

SeedBroadcast



*agri-Culture
Journal*

Cultivating Diverse Varieties of Resilience #15



PHOTO CREDIT: BASIA IRLAND

15th Edition SeedBroadcast Journal

We would like to thank all who generously contributed to our **15th edition** of the bi-annual **SeedBroadcast agri-Culture Journal**. The next edition will be in the Spring of 2021. 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, the pandemic 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 MARCH 1ST 2021

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'aaan 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](#)
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[Native Seeds/SEARCH](#)
[UNM Art & Ecology](#)
7th regen
[Rachel Zollinger](#)
[Christine Mackey](#)
Carol Padberg, Carla Corcoran and MFA students, [Nomad9](#)

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, 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

“Civil-rights organizer Fannie Lou Hamer said, ‘If you have four hundred quarts of greens and gumbo soup canned for the winter, no one can push you around or tell you what to do.’ She understood. To free ourselves, we must feed ourselves.”

Leah Penniman

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.

If you did not know already, we are at a crisis point. The pandemic, the uprisings, fires on the west coast and flooding on the east. The way we put one foot in front of the other has changed. Did we ever imagine this?

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 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 bio-regional partners and a special edition of the SeedBroadcast Journal. In 2021 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.

SeedBroadcast



MILK WEED. PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST.

“There’s a Ghanaian proverb: ‘There are three stones that make the cooking pot stand firm.’ In honor of that, we provide three services. One is, of course, feeding people. We use Afro-indigenous methods to grow food for those who need it most. The second stone is training, equipping, and inspiring the next generation of farmer-activists from the black community. And the third is organizing to change the way resources are shared, so that black and brown farmers will have what they need to do their work”.

Leah Penniman, Soul Fire Farm. From the Sun Interview July 2019



SEEDPOD. PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST

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PLEASE HELP US GROW! Support SeedBroadcast with a tax-deductible donation!

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.

TO MAKE A TAX DEDUCTIBLE DONATION TO SEEDBROADCAST GO TO:

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Or contact our fiscal sponsor Littlelobe for other payment options:
Phone: 505.980.6218

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- 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. Available online https://www.seedbroadcast.org/SeedBroadcast/SeedBroadcast_agriCulture_Journal.html and at various locations around the nation. 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 acknowledging the vital aspects of culture that is held within traditional forms of agri-Culture!

BOSQUE BROTANTE

DAISY QUEZADA UREÑA

LOIS KLASSEN

These images and texts are from the artist book, *bosque brotante*. The project documents a series of creative actions and conversations initiated by Santa Fe-based artist Daisy Quezada Ureña in connection with her artwork in the exhibition, "Species in Peril Along the Rio Grande" (2019, 516 Arts, Albuquerque; Josie Lopez and Subhankar Banerjee, curators). The gallery-based artwork was comprised of three metal barrels, each containing a ceramic sculpture in the form of a large seed sitting on soil from locations along the Rio Grande. The ceramic seeds were made from personal textile items that were lent to Quezada Ureña by people who have a personal relation to those Rio Grande locations

Land and community learning, relating to native flora and fauna, form the basis of this project. This book records the voices of collaborators from Tewa Women United, Cochiti Pueblo, and San Agustín, Chihuahua, who were brought together to discuss ecological relationships that are interlinked in the Rio Grande ecological zone. The emotional and intellectual bonds that link these people and their regions touch on themes of rootedness, human imposed disparities, historical records and traditions, and present actions towards restoration and awareness.

Beata Tsosie-Peña, a long-time environmental activist from Santa Clara Pueblo and member of Tewa Women United, along with Marian Naranjo, a community organizer, founder and director of Honor Our Pueblo Existence (HOPE), bring nuclear safety issues and impacts into focus. Jonathan Loretto, a local potter and educator for Cochiti Pueblo, with Roxanne Swentzell, a Santa Clara ceramic artist, Indigenous food activist and leader in permaculture education, discuss the history of containment and imposed colonization on the control and management of waters. Finally, Professor Manuel Robles Flores from San Agustín, Chihuahua, founder of el Museo Regional del Valle De Juarez—among other community programs and social services—tells of the region's flora and fauna, histories, as well as the way *racismo ambiental* (environmental racism) has impacted the land and its people.

Their descriptions of the land as well as the textiles that they lent to the project are documented in this book. Lois Klassen, artist and founder of Light Factory Publications in Vancouver, Canada, edited and published *bosque brotante*. Digital downloads of *bosque brotante* are available without cost at, <https://lightfactorypublications.ca/>

DAISY QUEZADA UREÑA, 2020, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

A black and white photograph of a dense forest. The foreground is dominated by large, textured leaves with prominent veins, some showing signs of being eaten or damaged. The background is a thick canopy of trees and foliage, creating a sense of depth and a sun-dappled atmosphere. The overall tone is natural and somewhat somber due to the monochrome palette.

bosque brofante

Beata's Skirt

AUGUST 29, 2019

This skirt was my daughter's and it was worn for a ceremony called the Gathering of Condolence and Peace that took place in 2012 at the headwaters of the Mississippi. It was brought forth by an Elder from the First Nations Peoples there who had a dream and a vision for a way to heal all the Indigenous Peoples of Turtle Island, North and South, from the five hundred years of genocide that has taken place here.

In his vision everybody was wearing white. He saw lines of people walking by the river, wearing white, in mourning and grieving. There was a hand on his shoulder and a voice that said you have to help them. (In their tradition you do n' t say their names once they pass o n, so I'm not going to say his name.) He took his vision and traveled the four directions of the country, sharing and getting people to commit to bringing people forth from that direction. We were part of the southwest delegation that was to bring that ceremony to life here. A group of us went in 2012 to those headwaters and it was the first time they shared the ceremony outside of their Longhouse, and the first time that Native Peoples had gathered at the headwaters in over 350 years. It was one of those traditional places where they used to come together



BEATA TSOSIE-PEÑA (LEFT) AND MARIAN NARANJO (RIGHT).



BEATA'S PORCELAIN SEED RESTING ON EARTH AT THE HEALING FOOD OASIS. ESPANOLA, NM

to share knowledge and trade information and ceremony. We got to participate in that ceremony - it's a whole long story, a whole other long story.

My daughter wore this skirt for that ceremony. She won't ever wear it again. I still have mine that I wore. I was actually blessed to be a part of that ceremony representing pregnant women-Indigenous pregnant women, and the healing of the hurt that happened to pregnant people of that time. It was a whole beautiful thing. The ripples of that ceremony, I think, are still being felt-they are still being put out there. That energy is still moving and healing the historical violence.

So, that's that skirt!

BEATA TSOSIE-PENA

Roxanne

I'm sure it's going down the Rio Chama. Going down the Rio Grande Gorge. Going into Cochiti Lake.

Jonathan

So it's probably going to be affecting the fields then soon.

Roxanne

Yeah, I wonder what it does. They drained so much water out of Abiquiu Lake because Texas won their fight for water. I heard they're just letting it all go down to Elephant Butte. It's so weird to control water that way.

(Tea kettle starts to boil. Roxanne gets up and serves both a cup of Hawaiian tea.)

Jonathan

The reality is the Spaniards knew all the tactics way before these lands were taken. They had fought so many wars prior to coming here. They knew how to instigate and create certain division, and then how to make those divisions work for them. Because of all the war tactics they had been through prior to coming here Rome, Egypt—they had practice.

Roxanne

They had a lot of practice in how to take over people. That colonizing mind.

Jonathan

Even with the water—even with the division of people—all that stuff was already in play before they even got here, and they saw us as an opportunity. And then, it just took time for them to implement the action. It's old history, but in a new world.

Roxanne

Cochiti Dam was in our lifetime. I remember it going up and thinking, *What is that? Who does this?* It was so bizarre. And then there are the

stories of what it was doing to the farmland, and that's devastating. Up here, at Santa Clara, we have our canyon here, which is like yours—your people's canyon is a very sacred place. We had little fishing ponds and there were little reservoirs but when we had the fire that came through from Los Alamos it burnt up the whole canyon and the old growth. Huge trees came down. It burned so hot that it burnt the ground. Nothing has been able to grow in all of the burned areas because now it's fired clay.

Jonathan

It crystalized the ground.

Roxanne

Yeah. So, it's going to take a while for that to heal and return. I'm very aware because I'm a farmer, and I've been farming for a long time (laughs). With what's going on with the plants—the weather's definitely going coo-coo. The plants are trying to figure it out. Twenty years ago, I was seeing it already with the fruit trees. They were trying to survive drastic fluctuations, which were more than they could handle. I was impressed because I saw at that time in my yard that the fruit trees were blooming differently. They used to bloom, freeze from late frost, and then make no fruit. Suddenly one year I noticed one branch bloomed, and then two weeks later another branch bloomed, then two weeks after that another branch bloomed. I thought, *Oh my gosh, that's genius for the tree to figure that out!* The plants are trying to survive this climate change.

I grow a lot of the traditional crops of the Native Peoples from this region—from all the way out to Hopi and some of southern Arizona. Indigenous crops. What I find interesting is that there is a lot that has been lost by way of the traditional crops. And of course, along with that loss goes the knowledge of what they were to us—a relationship.



ABOVE: JONATHAN LORETTO PLACING HIS PORCELAIN SEED IN SOIL AT KASHA-KATUWE TENT ROCKS NATIONAL MONUMENT.

BELOW: JONATHAN LORETTO AND ROXANNE SWENTZELL



PROFESSOR MANUEL ROBLES FLORES WITH ORALIA PRIETA GOMEZ (LEFT), SUSANA LANDEROS MORENO (RIGHT), ANA JAZMIN RODRIGUEZ (LOWER RIGHT).

y las hormigas digo. ¡Un momento, no me las dañen! Porque son necesarias... ¿La hormiga qué hace? - Limpiar completamente el terreno y no dejan nada que hace daño, y no le temen a ningún animal. Elías, son muy Fuertes en ese sentido. Hemos tenido el problema de la famosa violinista, una araña más peligrosa que la viuda negra; el año pasado, en Chihuahua, una maestra fue mordida por un animalito de esos y duró hospitalizada un año, y estuvo a punto de morir, la famosa violinista que es más peligrosa que la viuda negra, pero todo lo que daña, precisamente es por la falta de interés de los gobiernos. Y ¿qué es lo que pasa con esto? Que prolifera la fauna mala y se acaba la benéfica, porque tenemos fauna benéfica y maligna, yes todo lo que podemos agregar ahí.

Oralia

¿Me puede platicar de los fósiles que tiene? ¿De qué son?

Robles

Los fósiles son anteriores a la vida del hombre, si el hombre hubiera existido antes que los fósiles, ya hubiera desaparecido el planeta, así de fácil. Tenemos ahí restos de mamut, restos

de animales que son más cercanos a nosotros, que vienen siendo los grandes mamíferos, como el mamut, es un mamífero que es más cercano a nosotros, de la era cuarta, pero los que aparecieron primero... muchos de ellos ya desaparecieron, ahí tenemos por ejemplo trilobites muy poco, nautilus, existe todavía ese animal vivo, y si, se nos dificulta muchas veces mantener todo eso vivo, que se siga manteniendo. Lo que tratamos es de conservar, porque el mamut ya desapareció; allá esta la mariposa monarca. En ese mural la maestra que lo pintó, que es originaria de aquí de Chihuahua, trata de hacer creer por medio de las imágenes, la madre tierra, que está al centro de todo, todo lo demás son animalitos que han habitado aquí y que algunos ya han desaparecido; como el que tiene ahí al centro del pecho, ese ya desapareció, el caracol... ya desapareció.

Susana

¿Todos estos animales eran de esta región?

Robles

Si, todos de la region, por ejemplo tenemos la que viene volando ahí es albatros, la mariposa monarca, el mamut, que ya

MÁS DE MIL ESTUDIANTES MEXICANOS BLOQUEAN CINCO PUENTES INTERNACIONALES EN JUÁREZ Y EL VALLE DE JUÁREZ PARA PROTESTAR CONTRA EL VERTEDERO DE SIERRA BLANCA. FOTÓGRAFO: RICHARDO BORENO



EL CONTINGENTE MEXICANO CRUZANDO EL RÍO GRANDE DESDE EL VALLE DE JUÁREZ PARA UNIRSE A LAS MANIFESTANTES DEL LADO ESTADOUNIDENSE.
FOTÓGRAFO: RICHARDO BORENO



desapareció; el caracol, que ya desapareció también, el pavorreal... si seguimos así, nomás que hubiera aparecido el hombre antes, hubiera desaparecido ya.

Oralia

¿Como fundó todo esto usted?

Robles

Increíblemente empezamos de la nada; con tres salitas nada más, ahorita ya somos cinco y el domo, gracias al apoyo de un benefactor que tuvimos; porque veíamos que esas piezas se estaban perdiendo, se las estaban llevando a Estados Unidos para venderlas, y no lo íbamos a permitir tampoco, son propiedad de aquí, del universo, todo esto es propiedad de toda la gente que quiera venir a estudiar; estamos abiertos a toda manifestación de cultura, de estudio.

Tenemos guardería en esta parte posterior, está una biblioteca en la otra calle, que me gustaría que co nociera n, a dos calles a la derecha esta la biblioteca, soñada esa biblioteca; teníamos una salita nada más de biblioteca, y prácticamente aquí está otra biblioteca.

Yo fui el fundador, ya muchos compañeros ya se han ido, se nos han adelantado, unos bien, otros violentamente como Los Reyes en Guadalupe, pero aquí estamos... los que quedamos, vamos a seguir luchando.

Susana

¿Cómo recaudó todos esos fósiles que tiene, es todo de aquí?

Robles

Todo es de aquí, imagínense lo que habrá abajo de la tierra... nosotros no tenemos recursos para escarbar, esos los hemos encontrado sobre la tierra; y aprendieron las gentes aquí del pueblo a traernos las cosas que tienen en sus casas, por ahí hay un metate que lo tenían usando para que tomaran agua las gallinas, y nos lo trajeron aquí; eso es muy importante, que la gente sienta la pertenencia de lo que tienen aquí.

SUSANA LANDEROS MORENO WAS BORN MARCH 6TH OF 1973, IN DURANGO, MEXICO. IN 1990 SHE MOVED SAN AGUSTIN WHERE SHE ATTENDED BOTH MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL IN THE NEIGHBORING CITY, SAN ISIDRO. MORENO HAS BEEN WORKING AT THE MUSEO REGIONAL DEL VALLE DE JUÁREZ SINCE 2000. SHE IS THE MOTHER OF TWO DAUGHTERS.

JONATHAN LORETTO IS A REGISTERED MEMBER OF COCHITI PUEBLO AND JEMEZ (WALATOWA). OVER THE LAST THIRTY YEARS HE HAS BEEN CREATING TRADITIONAL POTTERY. NOTABLY KNOWN FOR HIS BOBBLE HEAD, LORETTO'S FORMS COMBINE FIGURATIVE TRADITION OF HIS PUEBLO WITH POP ART. INSPIRED BY HIS MOTHER SNOWFLAKE FLOWER (STEPHANIE RHOADES), HE SPENT TIME DURING HER LAST YEARS CREATING ALONGSIDE OF HER.

MARIAN NARANJO IS FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF HONOR OUR PUEBLO EXISTENCE (HOPE). A COMMUNITY-BASED ORGANIZATION IN SANTA CLARA PUEBLO WITH A HISTORY SPANNING MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS, HOPE HAS BROUGHT AWARENESS, EDUCATION AND INFORMATION ABOUT NUCLEAR SAFETY ISSUES FROM LOS ALAMOS NATIONAL LABORATORY (LANL). BESIDES HER SOCIAL WORK NARANJO HAS HELPED RAISE A FAMILY AND COMES FROM A LINE OF NARANJO SANTA CLARA POTTERS.

ORALIA PRIETA GOMEZ WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 27, 1984 IN CIUDAD JUÁREZ. IN JANUARY 2000 SHE AND HER FAMILY MOVED TO SAN AGUSTIN. THERE SHE HAS BEEN ASSISTING THE PROFESSOR ROBLES SINCE 2014.

MANUEL ROBLES FLORES FORMÓ EN 1982 EL MUSEO REGIONAL DEL VALLE DE JUÁREZ. ENTONCES EL DIRECTOR, PROFESSOR ROBLES, DE LA ESCUELA PRIMARIA ESTATAL DE SAN AGUSTÍN, AL VER QUE DIVERSAS PIEZAS IMPORTANTES POR SU VALOR HISTÓRICO ESTABAN SIENDO LLEVADAS A LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS O VENDIDAS AL MEJOR POSTOR, ORGANIZÓ A LOS NIÑOS PARA INICIAR LA TAREA DE RESCATAR TODAS LAS PIEZAS DE VALOR HISTÓRICO O ARQUEOLÓGICO QUE SE LOCALIZARAN EN LA REGION. EL MUSEO SE LOCALIZA EN UN EDIFICIO QUE SIRVIÓ DE ESCUELA DURANTE 50 AÑOS Y QUE ACTUALMENTE SE ENCUENTRA RESTAURADO Y ACONDICIONADO PARA PODER EXHIBIR LAS PIEZAS.

ROXANNE SWENTZELL IS A SANTA CLARA TEWA NATIVE AMERICAN SCULPTOR, INDIGENOUS FOOD ACTIVIST, GALLERIST, AND MOTHER. HER WORK ADDRESSES PERSONAL AND SOCIAL COMMUNITY ISSUES. IT REFLECTS RESPECT FOR FAMILY, CULTURAL HERITAGE, AND THE EARTH. IN ADDITION, SWENTZELL IS THE CO-FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF FLOWERING TREE PERMACULTURE INSTITUTE, AN ORGANIZATION BASED ON THE THEORY OF ECOLOGICAL DESIGN TO BUILD SUSTAINABLE HUMAN LIFE PRACTICES AND AGRICULTURE. IN MAY, 2019 SWENTZELL WAS AWARDED AN HONORARY DOCTORATE OF HUMANITIES FROM THE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN INDIAN ARTS IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

BEATA TSOSIE-PEÑA IS FROM SANTA CLARA PUEBLO AND EL RITO, NM. SHE WORKS FOR TEWA WOMEN UNITED'S ENVIRONMENTAL HEALTH AND JUSTICE PROGRAM. SHE IS A POET, MUSICIAN, WIFE AND MOTHER OF TWO. TSOSIE-PEÑA IS PASSIONATE ABOUT COMMUNITY GARDENS. SHE IS CERTIFIED IN PERMACULTURE DESIGN, INFANT MASSAGE, EARLY CHILDHOOD AND ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

DAISY QUEZEDA UREÑA IS A VISUAL ARTIST AND EDUCATOR BASED IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. WITHIN HER VISUAL PRACTICE, SHE CENTERS CLAY AND SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT AS A PROCESS OF RESISTANCE; WHERE EXPERIENCES OF THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE ARE FORMED. AT THE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN INDIAN ARTS QUEZADA UREÑA IS A FACULTY MEMBER OF THE STUDIO ARTS DEPARTMENT.

LOIS KLASSEN IS A SETTLER ARTIST AND RESEARCHER WHOSE WRITING CONCERNS ARTWORKS THAT RESPOND TO OR INTERVENE IN BORDER ZONE STRUGGLES AND MIGRATION CONFLICTS. KLASSEN OPERATES LIGHT FACTORY PUBLICATIONS AS A WAY TO CIRCULATE SMALL EDITION ARTISTIC WORKS WHICH ARE URGENT IN THEIR NEED TO MEET A PUBLIC.

INSPIRATIONS FROM GRANDPA'S GARDEN: A FIRST-TIME GARDENER'S STORY

ALYSHA SHAW

When I was young I danced through a tomato forest, down narrow paths between metal scaffolding upholding plants that were taller than me. The forest was thick and it had that distinctive spicy, earthy smell tomato plants have, almost like the tobacco Papa smoked.

My grandpa, Ely, grew tomatoes for longer than I have been alive. There are multigenerational photographs of me and my cousins, my mom, my aunt and their cousins and friends when we all were kids exploring the tomato patch. In the photos there was always the scaffolding, the massive tomato trees, yielding fruit that was bigger than both of my hands at the time.

Ely was a first generation American, the son of Eastern European immigrants who came through Ellis Island seeking a better life. He told me many stories from his youth, and many from the war—stories about avoiding permanent mess hall duty serving officers by getting engine grease under his nails, punching holes in both ends of the cans of milk they would drink so that they would leak when you picked them up. They were stories that always revealed him to be a lifelong prankster. He never offered any stories of the hardships that one would imagine a WWII veteran might have experienced.

During the depression, he dropped out of grade school to work in local farms to help support his family. It was there that he learned how to grow tomatoes, and he grew a tomato garden every year he lived thereafter.



I remember the horrible smell of the cow manure that was part of the annual ritual of creating the garden. Of course, it was worth the incredible tomatoes he grew. In all my life, I have seldom seen tomatoes so red, so massive, so juicy, and so delicious. My mom tells me one of his secrets was devoting one plant to grow the seeds for the next year—he would break off the extra flowers so that the plant devoted all of its energy to creating the most phenomenal tomato imaginable. I remember tasting a piece of it once. There was nothing else like it.

When I was a kid, I had a tomato stand instead of a lemonade stand. But most of the tomatoes were given away quite generously by my grandpa. People used to line up to get them.

In this strange pandemic year, I decided to start my own garden from scratch. Before, I had helped tend other people's gardens, but I had never built one from scratch myself. My yard was full of gravel and a couple of bushes, and I built raised beds from scratch with the help of my boyfriend. We used discarded cinder blocks that were piled up behind the trash cans of the triplex I rent. A friend of mine built a beautiful cedar raised bed for me, and gave me a few large pots that he planted greens in. With his help, I shoveled yards of soil into the cinder block beds and began this unlikely fruitful adventure.

The idyllic dreams I had of subsistence farming and the romanticism of agrarian lifestyles were dampened when I realized how much work is required to build and maintain an edible crop of any size. That's not to say I haven't loved every aspect of the experience I had growing food this year: I was surprised by a magical bounty. Rather, I now know that gardens and farms are not easy to establish, and they are subject to the whims of nature and our ever-evolving climate.

To begin, I planted a mix of seeds and starts. I planted a variety of pepper and tomato starts, as well as sage, basil, and rosemary, and a mugwort clone. I planted greens of different types: broccoli, carrots, peas, corn, beans, and squash from seed. I also planted garlic, onions, morning glories, and marigolds. After these first crops became established, I added lemon cucumber and persian cucumber seeds to some of the beds, along with more greens and carrots and squash.

The starts were resilient and took quite happily to their new home. After several days and weeks, the seeds I planted in the ground took off, and visibly grew each day. I noticed that the biggest lift of starting a garden is establishing it, and once it's established, so long as you tend to your plants with water, shade, nutrients, and warmth, as they need, nature does its fabulous magic. Before I knew it, the sun gold tomatoes were more than six feet tall, along with the corn. The peas had overgrown their trellis. The broccoli bolted into mad flower bouquets before I picked them. I had green, white, and purple beans. Eventually the lemon cucumbers took over the ground in which they were planted. But the most impressive yield was the tomatoes.

I wonder if it was the prayers I made to my grandparents to have a bountiful garden that led to the explosion of tomatoes. I feel like I cannot take credit for the mysteries of nature that have ensued to create a small and magnificent ecosystem in my front yard. For the last few months I have given innumerable tomatoes away—beefsteaks, sun golds, slicers, roma, and some mysterious variety that thrives in brutal conditions.



The first tastes of each of those varieties brought me back to the extraordinary tomatoes of my youth. Papa would be proud. I saved seeds. I made salsas from the tomatoes, onion, cucumbers, and peppers in my garden and also caprese salads. I cooked nine quarts of tomato sauce from scratch over the course of six hours, and again felt the intensity of labor involved with the old ways of producing food, along with some vague connection to my Italian ancestors. I even tried my hand at pickling my cucumbers, which was incredibly satisfying.

When that early frost came, I dutifully covered the plants with every old comforter I could find in my closet. I felt like I was protecting my children, and I was so relieved when they survived.

It is now autumn, and I still have many dozen tomatoes on the vine, some ripe, some green, and soon I'll need to spend a few hours harvesting them. I'll try drying them, so I can send them to my family. There are more cucumbers and herbs and greens and peppers and squash to harvest too.

I wonder what I will find in the understory when I uproot the tomatoes and the corn. There are numerous carrots I've seen pop up, and who knows what else lies beneath in this ecosystem I have co-created.

I'll try growing as much as I can through the winter. This labor of love becomes easier and more satisfying with time. In the midst of an uncertain and upsetting epoch, the rituals of watering and tending to my garden have been grounding and nourishing amidst the chaos.

I can't recommend it enough.

ALYSHA SHAW IS A MUSICIAN, COMMUNITY ORGANIZER, AND INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST BASED IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. SHE HOLDS AN MFA IN ART AND SOCIAL PRACTICE FROM PORTLAND STATE UNIVERSITY AND A BA IN POLITICS AND INTERDISCIPLINARY ART FROM COLLEGE OF SANTA FE.

DEFIANCE AND UPSIDE DOWN SUN CHOKE ROOTBALL

IREN SCHIO





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

COMING TOGETHER AROUND GRAIN

CHRISTINE SALEM, ALESSANDRA HAINES

The Rio Grande Grain team and friends gathered at La Villita Farm to clean newly-harvested, heritage grains for fall planting. The group cleaned and winnowed about 150 pounds of wheat, rye, and barley that was planted in October, 2019. Most of that will be planted in October 2020. With the goal of finding the best grains for our region, the group started in spring 2018 with test plots of 100 seeds each of about 20 varieties of grain. If all goes well, by July, 2021, a few 100-seed tests could yield as much as 1,000 pounds total—enough to finally begin to share with other farmers who want to become part of the regional grain economy in New Mexico.



LEFT: DENNIS MARKER USES A PEDAL THRESHER TO SEPARATE ROUGE DE BORDEAUX WHEAT SEED FROM ITS CHAFF. THE CHAFF WILL BE RETURNED TO THE FIELD, PROVIDING BIOMASS THAT WILL BREAK DOWN AND REPLACE THE NUTRIENTS TAKEN UP BY THE WHEAT PLANTS.

RIGHT: HAL BOGART USES A FAN TO BLOW THE LIGHTER MATERIAL AWAY AS THE HEAVIER SEEDS DROP INTO THE CONTAINER. THIS IS REPEATED UNTIL ONLY CLEAN SEED, SUITABLE FOR FOOD OR PLANTING, REMAINS.



THE FINISHED PRODUCT: SWISS MOUNTAIN RYE SEED, CLEAN AND READY TO PLANT.

ALESSANDRA HAINES IS A GRAIN ENTHUSIAST AND BACKYARD FOOD PRODUCER. SHE HAS BEEN WORKING WITH THE RIO GRANDE GRAIN GROUP PLANTING TRIAL PLOTS TO GATHER INFORMATION ON POTENTIAL SUITABLE CROPS FOR NORTHERN NEW MEXICO. SHE IS A BOARD MEMBER OF THE EDUCATIONAL NON-PROFIT HOMEGROWN NEW MEXICO WHICH OFFERS CLASSES ON GROWING, PROCESSING AND COOKING WITH LOCAL AND HOMEGROWN FOODS. RECENTLY SHE HAS BEEN DOING QUITE A LOT OF SOURDOUGH BREAD BAKING FEATURING HEIRLOOM AND HERITAGE GRAINS. SEE THE RESULTS ON INSTAGRAM [@HOMEBREADSANTAFE](#).

CHRISTINE SALEM IS A FOUNDING MEMBER OF RIO GRANDE GRAIN. A FORMER PRINT AND DIGITAL MEDIA EXECUTIVE, SHE NOW GROWS AND BAKES WITH HEIRLOOM GRAINS AND HOSTS THE GARDEN JOURNAL ON KSFR.



RON BOYD, OWNER OF LA VILLITA FARM, DISCUSSING PLANS FOR RIO GRANDE GRAIN TO PLANT HALF OF THIS TWO ACRE FIELD ON HIS PROPERTY IN ALCALDE. LEARN MORE AT [HTTPS://RIOGRANDEGRAIN.ORG](https://riograndegrain.org).

PHOTO CREDIT: ALESSANDRA HAINES.

TWO MEN AND A CORN FIELD

At the beginning of 2020 two men came together, one with Burro Mountain Pop Corn seed to plant and one with a field irrigated by an acequia. They made a plan to collaborate and share their knowledge and resources with each other and the planet.

Their intentional communication and careful tending nourished the soil and corn, which in turn produced a vibrant healthy crop and a deep interspecies friendship.



MAY 25 2020

Jim

All furrows down as of 2pm, and tail water ditch flowing well. Let's plan to irrigate the alternate furrows beginning early Wednesday morning. Also I think the lower field could be worked by Thursday as long as the clods from furrowing will not be too large. Depends also on any rain we may get. My 2 cents.

Rick

I'll see you Wednesday morning.

MAY 26

Jim

Looks like field prep may be in order to beat the forecasted rains...

Rick

I want to check my raccoon fence and size how much to plant, as I won't plant more than I can put a fence around. But I'll till the entire field regardless. Hoping to do that Thursday - Till and row.

I want to think about turning my truck & trailer around up at the top if possible. I can walk the tiller down and then no need to drive down the neighbor's access. Just a thought.

Jim

I'll water the garden first thing in the morning. I don't like to irrigate the lower fields and the garden at the same time as that significantly reduces drip tape filter through-put. I'll be done with the garden by noon or so. So, if you want to come around then I'll have the water back

on the upper and middle fields, and it will be down the field a ways. It will initially be a fast flow as the fields are still damp from the rains.

Re: tilling Thursday - sounds good. We have to go to Santa Fe Thursday, so will see you when we get back - should be before lunch. I would till just what you're going to plant. Ron can work the area below the corn with the tractor. I discussed this with him some time ago. You may not want to plant the northernmost furrow and the two southern furrows. At the row spacing we discussed, his should give you 12+ good planting furrows and leave enough room for tractor access both sides.

See you tomorrow - have a good one.

Jim

Running alternating furrows at 3 feet has its downside - that being muddy conditions while walking the second set of furrows. If not for the gophers it wouldn't really be necessary. Rubber boots are advisable.

Since the soil is saturated well past halfway to the adjacent furrows, I will shut the irrigation down once the middle field appears well watered - maybe around noon or so.



JUNE 4

Jim

The first few germinates are up over the last day or two - but few and far between. Based on what you said about days to emergence this is about right. Soils moisture at 1 inch is adequate, and 2+ inches excellent. There's a thin surface crust that formed after irrigating. I don't have any experience with this corn variety, but don't think the crusting will be a problem. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow and the hottest days forecasted for a while - will have to watch soil moisture.

Weeds are growing really well between planting furrows, so we may need to cultivate prior to hilling, We will see.

You may want to come take a look in a couple days.

JUNE 6

Jim

Wind is blowing like a banshee - need more rocks on the garden row covers.

See you in a few days.

JULY 6

Jim

Water off on the corn field at 5PM, so about 6 hours total. Rows wetted across about 75% or so, and soil is saturated 3-4 inches down - looked good to me. Six-hour weekly watering schedule at low flow looks OK for now - we will see as the corn grows.

JULY 8

Jim

Corn looks good. No new browsing since last watering. Only tracks are coyote at far bottom. Filled an old gopher hole.

That's it.

JULY 11

Jim

I will check soil moisture and plant condition around mid-day - suppose to be 100 today. Looks like watering will be necessary sooner than later - I would guess the next day or so...

Ron came by to cultivate the upper two fields, so I unhooked lower field feeder pipe and moved it against the fence line.

Rick

I was thinking Monday as discussed, but if we need to water tomorrow, I certainly can.

I'll wait to hear from you - and thanks for making this easy for me. I'll finish getting raccoon fence prep done today.

Jim

Rick, plants look good on average. In-row soil moisture is a little above moist to very moist, especially 6+ inches down in the hills, directly between plants. Surface soil is dry. The tilled soil was granulated enough - with lots of air - that once hilled is now cutting off the upward capillary flow. As the soil resettles in-row this effect will be reduced. As it stands now, no watering till Monday or later. If you want to come by Monday we can recheck soil moisture and replace and hook-up the 6-inch feeder pipe.

JULY 19**Rick**

Hey Jim,
 What do you think? Monday? Tuesday?

Jim

I'm planning on walking down tomorrow and check soil moisture again. Today it was OK and the plants looked good. I'll email tomorrow re: soil moisture - maybe we'll get some more rain - currently have a shower that started about 10 minutes ago. Looks like Tuesday irrigation at the earliest right now, possibly Wednesday.

JULY 20**Jim**

Tuesday night through Sunday has 50%+ chance of rain every day and night. In the past, thunderhead downdrafts have lodged the corn, especially if recently irrigated. This is true whether the plants were hilled or not. Some downdrafts are severe in the open valley here. Regarding irrigating now, this possibility has to be balanced against the chance of a ditch shutdown due to muddy river conditions, which has lasted up to three days in the past.

I plan on going down early afternoon and do some hoeing and will check soil moisture in a few spots top to bottom as I go. Will let you know.

PS: less than 1/10th inch yesterday late afternoon - figures.

Jim

Available soil moisture is fairly uniform field top to bottom and is more than adequate. It pays to have clean furrows, as the upper portion

of the field has not become over-saturated and the bottom under-saturated as a result.

The field being weed-free has resulted in zero soil moisture loss from competition. This, and the additional furrow cultivation, has reduced upper soil moisture/capillary loss to corn plant uptake/evapotranspiration only. This is the situation in a nutshell.

So looks like no irrigation needed for a least two-three more days. The cloudy afternoons also help reduce moisture loss. To water now would be essentially watering the weeds, and possibly leaching soil nutrients depending on water quantity applied.

If we get a decent amount of rain over the next 2-3 days irrigation will be on hold for a while.

Rick

Thanks Jim,
 I'll await the next update.

JULY 21**Jim**

First tassels are out this morning - just a few.

JULY 22**Jim**

All things considered, I think we should water tomorrow AM - unless we get a decent amount of rain later today or tonight, say at least a half inch or so.

The corn could use some water anyway, and we can always cut the irrigation timing down a bit if necessary. I went over the rows and furrows this AM with the stirrup hoe - went pretty fast. We'll need to take a shovel down and clean out the upper headland furrows so the

soil does wash down and dam the furrows. There will be some of this occurring anyway due to the recent side-hill cultivation, so may need to walk the furrows next watering.

That's it. If you can't make it I can water as we're basically set to go.

Rick

Great- thank you. I'll be there about 8:30

Jim

Will email you in the AM with precipitation amount. Right now it looks like we may get some.

JULY 24**Jim**

Watering went well yesterday, shutting down about 3:30p. Corn never began to wilt, so I think we hit it at the right time. The last adjustment we made to water volumes was good also - reduced lower field ponding compared to previous watering's. All in all it went about as well as one could hope.





JULY 26

Jim

See this link FYI - the soil type at your new place: https://soilseries.sc.egov.usda.gov/OSD_Docs/F/FRUITLAND.html

Rick

Thanks Jim,

BTW- the hairy vetch arrived. I can bring you a sample & the Earthway too if you want to test the plates?

Jim

Do you want to rethink the vetch under-sowing? The under-sowing plan as it currently stands covers only the corn patch area - excluding the south side and west-end, which may account for about a third of the lower field acreage. These additional areas need discing, and we would need to figure out timing and irrigation if we include these areas. Waiting and cover cropping the entire lower field may be better...

What do you think?

Rick

I agree cover cropping the entire lower field makes the most sense. I have the seed. I'll ask Ron if he can help with discing.

Jim

OK, sounds good. We still have time to get it done properly. Unless the discing is at a 50% overlap in opposing directions, it's not worth the time or effort - weeds are not severed or worked in. Also, if the weeds are dense, a second complete pass over the field may be required, since the disc cannot penetrate the soil enough on the first pass.

Jim

Got 0.26 in. rain day before yesterday, and a trace yesterday. Surface soil this AM is still a little too moist to hoe - may try Wednesday if we don't receive too much more rain before then.

Corn is about waist high +/-, with a few approaching my shoulder. Tassels are increasing in number. Plants are a deep-deep green - a testament to no competition I would think, since field history says the available nitrogen cannot be too close to 100 lb/an acre.

JULY 27

Rick

Thanks for the update.

I still plan to come by Wednesday for a short visit - and I'll bring a seed sample. I haven't opened the box yet.

Jim

See you Wednesday then. Only 0.05" yesterday - for some reason ditch is barely running at minimum flow. Flash flood watch in effect till midnight tonight.

JULY 31

Jim

You have a very uniform crop. Looks like 99% tasseling and no pollen drop yet. Didn't see any silk either, but only 2-3 days out I'd think. Plants look really healthy.

As you probably saw the soil has crusted over. Makes hoeing a little harder, but it is what it is.

We are supposed to get some more rain in the next few days. Probably need at least 1/2 inch to delay watering much beyond three-four days out. The immediate plan is to hoe 2 rows a day (today's hoeing is done), and if not much rain, be done before the next watering. Concentrating on rows, but a little hoeing in the furrows as needed.

That's it.



AUGUST 2

Jim

Just got back - corn is growing fast. Pollen getting ready to drop and maybe 5% silk out at most. The canopy is starting to close over the aisles, especially the narrower aisles. Finally seeing some weed suppression from this closure - three feet between rows helps.

Soil moisture is still OK. Short of an inch or rain, irrigation will be necessary in maybe 3-4 days. Which brings up an issue: if you want to till and reset furrows one last time, it probably would be best prior to the next watering. Three reasons for this: 1) soil moisture is good now; 2) it is getting harder to hoe due to plant size; and 3) the last two days we've had some good down-drafts from thunderheads out of the north, which snapped a few stalks. Some that loosened slightly lodged and had shallower hilling. All-in-all minimal damage though.

One other reason you may want to re-furrow and re-hill now: any more cultivation beyond the next few days may not be too practical. It would also be good to break up the top crust layer....

Rick

Hey Jim,
Thanks for the updates.
How was the rain today?

Jim

Had a little rain yesterday, and same so far today (thunderstorm directly overhead earlier), but not too much rain yet. Wind caused power outage yesterday afternoon for about 3 hours. I see by the radar more cells are moving south out of Colorado right now, so may get some more precipitation.

Tuesday may be good to till - unless we get a good rain later today, We could tentatively plan on Tuesday. Two more rows to hoe on the south side and that will be done - hopefully tomorrow afternoon.

Short of decent rain, irrigation looks like a good bet for Wednesday or Thursday. Have a little clean-out to do on the tail-water ditch.

AUGUST 3

Rick

I'll arrive between 8 & 8:30
Should be good - yes
Big rain here.
Ok to till tomorrow?

Jim

To be on the safe side, let's postpone for another day - Wednesday? Plants not showing any moisture stress earlier today, they will be fine. Hoeing basically done.

AUGUST 7

Jim

Water off at 5:30PM - so about 5 hours total. Did not have to readjust flow. No additional gopher holes. All went well. Should look at soil moisture again in a week or less, especially if this 90-degree weather continues.

AUGUST 12

Jim

Plants look fine - no PM moisture stress noted (yet). Soil moisture is over 70%, but the plants have high transpiration rates with this hot weather - so soil should be monitored every day. One or two more watering's may be enough for maturity, depending on whether we get any more rain.

Hoed two rows this AM and will continue tomorrow - will try to get patch done before the next watering. If you want or need some exercise, come on down. Regular AM time - if not, no problem.

Rick

Hey Jim,

I can't make it by tomorrow morning, but I can definitely be there Saturday morning to hoe a couple rows.

Thanks



AUGUST 14

Jim

OK, if only you have the time - otherwise not that important. Will have six rows done (total) today. Have to start thinking about the fencing.

More double and triple ears now showing on stalks.

Re: fencing - when you come down, consider bringing the wheel hoe to touch up the perimeter. It may be time better spent than hoeing rows...

AUGUST 17

Rick

Hey Jim, Chrissie & I will come by about 10:30 for her to see & take a few photos

Thanks

Jim

No problem. Walked down this AM - surface saturation was almost completely across rows. Looks like a good watering.





SEPTEMBER 10

Rick

Hi Jim, Since my visit yesterday - any more significant rain?

Jim

A little less than 2/10", so a two-day total of just under 0.75", with no runoff. Rain saturated in a few inches, and with lower average temps the corn should probably be OK. We can check soil moisture when we do the tail-water ditch clean-out.

Took the Gravelly down and hogged the ditch line along the patch. The Gravelly was not too happy about it. The ditch is more or less filled in, heavy weed growth and also gopher problems. Looks like we'll have to shovel it out one spade at a time - will take an hour+ probably, So altogether may have 1.5-2 hours of ditch-related work.

SEPTEMBER 16

Rick

Hi Jim, Have you had a chance to check the water needs in the corn patch?

I can stop by if not...

Thanks

Jim

The day we dug the tail-water ditches it was fine. I'll check again today and get back.

Jim

Your corn: starch nearly 100%; black layer is formed. Soil moisture @ about 80%. Irrigation is done.

Jim

If you have some time, you could help move pipe, an elk jumped Michael's fence last night just about at the Patch, and walked down the north side to the bottom. Corn does not look touched.

SEPTEMBER 17

Jim

I had this site saved previously but couldn't find it:

https://www.pioneer.com/us/agronomy/corn_maturity_drydown_northcentral_cropfocus.html

This is good information as it ties physiological maturity to drying down in the field. As discussed in the article, corn will naturally dry down to around ~35% kernel moisture in the field (assuming little to no rain) and have zero loss to freezing temperatures as a result.

In terms of seed production, whether corn will dry-down further in the field is weather-dependent: temperature, rain, wind, and humidity all affect the outcome - basically summed up as "degree days", specific to the locale.

One other important issue is specific to corn variety relative to number of husk covers, tightness, and coverage over the ear. Upright (declination) ears also collect and hold any moisture that may fall as rain. Downward pointing ears dry the best in all conditions.

All these need to be taken into account re: when to remove from the field for further dry-down.

SEPTEMBER 30

Jim

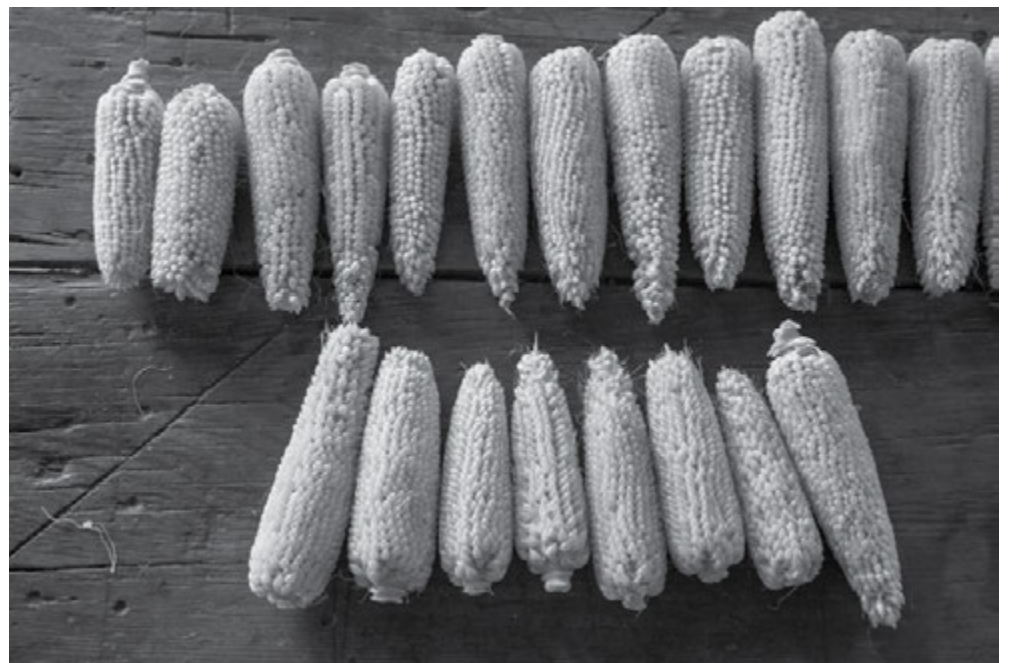
Re: the patch - we had 27 degrees at the house for the low yesterday (Tue) morning. The temperature in the lower field is usually 3-5 degrees lower, so the corn looks completed dried down now - no green at all. Husks look drier also. FYI.

Rick

Hi Jim, Since the second harvest on Monday, we've done some cleaning & winnowing. Consequently, I'm able to estimate that we currently have in hand approximately 150 pounds of clean top-quality seed to put to our seed contract. In addition we have another 26 pounds of clean seed for personal use.

With the corn remaining to be harvested we should be able to meet the maximum contract amount of 200 pounds.

I would never have done this without you. Thanks so much for your help, advice and encouragement!



THE CORN FIELD GIFTED SOME OF HER BOUNTY TO THE MIGRATING BIRDS, THE SQUIRRELS AND CRITTERS BUT THERE WAS PLENTY LEFT TO SHARE. THE HARVEST STARTED ON THE MORNING OF MONDAY SEPTEMBER 21 AND CONTINUED UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH.

PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST

HERB TALK

SARA WRIGHT

Women's relationship with plants stretches back to the beginning of humankind. Most of us know that women invented agriculture and became the first healers.

I come from a family of women who all had gardens, but no one grew herbs. It interests me in retrospect how I turned to these healing plants. I first used them for culinary purposes as a young mother; but as I approached midlife (mid-thirties) I began to gather herbs for medicinal purposes. I realize now that I made this shift just as I began to embrace the goddess and the Earth body as my mother and turned inward to healing myself. The two were definitely connected. It is the Body of the Earth that is capable of healing our broken souls and bodies; and some wise unconscious part of me knew that.

Paul Stamets, mycologist (mushroom expert) and author states that plants that live in a particular habitat develop their own immune systems. I never really thought about herbs, plants, and trees working together to create immunity to certain diseases in one area until I learned something about mycelium, the fungus that creates a massive web beneath our feet attaching plants to one another; trees, plants, and herbs that exchange nutrients through their root systems/mycelium also have antiviral and antibacterial properties. Our first antibiotic, penicillin, came from mold.

When I first started using herbs medicinally it seemed important that I gather them from around my house, or in nearby fields and forest. After reading Paul's declaration I realized that using an herb from my woods or garden was probably going to be more effective in treating a problem I have because I am already living in a habitat that is sensitized to any potential health problems that might arise with respect to its inhabitants including me, and because I am in direct relationship with my land and the body of the goddess in a very intimate way. An "Ah-Ha" moment.

I have been reading a lot about the invisible mycelial net that stretches across every continent underground and under the sea. Without fungus, no life could have arisen on land because plants had no roots; the fungi provided them. The two had a symbiotic relationship. Today, the soil, composed of trillions of miles of mycelium in which all plants grow have antiviral, antibacterial, properties etc., as already mentioned, that make the plants powerful healers. Today this fungal web supports all life and is constantly learning, adapting, and changing. I think of this living breathing net as the skin and mind of the goddess.

Personally, choosing which herbs to use seems to depend upon my personal relationships with them. Some plants seemed to resonate with me more than others and it was those plants I continue to be drawn to. I used my intuition and other senses to make these decisions even while the doubter drones on. Eventually, the positive results of my use of a particular herb shuts the annoying voice up.



When I studied medicinal plants in the Amazon I learned that these Indigenous people, like me, used the plants that grew naturally in the areas they inhabited and they too made their decisions based on having personal relationships with certain plants, some of which spoke to them. Each healer had an individual garden located in the area in which s/he lived, on the edge of the community. Healers in other villages that were located further up the Amazonian tributaries (some were days away by dugout) treated the same ailments using the plants that grew there; some were the same, others were different. All treatments seemed to work, which baffled me until I learned that herbs grown in a specific area would probably benefit the people who lived in direct relationship with that particular piece of land even if they were different.

What united me to people of the Amazon, Indigenous peoples, and other country folk like me was that all of us were in reciprocal relationships with plants and a particular place, something many folks in this transient western culture don't ever experience. I wonder if this isn't part of the reason we can continue to decimate the earth – a lack of belonging to place? I know lots of people who 'own' houses and property but never develop a reciprocal relationship with their land; instead they use it for their own purposes. And without reciprocity in relationship does a person remain rootless? Soul-less? Goddess – less?

I love my little house, but it was built on land that claimed me the first time I set foot on it in the fog and rain. The visceral sense of belonging slammed through me, leaving me stunned almost senseless. When I came to I can still remember the sounds of water drawing me towards the brook and the red buck with his velvet antlers....

I have a deeply personal relationship with the earth as a whole but 'my land' contains me; I am wed to the goddess - to the forests, fields, ponds, and mountains here in Maine.

Just now I am awash in the scarlet, wine, and magenta flowers of bee balm, an herb that seemed to 'choose' me as soon as I planted a few shoots of it the first year I lived here. I watched it spread through my entire flower garden eventually spilling over the edges to grow wild around the house.

Hummingbirds love the flowers and presently I must have at least 50 hummingbirds that are happily extracting flower nectar from dawn to dusk. Of all my pollinators, Bee balm seems to draw in the most bees and butterflies at this time of year (July and August)... I always keep a flower or two in the house and I love to walk around crushing a leaf or two to release Bee balm's scent (it belongs to the mint family).

I collect Bee balm leaves to include in the 'sun tea' I make, dry others for winter use. I also use the leaves to relieve the itches caused by bug bites. All parts of the plants are edible but I rarely eat the flowers; they are simply too beautiful! If I develop a cold I use the infused leaves to keep nasal passages open. Inhaling the leaves will help with respiratory illness. Studies of its anti-bacterial, anti-mycotic, and anti-inflammatory properties demonstrate that Bee balm inhibits microorganism growth and is superior to hydrocortisone when used in combination with vitamin B6.

Lately, I have been suffering from stomach upset, probably stress related, and plan to gather some Bee balm leaves to steep in hot tea to relieve the nausea from this gastric pain. While gathering the pungent herb I will pick a flower or two while giving thanks to the goddess for her bountiful healing remedies.

Blessed Be.

“GOING UNDER”

In Abiquiu New Mexico I walked down to the river and Bosque (wetland) communing with trees, leaving in the dark and returning before dawn every morning. Red Willow River is a tributary of the Rio Grande. I didn't need to see; my feet knew the path by heart, so I was free to let my other senses take precedence. Listening to the sound of my feet, the first bird song, I moved into a still place, while first light gathered itself around me like a luminous cloak under the cottonwood trees. On my return the curves of the river and the dazzling painted sky held my rapt attention ... I didn't realize for a long time that this daily meander was actually a walking meditation that helped stabilize me in a place that I loved but could not call home.

In the mystical magical twilight, if the conditions were right, I witnessed the mist rise over the river and whenever this happened it seemed to me that I 'sensed' a figure emerging from that cloud... this apparent apparition never ceased to pull me into her 'field'. The woman was always weeping and I called her La Llorona, believing that she wept for the Earth, my precious Earth, because her animals and trees and plants were dying. Extinction was concrete reality, a daily occurrence. Cultural denial made it impossible for me to share my grief, but here, with La Llorona, I was witnessed and free to mourn...

The story of La Llorona is told throughout the Southwest and when I first heard it I knew it was a lie.

(see my blog for my interpretation of the legend sarawrightnature.woodpress.com)

According to the Spaniards, La Llorona was a young woman who was supposed to have murdered her children in a fit of rage because her lover abandoned her. She could be heard weeping at the river at night, searching for the dead children she abandoned. She was reputed to be a threat to any child left alone at night.

Recently I learned that the real story of La Llorona had historical beginnings that began about ten years before the Spanish conquest as omens experienced by the Indigenous Mexica (Aztecs).

The earliest texts that mention La Llorona are located in the twelve books of the Florentine Codex. The first books were written in 1577 but can be dated earlier. Book twelve was originally written in the Nahuatl language in 1755 and here Native elders stated that ten years prior to the arrival of the Spaniards the Mexica began to witness a series of omens. The prophecies signaled the arrival of the Spaniards and the downfall of Tenochtitlan. In the texts a woman is heard crying and screaming at night crying "my children, we now have to leave... where shall I take you... or more ominously, my beloved children I am going to leave you now." Two of these books indicate that the woman crying at night was the goddess Cihuacoatl whose name means "Serpent Woman". In two texts the woman has a head of a woman with horns and develops a serpent's body. After the conquest

of Mexico one book makes the terrifying assertion that the goddess ate a child in her crib. The twisted version of the story of La Llorona as it is still told today also began after the Spanish conquest.

That La Llorona is a compassionate grieving Mother goddess figure seemed obvious to me when I first heard the Spanish rendition. I immediately thought of Our Lady of Sorrows, the Catholic Mary figure who is also a goddess. Guadalupe also came to mind.*

My personal experiences with La Llorona have moved this goddess beyond the original story. It is absolutely real to me that today this figure still appears out of the waters and is mourning the slaughtered trees, plants, animals, - the other children of the Earth (I have experienced her presence here in Maine by my brook).

There is a Pueblo belief that the Rio Grande and its tributaries is guarded by a Horned Serpent, Avanyu, whose petroglyphs and pictographs adorn canyon walls and rock outcroppings in the area. This Serpent of the Waters is intimately associated with rains and each spring the Pueblos hold a Snake Dance to call down the waters from the Cloud People.

Living in Abiquiu brought me face to face with what happens in severe drought. Desertification is occurring; the Cottonwoods and many other plants are dying. It was/is a terrifying reality to witness firsthand the ravages of a land that has already caught Fire. Avanyu seems to have withdrawn 'his' protection. He is considered to be a male figure to the Pueblo people and others but I see Avanyu as the Serpent Goddess, once again stripped of her female powers. These powers include precognition/ second sight and are experienced through the body through dreaming or through our senses even if they appear as 'thought'.

Mythologically, the serpent has been consistently associated with the Life Force, the body - ie. embodiment. Creation and Destruction. Christianity turned the serpent into the "evil" one who, of course was female and whose body was the source of shame and misery.

I conclude with a dream I had last November when Avanyu, as a GIANT python type snake appeared in the Rio Grande. This serpent was so enormous that all the river water disappeared underneath it and it was coming towards us radiating all the colors of the rainbow - its body was pulsing with intensity. In the dream I was terrified and then struck dumb with fear recognizing that some new unknown Collective threat was coming ... Covid was on its way.

*Guadalupe or Tonantzin/multi-valenced Earth goddess originally belonging to Aztec people first appeared on a hill outside of Mexico city ten years after the Spanish Conquest of the Mexica in 1531. She was brown skinned. The top priority of the time was to convert the Natuatl speaking Indigenous peoples to Christianity. Although the church attempted to Christianize her Guadalupe remains to this day a goddess belonging to the people. She is invoked as a power of social justice, for her compassion and strength, and as an image of Motherhood. I don't think it's coincidence that she first appeared to the native people after they had been conquered....and that according to some sources she has a serpent aspect. As Cihuacoatl Tonantzin/Guadalupe is Serpent Woman. Creator and Destroyer.

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.



COMPOSE DECOMPOSE

NANCY SUTOR

NANCY SUTOR IS AN ARTIST, EDUCATOR, CURATOR AND GARDENER WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE CYCLES OF THE SEASONS. COMPOSE DECOMPOSE IS A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE COMPOST PILE OVER TIME. SEE MORE WORK AT NANCYSUTOR.COM

DISRUPTION

JOHN MCLEOD

Everywhere, the climate crisis is evident and increasingly disruptive. Snow with temperatures in the 20's on September 9th in Northern New Mexico is just such a wake-up call to action.



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.
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PHOTO CREDIT: JOHN MCLEOD

WARMING

CINDY RINNE

I'm sorry to keep you waiting.
From January my area steeps in snow.
For days it falls up to four feet. I walk
everywhere and go inside an oak. Look up
to view veins, blood vessels, and a pulsing heart.
We vibrate as one.

A goddess appears

Her blessed home this constellation of tree.
She rotates upside down. Her long hair
floats as roots. My family ancestor's souls
reside next to each other. Then I catch

a bad case of influenza. I lack physical strength
as my lower back spirals in pain.
I try to be with my body. She asks what
this ache needs. I constrict in a fetal position.

*Breathe
Deep*

The goddess spins her hair embedded in the oak's
underground system to awaken warmer days.
April comes and spring winks at me.
I chant for seeds to grow and feel better.
The goddess dazzles and calls her hawk

of beginnings and fire

He suspends in front of her face.
Then swoops. Meanwhile, she senses
slow movements of my body.

HIDDEN

Cloak like flame ripples
with my steps unknown

Face hidden in waves
of turmeric-colored cloth

Head bent forward Fists

fight the wind as feet anchor
I am a splash of color

for the darkened earth
Fear dropping ancient seeds

GARDEN OF CALM

Seek Deer Goddess crowned with a rack made of turquoise for
protection with calming amethyst spots. She wanders. Never takes
the same path. Be like a deer stalker in desperation, cunning—but
not to kill her.

Return to the wilderness inside you. Use my intuition to discern
which river to follow. Select a stone who calls me. Offer it to the
water. Toss the rock into the eddies. Call the river's name out loud.
Give thanks.

At dusk between the waking and the sleeping, discover the four-
legged sage near the bank. A forest mother born of water and
wind. Her fur of crimson columbines, bronze bells, and pinesap
flowers like a garden of calm.

Listen to her gentle voice. The goddess enlightens to see obstacles
as pebbles, not boulders. She directs me to leave an old friend
for the new. Ask one question. I crochet the inquiry. Her kind eyes
peer deep into mine.

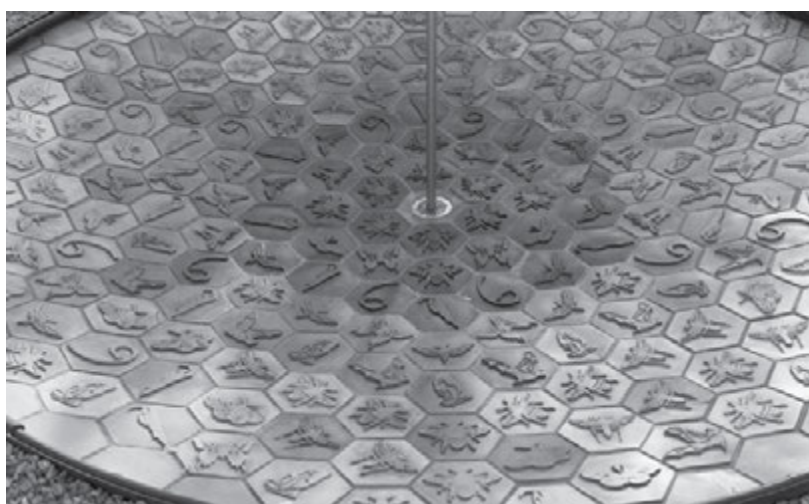
She detaches a parchment and reads, *What if flowers had no
seeds or crystals no facets?* Deer Goddess continues, *Do not
seek answers. Be the answer from within.* She disappears into the
western yew leaving a balm for wounds.

CINDY RINNE CREATES FIBER ART AND WRITES IN SAN BERNARDINO,
CA. REPRESENTED POET BY LARK GALLERY, LA, CA. PUSHCART
NOMINEE. AUTHOR OF *SILENCE BETWEEN DRUMBEATS* (FOUR
FEATHERS PRESS), *KNIFE ME SPLIT MEMORIES* (CHOLLA
NEEDLES PRESS) AND OTHERS. HER POETRY APPEARED OR
IS FORTHCOMING IN: *ANTI-HEROIN CHIC*, *VERSE-VIRTUAL*,
LITGLEAM, AND ANTHOLOGIES. WWW.FIBERVERSE.COM

POLLINATOR CONCENTRATOR

ANA MACARTHUR

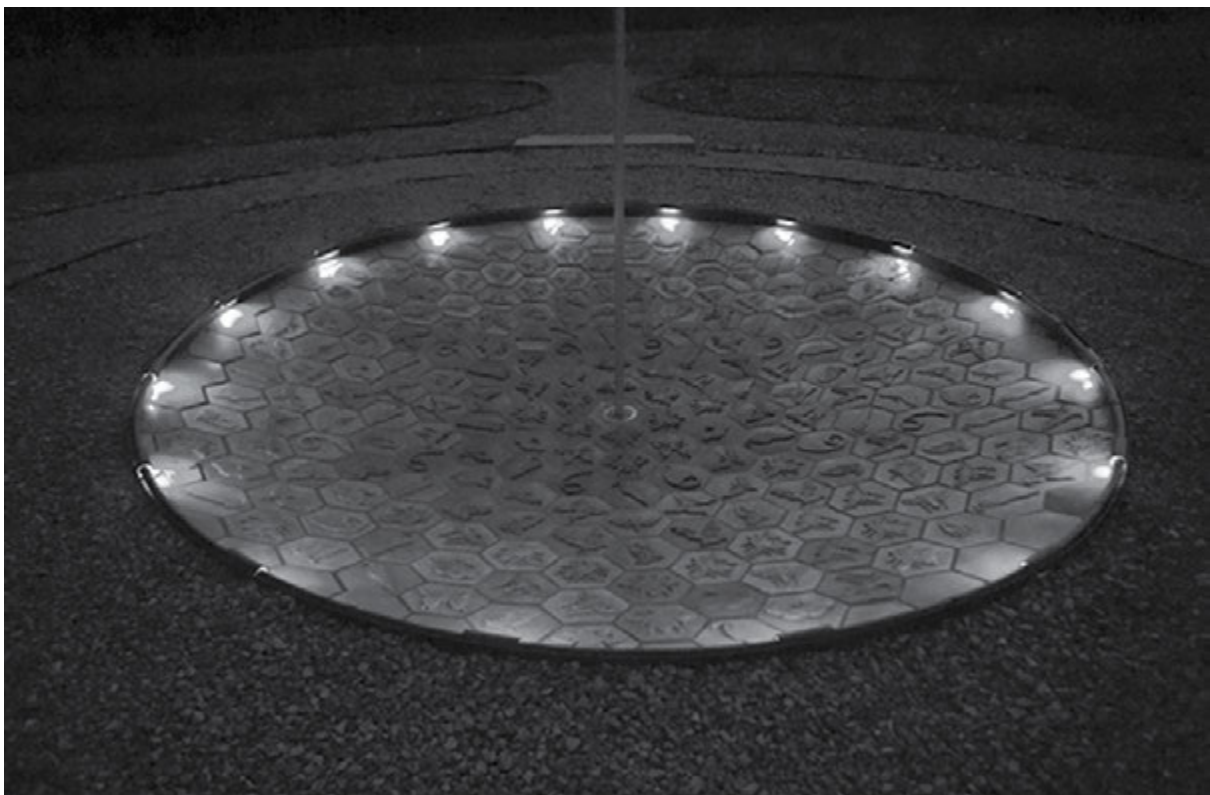
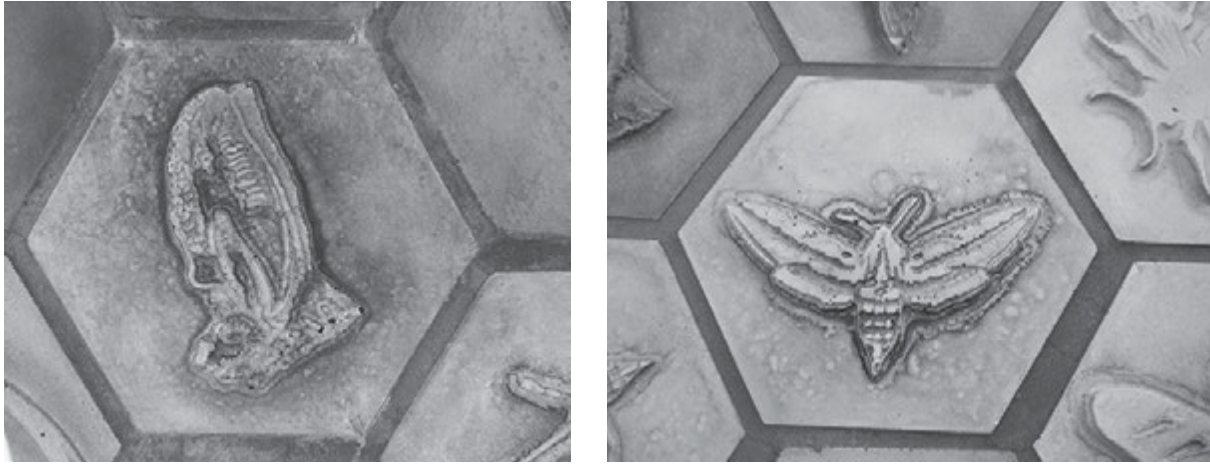
Is it pollinators in decline... Or... is it 'us' in decline? We don't notice the small things anymore. We have lost identification. Thus our decline lets us not notice what is declining. These small inventive creatures, mostly all through means of flight, go for their food sweet nectar and in the process get themselves scattered with pollen (eating some as well) to then carry out a most beautiful act that miraculously replenishes the earth with every tree, plant and food group. We owe much to them. If half of the world's insect species are declining, we could educate half of the world population to turn that around. If 40 % of pollinator species have gone extinct, we could get 40% of the world population to diligently conserve the remaining 60%. Could it be possible that rare plants from all parts of the world, given a chance to flourish in greater variety, could bring increased pollinator abundance through increased biodiversity? This library of pollinators- the tiles- is designed to develop appreciation of pollinator function, create activism via the associated STEMarts Lab program spreading into the Taos school system, and encourage necessary conservation. The traditional and special knowledge of pollinators carried on through time by the Taos Pueblo indigenous, have their seeds in the very land that the artwork resides on and beautifully integrate into the educational components. On evening events when the ultraviolet lights around the artwork's circumference are illuminated the human can drop into a quieter world of the non-human, observe the insects that attract to the light, reset their rod vision re-seeing a subtler light which invites a world they may have otherwise not known, and observe the top of pole UV lights make visually audible the otherwise invisible bat ultrasonic echolocation. In the time of Corona, we get to quiet and re-think, our entire system, and not think of maligning bats for their possible bringing of the virus, but appreciating their vital role in pollination and as an ingenious entity of many ecosystems.



TOP LEFT: 'POLLINATOR CONCENTRATOR', 2018-2020, A SITE-SPECIFIC, INTERSPECIES INSTALLATION ADDRESSING THE ISSUE OF POLLINATOR DECLINE LOCALLY AND GLOBALLY, RIO FERNANDO PARK, TAOS LAND TRUST, TAOS, NEW MEXICO

TOP RIGHT: 10FT. DIAMETER PARABOLIC DISH LINED WITH TILES OF NEW MEXICO POLLINATOR SPECIES, SUNDIAL POLE WITH BLUE GLASS AT FOCAL POINT, WATER COLLECTION AND CONSERVATION WITH PUMICE WICK TO FEED NATIVE PLANT POLLINATOR GARDEN.

BOTTOM: VARYING BLUE TILES OF 9 SPECIES OF POLLINATORS FROM DIFFERING FAMILIES OF HUMMINGBIRD, BUTTERFLY, MOTH, WASP, BEE, BAT; A FEW EXOTIC NON-LOCAL, DERIVED FROM EXACT MORPHOLOGY OF SPECIFIC SPECIES FOR IDENTIFICATION.



TOP: TILE DETAILS: LONG-EARED MYOTIS BAT HEAD WITH ECHOLOCATING 'DOUBLE EAR' - MAIN EAR AND TRAGUS; WHITE-LINED SPHINX MOTH; HEXAGON TILES STAINED WITH VARYING COLORS OF BLUE: HEXAGON PATTERN BASED ON OMMATIDIA OF BUTTERFLY EYE AND BEEHIVES.

CENTER: AN ACCOMPANYING WORKSHOP TAUGHT BY THE ARTIST, AND ENLISTED BY STEMARTS LAB - AGNES CHAVEZ, TO ENGAGE MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENTS IN THE PLIGHT OF POLLINATORS BY MAKING POLLINATOR TILES AND ENLISTING ACTIVISM ON THE TOPIC.

BOTTOM: FOR SPECIAL EVENTS AT NIGHT, ON THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF PARABOLIC, ULTRAVIOLET LIGHTS UNDULATE ATTRACTING INSECTS (POLLINATORS) FOR STUDY; AT TOP OF POLE ANOTHER SET OF UV LED'S FLUXUATE IN RESPONSE TO BAT ULTRASONIC CALLS AS THEY FLY OVER.

PHOTO CREDIT: POLLINATOR CONCENTRATOR: GREG STIMAC AND MADELINE CASS
ALL THE REST: ANA MACARTHUR

AS A TRANSDISCIPLINARY ARTIST, MACARTHUR IS INTERESTED IN FUNCTIONING AS A CREATIVE CATALYST, BY EXCAVATING NATURE'S PROCESSES AND CONNECTED METAPHORS THROUGH THE SPECIFIC LENSES OF LIFE'S RELATIONSHIP TO LIGHT, ENVIRONMENTAL INTELLIGENCE, AND APPROPRIATE TECHNOLOGY. HAVING HAD A HISTORY AND INTEREST IN WORKING WITH LIGHT, LIGHT BASED TECHNOLOGIES, AND IMMERSIVE EXPERIENCES IN THE NATURAL WORLD, HER CURRENT PRACTICE EVOLVES TO INCREASED FIELD WORK THAT COLLABORATIVELY DEEPENS AN UNDERSTANDING OF BIOLOGICAL ORGANISMS, AND OUR FRAGILE BIODIVERSITY. HER PROCESS AND RESEARCH BASED WORK OFTEN ENGAGES WITH SCIENTISTS AND AT THE EDGE OF THEIR FIELD.

WWW.ANAMACARTHUR.COM
[HTTP://WWW.STEMARTS.COM/BIOTEAM/EXPLOREARTIST/ANAMACARTHUR](http://WWW.STEMARTS.COM/BIOTEAM/EXPLOREARTIST/ANAMACARTHUR)



DARA AND THE WEST MESA

ASHA CANALOS

She has an irrepressible, unrestrained kind of laugh, and for a woman just over five feet tall, her laughter is big, a percussive ha-HA-ha-HA!

Dara's eyes light up as she talks about the plants she loves, their magic, their intelligence, the unique strategies they've developed to survive in their high desert environs. Her driving, singular passion for the plants of the region animates her whole being as she discusses them, a kind of exuberant interest that's contagious. Her hands trace shapes of leaves, her eyes narrow as she searches for the precise word to describe the color of a flower, and open wide as she describes the shocking ability of certain plants to decide whether to flower, or whether to conserve energy for the next year, based on the plant's own readings of rainfall and pollinator activity. Child-like looks of wonder appear on those listening, new to this information.

Many locals know Dara through the talks, lectures, and workshops she gives regularly on medicinal and edible native plants of the region, through Albuquerque Bioregional Herbalism—which she founded in 2011— or through The Yerba Mansa Project, which she also directs: a community-engaged remediation project in the Bosque wetlands of Albuquerque along the Rio Grande. The Yerba Mansa Project was originally formed in 2014, Dara says, as 'a great way for herb students to understand about giving to plants, rather than always thinking about taking from plants,' but it quickly became a much larger effort. A broader section of the community showed interest in helping, increasingly bringing children along to join in. Now, six years later, dozens of families show up on workdays in the Bosque, shovels and spades and tiny watering cans in tow, to remove invasive species and tend to native plants they've watched grow from seedlings.

"The Yerba Mansa Project is about life." Dara says, with reverence.

Dara grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania. Then she went to New York University, for undergraduate work, and spent time in Berlin, which she enjoyed being immersed in, before pursuing a Master's in Geography at the University of New Mexico. When she first arrived in New Mexico decades ago, she fell in love with it. She and her husband have stayed ever since and have raised their two sons here. She's had various roles involving stewardship of the land, education, and healing, all with an overarching focus on plants. She has become deeply rooted here in the process.

I was once an herbalism student of Dara's, during which I had cracked her up with some fancy pun-making, so I felt I could bother her with some questions. She acquiesced.

I asked Dara about her relationship to Albuquerque. She said:

"I've lived here for twenty-some years. I feel very certain that it's my home.

I think I originally came to develop a sense of place with Albuquerque out on the West Mesa.

I like Albuquerque because... it's right here in the Middle Rio Grande Valley... I like where Albuquerque is,... it gives me a conduit to all these different landscapes that radiate out in all directions from Albuquerque as a center point.

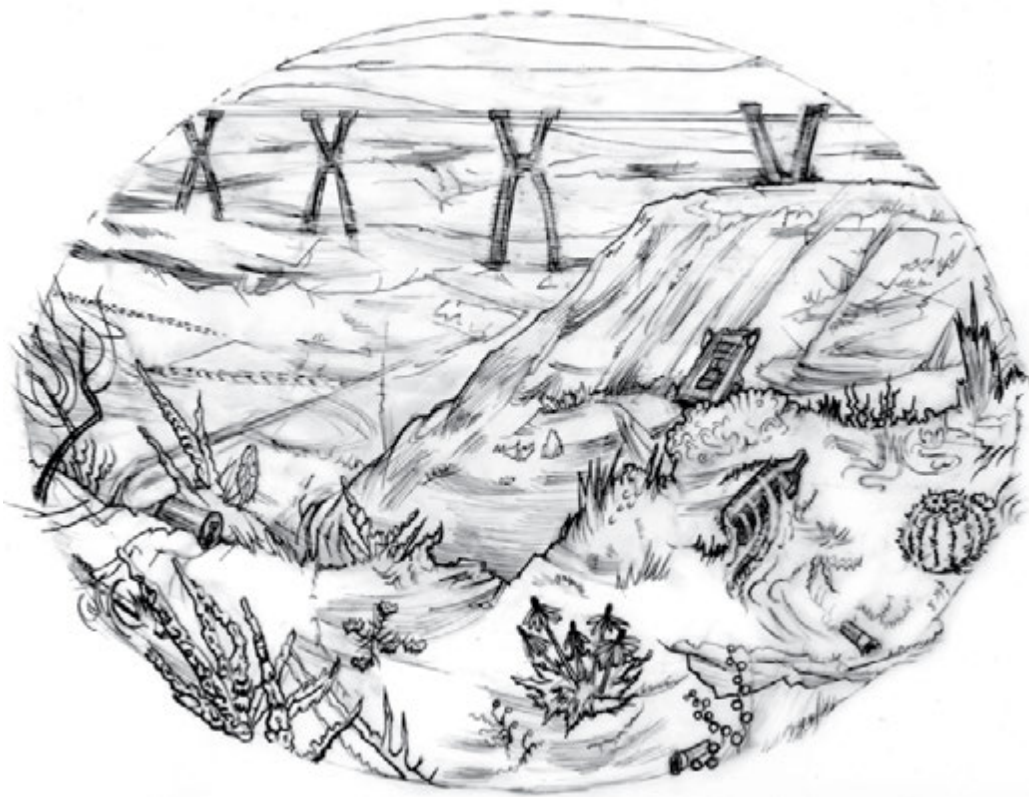
I started out on the West Mesa (though most people associate me with the Bosque). I actually had the rebirth into the person that I am out on the West Mesa. The West Mesa was the first land that ever embraced me and helped me

to understand that **A Person and A Landscape Could Have a Relationship.**

I never knew that. I never even thought about that, until I found myself here, where that was very obvious. And right away, I started having the process that- I never understood what was happening at the time, but when I look back, I can see what was happening:

I was learning to identify myself with place, I was becoming part of a place, and a place was affecting me and shaping me.

The West Mesa is a place... if you google it, you'll learn all about the 'West Mesa murders,'... people associate the West Mesa with a place to dump your garbage, your landscaping clippings, a place to leave an unwanted dog, a place where you went for target practice, a place where military bombs were dropped for target practice... And literally a place to dump dead bodies.



It's been thought of as a place of discarding what we didn't value- and what we didn't value was the land itself.

As a misunderstood and unappreciated place, I think I related to it right away,... and I came to have intimate experiences with plants, with the land itself, and came to understand that I... was those things, and those things were me... And the inseparability of myself from that land was a whole new experience of understanding myself, and understanding place, and why the connection with place is so important and how it shapes us, and how we can then shape place."

I asked- The West Mesa has this history of abuse, the land bears the legacy of these painful exchanges, yet at the same time, you feel remarkably called to, and connected with this place- can you explain, a bit more, that tension?

"Well, it's a place that you immediately understand is seeking our engagement. It's a place that has so much vitality, but the vitality has become diminished by the way we are using- or misusing- the land. And so, for me, it's a place that is reaching out for engagement, drawing me in.

I spent many, many years advocating and working for the West Mesa. I started as a volunteer hauling out garbage. I became an employee of the National Parks Service, where I was a professional mapper of that area. I worked on many restoration projects there as well.

So when I go out there now, I go out with intention, and when I walk the land, I radiate gratitude, I radiate love, I radiate graciousness and appreciation for all the transformative experiences I've had out there. And for me, those transformative experiences happened in many ways, but as an herbalist, one of the ways that seems most accessible to explain to other people who understand plants is:



The desert aromatic plants out there are... they're seen by many as just these scrubby shrubs, that people might not even notice, but when you walk out there, and you feel the vibration of all these living things, all around you, it becomes very obvious that these aromatic plants are doing a lot more than what we think they are,... and you can feel their aromatic particles on the wind, moving the energy of the land, moving the energy of everything that's ever been there, and everything that we're bringing to it.

You can feel that moving across the land, you can feel that moving through yourself, you can feel your own thoughts and ideas moving out of yourself and becoming an eternal part of that land.

So when I walk out there, I leave that as my gift, always."

I questioned Dara, a question I always wonder about people who are in deep relationships with land and place: 'Do you feel that this place you love is radiating love, and care, back to you?' Dara responded immediately:

"One hundred percent. Yeah. And I know it sounds crazy, but I believe that the land loves us back when we *sincerely* love the land. And as I said, I worked out there, for many years, doing restoration work, doing mapping, surveying, and even political advocacy for the land, during the time when the Paseo Del Norte extension was an issue. I've spent a lot of time restoring that land, and helping people to see it as much more than many Albuquerqueans see it as,...

And I can tell you that I've had many experiences where I've felt that reciprocity come back to me. Just an example of one of those stories would be this:

One day I was sitting on my couch, actually laying on my couch, very restful, super into the book that I'm reading, completely in another place in my mind, absorbed in this book. All of the sudden, my mind is filled with thoughts of the West Mesa. I just can't keep it out of my mind... different thoughts of the mesa, different flashes of places I've been keep flooding my mind, and I can't even keep reading my book. I'm... overtaken, with these thoughts of the mesa, ... and all of the sudden, I grab my hat, my water bottle, put on my hiking shoes, and I'm driving out to the mesa. I feel a call, it's unrelenting.

And I get out there, it's early September, and there's this cacophonous blooming of desert wildflowers, sooo many species are blooming: Devil's Claw, lots of tiny Trailing Windmills, Globe Mallow, Datura, so many others... It's this... outrageous party of life, taking place in this dry, volcanic, sandy, basalt-y landscape. I felt it happening from my house. I felt the call to come and be a part of this celebration of life that was occurring. The mesa didn't want me to miss it.

And now, when I feel the call, I always go, and I always have a life-changing experience. And I will never miss the call."



DARA SAVILLE IS FOUNDER AND PRIMARY INSTRUCTOR OF ALBUQUERQUE HERBALISM AND DIRECTOR OF THE YERBA MANSA PROJECT.. DARA IS ALSO A REGULAR COLUMNIST FOR PLANT HEALER QUARTERLY, A BOARD MEMBER OF THE NATIVE PLANT SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO ALBUQUERQUE CHAPTER, AND HAS MANY YEARS OF RESOURCE MANAGEMENT AND FIELD WORK EXPERIENCE FOR THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. HER PASSION FOR THE PLANTS AND LANDSCAPES OF THE SOUTHWEST HAS RESULTED IN THE CREATION OF THE ALBUQUERQUE HERBALISM BIOREGIONAL HERBAL STUDIES PROGRAM AND THE YERBA MANSA PROJECT TO RESTORE NATIVE PLANT HABITAT IN THE RIO GRANDE BOSQUE. DARA HAS A NEW BOOK COMING OUT IN EARLY 2021, THE ECOLOGY OF HERBAL MEDICINE: A GUIDE TO PLANTS AND LIVING LANDSCAPES OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST, PUBLISHED BY UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS.

[HTTPS://ALBUQUERQUEHERBALISM.COM/](https://albuquerqueherbalism.com/)
[HTTPS://YERBAMANSAPROJECT.ORG/](https://yerbamansaproject.org/)

ASHA CANALOS IS AN INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST, WRITER, COMMUNITY ORGANIZER, ENVIRONMENTAL JUSTICE ADVOCATE, EDUCATOR, AND HERBALIST. HER WORK ADDRESSES SOCIAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL JUSTICE; RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN PLANTS AND PEOPLE; AND RESILIENCE/RESISTANCE. CANALOS'S WORK DEVELOPS THROUGH INTENSIVE RESEARCH, FIELD WORK, AND COLLABORATIVE EXCHANGES, OFTEN RESULTING IN AMPLIFICATION PROJECTS FOR AND WITH FRONTLINE COMMUNITIES AND ECOLOGICAL SYSTEMS IMPACTED BY THE FOSSIL FUEL INDUSTRY. INCREASINGLY, HER WORK DRAWS ON HER HERBALISM STUDIES TO HELP ADDRESS ISSUES OF RESILIENCE, SELF-CARE, AND SUSTAINABLE PRACTICES.

[HTTP://ASHA-CANALOS.SQUARESPACE.COM/](http://asha-canalos.squarespace.com/)

DE TIERRA Y AGUA

LIBROS DEL FONDO DEL LAGO

CARLOS HUITZIL

El Lago de Xochimilco, ubicado al sur de lo que hoy conocemos como ciudad de México, formaba parte de un sistema de cinco grandes cuerpos de agua dentro de la cuenca del Anahuac, que se interconectaban entre sí en ciertas épocas del año.

En este lugar, patrimonio cultural de la humanidad, floreció la cultura del agua entre los antiguos pueblos que aquí se asentaron. Durante cientos de años se ha desarrollado la técnica de la **chinampa**: Un agro-sistema de cultivo intensivo que se constituye y sustenta a partir de los materiales orgánicos del lugar, de manera integral y sostenible al entorno del lago. Pequeñas islas que parecieran flotar en el agua donde se pueden tener hasta siete cosechas al año.

Antiguamente, se cultivaba una variedad enorme de hortalizas y flores. Hoy en día, la urbanización y la sobreexplotación de los manantiales han ido reduciendo esta zona a un pequeño sistema de canales, maltratado por visitantes y administraciones políticas. Aun así, representa un reservorio cultural, histórico y ecológico para la ciudad y para el mundo entero.

"Libro chapín" es parte de una serie de ejercicios escultóricos que surgen del acercamiento y la colaboración con la obra de Basia Irland. (Ice books) Y que buscan reconectar con la memoria y el conocimiento olvidado sobre las técnicas, cultivos, semillas, usos y costumbres de los pueblos lacustres de la ciudad de México. Reivindicarlos y compartirlos.

Abordan la poética y el simbolismo del libro como un elemento presente, guardián del conocimiento. Un instrumento de memoria y enseñanza, que resguarda y transmite la sabiduría de los antiguos pobladores. Integran en su constitución elementos naturales propios del paisaje, y retoman saberes y procesos tradicionales del trabajo en la chinampa.

El *chapín* es el nombre que se le da a la unidad de cultivo en la *chinampa*. Un pequeño cubo formado de lodo del fondo del lago, que guarda en su interior la semilla que se convierte en el alimento para la ciudad. La célula desde donde todo se transforma y se llena de vida.

El lodo es el componente fundamental en la construcción y sostenimiento del cultivo ancestral, con él, se preparan los almácigos de donde surge el chapín, y con él se alzaron literalmente las primeras chinampas de donde surgió nuestra ciudad.

Este lodo o limo se formó a partir de ceniza volcánica y la materia orgánica que ofrece el entorno del humedal. Al morir la flora y fauna local se va sedimentando, formando capas en el fondo, que, después de cientos de años, ofrecen un material muy fértil para el cultivo. El "libro chapín" se hace de este fondo, de las profundidades de la memoria antigua que guarda la ciudad bajo sus pies. Germina, abre sus hojas y nos brinda el alimento, sus conocimientos y sus semillas.



OF EARTH AND WATER

BOOKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE

CARLOS HUITZIL

The Lake of Xochimilco, situated to the south of what we know today as Mexico City, once formed part of a system of five large bodies of water within the basin of Anahuac, which were linked together in certain seasons.

In this place of human cultural patrimony, a water-based culture flourished between the ancient communities that had settled there. Over hundreds of years, they developed the technique of the **chinampa**: an agricultural system of intensive cultivation that was composed of and sustained by the organic materials of the place, in a sustainable manner integrated with the lake environment. The **chinampas** were small islands which appeared to float in the water, where up to seven harvests in a single year were possible.

Traditionally, they cultivated an enormous variety of vegetables and flowers. Today, urbanization and the over-exploitation of the wellsprings have gradually reduced this zone to a small system of canals which is mistreated by both visitors and political administration. Even still, it represents a cultural, historical, and ecological reservoir for the city and for the world at large.

Libro chapín is part of a series of sculptural interventions titled *Libros del Fondo del Lago* (*Books from the bottom of the lake*) inspired by and in collaboration with Basia Irland's *Ice Books*. They seek to reconnect forgotten memory and knowledge regarding the techniques, crops, seeds, uses, and customs of the lake-based communities of the city of Mexico. To reclaim them and to share them.

The works approach the poetics and symbolism of the book as an active presence, a guardian of knowledge. An instrument of memory and teaching, which guards and transmits the knowledge of ancient inhabitants. They integrate in their formation natural elements found in the landscape, and reclaim traditional knowledges and processes related to the work of the chinampa.

The *chapín* is the name given to the unit of cultivation in the *chinampa*. A small cube formed of mud from the lake bottom, which guards in its interior the seed that will transform into sustenance for the city. The cell from which everything is transformed and filled with life.

Mud is a fundamental component in the construction and sustainability of ancestral cultivation, with it, one prepares the beds where the *chapín* emerges, and with it the first chinampas were formed, the foundation of our city.

This mud or silt formed from volcanic ash and organic material that is a product of the wetland environment. When the native flora and fauna die, they create sediment, forming layers at the bottom, which after hundreds of years, offer a very fertile material for cultivation.

The *Libro chapín* is constructed of this sediment at the bottom, from the depths of ancient memory hidden at the feet of the city. It germinates, opens its leaves, and offers us sustenance, its knowledge and its seeds.



PARENTESCO ARTÍSTICO EN LA OBRA DE CARLOS HUITZIL

CHLOË COURTNEY

Carlos Huitzil (nacido Carlos Maravilla Santos, Ciudad de México) enraíza su práctica de arte interdisciplinario en participación continuo en los métodos agrícolas y originarios de Xochimilco. Este pueblo antiguo al sur de la que ahora es la Ciudad de México mantiene un vínculo ancestral a los humedales y las vías navegables de la Valle de México. Habitantes y grupos comunitarios cultivan según el sistema indígena de *chinampas*, terrenos construidos y enriquecidos con el sedimento fértil de los canales, y se participan en el trabajo colectivo de mantener el ecosistema. A través de su arte, su obra de organización comunitaria, y trabajo con el grupo de defensa ambiental Umbral Axochiatl, Huitzil fomenta una relación generativa y recíproca con la red de habitantes de Xochimilco, ambos humanos y no-humanos.

Una polinización cruzada sucedió cuando él y la artista Basia Irland, basada en Albuquerque, Nuevo Mexico, se conocieron en 2017. (Aquello año, ambos Huitzil y Irland participaron en la exposición *Decolonizing Nature: Resistance, Resilience, Revitalization* en 516 ARTS.) Hace muchos años, Irland ha estado haciendo arte y organizando acciones comunitarias que enfocan ríos y sus cuencas como la sangre vital de nuestra sociedad. Cuando Huitzil escuchó Irland hablar de sus *Ice Books* (Libros de Hielo) y *Hydrolibros*, fue afectado por la capacidad de sus esculturas en honrar ríos como fuentes de conocimiento y memoria. Irland ofrece las esculturas a los ríos, donde se derriten, soltando las semillas implantadas adentro. Esta acción efímera sino poderoso resonó con la poética de Huitzil de transformar el chapín, un espacio pequeño pero fértil que capacita a la semilla germinar. Sus instalaciones adaptan esta técnica agraria y ancestral como una forma escultural que muda con tiempo mientras las plántulas crecen. Recientemente, ambos artistas han comenzado una colaboración de intercambio, enviando esculturas diminutivas, semillas, y dibujos entre Albuquerque y Xochimilco. Así mismo, *Libro Chapín*, un libro vivo Huitzil esculpió de tierra y lodo, brota dos plántulas de su corazón. Esos brotes jóvenes y delicados, frutas de esto intercambio artístico, nos recuerdan estudiar con atención y esmero los sistemas más-que-humanos que a todos nos nutren y nos sostienen.



ARTISTIC KINSHIP IN THE WORK OF CARLOS HUITZIL

CHLOË COURTNEY

Carlos Huitzil (born Carlos Maravilla Santos, Mexico City) roots his interdisciplinary art practice in active participation in the customary agri-Cultural methods of Xochimilco. This ancient town south of what is now Mexico City maintains an ancestral connection to the wetlands and waterways of the Valley of Mexico. Residents and community groups farm according to the indigenous system of *chinampas*, human-made fields enriched with the fertile sediment of the canals, and participate in the collective labor of maintaining the ecosystem. Through his artwork, community organizing, and work with the environmental advocacy group Umbral Axochiatl, Huitzil cultivates a generative and reciprocal relationship with Xochimilco's network of inhabitants, both human and other-than-human.

An artistic cross-pollination took place when he and Albuquerque-based artist Basia Irland met in 2017. (That year, both Huitzil and Irland participated in the exhibition *Decolonizing Nature: Resistance, Resilience, Revitalization*, which took place at 516 ARTS.) For many years, Irland has been making art and leading community actions which center rivers and watersheds as the lifeblood of our society. When Huitzil saw Irland speak about her *Ice Books* and *Hydrolibros*, he was struck by the way her sculptures honor rivers as sources of knowledge and memory. Irland offers the *Ice Books* to rivers, where they melt, releasing the seeds implanted within. This ephemeral yet powerful action resonated with Huitzil's poetic transformation of the *chapín*, a small but fertile space which allows a seed to germinate. His installations reclaim this ancestral farming technique as a sculptural form that changes over time as the seedlings grow. Recently, the two artists have begun a collaborative exchange, sending diminutive sculptures, seeds, and drawings between Albuquerque and Xochimilco. Similarly, *Libro chapín*, a living book Huitzil sculpted from earth and mud, sprouts two seedlings from its core. These tender young sprouts, fruit of this artistic exchange, remind us to study with attention and care the more-than-human systems that nourish and sustain us all.

APOTHECARY FOR CREEKS AND OTHER LIVING BEINGS

BASIA IRLAND



APOTHECARY FOR CREEKS AND OTHER LIVING BEINGS (WITH
EQUISETUM BUNDLE). YELLOW SPRINGS CREEK, OHIO, 2012-2013

FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR, BASIA IRLAND, IS AN AUTHOR, SCULPTOR, INSTALLATION ARTIST, AND ACTIVIST WHO CREATES INTERNATIONAL WATER PROJECTS FEATURED IN HER BOOKS, "WATER LIBRARY" (UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, 2007) AND "READING THE RIVER: THE ECOLOGICAL ACTIVIST ART OF BASIA IRLAND" (MUSEUM DE DOMIJNEN, 2017). THESE BOOKS FOCUS ON PROJECTS THE ARTIST HAS CREATED IN AFRICA, CANADA, EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA, SOUTHEAST ASIA, AND THE UNITED STATES. SHE IS PROFESSOR EMERITA, DEPARTMENT OF ART AND ART HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO, WHERE SHE ESTABLISHED THE ARTS AND ECOLOGY PROGRAM. HER ART IS FEATURED IN OVER 70 INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS. ON HER WEBSITE, BASIAIRLAND.COM, YOU WILL FIND BLOGS ABOUT GLOBAL WATERWAYS WRITTEN FOR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC; IMAGES FROM HER LARGE RETROSPECTIVE IN THE NETHERLANDS; AND EXTENSIVE PROJECTS AROUND THE WORLD INCLUDING: WATERBORNE DISEASE SCROLL SERIES; "THE GATHERING OF WATERS," WHICH CONNECTS COMMUNITIES ALONG THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF RIVERS; AND "RECEDING/RESEEDING," HAND-CARVED EPHEMERAL ICE BOOKS EMBEDDED WITH A SEED TEXT THAT ARE FLOATED DOWN STREAMS TO AID WITH RIPARIAN RESTORATION.



MEDICINAL HERBS FOR PEOPLE AND RIVERS,
EQUISETUM, WOOD, CARRYING STRAP,
GLASS VIALS, 14 X 18 X 3 IN. (36 X 45 X 8 CM)

PHOTO CREDIT: MARGOT GEIST

ACKNOWLEDGING OGA' POGEH

CHRISTIAN GERING, DIEGO MEDINA

The Acknowledging Oga' Pogeh coloring book was created by Santa Fe Art Institute 2020 Story maps Fellows Christian Gering and Diego Medina, and Inspired by the Oga Po'Geh - Santa Fe Acknowledgement - a document originally drafted by Dr. Estevan Rael-Gálvez based on archival, ethnographic and archaeological research in consultation with Taytsugeh oweengeh, scholars and the Culture Connects Mid Town Project team.

(<https://www.cultureconnects.site/>)

ACKNOWLEDGING THIS PLACE, ITS HISTORY AND ITS PEOPLE

We acknowledge the breath of those that came before us and all of the living animals, on the ground and above it. We acknowledge that this place we now call Santa Fe is still recognized as Oga Po'geh (White Shell Water Place). Thousands of years ago, it was a center place for the communities of Northern and Southern Tewa (often identified as Tanos). The living memory and stories told by the people of Taytsúgeh Oweengeh (Tesuque Pueblo) hold profound meaning to this day, revealing that the ancestral site, Oga Po'geh is Taytsúgeh and Taytsúgeh is Oga Po'geh still.

We acknowledge that this place is also part of a much larger sovereign landscape for indigenous peoples: the chronicle of its headwaters are woven into the origin stories of Nambe Pueblo; the clays surrounding the site were a resource for both Tewa people and the Jicarilla Apache; and it is a place where stories are braided into and from the past by the Diné (Navajo), Cochiti, Taos and Hopi Pueblos and more still not yet told.

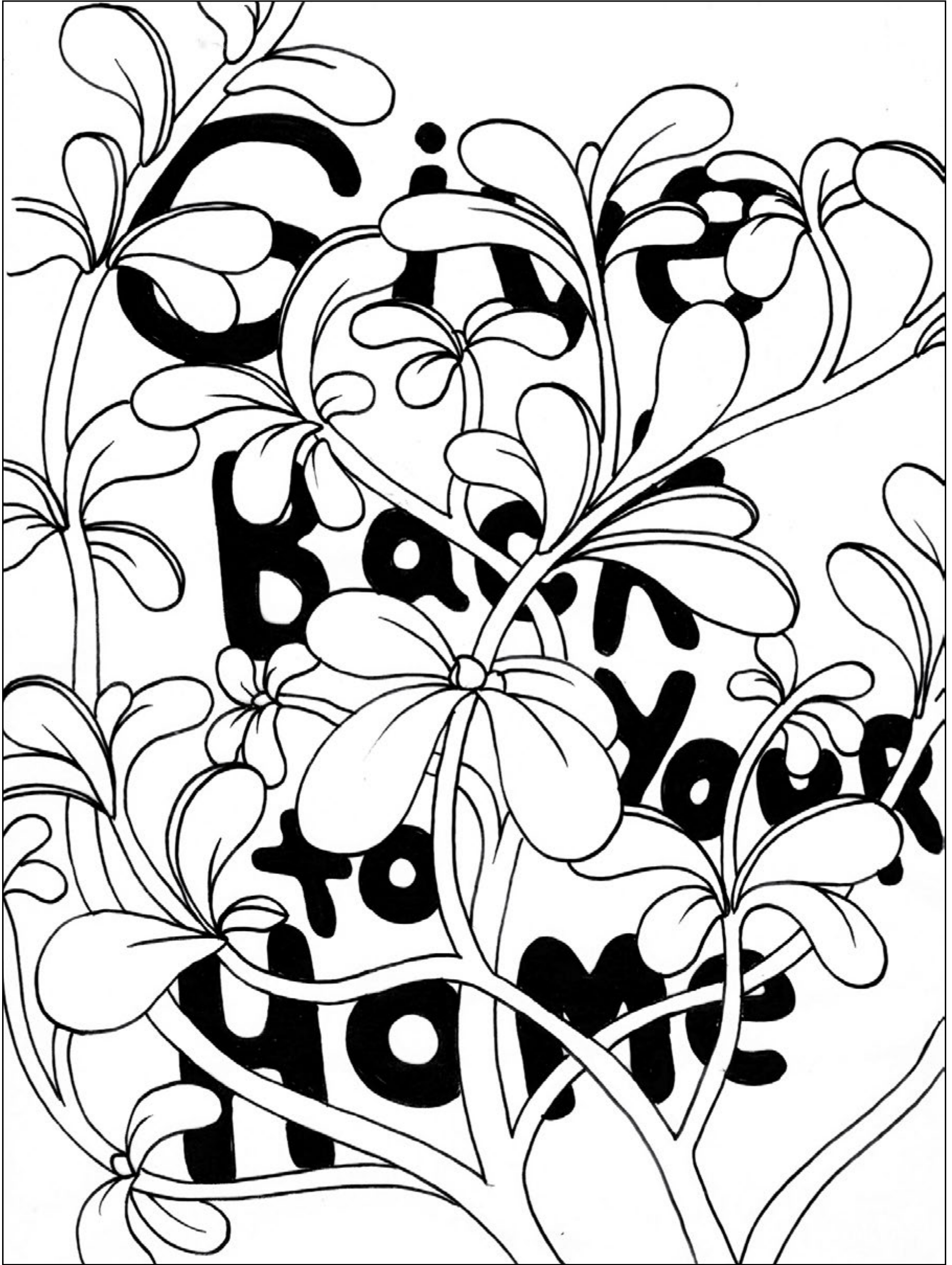
We acknowledge Spanish settlement occurred over four centuries ago and was as much about the possession of place as it was about the displacement of people. From that beginning, La Villa Real de la Santa Fe was made up of colonists from Spain, Mexico, France, Greece, and Portugal. There were also Africans and many "Indios Mexicanos" whose displacement may have begun in captivity, but lived as free men and women. There were also thousands of enslaved indigenous people who came to be labeled Genízaro, Criado, and Famulo, and whose identities were listed in ecclesiastical records as Aa, Apache, Comanche, Diné, Kiowa, Pawnee, Paiute and Ute. Hundreds more were simply listed in the records as "Mexican Indians." Complex castas stemmed from these origins, including people labeled as Colores Quebrados, Colores Revueltos, Colores Sospechos, Coyotes, and Mestizos.

Two and half centuries after these first Euro-mestizo settlements were formed, the push and pull of migration from every direction has brought new people to this place, including individuals and families from nearly every single state in the nation and from several other countries. The convergence of cultures and the profound and beautiful complexity of identity that is layered across four centuries of presence here, is reflected in the intricately woven genealogies of Santa Fe's residents.

For those that continue to live in this place, generational or recently arrived, all must recognize the astonishing complexity of this magnificent and sovereign landscape and its people. Acknowledgment also requires holding both the beauty and the pain and supporting ongoing dialogue and story sharing, all of which reflect a vibrant and equitable community. We are the stewards of this land, of its water and air and of each other. Our breath, like the breath of those that precede us, will be left for those that follow us.

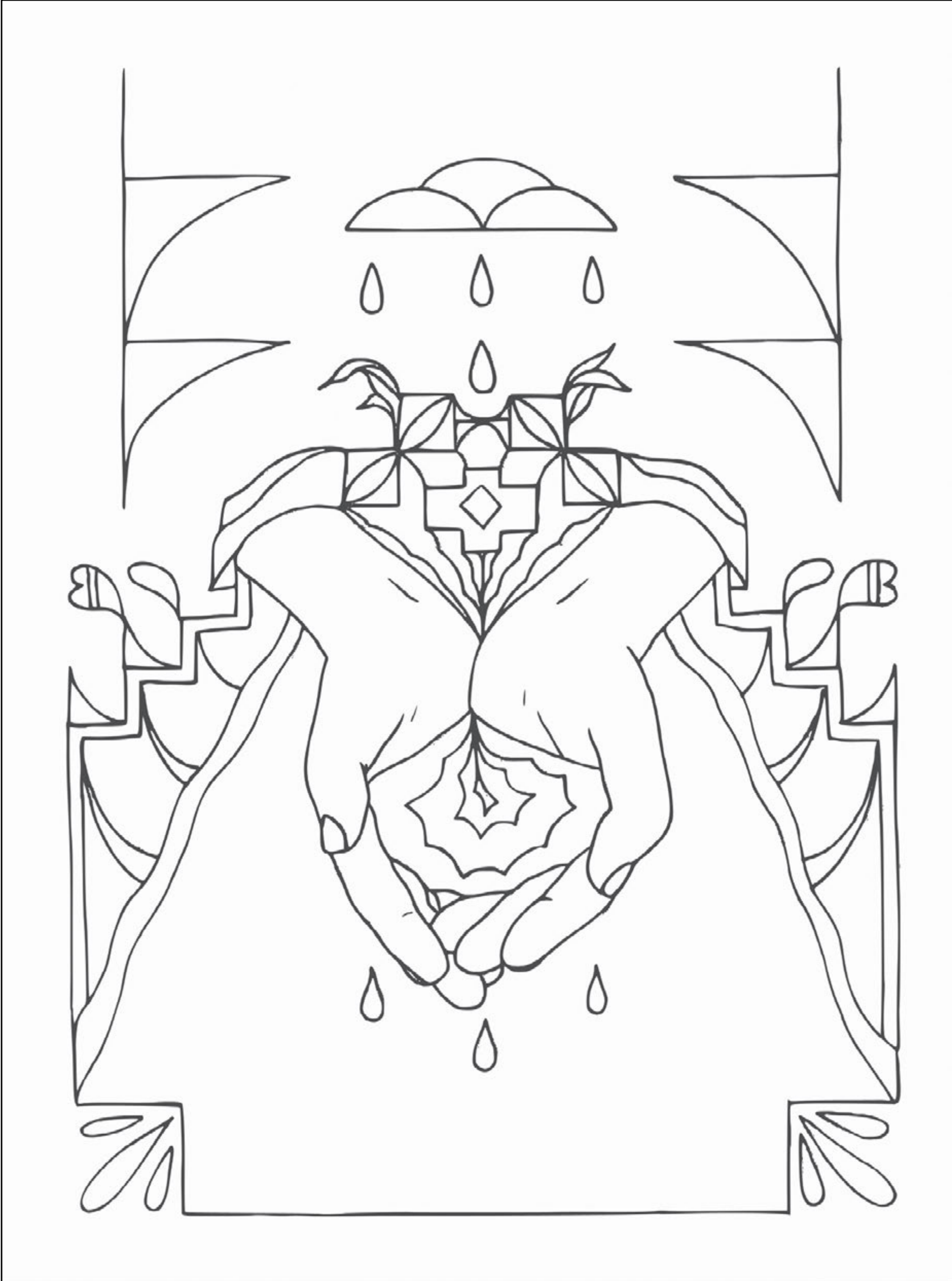
The importance of the coloring book is to acknowledge this place of Santa Fe, its history, and its people which is so important to imagining its future.

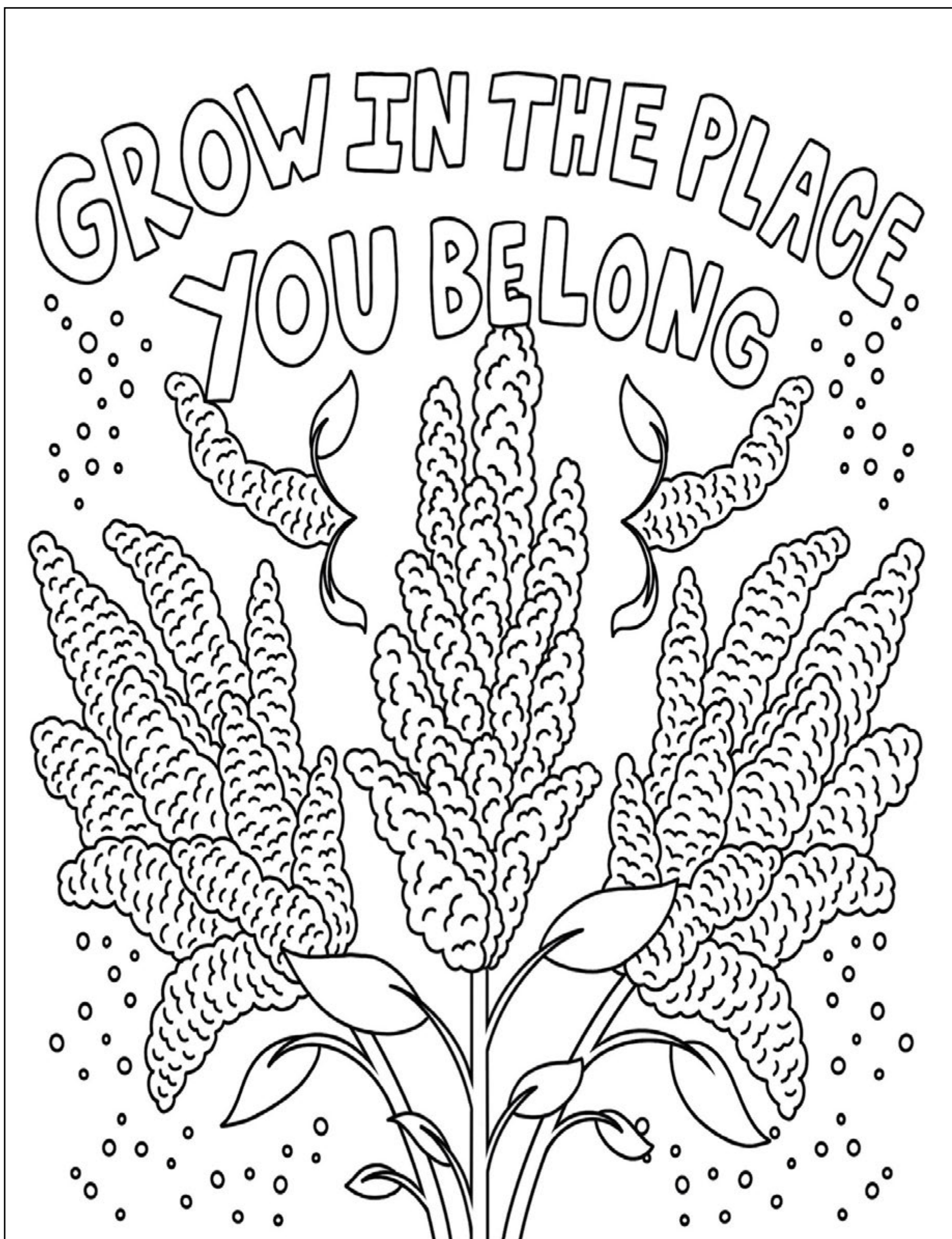
The following images are a sample from the book. The entire coloring book can be downloaded here: <https://www.cultureconnects.site/>



THIS FIRST IMAGE IS A DEPICTION OF PURSLANE. A MEDICINAL PLANT THAT IS A "SETTLER" THAT HONORS THE SACRED PACT OF RECIPROCITY THAT HEALTHY COMMUNITIES AND ECOSYSTEMS NEED. EVEN THOUGH PURSLANE IS NOT NATIVE TO NEW MEXICO, IT OFFERS ITS MEDICINE BACK TO ITS NEWFOUND HOME MAKING IT AN HONORABLE EXAMPLE OF HOW TO BE A GOOD RELATIVE AND COMMUNITY MEMBER. THIS MAGICAL PLANT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS HOLY MEDICINE AND WE ARE FORTUNATE TO HAVE IT BE PART OF OUR ECOSYSTEM HERE.

THIS IMAGE IS A DEPICTION OF THE SACRED RELATIONSHIP WE HAVE WITH WATER, AND THE CYCLICAL BALANCE THAT WE HOLD WITH IT. OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH WATER IS ONE THAT IS DEEPLY EMBEDDED INTO OUR SPIRIT, AND THE SPIRIT OF ALL LIVING THINGS, AND AS SUCH IT IS REVERED TO THE HIGHEST DEGREE. MAY WE ALSO HOLD WATER IN REVERENCE AND GIVE THANKS FOR ITS OFFER OF LIFE TO US.





THIS IMAGE IS A DEPICTION OF AMARANTH, A NATIVE PLANT TO THIS REGION THAT HAS PROVIDED SUSTENANCE TO MANY OF THE COMMUNITIES THAT HAVE CALLED OGA'POGEH HOME, AS WELL AS THE SURROUNDING PUEBLOS OF NEW MEXICO AND OTHER DIVERSE AGRICULTURAL COMMUNITIES. ALTHOUGH, NOT AS WELL-KNOWN AS OTHER NATIVE PLANTS, AMARANTH HAS KEPT ITS CONNECTION WITH MANY OF THESE COMMUNITIES AND HAS FOUND WAYS TO GROW AND THRIVE WHEN THE LAND HAS BEEN LEFT TO FALLOW. THE SEEDS OF THE AMARANTH MAY BE SMALL, BUT AS A COLLECTIVE, THE SEEDS HAVE TRAVELED FAR AND ONCE SETTLED IN A SPOT BRING FORTH PLENTIFULNESS.



THIS IMAGE IS A DEPICTION OF A CENTERING MANDALA. AS 2020 FELLOWS FOR SANTA FE ART INSTITUTE STORYMAPS, WE FOCUSED ON THE IMPORTANCE OF FINDING OUR CENTER WITHIN THE NEW CENTER OF OGA' POGEH (SANTA FE). THE IDEA OF FINDING CENTER IS IMPORTANT FOR SELF, BUT ALSO A COMMUNITY AND IN RELATION TO HOW WE VIEW THE LAND. THE CENTER CAN BE VIEWED AS GROUNDING AND AT THE HEART OF WHAT OUR GREATEST INTENTIONS CAN BE WHEN WE ARE IN RELATION WITH EACH OTHER, THE LAND, AND OTHER BEINGS. TO HAVE A CENTER IS TO BE ABLE TO BE CONFIDENT AND STAND UPON A FOUNDATION WHEN CHALLENGED, FOR NEW GROWTH, OR RETURNING HOME.

CHRISTIAN GERING IS A MULTI-MEDIA ARTIST HAILING FROM KATISHYTA (SAN FELIPE PUEBLO) AND THE PI'PIL PEOPLE OF EL SALVADOR. HIS CREATIVE INSPIRATION IS LINKED TO HIS PASSION FOR MOVEMENT. THE PRACTICE AND ART FORM OF RUNNING HAS HELPED CHRISTIAN FIND HIS CONNECTION TO MANY CREATIVE ENDEAVORS TIED TO LAND, FOOD, ART, AND SELF-EMPOWERMENT. EACH TIME HE RUNS AND CHOOSES TO CREATE, HE IS PICKING UP FROM WHERE HIS ANCESTORS LEFT OFF, ENACTING A HEALTHY LIFESTYLE, AND HOPING TO INSPIRE THE NEW GENERATION OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES. HE TAKES HIS EXPERIENCES OF RUNNING UP PEAKS, DOWN ARROYOS, AND ACROSS A VARIETY OF LANDSCAPES AND TRANSLATES THOSE FEELINGS, EMOTIONS, IDEAS, AND VISIONS AND MANIFESTS THEM INTO THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

DIEGO MEDINA IS AN ARTIST AND EDUCATOR FROM LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO. HIS FAMILY IS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FAMILIES FROM THE HISTORIC MESQUITE DISTRICT, THE OLD PUEBLO FOR THE PIRO-MANSO-TIWA TRIBE. IN LAS CRUCES, THE TRIBE WAS FORMED FROM ALL OF THE NATIVE COMMUNITIES THAT WERE LIVING TOGETHER IN THE MISSIONS OF PASO DEL NORTE—THE AREA BETWEEN JUAREZ, MEXICO AND LAS CRUCES—WHICH INCLUDED A DISTINCTIVE AND SPECIAL FUSION OF VARIOUS INDIGENOUS CULTURES THAT WERE EITHER LIVING IN THE REGION ALREADY, OR BROUGHT TO THE MISSIONS, OFTEN AS SLAVES. DIEGO'S PERSONAL ARTWORK FOCUSES ON THE PRESERVATION OF THAT CULTURAL HISTORY AGAINST AN EVER-ENCROACHING, BURGEONING COLLEGE TOWN THAT HAS AN INHERENT ASSIMILATION AND ERASURE PROTOCOL AND AN INCREASING SETTLER POPULATION UNAWARE OF THE STORIES HELD WITHIN THE LAND THEY INHABIT.

DIEGO MIXES MYTHOLOGY WITH ELEMENTS OF PRAYER TO CREATE VISUAL NARRATIVES, OFTEN ACCOMPANIED BY POETRY, THAT SUPPLANT THE CULTURAL HISTORY AND IMAGERY WITHIN THE PRESENT LANDSCAPE. AS AN EDUCATOR, DIEGO HAS WORKED BOTH AS A PUBLIC-SCHOOL TEACHER AND AS A MUSEUM EDUCATOR FOR THE PAST 6 YEARS. DIEGO HAS LIVED IN SANTA FE FOR 5 YEARS AND CURRENTLY WORKS AT THE INDIAN ARTS RESEARCH CENTER AS AN EDUCATOR AS WELL AS MAINTAINING HIS PERSONAL ART PRACTICE. DIEGO ALSO DOES DESIGN AND PHOTOGRAPHY WORK FOR SHY NATIVES, A NATIVE OWNED CLOTHING COMPANY. ASIDE FROM BEING AN ARTIST AND EDUCATOR, DIEGO IS VERY PASSIONATE ABOUT TRADITIONAL PRACTICES OF PRAYER AND INCORPORATES PRAYER INTO EVERY ASPECT OF HIS LIFE. DIEGO LOVES TURTLES, CUTE CREATURES LIKE FAIRIES AND GNOMES, AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT USED TO BE A BOXER, A PRACTICE HE STILL KEEPS UP WITH TODAY.



*“Earthseed cast on
new ground must
first perceive
that it knows nothing.”*

Octavia Butler

www.seedbroadcast.org