

COSMIC DUST

BEAD/FIRSTNATION/ENVIRONMENT JUSTICE RELATED WORKS
SPANNING TRADITIONAL THROUGH EXTREME EXPLORATORY

CHAPTER 5 TRADITIONAL

*All I ever wanted was to be loved
The universe to its utmost immensity
As art loved me & is me*

OCTOBER 2022

INTRODUCTION TO 'COSMIC DUST;
A VISUAL ARTIVISTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY' PROJECT

When I first began this book project, my thought was to my catalog my beadwork and related arts. As I proceeded along the journey of this study, I found that my beadwork expanded into 'installation' projects and that these projects called for a personae to express aspects of the concepts and politicalities attached to the beadwork. This progression launched naturally and more thoroughly into covering related works in his/herstory, familial, tribal, political, current areas. I found myself covering far greater ground than I had expected. As this project grew, in unexpected ways and volume, I decided it would be best to divide the book into 'book chapters'. As I proceeded further on the path of exploring and chronicling... I found that my works were very cohesive and yet diverged in ever expanding and deepening ways. I discovered that the beadwork projects blossomed into performance, storytelling, character/personae pieces and 'actions' rooted in 'JUSTICE' themes. All sorts of actions, on the front-line, on stage, on page, in video, music, movement as well as visual arts, writing and in my core 'being'. The process of this 'book' surprised me no end, reflective of this life we live.

This project, I feel speaks to and honors SURVIVAL OF CREATIVE SPIRIT in ALL OF US, as and well expresses an incredible *tenacity of female spirit*, prevailing against hard odds. Spirit transcending destructive forces into beauty and heart.

For me, this whole project is an act of appreciation and gratitude to CREATRIXSTER, our SACRED SPIRITS and to all of you, all who have helped, supported, encouraged, nurtured, taught, shared, inspired, loved me, themselves, any being... in any and all ways, all the ACTIVISTS, ARTIVISTS, who give themselves to easing suffering in this world, who sacrifice themselves for understanding, the environment, love, empathy and compassion, kindness. There are so many characters and stories in these pages, I hope you find a piece of yourself and lots of courage somewhere in these pages.

My grandmother, Minnie Nicholas (full-blood Chiricahua Nde' 'Apache'), began my training when I was a tot. She handed me a pen & a pad to write in, a brush to paint with and a needle to wield beads with. She, herself, was a painter and beadwork artist, who taught me all she knew. I would sit beside her working with my beads as she worked creating beautiful loom and rosette pieces; a place and moment of utmost peace and contentment. She and I had a profoundly empathic relationship, she was a quiet, shy person, very humble, in her light...so was I. She gave me the acceptance, space, trust to be curious, open, explore, be playful and fearless. My father was a visual artist, my mother & aunt were aficionados of jazz, swing dance & clothing creation. My mother was a highly creative person who studied all the time, striving to

improve herself, find self-awareness, consciousness and growth. She learned all the words to all the original Jazz songs, singing them to me frequently. (forthcoming: a written autobiography). I received degrees from many arts schools while extensively, continuously seeking additional private training (dance, music, voice, movement & more). My influences in the arts have been vast. I send great appreciation to all the many teachers & friends who have contributed their gifts to my work & being.

There's a story I tell about a traditional walking stick I produced for Bob Haozous (one of our tribe's master artists). It relates the process of creating the cane (from an original age dilapidated walking stick owned by Geronimo, which I was able to visit in museum archives in Oklahoma and examine first hand) with a trip dear friend, Navajo-Hopi ceramicist, Nathan Begay, his brother and I took down then back up the Grand Canyon. We walked down easily, enjoying vast, colorful views of the striated earth formations around us. We rested a minute by the flowing waters of the Rio Grande River, then began our 10-mile trek back up the steep incline. Nathan cautioned me "Whatever you do, don't look up." I took heed, allowed myself to be present in each step, no destination, just process. As we walked along, many a weary traveler, sat by trail side, staring up, paralyzed by the daunting task of reaching the rim above, exhausted and unable to take another step. They awaited a burro who would eventually rescue them and carry them to the snow-covered plateau above. Step after step, some hours later my feet touched the snow covered rim. The cane took all summer to finish, I did not look up, I immersed myself in the meticulous process of stitching...one tiny bead after the next...bead by bead, step by step. A process that slowly revealed a wonderous beaded replica of Geronimo's original cane. I was humbled by the beauty of the original bead designer's color choices, patterns, genius...I learned so much in the process of recreating that person's amazing work. This Cosmic Dust project has been equal to both those journeys in forcing my being to focus and be totally present, in challenging my abilities towards growth and in manifestation of something far beyond myself. All of these journeys carried me such vast distances within myself and the world.

My tribe, the Chiricahua Nde' lost over 90% of our people just 100 years ago to genocide holocaust. We're the group Geronimo and Cochise are from. (I'm a direct descendant of Cochise.) We were punished relentlessly for *never surrendering* to invading colonial forces, there was an 'EXTIRMINATION' order against us by the US government. Our children were then taken from us and forced into boarding schools, where our's had the highest death rate in those schools. My particular family was extremely abusive. My mother was raped when she was two, causing devastating injury to her psyche. As well, she suffered other abuses during her life, including being bullied by her siblings and my father. Among others, my aunt bullied her, my grandmother & I. She and my aunt bullied me. While I was very little, my mother having no

boundaries, was sexually inappropriate in close proximity to me, extremely loud sex in a room near where I was, with doors open, many times, it terrified me. I was molested beginning at the age of 4, by my grandmother's best friends' husband (a pedophile who during his lifetime was found to have molested many little girls, including my cousin and his own little granddaughter), a Soix Native. Depravity knows no race etc., I was molested by a variety of people of all genders and ages etc. including two teen-aged girls when I was 6 and 7, and my best friend's older brother when I was 11, my cousin, who under the guise of giving me a blessing, put his hands over my head, behind my back, under my arms, fondling my breasts in the process,,in front of his wife. She and I looked at each other...her maybe some sort of denial...me...just confounded and hurt. All of these among others. I was raped the first time I had actual sex at the age of 15, again when I was 18 and unfortunately again when I was in my 40's by a prominent performance artist, whom I trusted, and had no reason to believe would do anything like this and, a person whome I requested mentor me. My sexuality was completely hi-jacked as was my self-confidence. I became suicidal and like my mother, a 'sex and love' addict, using sex to anesthize and as a weapon against myself.

Trauma, intergenerational trauma, trauma...many and varied forms of violation of sanctity of being. I suffer from PTSD, experiencing anxiety and panic attacks (& awful nightmares) When I was younger I was clinically, chronically suicidally depressed, this seriously infringed on my abilities to connect, be present and access 'love', within/without.

I was also the first light skinned child (honey colored skin, Irish red hair) in my extended Native family group and encountered a great deal of counter-racism...resulting in huge dose of 'IDENTITY CRISIS', 'imposter syndrome'. I had a terrible self-image, body-image issues. I did not recognize myself in the mirror, who looked back at me was not who I thought myself to be. I was embarrassed to be 'white' a perpetrator of atrocities against my people, the people I loved, so unreconcilable. I was raised with Apache people, I always thought I looked like them, but the way Apache's responded to me did not corrolate with how I saw myself.

I was deeply bonded with my grandmother, who left when I was 13 to take care of my szhorenci uncle. I had heavy abandonment issues due to this rupture in connection, I never understood, emotionally, why or how she could have left me there with my abusive mother. Later in life I have been able to under/innerstand.

The message I received from others was that I was hideous and deserved mistreatment. I expressed that ingrained negative message at every chance. I was self-destructive, confused, lost, deeply injured. Because I had had the love and trust with my grandmother and because we had often attended Chiricahua sacred ceremonies where we were blessed by our Sacred Spirits I was able to care enough for myself to leave my mother and her pedophile husband, not allow them to destroy me completely, soul murder me and to be on my own when I turned 16..

My mother was a terrible alcoholic as well, as was my father, whom she left when I was two, due to his abuses of her. When he was in a drunken rage he would call her "DIRTY INDIAN!"...cliché 'Irish drunk? She had transferred her addiction to alcohol to an attachment to the pedophile, who pursued me from the age of 15 until I was in my late 20's when I was no longer accessible. He did ultimately molest my little sister by he and my mother.

On my own, alone in San Francisco, I was sure I wouldn't make it to 18. Every year thereafter I was amazed to still be alive. About a decade ago I cut ties with my abusive aunt and her enabling daughter, who now is involved in counseling support for her traumas...my prayers for her wellbeing answered. And, a few years ago I was finally able to cut ties with my mother and her enabling daughter, who is now involved with a supportive group of people, helping her with her issues and traumas, the omni-verse is wonderous!

I am no 'victim' I always fight back. With the help of kind people, friends, 12-step, support groups, therapy, ceremony, yoga, meditation, arts, boundaries, the viserality and truth of my own body and being...I find myself a mature womxn, an elder, a matriarch, a culture bearer for my tribe; full of joy; happy, happy to be alive and grateful to be who I am. Truly astounding. Despite everything predators, abusers, oppressors have done to destroy me...this spirit I am exists. And, beyond all the horrors...I have done wonders with this existence...

MY EXISTENCE IS RESISTENCE.

As Native people:

OUR EXISTENCE IS RESISTENCE

Lalalalalalalaaaaalaaaaaa!!!!

My works reflect, resonate this as you will soon see.

Regarding the works: In my works, at times, the projects are separate entities unto themselves, reflecting only one area of training, at other times everything coalesces into multi-faceted projects. The first third of this chapter book series explores simple into elaborate aspects of many forms. And, as I do love experimentation, exploration, play, discovery & PROCESS this exploration is often highly surprising. I dispense with this 'easier to more complicated' structure in the rest of the book due to the sequence of related works and time periods of pieces overlapping in a highly random form.

In this chapter set, I am endeavoring to pronounce the momentum from object-based work into performance arts, inundations and performance (which also involves intricate costuming aspects). I am not a 'Jack of All Trades', but have actually mastered many forms. I work in a spiral which is ever building upon the tier below...sometimes writing, performance and singing, sometimes singing, painting, beading, etc....carrying each discipline to the next level of discovery when revisited.

The 'COSMIC DUST' book chapter series represents about three fourths of my work. Many works were not documented and some documentation has been lost over the years. My apologies for the condition of some of the photos, this is all that is available at this time. Additionally, forthcoming is the third portion of this series which will cover the vibrant DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS, PRINTS, BOOKS etc. that I have produced during my lifetime...over 1,000 pieces.

MANY OF THESE WORKS ARE PART OF OUR CHIRICAHUA WARM SPRINGS TRIBE OF NEW MEXICO's and other collections. Many are owned by other individuals who bought or traded for them. I have also gifted a great many to various people. Personally, I retain only my ceremonial pieces and some installation bits.

I am LED by a muse who paces me at the speed of a lighting ball creatively, perpetually expanding the 'petty me' into a universe far beyond the reaches of my tiny self. I enjoy this process immensely.

To honor existence, myself and all who struggle against oppressive, destructive forces and to honor all my friends and supporter and all who have contributed positively to my being...it brings me the greatest joy be able to share with all of you, the fruit of who I am in this 'Cosmic Dust a Visual Artivistic Autobiography' project. There are so many, many **STORIES** and **CHARACTERS** in these chapters, I hope you find a bit of yourself, **courage. light**, love, love love...love to the fish in the sea, love in the kaleidoscopic forms of the clouds in the sky, love through the pain, love to breathe and live by...curiosity, play, focus...positive manifestations...borne of love. May this visitation bring you light, life...pleasure, discovery, peace...courage, Cranberry sauce to all!

Thank you for witnessing!

Love to all.

deCoy Gallerina

radicalmedicine.org

radicalmedicine.bandcamp.com

theatremovementinternation.org

deCoy Gallerina on YouTube

THANKS + SUPPORTING LIVING ARTIVISTS WE KEEP LIFE
LOVING

paypal.me/decoygallerina



MY MOTHER CAROLINE ZUREGA & AUNT MARY ZUREGA
@ 2022 Chirichua Warm-Springs Nde' Apache Ceremony, Apache, Oklahoma

INTRO TO CHAPTER:

In the previous chapters 1, 2, 3, 4, Loom Bead Weaving, Rosettes, Bags & Pouches, Bead Paintings were introduced. Works ranging from traditional in form & technique to exploratory experimentations. This chapter deals explicitly with CHIRICAHUA NDE' TRADITIONAL FORMS & TECHNIQUES (with the exception of the high-density Plexiglass Walking Stick's form & embellishments). These pieces range from beaded Walking Sticks, Maturation Ceremonial Regalia, Installation, Language related projects & performance.



My grandmother Minnie Nicholas in her traditional
CHIRICAHUA CAMP DRESS regalia,
all of which she made.

Thank you for witnessing.

WALKING STICKS





First Cane Image: Geronimo Cane Replica
by deCoy Galleirna
(Commissioned & Owned by Bob Haozous)

Second Image: Small Rosette Hat on cane by dg

Third Image: Original Authentic Geronimo Cane
(Part of the Chiricahua Warm Springs of New Mexico's collection)

GERONIMO'S WALKING STICK (EXACT REPRODUCTION)

In our tribe's (Chiricahua/Chokonen Warm Springs Nde' Apache Tribe) collection, there exists a cane that tribal leader, Geronimo, once owned. This cane was highly favored by Bob Haozous, Chiricahua master sculptor, who commissioned me to do an exact replica (oh, this is the third time I've broken my vow to only do original, invented designs, forms & pieces).

Before setting out on the journey of this specific endeavor (I had already made three other walking sticks, two for Allan Houser, Godfather of Native Sculpture. One Allan designed, the other was designed by our tribal Historian, Cultural Expert & Linguist; Leeland Michael Darrow, I will go into detail regarding these in a bit, the third was also for Allan, this one I designed.)

Under Michael's meticulous tutelage I began studying the details of Geronimo's cane, which was in poor shape, though, still quite beautiful. I took photos from every angle and consulted with Michael regarding the beads to be used (old style, traditional, glass, size... aka tiny). Beautiful beads, tiny needles, thin nylon thread.

I've made five canes all together, with a sixth one still awaiting my hands, eyes & focus. All but the last of these had fine pine dowels as bases which were carved & lathed generously & painstakingly by Michael, who also capped the narrow, bottom end with a 22 rifle shell (this is so the tip does not wear done with use and what was available traditionally, also pretty cute.).

The pine base of the replica, was then covered with hand tanned doe skin (Michael's thoughtful work), which is soft as butter & so easy to work with (some of the other sticks had been covered with canvas, a difficult material to sew through).

I plotted out the designs after long hours of analyzing the original & fotos, I drew guiding lines; vertical & horizontal, on the sheath's covered surface. I had divided the cane into portions separated by adding raised bands of hide.

Then, I began my journey.

When I lived in Santa Fe, attending Institute of American Indian Arts, I had a close friend, the Navajo-Hope master ceramicist; Nathan Begay. Nathan invited me to travel home with him during the November holiday. When there he and his brother

invited me to hike down into the Grand Canyon. I was an avid hiker so readily agreed. We began the long descent from the snow covered heights down into the sweetly warm valley...easy peasy.. We rested by the river a moment, it was warm and temperate on the sandy beach by the whirling waters.

Then it was time to ascend, as we slowly progressed, Nathan referenced downed hikers along the way (people who weren't able to go any further up the steep grade, a merciless ten mile ascent. These people were awaiting rescue via Donkey & guides)...Nathan said "Whatever you do, DON'T LOOK UP."

Taking his advise, I stared at the earth at my feet & a foot or two in front, the view to the side of the trail, which dropped into the steep ravine below us, I did not look up. After some hours we found ourselves once again on the snow covered plateau overlooking the Grand Canyon. My legs were so sore (even with my strong hiking practise) that Nathan had to drive us back to his home. And, after a night of rest, when I awoke, they were so cramped I could not walk at all, it was necessary for him to carry me to the car and be the one to drive us back to Santa Fe. My legs were wrecked for days.

Well, this is how it was with this cane, it was a matter of 'NOT LOOKING UP'. We were having an extremely hot spell inland in Cali, I sat on the couch with a glass of ice water beside me, the air conditioner going & a fan blowing on my face, my favorite music on & my pet companions beside me to offer moral support. My beads, needles, wax, thread & all my references near me, I didn't look up, no matter what., I did stretch from time to time & splash some water on my face & shoulders at intervals. The 'UP' I didn't look to, was the top of the cane, I kept my eyes on the ground right in front of me aka the where I was to place my needle to add beads & toiled the arduous & gorgeous trip. I worked every day, all day for three weeks. A daunting task, the other canes I had made took a great deal of time & effort, but the beads were larger...I just say thank god for the doe skin or I would have been there for ever, my fingertips torn to shreds & calloused. I was committed sitting on that couch, my legs & butt wet with sweat...ewwww: sticky!

It was a wonderful meditation, I was entertained by the cane, the progression of the work itself, the unfolding of the design in actual 3-D & brilliant colors. The beads,

colors, textures, forms & designs when laid down in real space & en mass, were absolutely brilliant.

I followed the path before me and with surprise & awe, increment by increment an amazing cane was born in my hands...delightfully gorgeous. I say this humbly, for this cane was not of my making, I was simply its deciple, carried along in its wave & wake. The original cane was not in the best condition, therefore, I had no idea what the replica would render. I feel utterly blessed to have been the vehicle for this 'being's' manifestation.

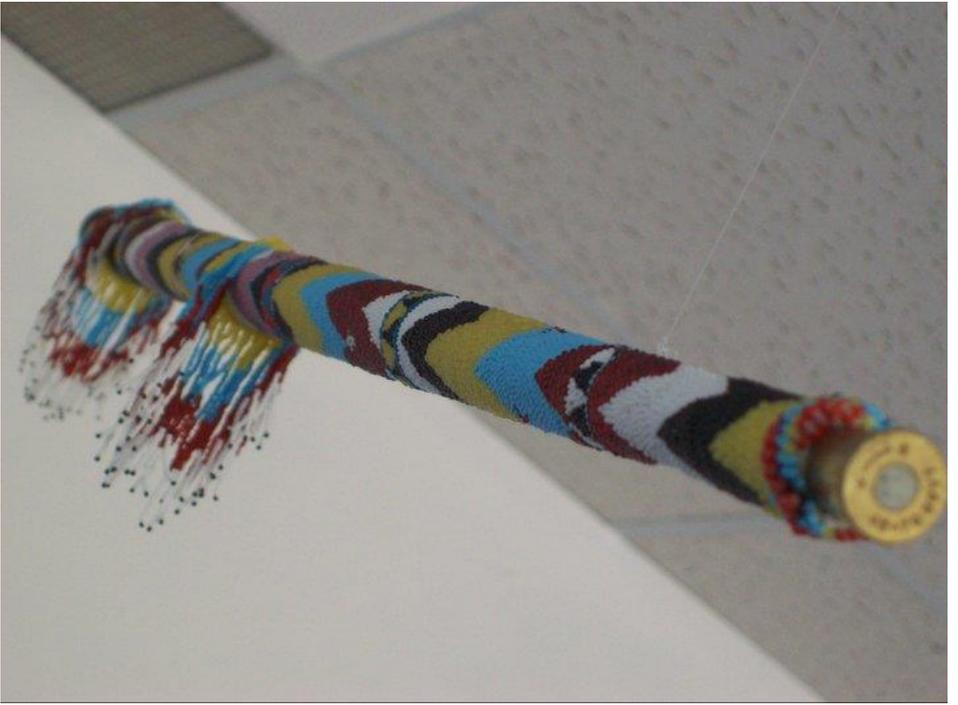
When I first began, I made a tiny circular rosette to cap the top, in the process of the work I wound myself & stitches up the stick in a 'Z' spiral (which is the traditional form of our tribe for these things). I utterly marveled as I ascended, at the original creator's mastery & genius in design & color. As I approached the cap, the peak, the pinnacle of the cane after weeks of work, I felt like someone who had climbed Mt Everest...I was winded & ecstatic...& the view below was radiant beyond description!

To handle the cane & view it close range is the only way to know the magic of it, photos do no justice.

I'm indebted to Bob for allowing me this incredible experience & magic.

The cane has yummy thick fringe in two places, part of the way up & down. The designs are zig-zag, diagonal stripes, which carry esoteric meaning in our triba's culture.

Thank you Michael & Bob for this gift!!!







(Previous page)

(Left)

ALLAN HOUSER CANE:

Designed by Allan Houser (White background, zig-zag & diamonds)
Seed Beads, Wooden Dowel, 22 Rifle Shells, Hand Tanned Doe Skin,
Handmade Metal Jingles
Allan Houser collection

(Middle)

MICHAEL DARROW CANE:

Designed by LeeL and Michael Darrow (Spiral Stripes, Crosses)
Seed Beads, Wooden Dowel, 22 Rifle Shells, Canvas, Handmade Metal Jingles
Allan Houser collection

(Right)

LIGHTNING CANE:

Designed by deCoy Gallerina (Blue background, lightning & crescent moons)
Seed Beads, Wooden Dowel, 22 Rifle Shells, Canvas, Handmade Metal Jingles
Allan Houser collection

(Next page)

LONG HAIR CANE (Part of the T ransparent P assion series)

Designed by deCoy Gallerina
Clear Plexiglass Rod covered with Beaded Netting Matrix of T ransparent, Grey
Smoke & Black Glass Beads, Ceramic & Glass Spherical Cubes, Orbs & other
forms/shapes

The Cane has a 7-foot-long bead inundation extending from the top.

This cane was a birthday gift to Anne Houser, who returned it to me for repairs at which point, my dog actually ate most of it????!!!!????? It was so much work & so elaborate I was, unfortunately, never able to duplicate it. Dog was happy tho!



REGALIA





SAN CARLOS APACHE STYLE CAMP DRESS
Made by Auntie CAROLYN BREAD

TRADITIONAL CAMP DRESS

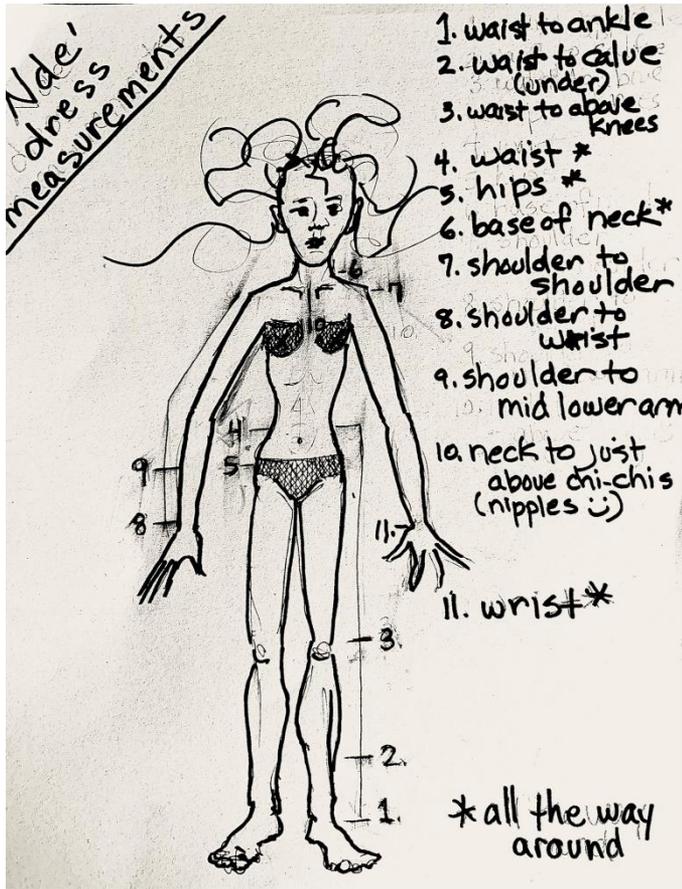
Designed by deCoy Gallerina





(top)

deCoy & friends at Yerba Buena Garden's 'First Nation Day',
wearing traditional regalia & camp dress
(Boots were made by Caroline Bread of San Carlos Reservation)



(below)

deCoy with Chiricahua Nde' cousin & nieces (who are wearing Western Apache style buckskin dresses) at our ceremonies in Apache, Oklahoma.

Guest Artists in the Chapter Include:

Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Chappabitty Girls, D. Cripps, Eva Chappabitty,
International Friendship House Oakland YOUTH, Minnie Nichols





TRADITIONAL CHIRICAHUA NDE' CAMP DRESS

Designed by auntie Eva Chappabitty





CHIRICAHUA
NDE'
CAMP DRESS
FOR
WARDANCE
PERFORMANCE
&
INSTALLATION
@
SOMARTS
SAN FRANCISCO



(Previous page)

CHIRICAHUANDE'
MATURATION CEREMONIAL REGALIA

Tunic, Skirt & Boots

Made of Fleece

This piece is part of the tribe's collection.

(Next two pages)

CHIRICAHUANDE'
MATURATION CEREMONIAL REGALIA

Tunic, Skirt, Boots, 'War Medicine',

Belt with Belt Buckle & Conches plus Water Drum

Fleece, Wool, Wool Yarn, Vinyl Abalone, Leather, Chamois, Bike Tire Rubber,

Metal Pot, Acrylic Paint, Faux Metal Fabric

(Jingles & Silver Toe Piece Coin are yarn painted silver.)

I made this for my mother, who now has it.

NO OIL TANKERS IN OUR BAY



NO OIL TANKERS IN OUR BAY



RADICAL MEDICINE

deCoy's BLACK CAMP DRESS & ACCESSORIES



Contemporized Camp dress (Music signs & Paisley Cotton Calico, Red, Black, Blue, Silver Rickrack), Belt, Choker, Purse, Awl Case, Knife Sheath, Wrist Cuffs, Shoulder Applets & Blouse Neck (Silver Chain, Studs & Vinyl), Boots (Black Fake Fur, Fleece Music Sign Lining, Silver Stud on 'Kicker').

MMIW Scarf by Norm Sands
Guest Artist Musician Miguel Garcia of Duo Petra & Radical Medicine





Vinyl Facemask (Silver Studs)
Music Sign & Paisley Cotton Calico
Face Mask (Silver Stud & Vinyl Deco)







Peyote Church Shawl
Designed by
Eva Chappabitty
Work by Anonymous
Artist

Mural by:
Skyski & friends

Guest Artist:
Rudradeep
Chakrabarti







Guest Artist: SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

RADICAL MEDICINE Performance

@ Rock Paper Scissors Collective

Guest Artists: Musicians Miguel Garcia & Vince Vigil









(Previous 2 pages)

CHIRICAHUANDE' BOOTS

#1 Deer Hide & *****

(In progress)

#2 Modern Materials: Fleece & Fake Fu

(Next page)

CHILD'S CHIRICAHUANDE' BOOTS

Deer Hide, Sinew & India Ink

(Owner: Beetle Boo McIntyre)





CHIRICAHUA NDE'
MATURATION CEREMONIAL REGALIA
MOCK-UP

Tunic, Skirt

Felt & Ink Pen

(This doll & regalia are in our tribe's collection)







(Previous two page)

CHIRICAHUANDE'
MATURATION CEREMONIAL REGALIA
MINIATURE

Hand Tanned Deer Skin, Wool Trade Cloth, Seed Beads, Acrylic Paint

(In progress)

(Next three pages)

CHIRICAHUANDE'
MATURATION CEREMONIAL REGALIA
MINIATURE

(Completed)

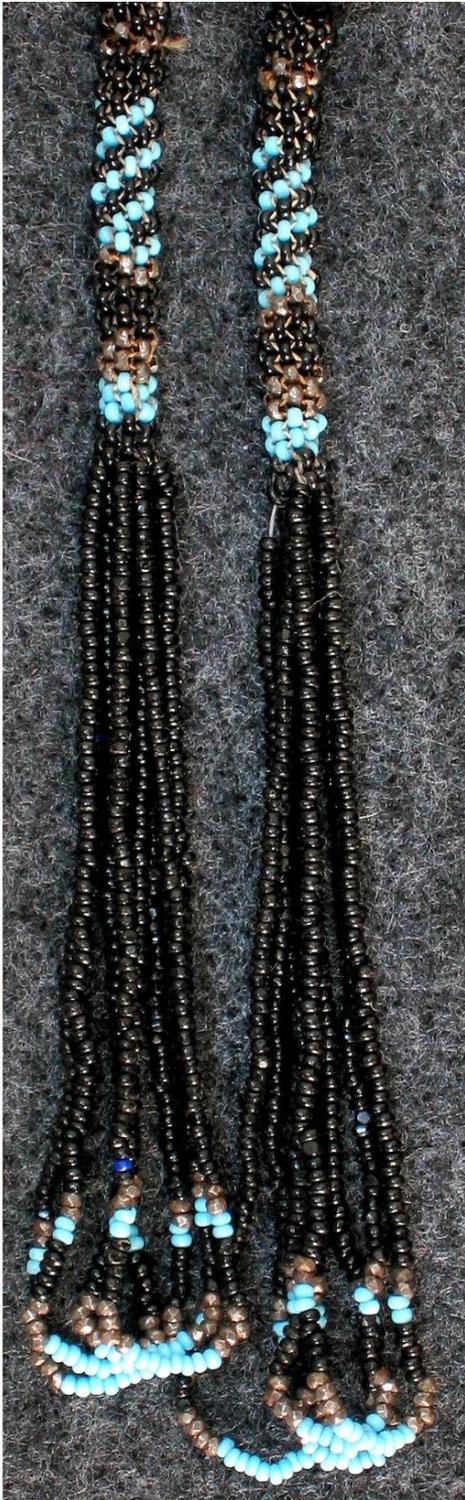
Tunic, Skirt, Boots, Belt, Necklace, Hair Feather

Hand Tanned Deer Skin, Seed Beads, Faux Abalone, Trade Cloth









EARRINGS

Peyote Stitch

Seed & Metal Beads

5 inches



TRADITIONAL CHIRICAHUA DRUM

Hand Tanned Deer Hide, Rubber Tire Band, Black Pot

Stick: Red Willow Tied with Sinew

CHIRICAHUA TRADITIONAL BEADING FORMS PROJECT

Under the Tutelage and Guidance of Our
Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert & Linguist Leland Michael Darrow

During our struggles with surviving a major genocide, we lost 90 per cent of our people. We also lost a high percentage of our cultural aspects, including most of our Language, abilities, skills & information on understanding and producing our Cultural and Ceremonial Objects, Regalias etc.

This project's intention is to create a reliable, accurate tribal library of beading techniques for our tribal members to be taught from and refer to.

These are some of the samples I have attempted and am pursuing towards our goal.

I am part of a team who are working on cultural restoration.
Creatrix willing we will attain our goal.







Hand Tanned Deer Hide
Seed Beads: size 11





(Colors in keeping with our traditional usage)

BEETLE'S BLESSING

Scorpion Design

A loom bead weaving protection pouch filled with sage & cedar.

For my beloved X's darling baby girl.

CHIRICAHUA NDE'

LANGUAGE & CULTURAL RESTORATION PROGRAM

I have been working with

Leland Michael Darrow, our tribe's Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist for many decades, during this time he has taught me a tremendous number of important things regarding our tribe & cultural aspects; including: some language, songs, stories, regalia & object making and much, much more. I have written stories, plays etc. & presented them at countless venues. These projects often include many of the amazing things he has so generously taught me, LANGUAGE, SONGS, STORIES

included. Projects include: the

play "HOMECOMING: Chiricahua Nde' Odyssey" (Director: Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Musician/Composer: Miguel Garcia, Dramaturgy: LMD).

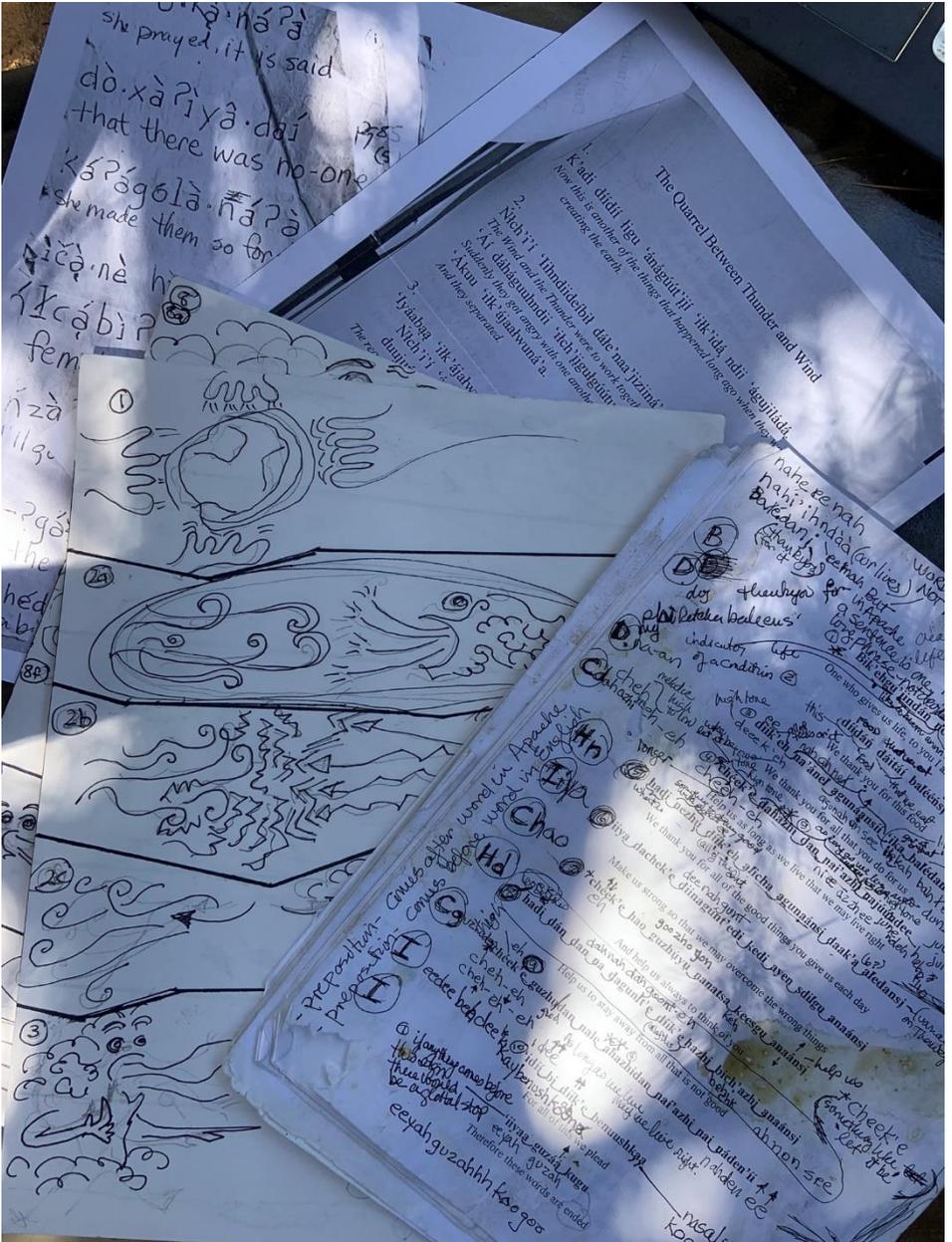


& Being part of the wonderful project 'TINY BOAT SESSION'
hosted by Jordan Eugene Hansen.
(With fellow performer/conspirator: Rudradeep Chakrabarti)

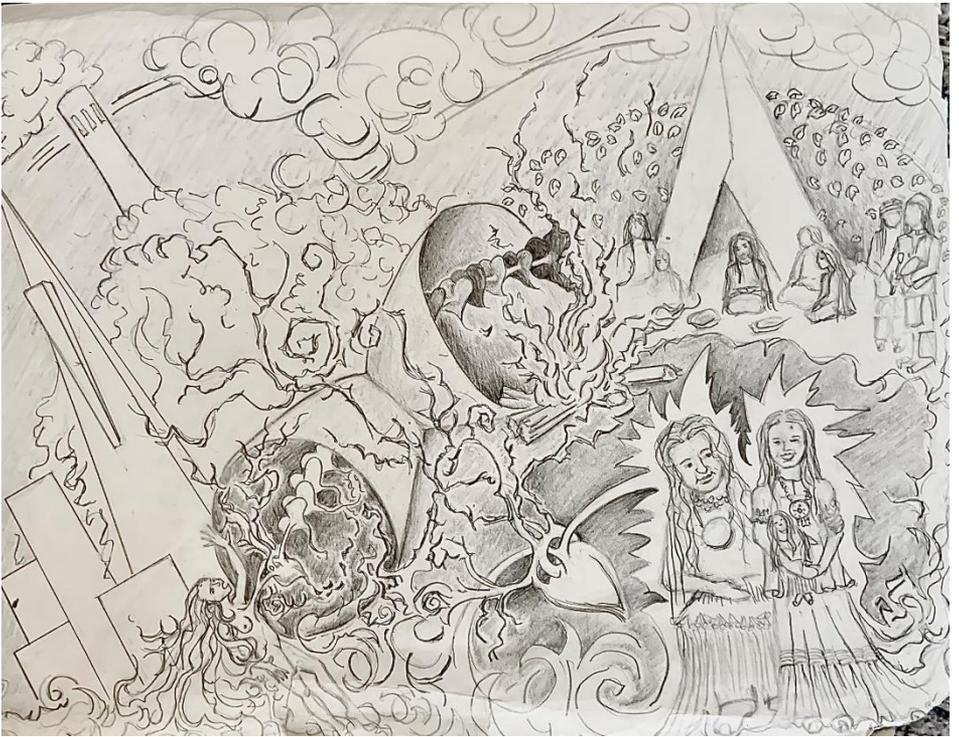


EXAMPLES OF LANGUAGE PROJECT WORK

(In progress 6/2022)



language, stories, songs, prayers...



(Some of my 2-D art works showing Examples of Nde' words and what they represent, traditional regalia & objects, and historical, sacred figures. & Relatives.)



CHIRICAHUA MOTHER & DAUGHTER

| am the mother, the little one is my mother/ my daughter-intergenerational trauma)



WIKIUP MEDICINE
INSTALLATION & PERFORMANCE

SOMARTS, Day of the Dead Show

Curated by Rene' & Río Yanez

This project came about after a training session for myself & Rudra with

Leland Michael Darrow

@ Our Chiricahua Tribal Complex & Ceremony Grounds





art: sprinkles of cosmic dust

a culture that knows that each of us is a cosmic being,
that each of us is the universe...& that the universe expresses itself through love
& Love is art... the universe is art... & Art sparkles from each of us...
i am art, art is me, i am the cosmic realm

I am SACRED SPIRIT
PRESENT NIW
in body & being, feeling & healing
within/without, seen/unseen, now/ininitely

special acknowledgements to my/our partial funders:
Our Tribe; The Chiricahua Warm Springs Nde' Tribe of New Mexico
Aka Fort Sill Apaches
Center for Cultural Innovation,
& Peter J. McIntyre, John & Maxine Zaro
To all my teachers & guides especially Michael Leeland Darrow
(Chiricahua Nde' Apache Tribal Historian/Cultural Expert/Member)

MINI WICHONIE. WATER IS LIFE
& To all who helped me/us to survive
OUR EXISTENCE IS RESISTENCE
LALALALLALLALALALAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

radicalmedicine.org
theatremovementinternational.org
deCoy Gallerina c.12'18
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THANKS FOR SUPPORTING LIVING ARTMISTS; WE KEEP LIFE LOVING

DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

STATUS & ORIGINS: Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' ('Fort Sill' Apache; the group Geronimo & Cochise are from), Matriarch/Elder, Culture Bearer, Two-Spirit, Cross-Platform/Cross-Genre Life Long Artist & direct descendant of Cochise

Raised in San Francisco/New Mexico/Apache/Oklahoma

STYLES: Psychedelic Stomp to Deep Traditional works

GENRES: Beadwork master, costuming, painter, installation and performance art, video, lyricist, composer, writer, performance artist, actress, singer, dancer, visual artist, perpetual student

MEMBER: Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Tribe of New Mexico, Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine, Idle No More, Member/Curator Komotion Int'l SF, more...

TRAINING: Nde' ceremonies, several decades study and research in Chiricahua cultural aspects with Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist & tribal member; Leland Michael Darrow, extensive private training in music, dance, arts & training with Nde' Grandmother Minnie Nicholas in writing, beadwork, painting and with mother Caroline and aunt & Mary Zurega in costuming, music appreciation and San Francisco 'Live Culture'

INFLUENCES/TEACHERS: diverse Bay Area culture, Leland Michael Darrow, Jill Parker, Rene Yanez, BadUnklSista, Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Charles Justin Hoover, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione; American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery, Black Panthers and their artist; Emory Douglas, American Indian Movement and Richard Oakes, AIM WEST; Tony Gonzales, La Pena, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp, Pennie Opal Plant & Isabella Zizi; Idle No More, Upward Bound, Oakland Intertribal FreindshipHouse, Leonard Peltier, Alanon, Ceremony, David Solnit, Norm Sands, Annie Sprinkle, Malaquias Montoya, Juanita Barry, Phil Foss, Santa Fe Opera, Steven Paul Judd, American Indian Film Festival SF, BAAITS Powwow, First Nation/Indigenous culture and struggles far and wide, many more teachers and inspirations

BFA DEGREES: San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts

PRESENTATIONS: San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, Santa Fe, Studio 23, Alameda; Displacement Show, High Street Gallery London, DeYoung Museum, IAIA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL FACES interviews of 500 activists (YouTube), Playwriter/performer of "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey' and 'Haunting Our His&Herstories; Indigenous Children's Boarding School Experiences', Yerba Buena Gardens First Nation Festival, Berkeley World Music Festival, Ivy Room, Venice Biennale, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco Independent Arts Festival, United States Arts and Crafts Board, La Pena, Stork Club, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco Art Institute, many more...

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