTAGRAM:
[@HAZELBATREZCHAVEZ_](https://www.instagram.com/HAZELBATREZCHAVEZ_)



A black and white photograph showing several large, leafy green plants, possibly chard or spinach, growing in a snowy environment. The leaves are dark and have prominent veins, with some showing signs of being eaten (holes). The snow is piled up around the base of the plants, creating a stark contrast between the dark foliage and the white snow.

“The word radical comes from the Latin word for root. Perhaps the most radical thing you can do in our time is to start turning over the soil, loosening it up for the crops to settle in, and then stay home to tend them.”

Rebecca Solnit