

JOURNAL #2

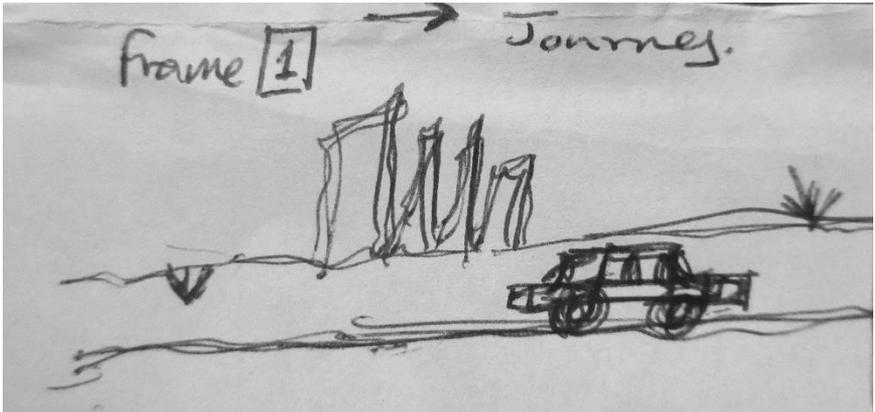
*INITIATION IN
FOUR CORNERS*



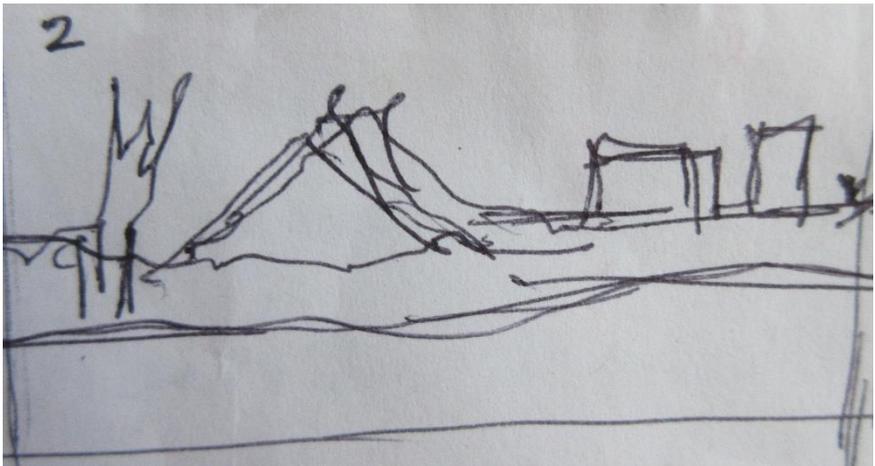
THEATRE MOVEMENT INTERNATIONAL

Section 1: THE JOURNEY

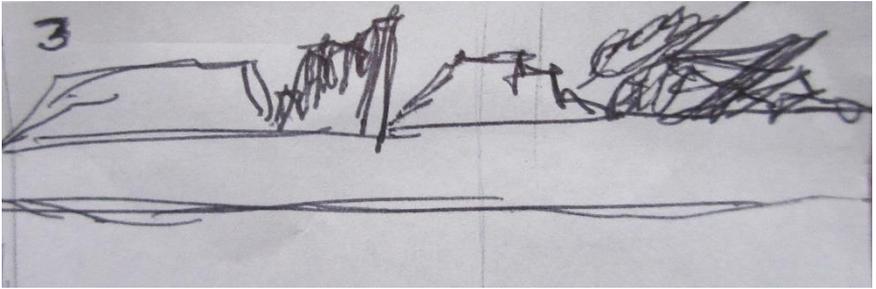
Story & Drawings by Rudradeep Chakrabarti



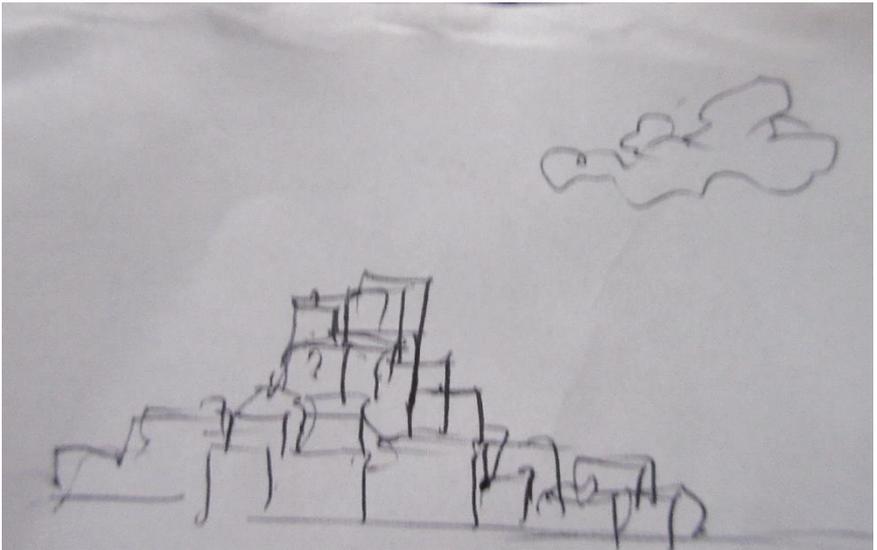
After viewing the sacred Grand Canyon when I was driving across Arizona with Celeste, I was in a trance. The impact of the extreme geology of the area was mind-blowing. I was lost in a miasma of visions.



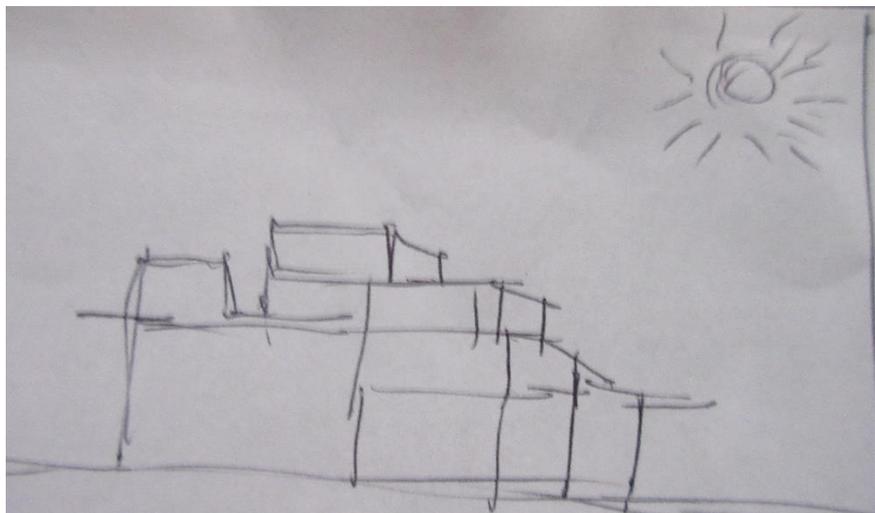
I found my mind consumed with thoughts of trees turned to stone over millions of years, sand dunes, sea floor and mud becoming sandstone, limestone and shale.



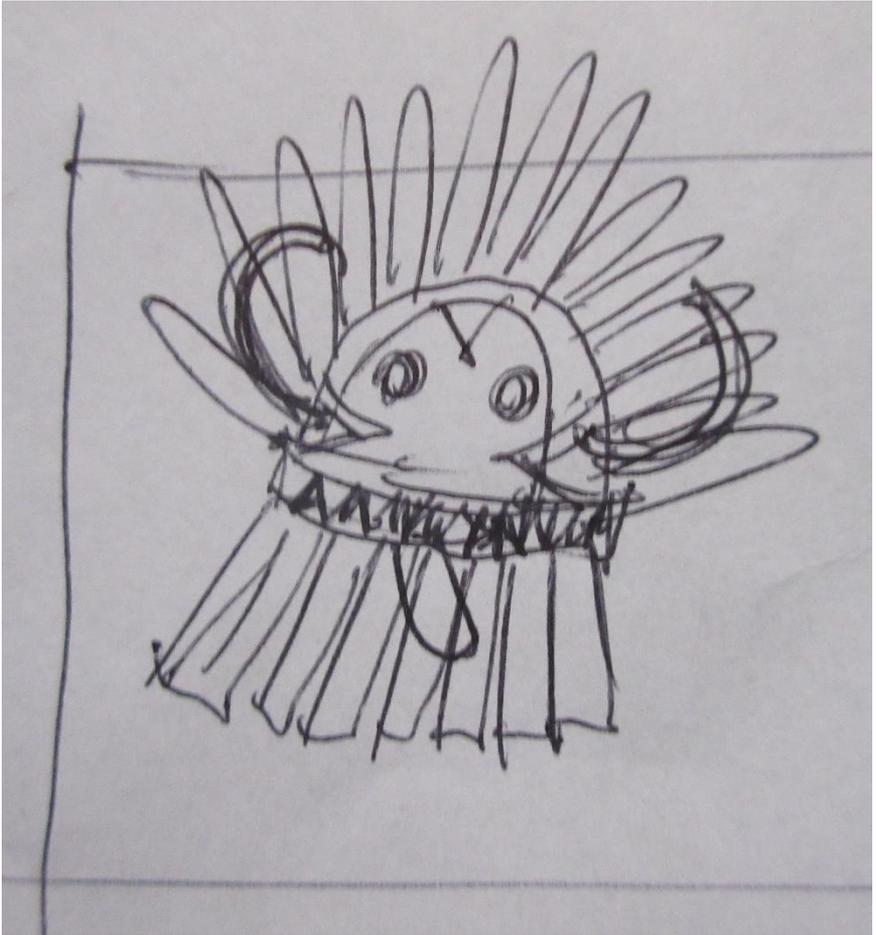
The idea that about a million years ago, a great upheaval lifted all sedimentary deposits forcing the Earth's crust to buckle and swell. Rivers cut into the canyons, including this Grand Canyon.



I learned that; according to Hopi beliefs, their ancestors climbed up to this world on a road.

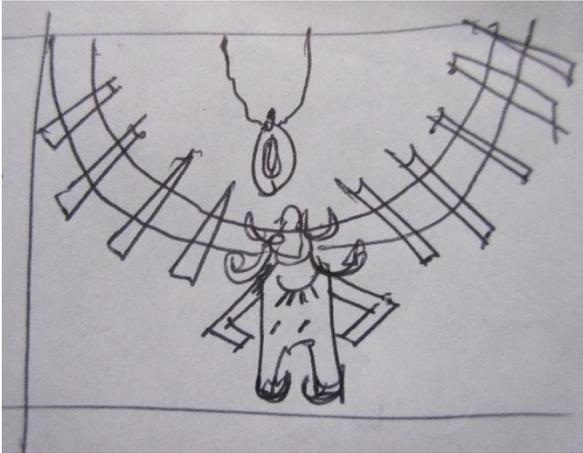


They were met by Masauwu, who helped the Hopi settle at Oraibi and gave them stewardship of the land.

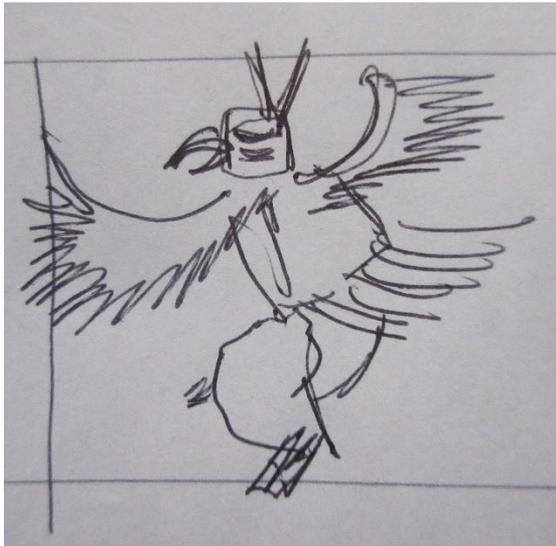


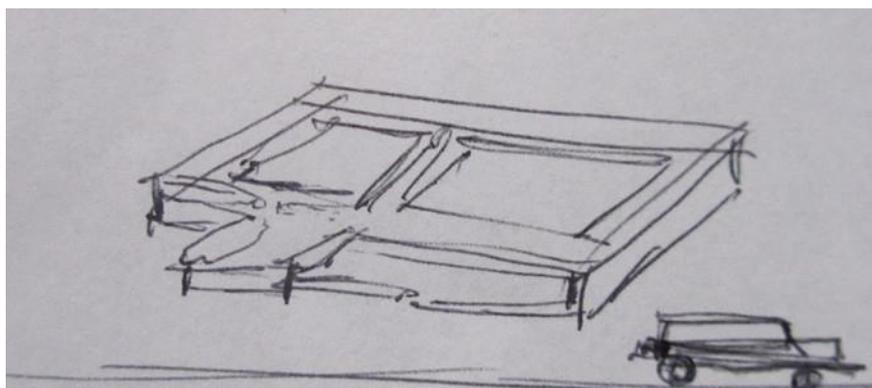
He told them to leave their footprints as they journeyed in search of the Center Place

I found that the Hopi calendar is divided between social and Kachina ceremonials, the latter held from late December to July.

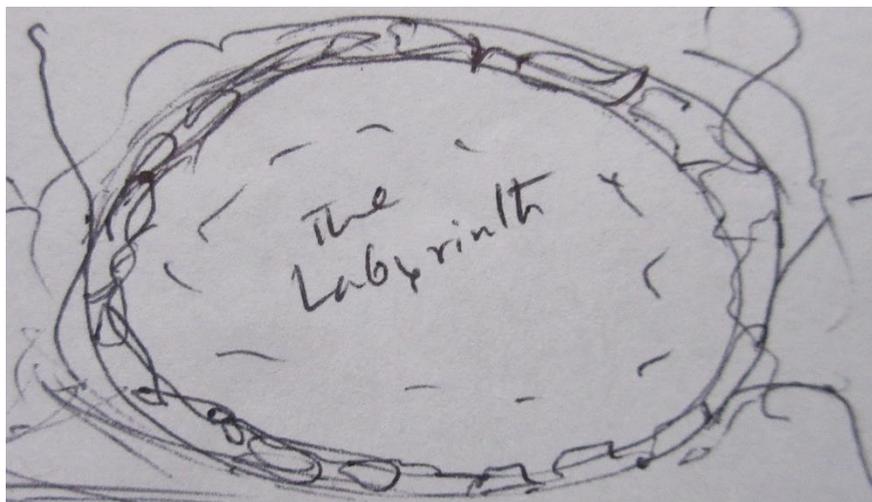


We are traveling now, in July.



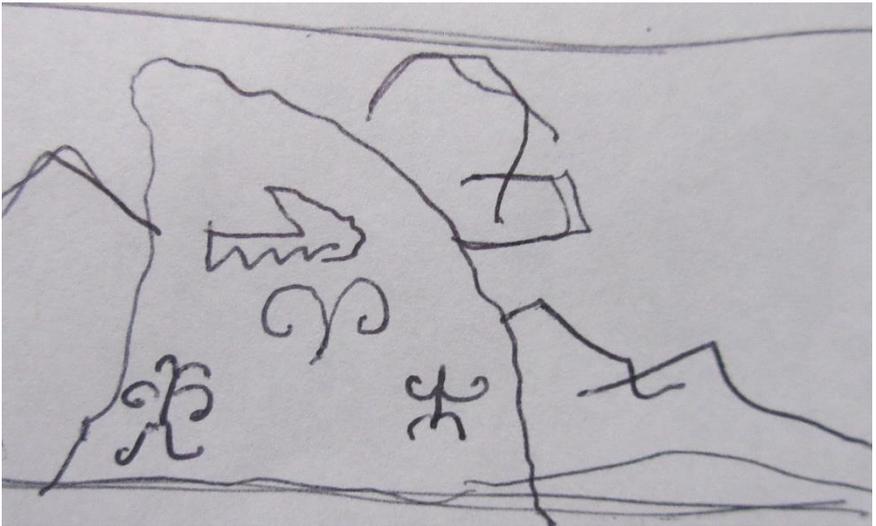


Amidst thunder and lightning, facing heavy rains and a massive black storm, we reach Springville, close to the New Mexico border. We're at an elevation of 6,974 feet, 2126 feet above sea level in the central eastern part of Arizona.



In the morning, after the rains had stopped and the brilliant, warm sun was out, we went to a local museum. Later we visited the Casa Malpais archaeological site of the ancient Pueblo people.

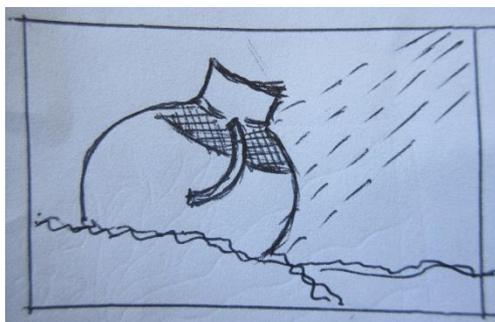
Both the Hopi and the Zuni still consider Casa Malpais as a sacred ancestral place, it is one of the latest dated Mogollon sites.



I'm amazed by the thought that we are standing on the Springville volcanic field, which contains over 400 volcanoes within a fifty-mile radius of Springville. This is the third largest volcanic field in the continental United States.

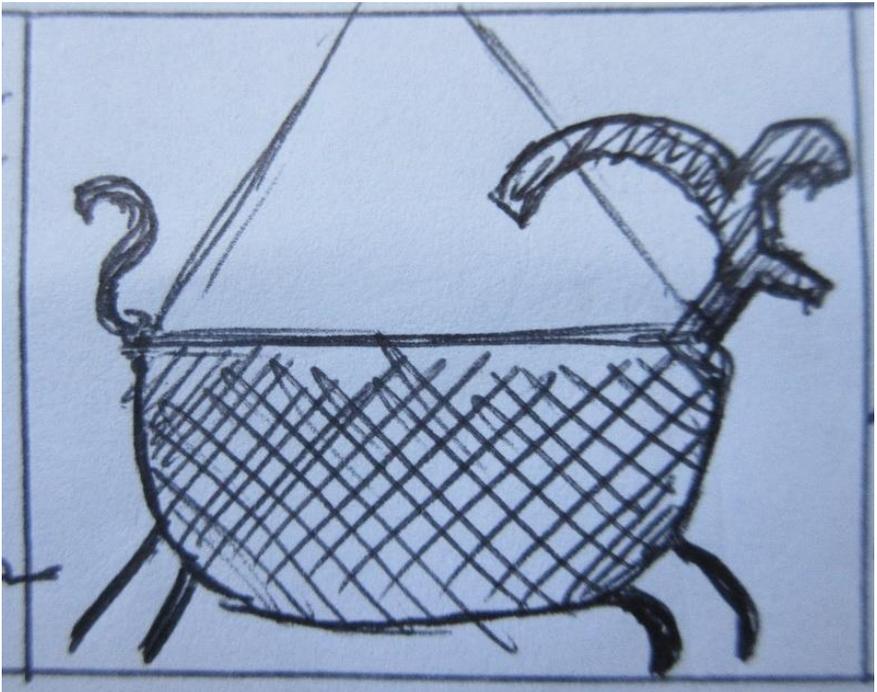


I do some research and discover that with the 'conquest' of New Mexico in 1598, Spanish governors, soldiers and missionaries began their brutal subjugation of the Pueblo 'Indian' in what is today the south western United States. This oppression continued for decades, until the summer of 1680, when the visionary Shaman 'Pope' led a rebellion. The Pueblo rebellion was planned in total secrecy which resulted in all Spaniards, settlers in Santa Fe being routed from the Pueblo homelands. This is the only time in north American history that an invading European force has been thoroughly expelled from Native territories.



While traveling, sometimes you may encounter a family of Dineh' (Navajo) people, a member of which is a carver of Kachina dolls, (Kachina beliefs can be traced to the social and religious life of the Pueblos. Today Kachina's are believed to be messengers between the people and the forces which control the universe.)· You may also run into an old man who offers a bowl of mutton stew, a cattleman who is confused and wandering aimlessly, a tracker who can read signs on the ground, some First Nation children who like oranges, a group of bearded men hiding from the desert sun in a musty old desert saloon·

You might meet a man who is crazy in love with snakes· You will meet a bit of river, strange trees and cactus, coyotes, birds in all hues, bees busy at work pollinating life, big horned sheep...sometimes, you many even encounter yourself·





After a long interval of scenic driving, pine trees lining the narrow mountain road, we arrive in the area of Ruidoso, a small mostly white, tourist town near Mescalero. We take a break and gather some additional necessities: flashlight batteries, peanuts, umbrella to shield the burning sun, some wool gloves for the cold nights, since we are high in the mountains now and ceremonies go well into the chill of evening.

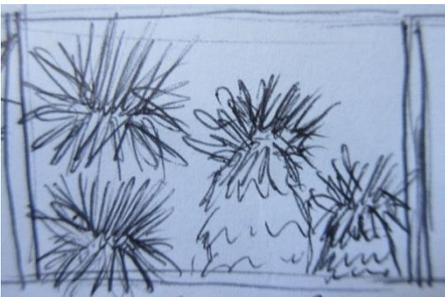
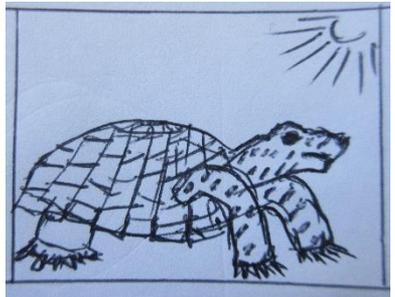
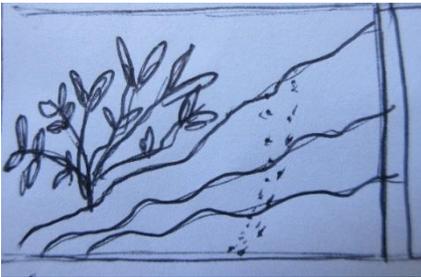
I researched the history of Mescalero, it tends to remember the Mescalero tribe as mountain people, but the tribe's eastern most bands ranged from the Texas pan-handle south towards big bend and into Mexico.

The Mescalero reservation was established on May 29th, 1873, but peace proved as elusive as the agency's food rations. White predators attacked the tribal people's camps, stole their horses and supplies. Corrupt agents in charge of the reservation and traders



cheated tribal members out of their sparse possessions. The U.S. Army pushed them from place to place relentlessly.

Deprived of guns and horses, unable to hunt; the tribe was quite frequently at starvation level. To save themselves, they fled again and again.



Persevering through all adversity, the tribe today continues its sacred ceremonies and honor of its sacred spirits.

Our journey's objective was to be present at the Mescalero/Chiricahua Maturation Ceremony, and intense four-day ceremony where young maidens enter into womanhood. By becoming the Nde' people's sacred being 'White Painted Woman' they bestow blessing on the community.

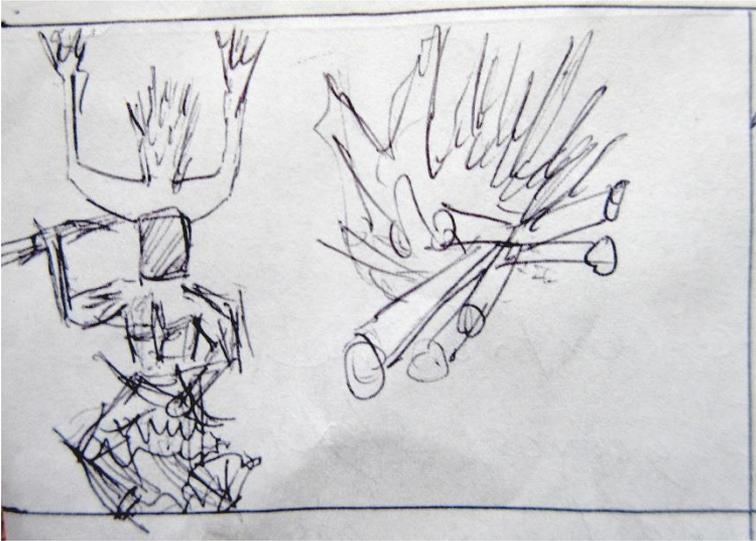


All aspects of the ceremony, all sacred regalia are made and blessed by tribal medicine persons.

On the first day of ceremony a ritual teepee comprised of a base of four spruce saplings, is constructed. The completed, very lush, large teepee will house the young girls and their support people throughout ceremonial proceedings for the duration of the ceremony.

On each of the four nights, sacred Mountain Spirits bless the Nde' (Apache) encampment and drive away any evil/negativity that attempts to intrude.

In each medicine group of Mountain Spirits there is usually four sacred dancers and one or more sacred clowns, who are the most powerful of all these spirits, depending on the ceremony being enacted.



The Mountain Spirits enter the ceremonial grounds and approach the Sacred Fire. A chorus of singer/drummers and the medicine man associated with the group of Spirits dancing accompany them with sacred music. The songs are usually handed down, generation to generation from before the beginning of time.

The Nde' people continue to honor the powerful forces of Usen (creator), White Painted Woman, their Sacred Being and the protector spirits she endowed the tribe with; the Mountain Spirits and acknowledge the blessings these beings bring the tribe.

There are many groups of Nde' people, Nde' means 'The People'...they were deemed 'apache', which means 'enemy' or 'stealthy' by their enemies.



Section 2. THE EXPERIENCE
Intro, Poem, Art by DeCoy Gallerina

INTRO TO THE EXPERIENCE

By deCoy Gallerina

We arrived in Mescalero, pitched our tents at my family member's camp site, where we stayed for a week, attending Mountain Spirit ceremonies at night. Witnessing crowned spirits, with hundreds of jingles on their persons, which through their tinkling, announced their presence and haunting owl-like calls into the night and the massive fire around which they danced powerfully, sometimes leaping into the air, sometimes bowing their heads, wielding their horns in a sort of challenge to honor Sacred Fire. Around them the tribe's many women members dance, faces towards the fire, lit red...their fringe flinging with the rhythm of their march, styles dependent on whether they are of the Mescalero or Chiricahua Nde' groups. Around this, family members, spectators, visitors sit and around this a massive arbor, where food and ceremonial aspects are prepared. And, to the side the main ceremonial teepee where young maidens dance and pray supported by helpers and medicine people. The night, smoke, haunting calls, medicine people singing for the dancers and girls, melodic and rhythmic...my eyes closed for some moments, I take it all in.

For Many generations the Nde' People (Apache) have danced as the Mountain Gods to drive away sickness and evil and to bring good health and good fortune to the tribe's community, all present are blessed, We are blessed.

The people and children are kind, open, welcoming and share with us their food, stories, friendship, laughter. I introduce Rudra to my relatives, my niece, uncle and many others.

Each night the ceremony goes on, until late, then there are social dances for the rest of the night. In the day there are dances from other tribes, including the gourd dance and other Nde' tribal dances including the war dance, where men wield rifles and wear black feathered war hats, and their high leather boots, they stalk, hunt, menace and protect with their movements, the people of the tribe.

There are parades which feature the young maidens who are entering into womanhood, we bring my relative's children to the parade with us, sit on plastic chairs in the hot New Mexico sun, splash water on our faces and watch the procession of horses, music and so many colorfully decorated cars and Nde' people pass by.

Many things happen at the ceremonial event; most are positive, and some exemplify the struggle of these people who have suffered great oppression.

We brought many gifts for everyone and sitting at dinner in a great, expansive tent we display them on a long wooden table where people eat and talk to each other in lively conversations. On the days that follow many relatives sport felt, wool, straw hats in many styles, what fun! A teenage nephew has perched upon his head, a brimmed cap, and nods at us from afar.

ALL TOGETHER

"WHAT THE FUCK, DAVE!!!!????"

*Older brother attacks younger
we hear the hard-violent smack
hard fist to tender flesh*

*...thud
...impact*

body to hard ground

this happening two tents away

"WHAT THE FUCK, DAVE!!!!????"

Screams a young wife, horrified

The group of them 'buzzed' to the max

Dave's screaming "She's MY WIFE, stay the fuck away from her!!"

"That was a long time ago!" the brother moans

"Get off of him!!!" she screams

*Fear rises through my stomach to my diaphragm
the violence effects all in proximity that can hear, sense it*

Sorrow in my heart

"How can they hurt each other,

this is our tribe, we're all related?"

Such sadness permeates my soul, my black matter

The matter is infinitely

BlackDarkHellishHell

Beyond the escape of booze

Drugs

Denial

Ripping through my belly

Relatives, friends, visitors
Gather just beyond the circle
Of medicine people surrounding
The intimate, sacred space of ceremony
Ceremony fire burning
Its heart at the center of yucca fronds
Beneath sky opening
centered above
Tipi poles spiraling to stars
Delicate smoke wafting upwards
Maidens eyes wide
Great their effort
Dazed
As heavy fringe dashes quickly
With the fast rhythm of their jerking bodies
Hands forward, before their bodies
Hips responding to the diagonal motions of their feet
Hips leveraging inertia
Heel toe, heel toe, heel toe
They scoot across the mat beneath their feet
From one edge of it to the other
About two feet across
Sweat pouring from their skin
One prayer, one chant, then another
Attendants murmuring encouragement
The pit's fire



*Sending a tinge of warm light to their faces
Glistening with moisture
Then the signal to sit
Beyond these people
Backs to the girls
Facing the opposite direction
Singers chant the Spirits and fire
The next layer is the women in rough shoes
And many-colored shawls
Dancing, single file around the Spirits and fire
Some in camp dresses, skirts billowing
As the kick of their feet
Sends the cloth furling about their calves and ankles
Some in worn jeans, sweat shirts bearing tribal emblems
Faces directed forward, some angled askance to the fire and Spirits
Brisk steps on the balls of toes
levitate women a miniscule distance from earth
All but imperceptible*

Chiricahuas





Mescaleros

Heavy, sure, steady marching step

Lifting their knees

Letting their feet fall to connect solidly with earth

Lift again and again

Step after step, hour after hour

Within this clockwise circle

Prayers expressed through the Spirit's bodies

Tinkle of thousands of metal jingles

Slap of sabers hitting hide skirts

Drum, rhythm, focus

Thighs and sabers create a force of sound

Grabbing attention, directing it



*Resounding, high pitched, owl like call
Guttural in throats
Freed through lips and leather mask
Dust, flames
Sacred fire
Center
Arbor to one side
Boughs woven high
People around grilled fires within
Vats of bubbling grease
Hands covered with white flour
And rubber like dough
Placed by long sticks
Into oil to cook
People sitting on benches
In shadows
Greeting each other
Quietly conversing
Further, beyond the grounds and arbor
Huge caravan like rooms covered with canvas over wood beams*

*Filled with benches, large tables
For eating, visiting, food preparation*

Spigots for water

*Containers of sugary, red colored beverage, some sort of 'Kool-Aid'
Which has been a part of this gathering, ever since I can remember
At what point does something become 'tradition', formal or otherwise?*

Supplies, food, vegetables

Bowls of stew, fry bread

Styrofoam plates, cups

White, plastic utensils

Everyone standing around, or moving quickly to get the next thing done

Fire in one corner for cooking meat

*Someone and a friend standing there tending pots filled with
bubbling concoctions*

*Children, cousins, nieces, nephews, brothers, sisters, babies, mothers,
fathers, grand and great-grands*

Lineage

And, spirits of the centuries and millennia and space unknown

Present

This large open, covered room

Lends access to the private tipis of each girl

Being honored in the ceremony this year

Teepees in which the girls are prepared for each step of her task

*Teepees for her privacy, comfort and conferencing with her medicine guides
and helpers*

Teepees for safe keeping of her privacy and private things

Teepees in which she and her helpers can rest and re-coop their focus

Chairs, suitcase, cot, sacred items, supplies, clothing, presents

*Beyond the Teepees, parked cars, a private road, campers, tents, a field,
the tribe's rodeo grounds*

A four-lane highway, Ruidoso, Alamogordo, White Sands...

Water is passed to all within the dark ceremonial tipi

All are tired, exhausted from this long vigil

Dry leaves on the long pine tipi pole sparkle with the light of the fire

The signal to sit

With dignity and full, though fatigued, awareness

The girls sit formally in their designated positions

Feet extended straight out before them, hands in their laps
Some adjust fringe, arrange their skirts
As this ceremony goes, so does their life
The force and dignity with which they complete and execute this ceremony
Is theirs for life
As is the blessing it bestows upon all to whom they are connected
And, all present, as well
They become Sacred White Painted Women
The vehicles of her presence
Her, in their purified flesh, her manifest in matter
The grey rawhide soles of their finely crafted boots
Facing the fire
The soles smooth surfaces shining in that light
Face shining with sweat
A medicine helper
Wipes her forehead with a small, colored cloth
Her helper sits by her side
Eyelids drooping with fatigue
Fighting off drowsiness
Pulling her feinting head to upright
Whispering a few words to the girl
A long, rigorous vigil
An arduous journey
The signal to dance again
The girls are alert, quickly up on their feet
Even in their exhausted, sometimes wavering state
They exhibit intense strength and intention
This offering to the spirits
Fragments of memory
In sparks of fire
Nieces, nephews, grand ones
Different families
All related
In this remote place
In this center of the universe

*Police sirens blast speeding up road
on a hill above the scared teepees, camper's tents
Which surround the ceremony
Drinkers, drinking, getting high throughout the day, night
Ceremony
Niece and her friends drink beers
Maintaining a constant, insulating buzz
The culture they learned
From their father and mother
Their father's face blue-grey and bloodless
Reflecting his life of alcoholism and liver condition
Sometimes with love in his eyes
And at others mouthing a slightly slurred indictment of age old rage
"You're not Indian!"
The routine acted out almost mechanically, absently menacing
His drunk on so long, he doesn't get a buzz
Just services his addiction
Passed to his children
I love him
I love them
Deep is my compassions and the emotion
Burning my breast
I remember the kids
When they were so tiny
Little round faces staring up happily at their auntie
Innocence
Crazy lil Ndn kids running around, play fighting like maniacs
Sitting, chatting, helping, heaving heavy tubs of beverage, water, stew
Everyone working hard or resting, visiting
With one intention
Supporting the girls in their journey
Coming and going, sitting, eating, conversing, sharing
All in good will and good thought
Washing hands, dishes, faces, arms
Water spilling from the single spigot at the center of the room
it's been a 'wet' year*



And, it rains for ceremony every year

*Meals served on tables many yards long
Long lines of people awaiting the feast on one side of these tables
On the opposite side
People with large serving spoons
Dish out pozole and beef stew, potato salad, baked mescal
The line moves along
Again, and again during this seven day long gathering
Some do for love, some for money
It's a good thing
Some come to party
Some to pray
Some lost, some knowing
This is the way of it
Comprised, mostly of people of brown skin, all hues
Before and behind you*

*In the hot sun of the day
No one sleeps, not really
There is the 49 til sunrise
Boys whooping coyote yelps
...songs loud and clear, though slurred
The rustling of people preparing the morning meal
Gourd dance beginning
Sirens and yelling
Snoring and chill
Sunrise
Continuum
Constant
Circular
No sleep
Night
Day
Parade
Heat*





*PunkGoth teens
Purple hair
Stretched ear lobes
Meander the grounds
Walk in the parade alongside
Their aunts and uncles in cowboy boots, hats, jeans
Their black T-shirts branded with counter-culture messages and
Old punk or death metal band logos "Christian Death"
This IS 2015.....
No more worshipping our oppressors by wearing cowboy gear
The intent is clear
And, I am so glad
Candy, constant candy, candy
Tossed in bucket fulls from elaborate floats
Time to change this and the confused attachment
to grease laden, nutritionless 'fry-bread' poison*

*Which arrived when we were taken hostage, with non-food commodities
that the military gave us*

Causing us illness through mal-nutrition

OK, that's my call to change, the wake up advertisement for the day!!

The parade continues

A large float with a life-sized diorama

depicting the ceremonial teepee and grounds

On which are seated two lively children in traditional clothing

*Boy in pants, loin cloth, white shirt, red head band,
brandishing a shield and spear*

Girl wearing a light blue calico camp dress

beaded Mescalero knee high buckskin boots with her hair down

Then come

The San Carlos Spirits dancing to the chanting of their medicine men

Young, sinewy bodies, high on their toes, jumping as they dance in the air

The whirling and deep drone of their rain maker

Spinning powerfully with centrifugal force and the strength of its dancer

Down the road

Behind

Girls in traditional camp dresses of red and golden hue

Bearing a banner of brilliant colors

"Mescalero High School"

Before them

A punk band on a wide truck bed

Belligerently and melodiously belting

"LET IT GO!!!"

More messages indicting the future to be present now

And, the past and present to move forward

Wiser than the wisest, these youth

Of progress and love of tribe

'Indian' Princesses in fine buckskin ceremonials

sitting atop their family's car's hood

on Pendleton blankets of fine wool and elaborate colors



Followed by

*A truly strange exhibit atop a float featuring
A prize-winning girl of almost three
In a red stripper dress, tiny lips painted bright crimson,
dark blue makeup on her eyelids
Bazaar, truly of the shadow
of the shallow American culture which surrounds the reservation
Folkloric Mexican dancers from a nearby town
in red and white full and furling skirts
Heeled shoes stamping out percussive rhythms on the hot black asphalt
Earrings of beaded and turquoise nature pinned to a velvety board
Are held up for all to see by their owner, a pre-teen, boy, tall and lanky
Hawking gently the jewelry's availability for sale
'Indian' cowboys, jeans tight and sexed on prancing show horses
Smile enticingly at cute, giggling girls
in tight pink t-shirts and skin-tight stretch jeans
The sun's heat sears my forearms
as more candy comes tumbling from passing vehicles
My little nephew charges quickly into to the street
To rescue...so much candy!*

Then a float promoting healthy eating
depicting bright posters of luscious greens
fruit and vegetable salads passes by
The brown skinned women in it is also wielding
unhealthy handfuls of yet more candy to eager children
Who stuff the seraned gems into bags, pockets, mouths
Candy, hitting cars, umbrellas, my knees, friends, cement
Some candies melting as they cook
in the hot plastic bags they've been stuffed into
Inedible, sticky, unappetizing blobs
Which some mother will later have to wash
out of her child's cloths, hair, hands
Ack!!!! Diabetes and rotten teeth, its late 2015 already, come on!!!!
Fold up chairs lugged back up the hill to camp
by our little nephew and Rudra
On the secret back trail
For relatives only

As we head back
We see the older and younger brother, the girl
Who had been screaming and fighting
Standing in front of their tent, leaning on their car
Tense, still obviously buzzed from booze
awkward, embarrassed, strained
The younger's face distorted like a melted plastic doll
Eye swollen over his eye blocking his vision
Swollen from the assault to his face
His lower lip puffed out hugely, drooping, bruised, reddish blue
As if stung by some mammoth wasp
Swaying there, in a hungover trauma stupor
The three of them
Forcing themselves to be there
Together in that bond
Unable to be
Anywhere else



My heart is so

Torn

Shreds

It is weeping

Pouring a flood of sorrow

My chest bleeds

I am helpless

I see them

*Related in history, turmoil, pain, past
Melded, as if rubber dolls melt by today's hot sun*

Together that way

One

In that

I pray for them

For us

Ceremony

Gourd dance rattling shakers

Thump of heels to ground

Weight of body emphasizing the beat

Sunrise, through the morning, til lunch

Bodies filled with rhythm

Heels up, heels down

The whole body shaking with the rattles

Hitting the beat full

Murmur and chant constant

The healing of the Kiowa, Comanche and other tribe's gourds

On the ceremonial ground of morning



*Connect the system
Chaos to symmetry
Hear heart calling
All existing at once*

*Arbor opens to ceremonial grounds
Large doorways
She sits to the side of one of these entrances
In a metal fold up chair
Heavy buckskin covering her
Its jingles and fringe, silent
Eyes heavy, watching passing people and dances on the grounds
Heat of the day weighs on her
Young friends greet her*

*She can bestow the blessings of White Painted Woman
Just ask her
Her friends greet her
The girl*

The sacred being
Excited cousins laugh with her, then wander
She sits silhouetted against the background
Of smoky mystery
Inside the arbor people work
Just behind her, to her left her helper stands
In her calico camp dress
Keeping an eye out, offering support
Being present
White buckskin, yellow pollen, tarnished tin jingles
Grease smell wafting past her
On the food table a rare salad, I indulge with relish
Fruit
Dust
Sweat
Animated children's laughter
A mother calling "Sonny!"
Narrow, fine, straight nose
Full lips, long bright eyes
A vast, distance of innocence between her eyelashes and brows
Warm forehead
Wavelike hairline
Sleek black hair
Nde' girl
Not me
"...She's one of those who doesn't look Apache."
As I overheard my sweet niece murmur through her cell phone
to one of her friends lovingly, about me
I was supposedly asleep in our tent, right...
with all the noise and activity... tried to take a nap
No, I don't look exactly Nde'...I've had to live with that
was one of the first hybrids, red hair, honey colored skin

Now, I'm not such an aboration
there are many of us in many degrees, all beautiful hybrids, yes?
A few nasalized words
Directed at a father's son

*Then a glass bottle to baby's lips
New 'levy' jeans, a crisp light blue yoked blouse, with long cuffed sleeves
Simple brown leather work shoes
Momma cradles her baby close*

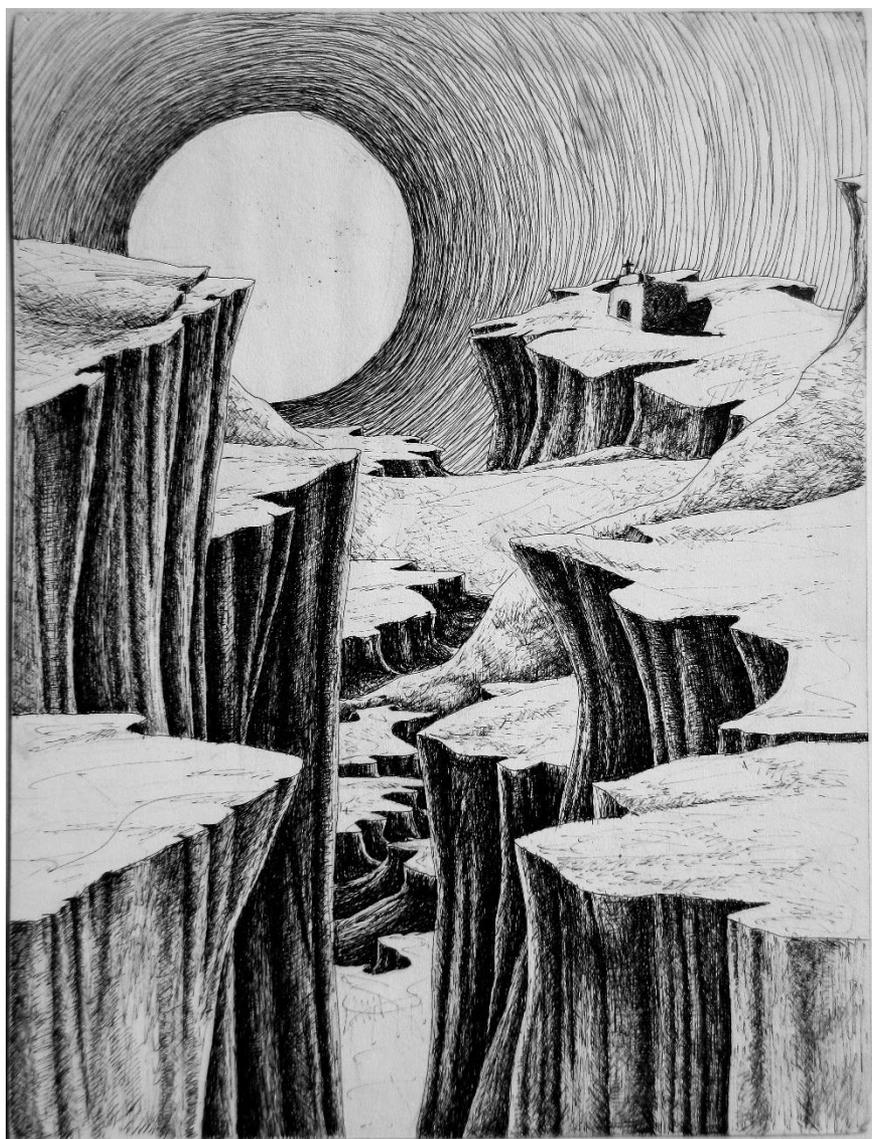
*Three tents down
Another ruckus disturbs
In a drunken stupor one inhabitant wields a blade
Threatens another
Tribal police
Sometimes they just talk to them
Sometimes they haul them to the drunk tank
This is a family
Everyone is familiar
So are the issues
Intergenerational, internalized*

*Scores of spirits dance
Against a backdrop of radiant flashing fire
Streaking, waving, blazing high above
Bowing their horns, shaking them menacingly at all that is harmful
Charging with their horns leveled towards that
Sabers wielded against disease and witches
Arms wide above and before their heads
Sabers extended to the deep blue of night sky
Open to fire
Arms, body and being
In worship and offering
Loud slapping of these sabers on leather skirts
Their thighs
A raw, intense sound that draws you
Approaching the fire
They bend deeply at the waist, frontally to one side*



*Then the other
impeccable rhythm, their movements same
Guttural utterances
The journey around the flames
All directions
Searing flames seething
Spirits dance
Heat rages
Spirits dance Sacred fire
Purifies
Heat is absorbed into my cheeks
The scene into my eyes
The ceremony into my psyche and beyond
The heat from the massive bon fire i
s sometimes searing even at this distance many feet from it*

*I wonder how the dancers can stand it
Yet when I dance
In the women's configuration
It burns and lifts me
Though thirsty, I still dance
Burning, BURNING
I wonder how the Spirits dance as they do
They are much closer to it
Often almost touching it
Yet they do, as if unaffected
Their energy unaffected
Walking on or through fire?
They are fire
Fire and everything
Heat absorbed into spectator's cheeks
Women's shawls brush spectator's shins and feet
As they sit surrounding the ceremony
Steps carry shawled women in rhythm
A long line a long line a long line through all time
All our ancestors this line all our future this line
The tiniest toddler, the oldest, most aged elder
Round faced, round eyed tots, awkwardly, curiously, courageously
Step this dance alongside the rest
Dance this ceremony in mother's belly
For all time, for The People, all people
Scores of singers and medicine men
flank the area in front of the ceremonial tipi
Line upon layered line
Chanting melodic passages, blessing, invocations
Blue One, Yellow One, White One, Red One
Creator, White Painted Woman, Sacred Fire
Protection, Healing, Guidance
For the girls, their relatives, loved ones, all present, the people, Sacred
Mountain, A Sacred Life and being
All pettiness, banality, crudeness, disease, trauma transcended
Only good words, thoughts, actions, psyche, being
Dirt fire stars...Convergence*







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