

JOURNAL #4

*RADICAL MEDICINE
FREEDOM SPIRITS*

Social Justice Activism, 2018



THEATRE MOVEMENT INTERNATIONAL



INTRODUCTION

By MARK PINO: BADAZZ DRUMSCAPER: RADICAL MEDICINE

In an era of “Big Pharma”, in which the concept of medicine mostly only entails “medicating”, one has to wonder if the act of healing is the most pressing one on the agenda of those that are ostensibly charged with this healing.

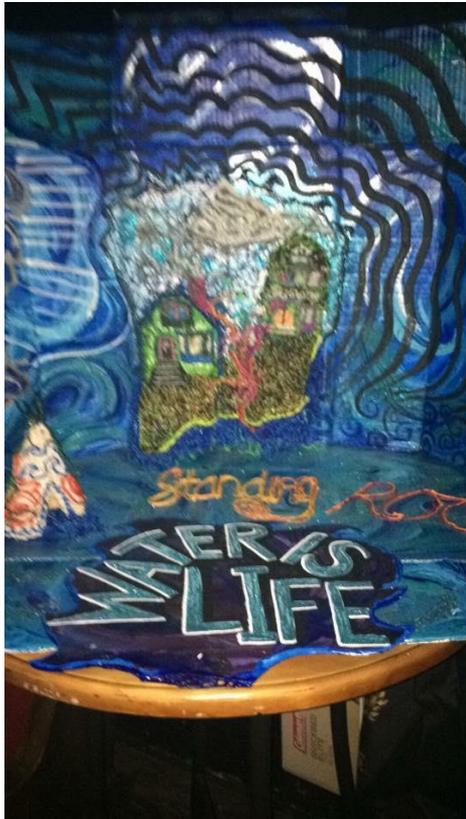
For me, the act of music is in a similar bind, as it is so beholden to the needs of “Big Music”. As such, I take delight in the pursuit of music with Radical Medicine. The music has a rawness that I associate with ingestion of True Medicine: somewhat tart and unfamiliar. Within those unfamiliar sensations, I find novel zones of emotion and perception, along with not a small bit of healing.

Often challenging to me on both musical and intellectual levels, yet always worth the effort, deCoy Gallerina and Miguel Garcia’s music is a pleasure to be involved with.

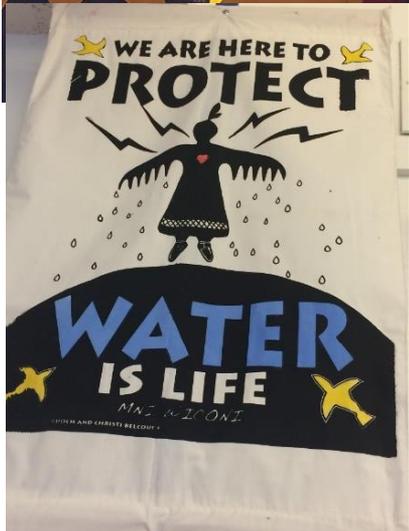
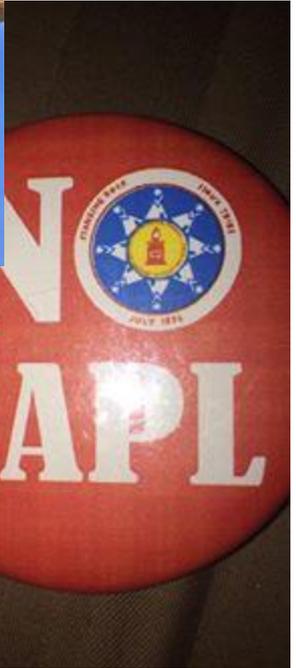


FREEDOM OF THE RAIN
CHOREO POEM

*I walk towards center, short cement bridge
I cross bridge, step across narrow plank
I step towards river's edge
I wade further, carefully
I stop, sink my body lower
I flip onto my back
I swim a frog dance
I love water with my body
I sacrifice my body for water, for life*



(co-written by Miguel Garcia & deCoy Gallerina)



FREEDOM OF THE RAIN

WATER PROTECTORS OF THE WORLD

PRAY FOR FREEDOM OF THE RAIN

HEADS BOW PEACEFULLY; NATURE'S FRAGILITY

FREEDOM OF THE RAIN

BREATH IN SOLIDARITY; OUR LIFE'S SANCTITY

FREEDOM OF THE RAIN, FREEDOM OF THE RAIN

LIGHT THE SACRED FIRES, BURN IN EVERY CAMP

WATER PROTECTORS LIVE AS ONE

FREEDOM OF THE RAIN

TOGETHER WE RISE AS SPARKS AND SMOKE

FREEDOM OF THE RAIN, FREEDOM OF THE RAIN

TRIBES SO CLOSE, WE SHARE THE MOON

BLOOD FLOW RED, FROM ALL OUR WOUNDS

THEY CAME FOR US, THROUGH THE DARK

WE ALL PRAY, SONGS OF PEACE AND HEART

SOME CAME TO PRAY, SOME CAME TO STAY

SOME CAME TO KILL BLACK SNAKE TODAY

SOME CAME TO DRUM, SOME CAME TO AID

SOME CAME TO KILL BLACK SNAKE TODAY

SOME CAME TO PRAY-PRAYING IS PEACE

SOME CAME TO STAY-WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE

SOME CAME TO KILL-NO DAPL

BLACK SNAKE TODAY

-BOYCOTTIMPEACHREPEAL TRUMPENCEPRUITT

SOME CAME TO DRUM-THE HEARTBEAT OF LIFE

SOME CAME TO AID-PEOPLE'S AMAZING

GENEROSITYSUPPORT

SOME CAME TO KILL BLACK SNAKE TODAY-

RED WARRIORS, FIRST NATION PEOPLE UNITED WITH ALL

OUR ALLIES TO PROTECT WATER, EARTH, LIFE!

WITH THIS SPOKEN, WE PROTECT, LIFE WE RESPECT

SO, PRAY AGAIN, OH PRAY AGAIN

AGAIN, AGAIN, PRAY AGIAND

WE ALL LIVE ON MOTHER EARTH

SO, LET'S ALL PRAY FOR FREEDOM OF THE RAIN!!!

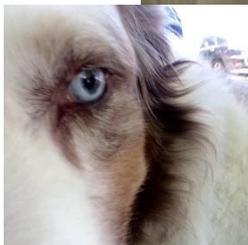
(co-written by Miguel Garcia & deCoy Gallerina)

**BODY
AS SITE**

**WAR
AGAINST**

**JUNK
'FOOD'**

**Take
Back YOUR
Body**





PATRIOTS
BOYCOTT
IMPEACH
REPEAL
REPEL
ALL THINGS

TRUMP
MULTI-NATIONAL
BIG OIL
ANTI-ENVIRONMENT



CHILDREN'S CHANT

Standing Rock lives, Water Is

Standing Rock lives, Water Is

No DAPL

No DAPL

No DAPL

No DAPL

Water is sacred, Water & Life Protector's peaceful prayers

Water is sacred, Water & Life Protector's peaceful prayers

Resist, Rebel, Divest, Disrupt

Resist, Rebel, Divest, Disrupt

We are sacred spirit, peaceful, positive, powerful, perfect

We are sacred spirit, peaceful, positive, powerful, perfect

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Drum beat

Mini Wichoni

Standing Rock is everywhere, Standing Rock is everyone

Standing Rock is everywhere, Standing Rock is everyone

Standing Rock is all of us, Standing Rock is all of us

All of us

All of us

All of us

All of us

Water is our Children's lives, Water is all life

Water is our Children's lives, Water is all life

Water is our Children's lives, Water is all life

Water is our Children's lives, Water is all life

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives
Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives
Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives
Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

*Resist, Divest, Disrupt, **IMPEACH***

*Resist, Divest, Disrupt, **IMPEACH***

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives
Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives
Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives
Sacred Water Sacred Life, Sacred our Children's lives

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

Mini Wichoni

LA LALALALALALALALALALAL!!!!

(written by deCoy Gallerina)





PURGE DIENAZTI NOW

*I hear the sound of the war machine
Two wars and in between
Frozen weather and drone machines
PURGE DIENAZTI NOW*

*I hear the sound of the war machine
Two wars and in between
War brought violence and chills
Rubber bullets and shoot to thrill
I hear drones flying*

*PURGE DIENAZTI NOW, PURGE DIENAZTI NOW
I hear my people and dispossessed
IMPEACH NOW, GET UNREST!!*

*Get arrested, buy you and me, we take the ACTION
We take the LEAD, we got the POWER now as then
We won't stop, won't surrender
Water, our reflection, KILL BLACK SNAKE WITH ME...*

*I hear the sound of the war machine
Two wars and in between
Frozen weather and drone machines
PURGE DIENAZTI NOW*

(MUSIC excerpt from American anthem on flute)

*I hear the sound of the war machine "Oh say can you see..."
Two wars and in between "By the dawns early light..."
Frozen weather and drone machines "What so proudly we hail..."
PURGE DIENAZTI NOW "At the twilights last gleaming..."
WE GOT THE POWER, NOW AS THEN
WE WON'T STOP, WON'T SURRENDER
LIFE IS OUR DIRECTION
KILL BLACK SNAKE WITH ME
PURGE TRUMPENCEPRUIT NOW
WE GOT THE POWER, WE GOT THE POWER,
WE GOT THE POWER!!!!*

(lyrics & music by Miguel Garcia)



FREEDOM SPIRITS



I AM

*I am Muslim, register me
I am Mexican, deport me
I am African American, imprison me
I am LGBTQI, refuse to serve me*

*I am poor, blame me
I am elderly, uninsured me
I am woman, defund me
I am disabled, bully me*

*I am an activist, blacklist me
I am a veteran, cheat me
I am indigenous, pollute me
I am an artist, displace me*

I am American, LIE TO ME

(co-written by Miguel Garcia & deCoy Gallerina)





ALCHEMY

I ONLY KISS YOU
WHEN THE SUN LIGHTS DOWN
OH, YOUR VOICE IS HYPNOTIC, SO
INTOXICATING ME
LIKE A DRUG
YOU & ME
ARE ALCHEMY

YOU'RE LIKE THE OCEAN ROLLING OVER ME
DRAGGING ME UNDER
DROWNING ME
YOU'RE LIKE THE OCEAN ROLLING OVER ME
SUCKING ME UNDER
DROWNING ME
DROWNING ME

My mother was raped when she was two. She was abused and bullied by others, this destroyed her psyche. She destroyed herself through alcohol, sex and denial and in turn abused me verbally, psychologically and sometime physically.

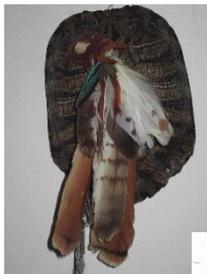
I was molested by many people beginning at age 4, when I was 6 & 7 teenage girls twice my age did so, also. I was raped at 15 and 18 by oppressed men. I had to leave my mother when I was 16 to avoid having her husband do the same.

I did not believe my body or being were my own, I was in shock, I was numb. I used sex, unhealthy relationships and debt as weapons to destroy myself.

With understanding, I now know that FEELINGS are the result of being connected WITHIN MYSELF...therefore with others. And, that connection is the result of TRUST...the more I TRUST MYSELF the more present I am, the more open I am,

*And, the DEEPER the levels of VULNERABILITY
The DEEPER the EROTICE VIBE of LOVE.*

(Lyrics & Music: Miguel Garcia, Word: deCoy Gallerina)



STATEMENT ON MY HERSTORY OF ARTIVISM

By deCoy Gallerina

I'm sitting at the Intertribal Friendship House, Oakland, CA, at the weekly Thursday night drum/dance/potluck event, an intimate gathering of friends, families and visitors; host: Carol Wahpepah. There are two drums, one in the center of the room, where Ben, Chiricahua Nde' (Apache) and others sing primarily Nde' based songs, and the other where Mannie and his group and guests sing powwow songs. Children and their moms are spinning and jumping with high steps into the air, rainbow shawls with bright fringe gyrate with swirling motion. Drumsticks pound emphasis, voices leap to high pitched, beautiful wavering sounds. People livestream, video, photograph...this is 2018, yah? And...thanks to SOCIAL MEDIA...FIRST NATION PEOPLE ARE INVISIBALIZED NO LONGER!!! LALALALAALALAAAA!!!!

I know some of the people, I'm terrible with names and I'm shy, self-conscious...so, sometimes I struggle, becoming tongue-tied, memory - tied, feeling uncomfortable. I talk a bit to Yvonne, Mannie's wife, it's difficult and always baffles me, because I am such an aggressive, uninhibited performer and artist.

My good friend Janeen Antoine and her mom show up, she's just lost a relative; in a bad way..., she's sad and tired. She and her mom just finished teaching a ribbon skirt making class, they are wearing gorgeous purple and red straight statin skirts decorated with stripes of gold, blue and other colored ribbons.

I pull my maroon, wool shawl over my shoulders...start the rhythmic, slow walk; knees slightly bowing to the drum beat...the way my grandmother taught me; I circle around the drum, swaying slightly with my hips and shoulders so the fringe furls wide, side to side...meditation...my mind becomes the dance and the beat and the voices wavering high above me. Stillness.

It took a lot to get the Friendship House instated and to keep it alive, present and accessible despite all hurtles and adversity...to keep it open for the First Nation community and our allies...so much work and devotion...they are having fundraisers soon to fix the roof..... thank you one and all for your devotion.

Thinking of this, my mind wanders...to the history of activism in our community and my history as an activist. I'm not traveling all the way back, but just to some main points of my personal journey related to this.

My mother took me to an art workshop that Richard Oakes was teaching for teens in the Mission district of San Francisco, we did political posters which said "INDIAN POWER". Mine said "NDN POWER" (I was consciously resisting Americanization. Richard said that I should spell it correctly, I said, "that's not the way we say it" ...deconstruction in motion as a teenybopper. I played on the pyres of cement and metal railings at the first Alcatraz take-over, mom took me...then his little girl fell on some of those cement blocks, so sadly, died and mom and I went home.

At another time, when I was a young teen, someone told me I should go to the Black Panther office on Haight street, not too far from my house, but very ghetto at that time...I did go. I went many times and trained with EMORY DOUGLAS, their artist, we experimented with different materials, and lettering...and, I eventually had a sign in which there was a clenched fist raised in the air and words that said "Black Power" in India ink and pencil. While there I met Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver, I think they were a bit surprised to see this shy, eager, honey skinned, red-headed, teeny bopper in their print shop. One of them set me up to come over to Oakland and do some food things with the people in one of the deep ghettos here. I got myself on a bus that stopped across from their headquarters in Oakland, landed feet first...they were even more surprised to see this little girl revolutionary and couldn't figure out what to do with me...so, I returned to training with Emory at the print shop on Haight.

My family taught me a history that completely countered everything I was learning in school...so, I argued with teachers and graduated at 16 into college via Upward Bound...and spent my time loving the revolutionary teachers there...they were amazing, they introduced me to Nietzsche, Herman Hesse, Who Owns America, dance and theater and so much more. I was a livid and avid reader and spent all my time reading and doing arts. I learned to bead, draw and write, and language things from my grandmother who was an artist, from the time I was a tot... now, I had more fodder for my resisting fury!!

My mother was a hippy Native, had a friend who would stay with us who was hard core American Indian Movement and taught me and other youth to do leather work; Atha...he also had ghosts following him around,

and we had one too, in our house at that time, his jumped on the roof of his sister's trailer where he was staying before visiting us...ours played our piano for me once.

I attended the Institute of American Indian Arts, trained with many profound and wonderful teachers there, in all genres, one of whom, reached up and tweaked my nipple once time when I was talking to him...there were no boundaries at that time...no "ME TOO's". I had been molested by many before that beginning with teenage girls twice my age when I was 6 & 7 years old, nothing new...and I had been raped twice by the time I was 18. And, my mother was a mess, alcoholic and sexually damaged...she was raped when she was 2, plus other abuses by family members and others, all things have a lineage. I left her, right after her husband, not my father, moved in from prison, he had been in for drugs, there was a murder in there, he took the rap...he wrote a book in prison, he was a star boxer...and somehow, they thought he was worthy of parole, he got it. But, on the other hand, when we went to visit him in prison when I was 15, he gave me the eye (and never stopped...). I did though have the opportunity to meet Huey Newton, who was at the same prison as my mother's hubby. I left her, them, to be on my own in San Francisco at the age of 16...I got a job, went to school and lived with drug dealers, pimps and prostitutes for some years and then dumped that...poof. But, do to all the abuses I experienced, I was suicidal...I was never given the space to exist, my space was not honored...so, I was suicidal and it took years of friends, therapy, support groups and ceremony to put a dent in that...and bring me to the point where I am no longer a victim continuing to re-enact being victimized...a point where I understand the workings of that state and can consciously make other choices, direct my juice potently towards sanity/health...love myself...therefore others actively!

My mother had been a resolute Jazz Groupie and was loved by those musicians; her, different, delicate and amazing beauty. Through this, when I was tiny, I met Ella Fitzgerald, Peter Paul & Mary...mom had a thing for bass players at that time, so we hung out with the star's bass players regularly...very sweet, amazing men. And, I met many, many other jazz fames; Chet Baker, Paul Chambers (one of my mom's main boyfriends) ...when I was a tiny tiny tot...but, I remember...clearly.

I've attended many universities and art schools, have taken endless private classes in all forms of arts and trained with my grandmother and

have been self-taught. Some of my teachers/collaborators include: writer/musician Joy Harjo, artist/print maker Malequias Montoya, who once asked when looking at one of my 'Female' Gahe' self-portrait prints "Why do you make the breasts like that?" The breasts were perfectly formed, high on the chest, perky...he was trying to get at what he thought was my colonization...I was too shy to tell him "Those are my breasts." Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Bad Unkl Sista Anastazia Louise Aranaga, Jill Parker, Rene' Yanez SOMARTS, Matt Callahan with whom many of us ran the underground space 'Komotion' for many years, myself as the gallery and performance coordinator, Janeen Antoine AICA, and sooooo many more...I have been touched by god...through all my teachers...truly!

Spirit placed me in so many situations, with so many great beings of creative integrity and gifts.....and CONSCIOUSNESS.

I was blessed to bead an intricate, exact replica of one of Geronimo's walking sticks for Bob Haozous and three other walking sticks for Allan Houser, my grandmother's favorite nephew. I have been blessed with connection...these connections..... with amazing and great creators. I've trained with our tribe's tribal historian, Leeland Michael Darrow, for over 15 years, in all aspects of cultural restoration and can make all aspects of our daily and ceremonial regalias...what a blessing...so blessed, and so blessed to be able to, in this way, also...work towards non-oppression of the people's we are...far and wide. I've been blessed to develop through working with the excellent musicians Miguel Garcia and Mark Pino and director Rudradeep Chakrabarti...which has brought my ability to express what needs to be expressed to an even higher level...it's amazing...I'm amazed by all of it. Being First Nation and with so many influences for my psyche...

I have returned to myself from being utterly suicidal from loss and trauma of the oppressed...to some level of enlightenment and peace and strength...which I had before I lost my grandmother at 13. I have been connected to so many social justice movements in one way or another. And, have been blessed to run the underground punk anarchist space with other like minded spirits including Professor Robin Balliger & the potent musician Matt Callahan, for 10 years. Yes, blessed to know Penny Opal Plant of Idle No More and Corinna Gould of Save Sacred Sights, Tony Gonzales of AIM West and so many potent activists, and to have gone to Standing Rock and participate in actions there...Standing Rock...the thing, I feel, all First Nation people have been living for...that amazing event of liberation & love via

prayer...despite oppressing violence...Standing Rock lifted me...inspired me...brought me home. And, support groups like ALANON, AA, CODA, therapy the tools they have presented to me, ceremony, prayer and ARTS...and being able to perform at a high level with other highly qualified artists, has gifted and lifted me again and again...:

As my true self, expressing through RADICAL MEDICINE and THEATRE MOVEMENT INTERNATIONAL...

that we express social and personal/sexual justice issues that de-invisibilize us.....

us the oppressed.....:

yes, I have been inspired!

And, these lyrics, this music, these journals, performances, arts are an expression,once repressed of what needs to eternally be said.....:



CHILDREN'S FUTURE

We are who we are...

We deserve to exist, to be

All of us..... plant, animal, human, fish.....all of us

We deserve clean water to drink

And, all of our species to continue

And, breathable air to breathe

And, for our children to be able to swim in seas

And, whales and dolphins to swim in seas that do not burn them

And, to be honored

All of us HONORED

The sanctity of our beings

HONORED and celebrated

And, that we all be VISIBLE AND RESPECTED

And, experience EQUINIMITY

And, be cherished and dignified

So, we have EVOLUTION REVOLUTION

We have social and personal justice

WE HAVE VOICE.....

AND WE SPEAK

AND WE LISTEN

WE EXPRESS

OUR EXPERIENCES

WE EXPRESS OURSELVES...WHO WE ARE

AND WE LOVE

LOVE NOT HATE

LOVE

LOVE

(Poem by deCoy Gallerina)





MIGUEL GARCIA on working on the “Homecoming” theater piece found collaborating with the other artists, Decoy Gallerina and Rudra, director of Theatre Movement International to be the most important and creative part of the journey. Listening to the stories and history gave me inspiration of this unique art and the history and difficult journeys of First Nation people. Listening to the text I developed the music soundscape interpreting the mood and sounds using acoustic and electronic instruments.

I'm a multi-instrumentalist, music composer, writer, costume designer, teacher and actor. I started studying music when I was 12 and always kept expanding doing many creative and performing art forms at an early age.

I have toured musically with RADICAL MEDICINE, Decoy Gallerina and drummer Mark Pino with songs I composed or arranged doing small music venues on subjects of personal empowerment, views on social and political issues, human sexuality, race, alienation, and Armageddon. I get inspirations from many things, like my emotional state of mind at the time or state of the world, and other music. I note ideas and song lyrics that just pop into my mind and develop them into full songs, Songwriting is a very quick process for me as long as I have inspiration. I'm very experienced in many musical genres. I began with classical music then diversified. I'm very comfortable working in jazz, rock, classical, goth, electronic, world music, experimental forms.







RED VEINS

*They say, you destroyed us all this way, our world will fall apart
I say, No Way, you don't know our strength now
Vicious, suspicious, it don't surprise me at all
Users, abusers, no way you can make me fall*

*Blood stains, on red veins, we take it we stand
Blood sticks on new pain, blood stains, blood stains*

*Push me, pull me, this time your plan's already dead
No gain with no pain, ancient scars deep and red
Big moon, big wound, this don't define us now
I'm too old, too cold, to keep oppression warm*

*Blood stains on red veins, we take it we stand
Blood sticks on new pain, blood stains, blood stains*

*Push me, Pull me, this time your plan's already dead
No gain with no pain, ancient scars deep and red
Blood stains on red veins, we take it we stand
Blood sticks on new pain
blood stains, blood stains, blood stains, blood stains*

*Blood stains on red veins, we take it we stand
Blood sticks on new pain, blood stains, blood stains
Blood sticks on new pain, blood stains, blood stains*

(Lyrics & music by Miguel Garcia ALALA)

MOTHER WATER

I walk towards center, short cement bridge: look across water, glistening surface, glinting rays off gently flowing waves, warm sunlight, river waving like flag in calm breeze, smooth rhythm, light glimmers, glances onto my face, eyes, blue car passes, relative whoop greetings; a perfect "Spring of Autumn" day; one of those that reverse and confuse senses and momentum causing branches within to germinate, sprouting tiny blossoms out of season...another reason;

Then come blizzards, ice; futures.

I cross bridge of water cannons before echo can be heard in our hearts though it has always been here. I step across narrow plank over small ditch, trickling stream drains towards river bank. I step towards river's edge, whisper prayer "Thank you water for being here.", place feet into silt languidly parting to accept. I immerse myself, swim a dance; a newly formed frog, relatives on shore stand, sit, laugh, talk.

People from all configurations united here to save WATER.

Tents and teepees lining shores. Friends from Red Warrior camp train peacefully to sacrifice their bodies for water, for life.

They yell "Mini Wichoni!!" People sit on hill beyond them with their vigilant phone, reporting truth to the world. River, shore, bridge, hill, people before:

Concussion bombs, smoke grenades, ice-water cannons, missile launchers,

Toxic chemicals dumped from planes onto peacefully praying water protectors: UNARMED PEOPLE

Before rubber bullets ruthlessly blasted into unarmed people's faces, hands, backs as target practice, 3rd degree burns from close range tear gassings, taser barbs through faces, heart stopping hypothermia

Before kidnappings of thousands of people from their Sovereign lands, they're illegal imprisonment

Before the torture

America; before the 2017 New Nazi Dictator

Before the repeal of all human rights laws, the regression of civil rights, open U.S. apartheid, nationwide riots, famine

Before unrelenting ACTIONS by millions who refuse to allow tyranny

Before California's gathering THE ARMY OF MILLIONS from every country and tradition world over

Before the bloody 2nd Civil War for Civil Rights

Before the New Nazi's being driven out, the closure of all prison industrial complexes, the freeing of all political prisoners

Before awakened and ever vigilant human humanity prevailing once again over treachery, brutality and insanity

The bridge

Before peacefully praying people kneeling there

Before predatory, sadistic, mercenaries preying there

Before thousands of veterans come to support precious WATER in her call for protection: hunkered down in strange icy igloos in the moments between fear and calm, war and peace

In tents buried in below zero temperatures, deep in snow, snow; water to come, snow into water, water to flood the flood plain, bringing futures to come

BEFORE, BEFORE, BEFORE

I float, face to sky, carried by gentle currents

A perfect 'Spring of Autumn' day

One of those that reverse and confuse the senses and momentum

Causing branches within to germinate and sprout tiny blossoms out of season...Another reason

I give thanks for the soothing water carrying me, this river, this water, this life

*We are here in love of you mother water, mother earth, mother life, mother gods, mother peace Thank you for being and **bringing us LIFE***

(written by deCoy Gallerina)





STRUGGLE

*Climbing to safe vantage high above burning New Mexico desert floor-
We've scattered to meet on top; two, three at a time-
Steep incline, weary feet slip, grit beneath them-
I reach for secure hold, sharp rock slice my hand, pull myself up-
Throw my blanket down for my girl to grab, hoist her up-
Boy's with their father, whose still with us, give thanks to **USEN** for
this, so many have lost their husbands in this ruffed journey of survival-
We lost our oldest boy, my hair's cut short in mourning-
Keep my knife close, use it not just for preparing game, but have
bloodied it in defense of myself, my children against the U-S- soldiers
and the racists who seek our scalps for money-
Give thanks to **USEN** for our survival and the sharpness of my blade-
Baby's soundly, safely strapped to my back-
Thoughts of my children, only this moves me forward-
Very little water to drink, let alone with which to was ourselves-
Clothes in tatters, blankets thin, cold caves; we sleep, shivering*





*Children huddled between us for warmth protection·
 Take turns guarding, circles of blue, fatigue...
 wider, darker under our eyes·
 Tonight, we'll have safe harbor in a place only we know·
 Can't risk our children to anyone picking up our trail,
 we'll move again soon
 This is the story of those hunted·*

*We'll pray all of us together,
 For strength for the next day, the next battle·
HEY YONG HEY YA HEY YO HONG OH
HEY YONG HEY YA HEY YO HONG OH
HEY YONG HEY YONG HEY YONG
HEY NEH HONG AH*



we pray, all of us together, for strength for the next day, the next battle; **USEN, ISDZANNADLEESHE', CHAZAADAA'**:

*"We beseech you; bless us with your love, protection and positive energy. Aid us in triumph over our enemies and the forces of evil; those **who seek our scalps** for money. Grant us success in the next battle: the next battle;*

STANDING ROCK where **PEACEFUL WATER & LIFE PROTECTORS** were brutalized by predatory mercenaries hired by the **MULTI-NATIONALS** in the name of greed. The next battle Charlottesville where Heather Heyer was murdered by heartless fascists, the next battle Berkeley where racists gathered to spew **HATE SPEAK**, the next battle; **SAVE SACRED SITES, all WATER & LIFE GUARDIAN STANDS, ALL PRAYER WALKS & RUNS, CEREMONIES, GATHERINGS, PRAYERS** on behalf of all beings struggling against oppression everywhere, the environment, life.

IMPEACH TRUMP, PENCE, PRUITT...
THEY ARE UNAMERICAN CRIMINALS AGAINST HUMANITY,
THE ENVIRONMENT, ALL CHILDREN, LIFE!

(written by deCoy Gallerina; excerpt from
'**HOMECOMING; CHIRICAHUA NDE' ODYSSEY'**
a Theatre Movement International production)



DOOMSDAY

*Evening like doomsday, wounds on the sky
Was it sunset or angle, nightmare or cry?*

Horizon like fire

The worlds thrown away

It was the eve of doomsday

Doomsday is extinction day

Night time is lurking, all that's left is a light

Is it nuke or creator dazzling in flight

Was it demon or delusion

Or nuclear decay

Strange light is bleeding through a broken gate

A house that was once there, blown away is its fate

Rogue leaders are guilty

War is always their way.

It was the eve of doomsday

Doomsday is extinction day

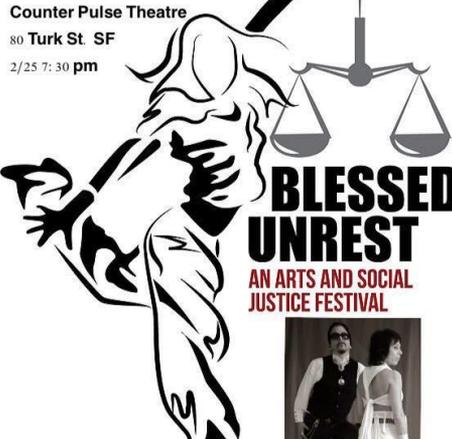
(lyrics & music by Miguel Garcia)

BIO'S

Mark Pino began playing drums at the age of 13, and has played publicly in the San Francisco Bay Area and other regions of the United States since the early 1990's. He has shared bills with artists such as the Ex, Oxbow, Neurosis, and the Nightingales, along with many other fine acts. Mark has realized projects with the likes of George Earth, Tom Hermann, Moe! Staiano, Robin Coomer, Rent Romus, and many other talented musicians. He is currently deeply immersed within the San Francisco/Northern California Improvised Music scene. As such, Mark works constantly in projects such as Cartoon Justice, Crow Crash Radio, Surplus 1980, Ear Spray, Ruminations, and Radical Medicine, along with his solo music act Infinite Plastic Internal. Mark considers himself first and foremost a band player, for it is within the shared dynamics of band music that he finds the most enjoyment from music. Mark Pino's actions can be viewed at markpinoondrums.blogspot.com

Miguel Garcia, accomplished musician, costumer, actor, master flutist & electronic player (goth, punk, jazz) has worked with Academy Award winning Stephan Thoth and composer Rinde Eckert. Miguel has degrees in music and performing arts, was nominated for three Shelly Awards. Presently Miguel performs with Theater Movement International and with deCoy Gallerina in the electronic & traditional band RADICAL MEDICINE. He recently starred in 'Die Mommy Die' and was music designer for the new evolving work "HOMECOMING, CHIRICAHUA NDE' APACHE ODYSSEY" (musical play) which debuted March of 2016 at San Francisco International Arts Festival, excerpts at Studio 23's Displacement Show in November 2016 (and at other venues). He has co-composed and performed 'FREEDOM OF THE RAIN' at Aggregate Studio, Oakland, 'RED VEINS' at the Unitarian Universalists Freedom Show, Berkeley & Ivy Room where RADICAL MEDICINE hosted a show for WATER PROTECTORS legal fees and 'MOTHER WATER' at the Blessed Unrest Show, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco; 2017,

Counter Pulse Theatre
80 Turk St SF
2/25 7:30 pm



**BLESSED
UNREST**
AN ARTS AND SOCIAL
JUSTICE FESTIVAL





DeCoy Gallerina: Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde', First Nation cross-platform activist, direct descendant of Cochise, raised in San Francisco/New Mexico

Training: attended Nde' ceremonies & trained with grandmother Minnie Nichols. 15+ yrs. study & research in Chiricahua culture with tribal historian Leeland Michael Darrow.

Degrees: San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts, extensive private training in all artistic genres.

Influences: Chiricahua Nde' Tribe & ceremonies, the diverse & radical Bay Area culture, Jill Parker, Rene Yanez, BadUnklSista, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione, Black Panthers, American Indian Movement, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp & all the Life Guardian camps everywhere, Idle No More, my mother Caroline Zurega, Leeland Michael Darrow, our Chiricahua Nde' Tribe and Protector Spirits

Style: High Voltage Radical to Deep Traditional works.

Member: Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine Music, Curator: Komotion Int'l SF

Presentations: Berkeley World Music Festival, Blessed Unrest Show, Aggregate Studio, Studio 23, San Francisco City College, Yerba Buena Gardens, San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, High Street Gallery London, DeYoung Museum, POWPOWPOW, REAL FACES interviews of 500 artists (YouTube), Playwrite: "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey



Dedicated to all our Social Justice artists, activists & communities

Acknowledgements to all our beautiful relatives in the photos in this book & to PENNY OPAL PLANT & ALL OF THE IDLE NO MORE LIFE GUARDIANS, to CORINNA GOULD & ALL SAVE SACRED SITES RELATIVES, CAROL WAPEHPAH & the INTERTRIBAL FREINDSHIP HOUSE FAMILY & CREW, STANDING ROCK VETS & ALL WATER & LIFE PROTECTORS/GUARDIANS, RENE & RIO YANEZ & the SOMARTS STAFF, JANEEN ANTIONE of AICA & YERBA BUENA GARDENS INDIGENOUS PEOPLE'S DAY, BAAITS TWO SPIRIT POWWOW & DRUM & PACIFIC CENTER for your courageous support of ALL SEXUALITIES, ALL ANIMALS & BEINGS STRUGGLING AGAINST OPPRESSION EVERYWHERE, DIAMOND DAVE & all @ MUTINY RADIO, KALX & all INDEPENDENT RADIO STATIONS for being eternally BADASS!!, THE IVY ROOM & ALL TRUE SOCIAL JUSTICE VENUES, PINO LIBRE' STUDIOS, GALERIA DE LA RAZA & ALL THE COUNTLESS BREAVE HEARTS WHO MOVE US FORWARD WITH LOVE!!! Thanks to Rudradeep Chakrabarti director of TMI for your inspiration & love & to our partial funders; the Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' Tribe of New Mexico & Peter J. McIntyre

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In tandem with RADICAL MEDICINE PRODUCTIONS

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