

COSMIC DUST

BEAD/FIRSTNATION/ENVIRONMENT JUSTICE RELATEDWORKS
SPANNING TRADITIONAL THROUGH EXTREME EXPLORATORY

CHAPTER 7a INSTALLATION REACHING FOR THE STRATOSPHERE

*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 szphorenci 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.

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

CHAPTER INTRO:

Heavy exploration, experimentation, inundation & play in mixed mediums.

CONCEPT based, politically oriented, dealing with, environmental, social justice & First Nation/Indigenous issues.

Healing the Patriarchy

(Predecessor to all my installation work (& there are many assemblage pieces that preceded HtP))

10 feet tall, 5 feet wide, 3 feet deep

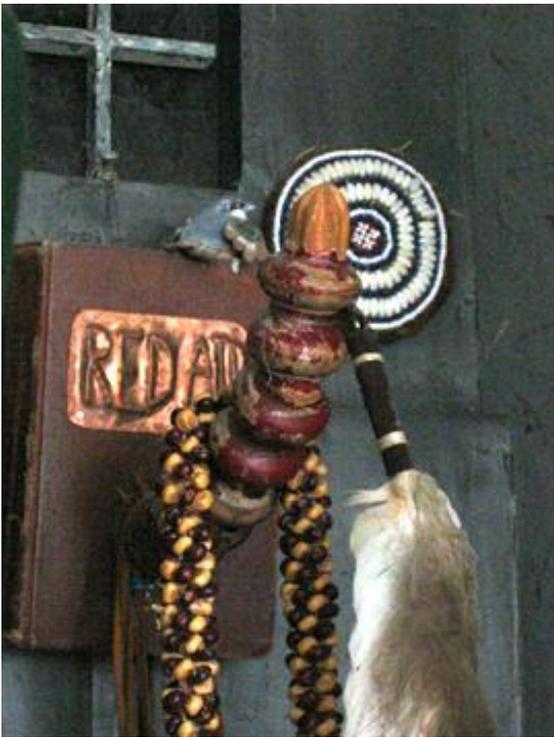
Healing the Patriarchy speaks to the dominancy of patriarchy in our present world. It includes natural & Native aspects reflected in choice of items used in the piece which include: A Costa Rica Vine, Earth, Tortoise Shell, Red Tail Hawk Feathers, an Altar, Antique Porcupine Quill Rosette, Pottery made by Ceramicist: Anthony White of Red Lake Ojibwe Reservation, Traditional Hopi Corn from Hopi, a Ceremonial Red Corn Necklace made by James Archuleta of San Juan Pueblo, Cat & Cow Skulls, Snake Skin Shedding from the high mountain desert around Pojoaque Pueblo, New Mexico, a Navajo Sand Painting from the Window Rock area, Coyote, Fox & Mink hides, a White Eagle Feather, Abalone Shell, Sage, Cedar Wood, Deer Antlers, Blue Bird Feathers & Skull, Shells, Phalices, Medicine Wheel, Sea Horses, Volcanic Rock, Sweet Grass, a Rattle, Shark's Teeth, a Faceted Crystal, Rosette Medicine Pouch & more. This is a meditation/prayer work, to honor nature & all sacred beings.

(Introduction to my work & bead 'related' projected follows the images.)





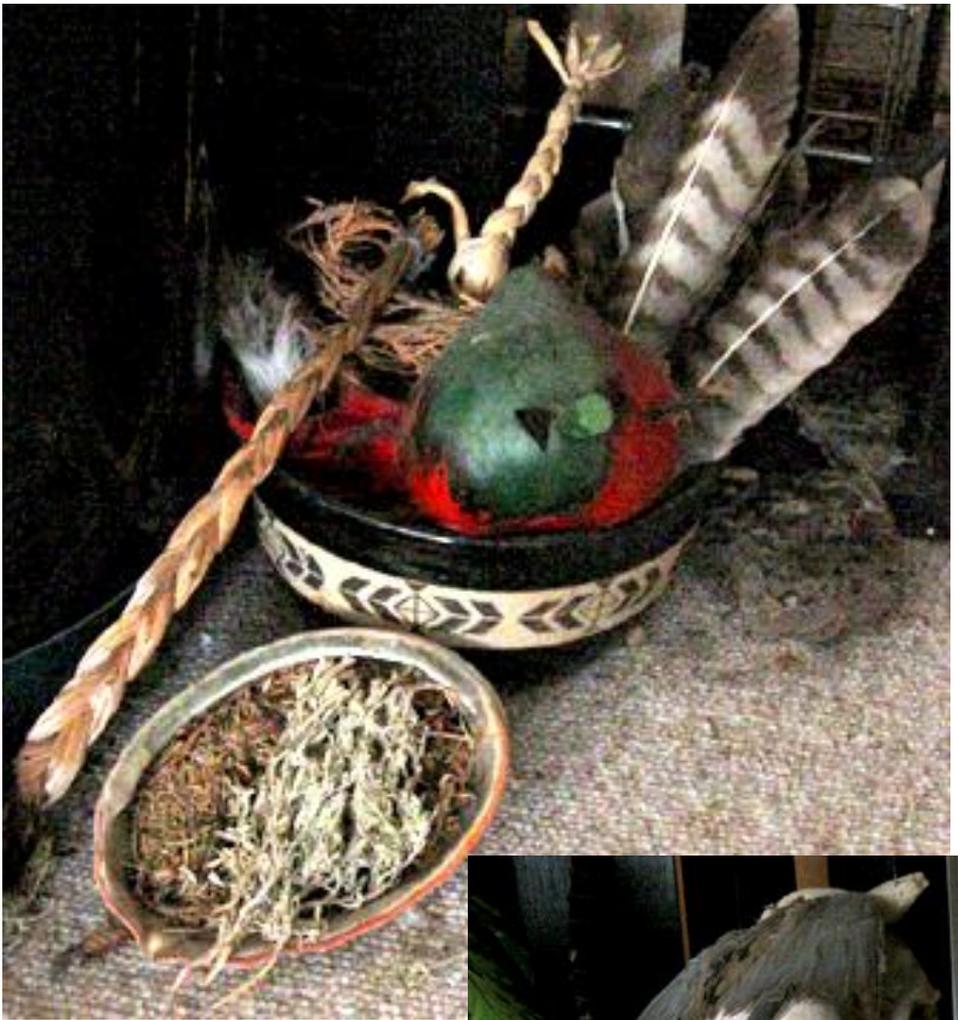


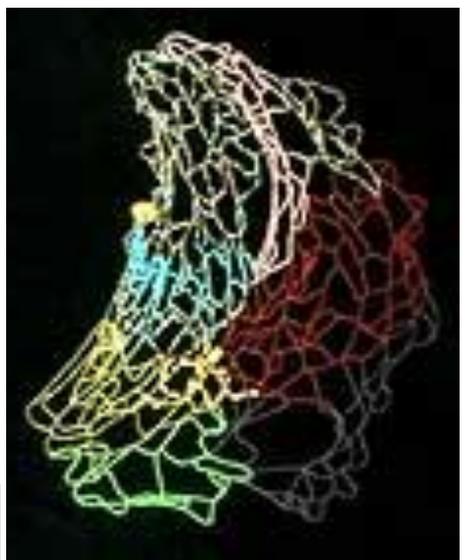
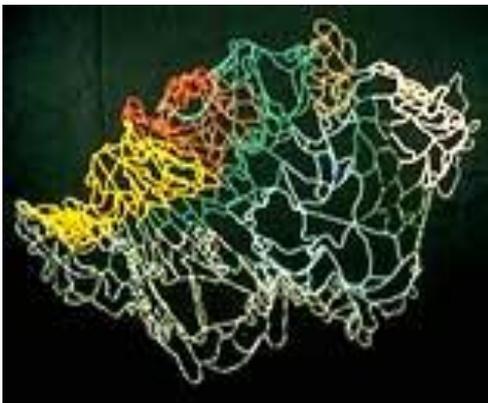




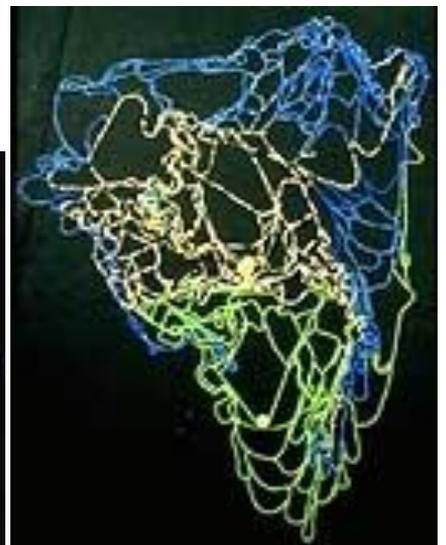
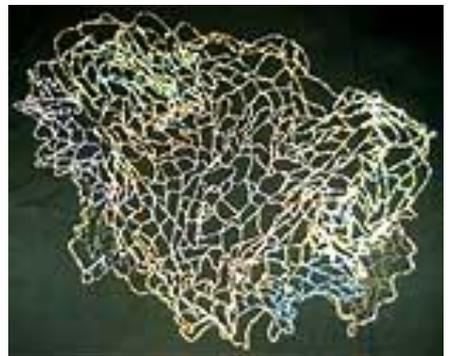








NETTING





In the Garden

While attending San Francisco Art Institute (attaining a 4th BFA there), in the New Genres Program (which was recommended to me by my close friend & chair head & professor their; anarchist/punk Robin Balliger); I developed a beaded net series. My teacher in that class did a critique of these nets, which I had laid out flat on a satin fabric on a raised cement platform. They laid there glistening in all their beauty. He suggested that there might be another way of displaying them, of pursuing them, of developing them, that I might try suspending them on some sort of scaffolding & that beads might not be my medium.....!

At the time, I was also working heavily in the forms of Performance Art, there at SFAI, a friend who was also attending the school invited me to present at a show he was curating gallery in a Sacramento gallery. For this event I was struck by the concept of the transformation of life. I began the meditative work of scooping gorgeous brick/blood red

beads of all sizes & shapes onto my needle & linking them together into intricate, heavy, thick nettings. I used brick, peyote, layering & invented stitches to create forms. I found myself weaving a story of woman's bleeding into a chalice, a male organ & semen pouring forth. I discovered Tap Plastics which had all sorts of seductive orbs, cubes, rods of transparent, light enhancing plexiglass...ah love!!! These weighted, accentuated & brought greater mystery to the work & for me stated the ethereal states of unmanifested life, they reminded me of reptilian eggs. There were long single strands of beads dangling, piling & snaking through & out of the central installation.

I had been to a beach in Marine that had the most marvelously rainbow, blue/steel grey colored rocks of all sizes. These rocks came to mind & I returned to Tennessee Beach with my little dolly & some boxes & bags, to scoop an array of sizes & cart them away. The rocks were astoundingly well organized on the beach...small rocks & sand at & under the water's edge, larger towards the hills.

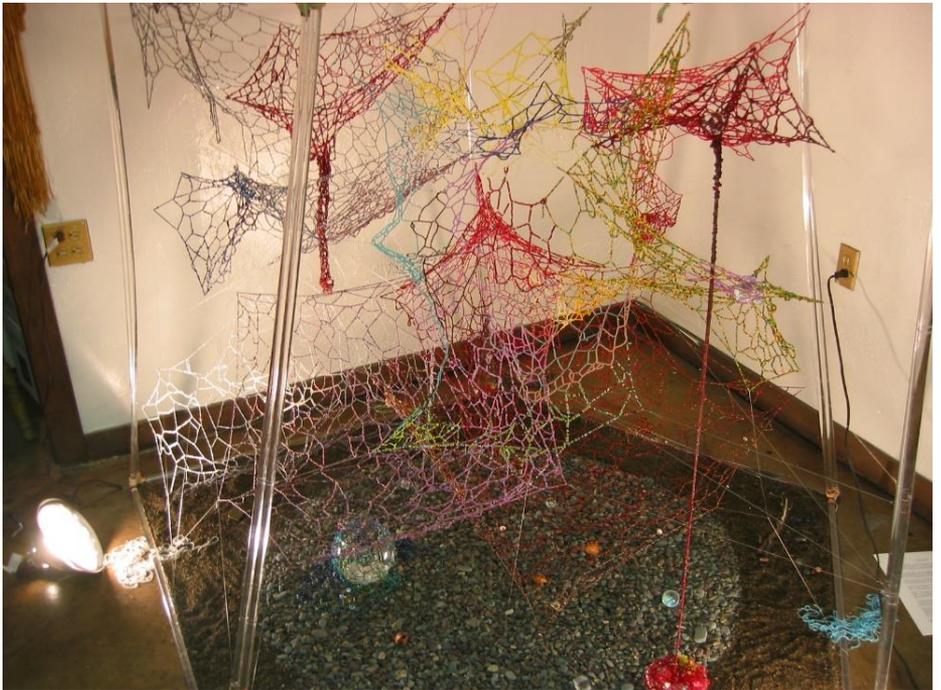
I asked permission of the beach, which replied that it would make love to my muse & inspire it. I thanked the environment & kissed the sea & sky. These rocks became a spherical shape on the floor of the bounded installation. The spherical shape the rocks forms on the floor resonated the eggs shapes dropped there & contained in the netting & a chalice. It became, for me, a window into another infinity (worm-hole). I was given substantial floor & wall space & displayed exploratory beaded wall pieces I had previously created which haloed the central three-dimensional installation. In the Garden was predecessor to the Transparent Passion Installation series, much more elaborate & on a larger non-bounded scale.

Given space, I followed the grace of the muse flowing, my being it's vehicle.

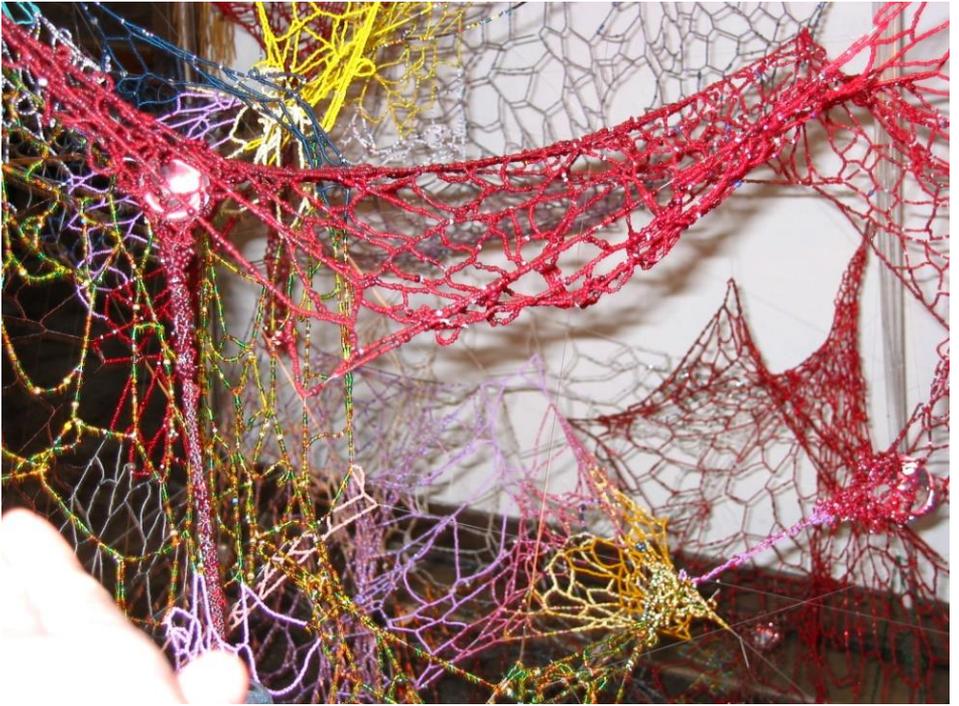
I was also given time during the opening of this show to perform. For this I did a black shrouded wailing piece, for all the grief & loss not allowed to be expressed in this American world. The form of being I took on was similar to that of grieving widows from an archaic culture; wailing. The costuming was not Native, but, elaborate Gothic, that was the overt aspect of it, the covert was that it expressed all of the suffering & loss that all of us carry, especially First Nation people.

I mention this performance piece, because at that time, I was still doing performance & installation as separate entities.

Full integration ensued later, with the influence of many profound New Genre artists.

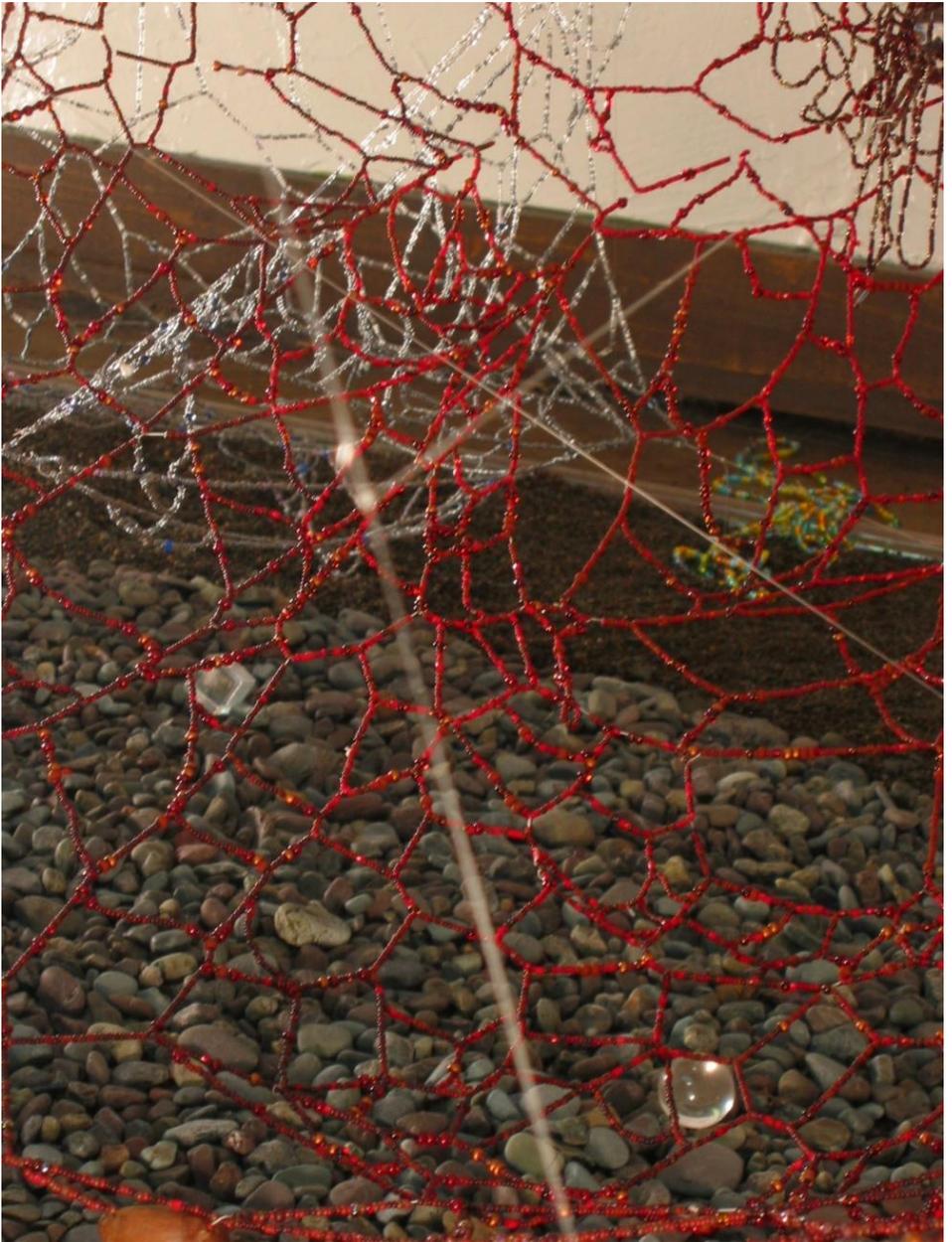


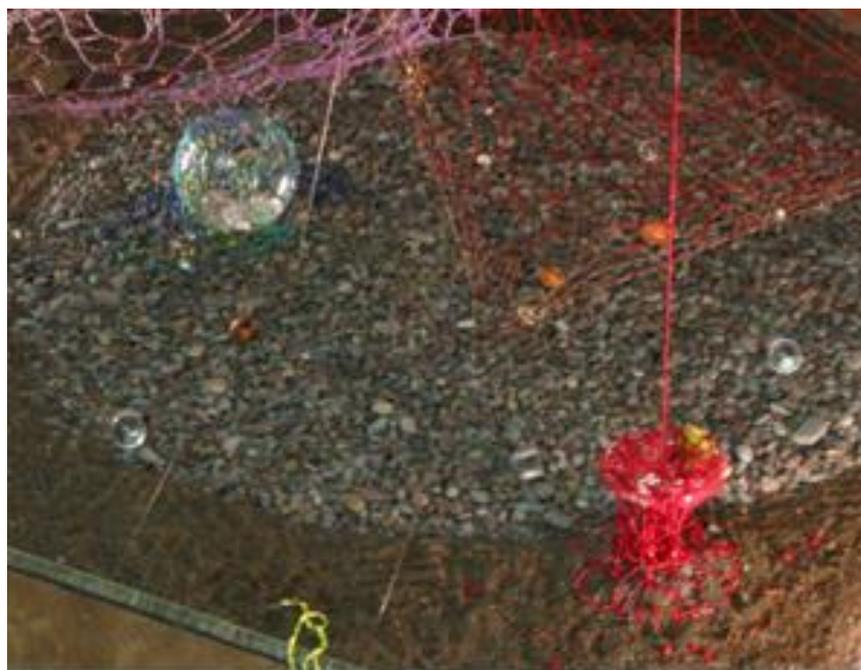














TRANSPARENT PASSION

After 'In the Garden' & before my involvement presenting installation & performance at SOMARTS, I began to come to terms with the reality that I was a beautiful, talented, intelligent woman whom only few of my lovers (including my husband of 13 years) chose to actually see. They loved my beauty, wit, body...not me, did not see what/who was inside the skin.

This culminated in a catalytic experience I had via an encounter with a world-renowned god father of performance art (need I say more?), who was enamored of me, I saw him as a mentor. We spent some time together meeting at San Francisco café's & restaurants speaking to arts, justice, life, the nature of art & existence. He invited me to perform at one of the salon's he featured in he & his wife at the time's outer Mission loft. I did a performance on the media (at that time I was immersed in the concept & reality of MEDIA INVISIBALIZATION of anyone not main stream).

We continued to meet & have spirited conversations centered around the arts & social justice. After one of his performances, he again invited me to place, I accepted & just to be on the safe side; clearly said "No sex." He agreed, but, when I sat on the couch, he immediately mauled me (rape? Me too?) I had been molested & raped when younger, I froze, let him do whatever...so as not to get beaten or worse? Left as early in the morning as possible, I'd heard someone getting beaten on the street that night & was afraid to go out until dawn. I was really panicky after that for quite a long time. I mention this situation not to gain sympathy or audience or distract, but to show how an experience can direct one's psyche themes.

This last bit brought clearly to me the reality of being a desirable woman who is not seen beyond her flesh. It brought to me questions regarding the nature of passion. I thought of passion, passionate people, passionate work, passionate artists & artists. I asked myself what passion was for me...the answer came, not real, not deep, not connected, but: TRANSPARENT, transparent passion, illusion, thus I began working with this theme & primarily transparent beads.

What came to me from this was a many year series of bead installation & performance pieces exploring being INVISIBALIZED, by others, by the media; as a woman, as First Nation people, as Humans. I eventually began presenting this theme at SOMARTS after a friend suggested I attend an artist meeting at SOMARTS headed by venerable Rene Yanez.

I would present for the DAY OF THE DEAD show for seven years, with the freedom & space to explore my work, expand & transcend.

I was given space to do whatever I was guided by the creative spirit that leads me, deemed.... thus, I began a journey of installation involving beads & aspects of my experience & tribe.

The space availed many possibilities & I discovered that I could suspend the simple nets using transparent fishing line & nails. In my explorations I found that I could grab a bit of net that was sagging, unsupported and bring it tension & life by pulling it to its brink of breaking, thereby creating sharp angles, pin point peaks & geometric crannies, I was fascinated. Heretofore the nets had been amorphous, organic, curvy, flat, one dimensional.

The work was extremely physical, I literally danced up & down ladders, perched on tip toe to reach far overhead heights, head phones on, moving to hard core punk rock hour after hour, highly voltaged while doing so. After some days I discovered a wonder land of multi-colored flowing & angled scapes through which one could walk, stand or lay within. With lighting the installation was radiant, I began taking photos from all angles, the forms were kaleidoscopic & mesmerizing. For opening night, I created a 60's retro dress, sloughed with beadwork & beaded netting.

I began presenting these installation works in various versions & expanses at many venues including 'Bad Uncle Sists's' loft in San Francisco, where I had a huge wall plus an immense ceiling to go crazy in. There I was known as Spider Woman, that particular version was a house feature for some years & as aspect/environment for many of the performances that took place there.

The vast white walls & ceiling at BUS Gallery revealed amazing shadow aspects, to the piece, which became key to the transparent installation's depth of visual field & appreciation. Adding meaning, suggesting the significance of shadows as extensions of the piece & suggestions of our own shadow selves. The work is highly psychological, while being spontaneous, visceral & immediate. The work became more than ever not just something to be viewed, but a world to be entered & experienced.

It reflected subliminally the call of each of our trues selves to the world we exist in.

I had developed during that time a poem dealing with nature & death which I titled at that time 'Transparent Passion Poem', which I sometimes performed within TP with a lot of audience participation. I have learned all of our tribe's coyote stories & performed it as the Coyote in the poem.

The preceding images represent years of presentations at numerous venues & locations. /

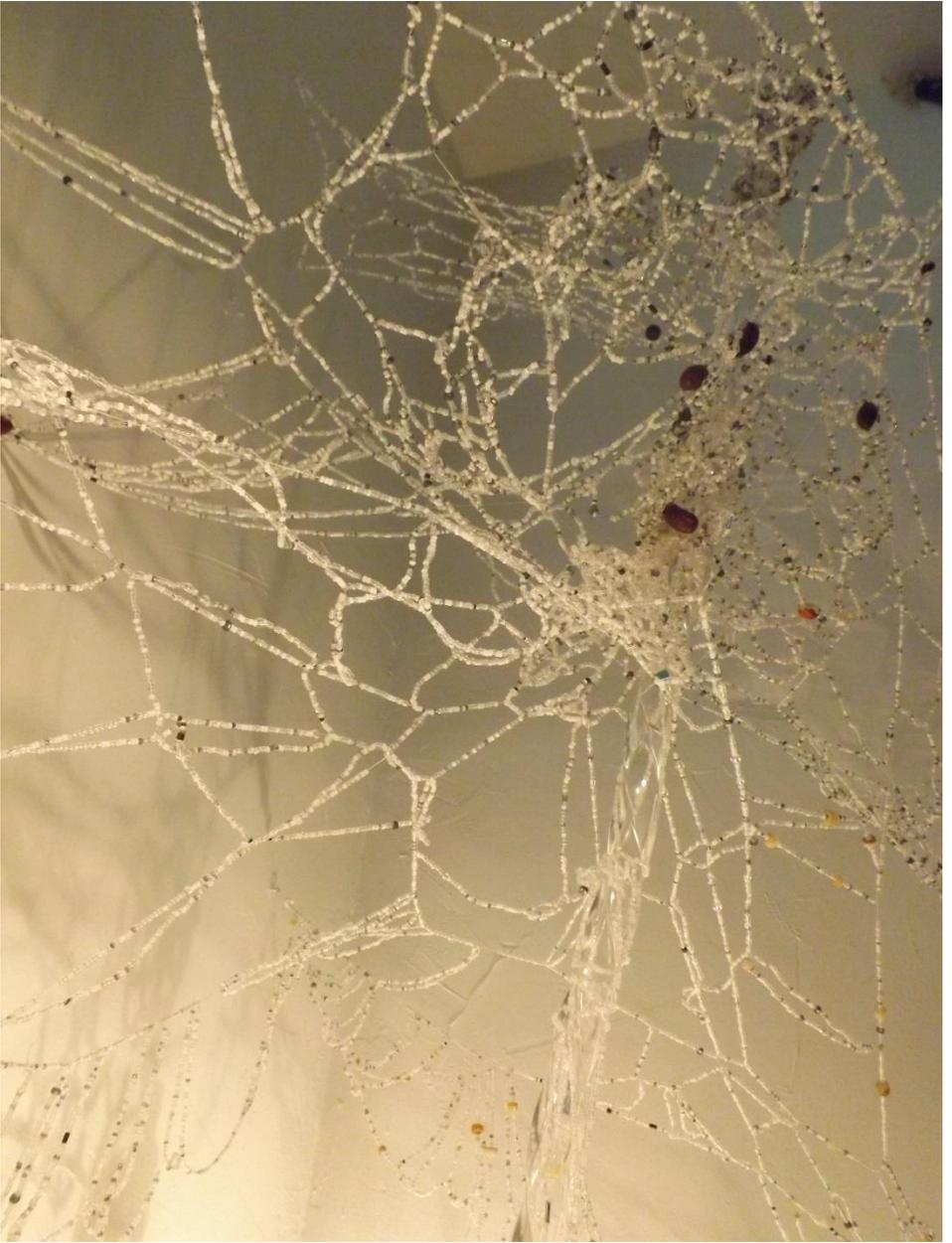


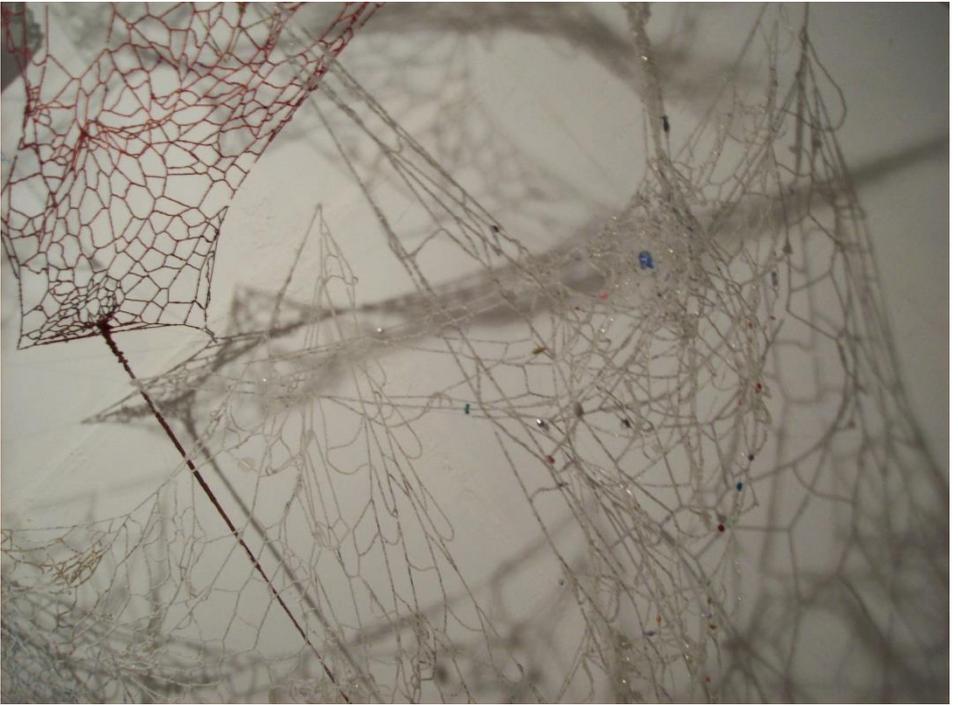


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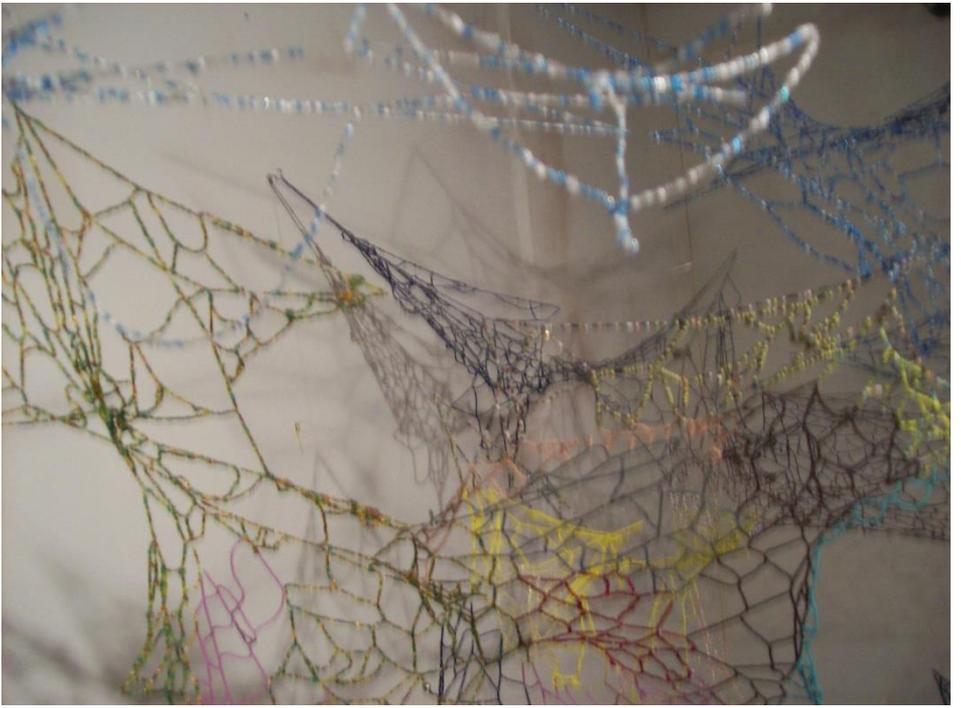




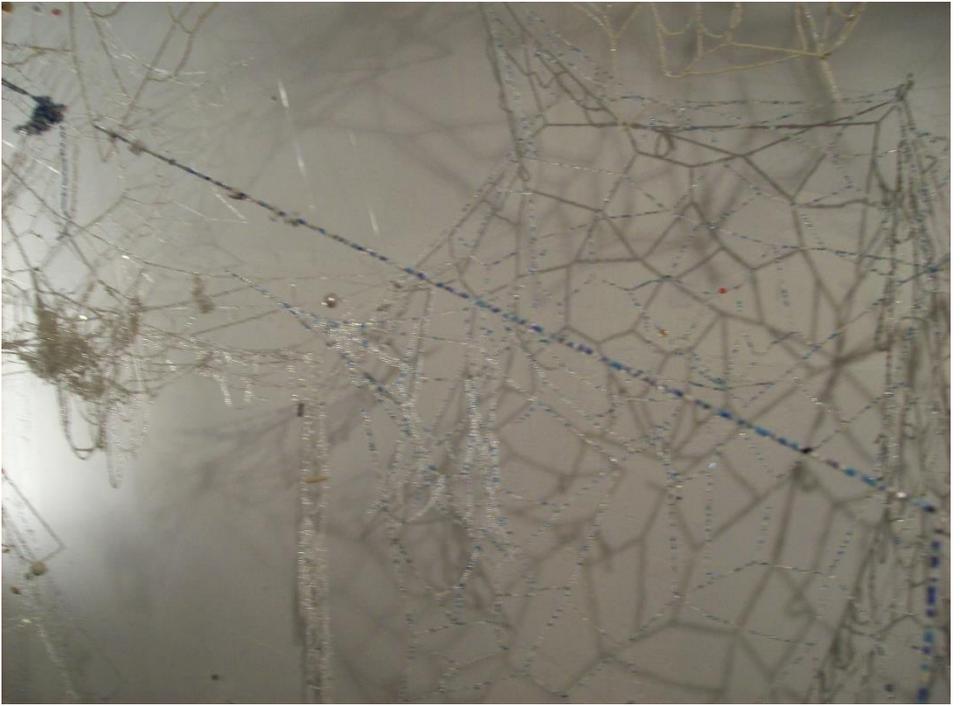


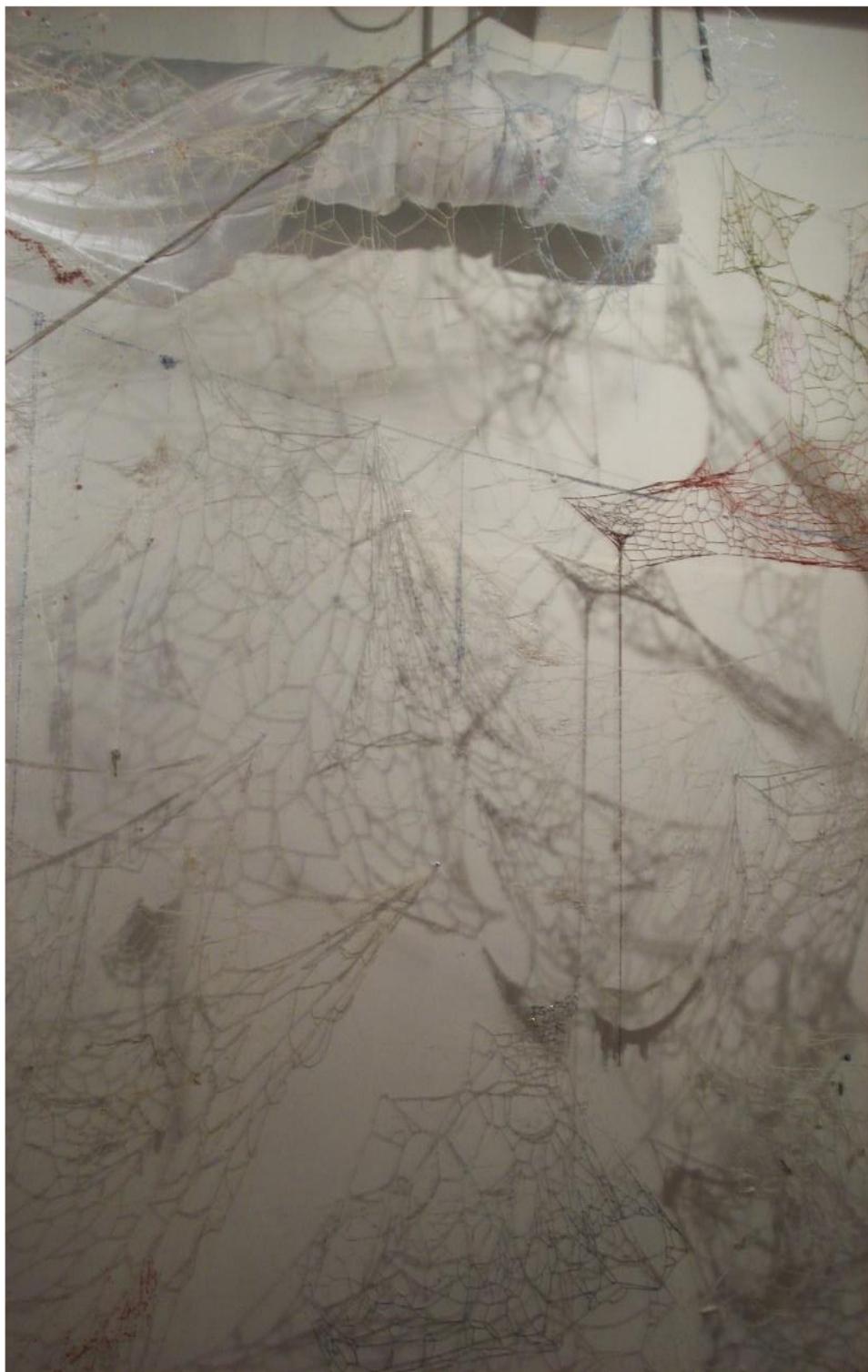


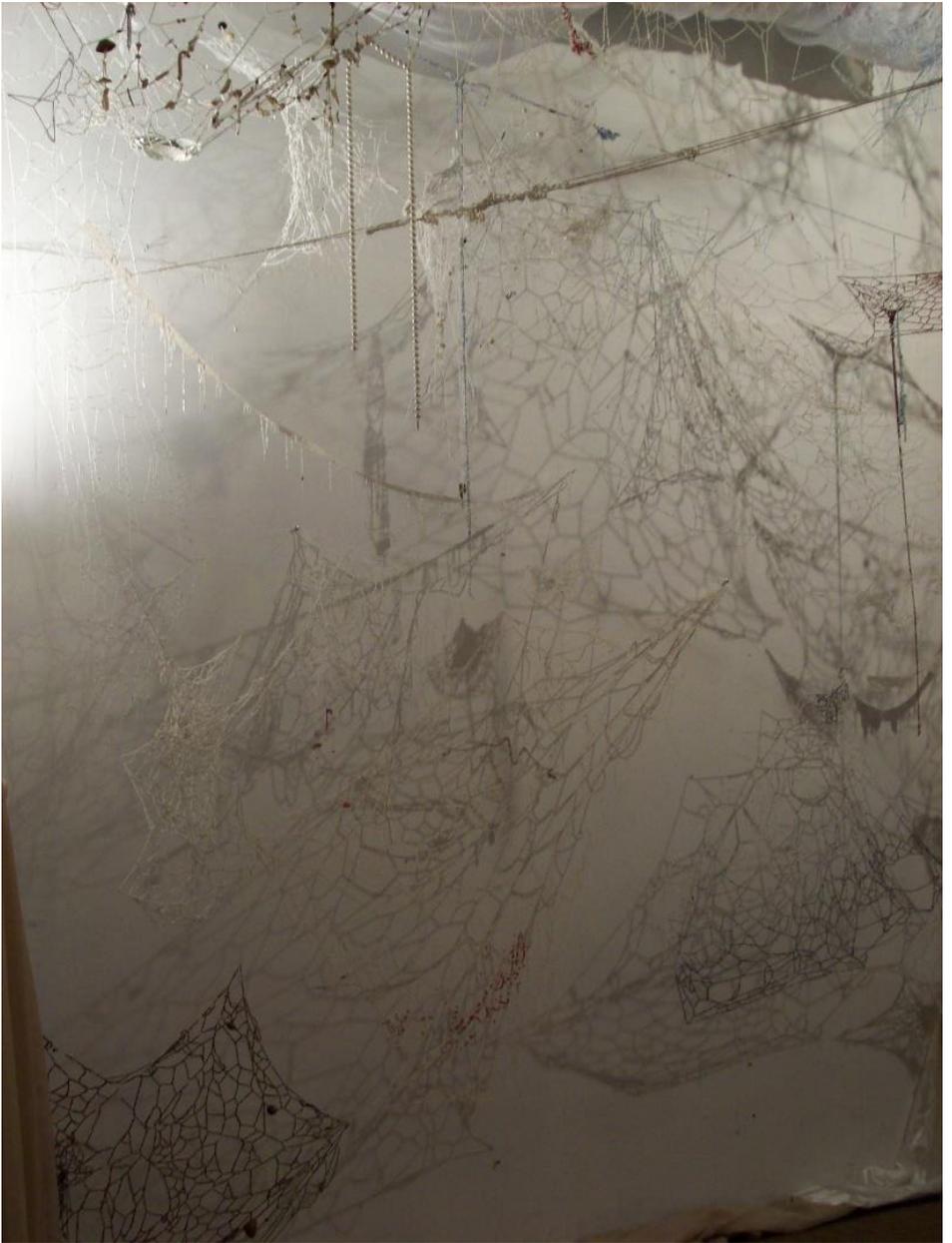




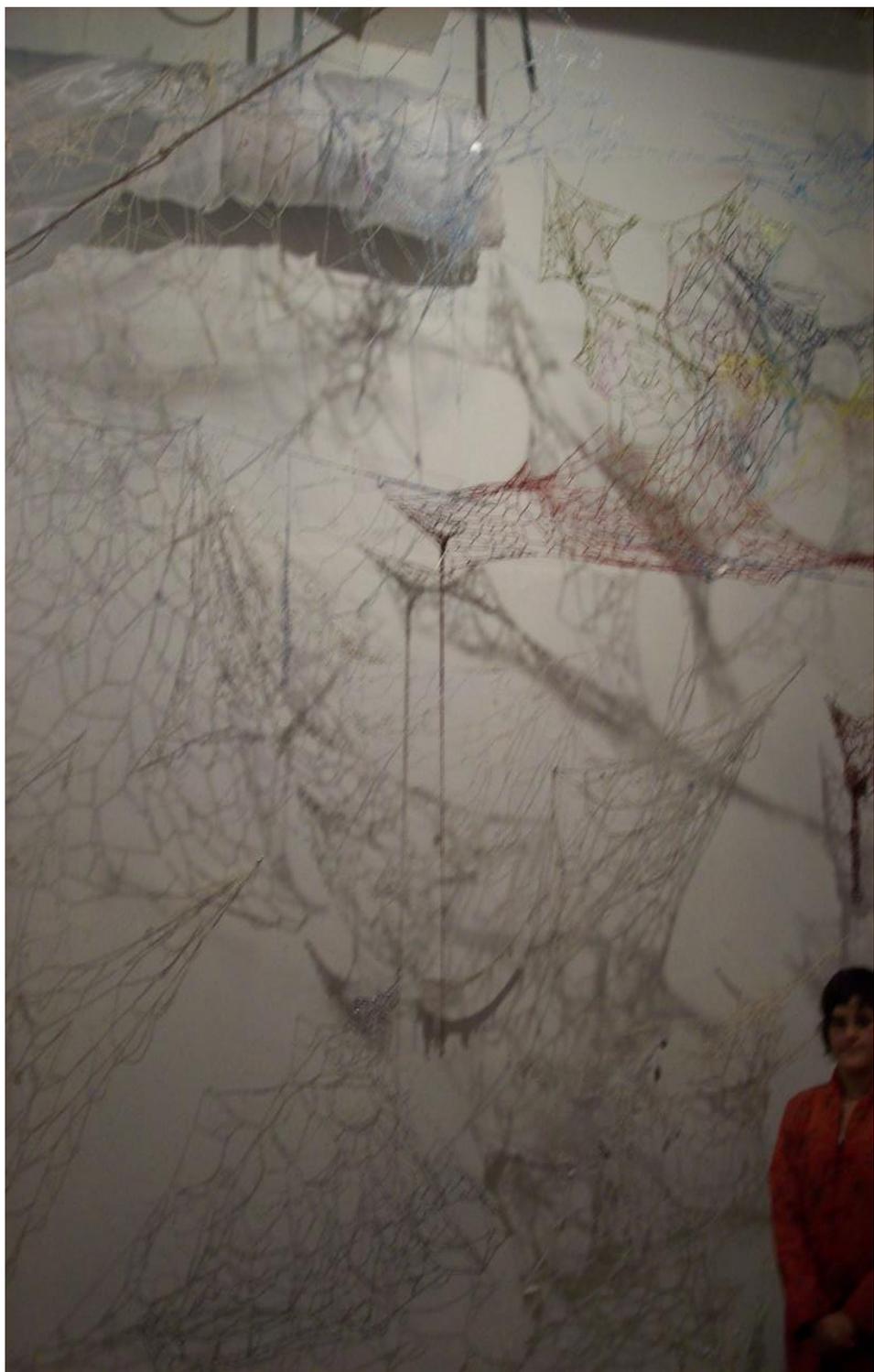


















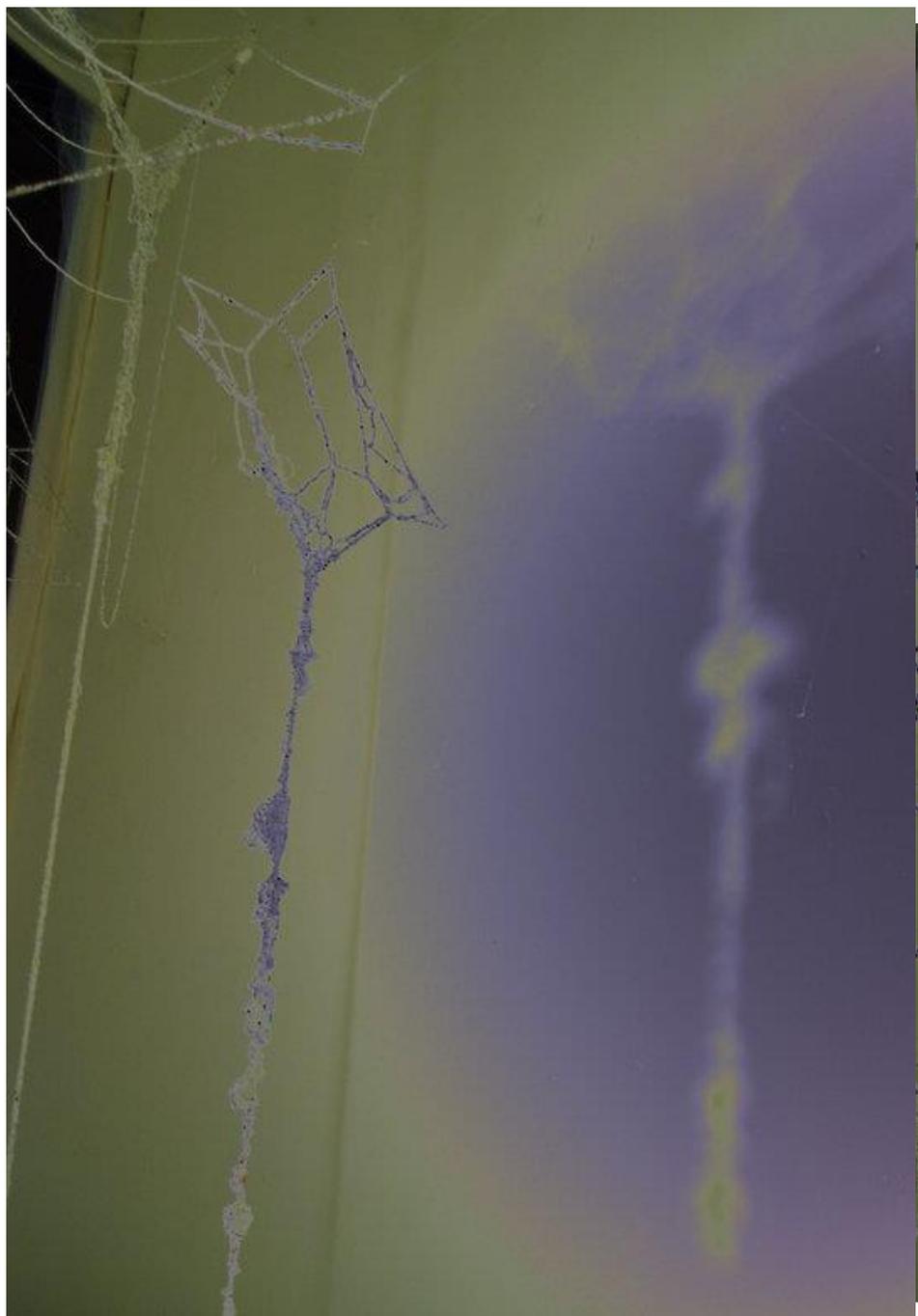


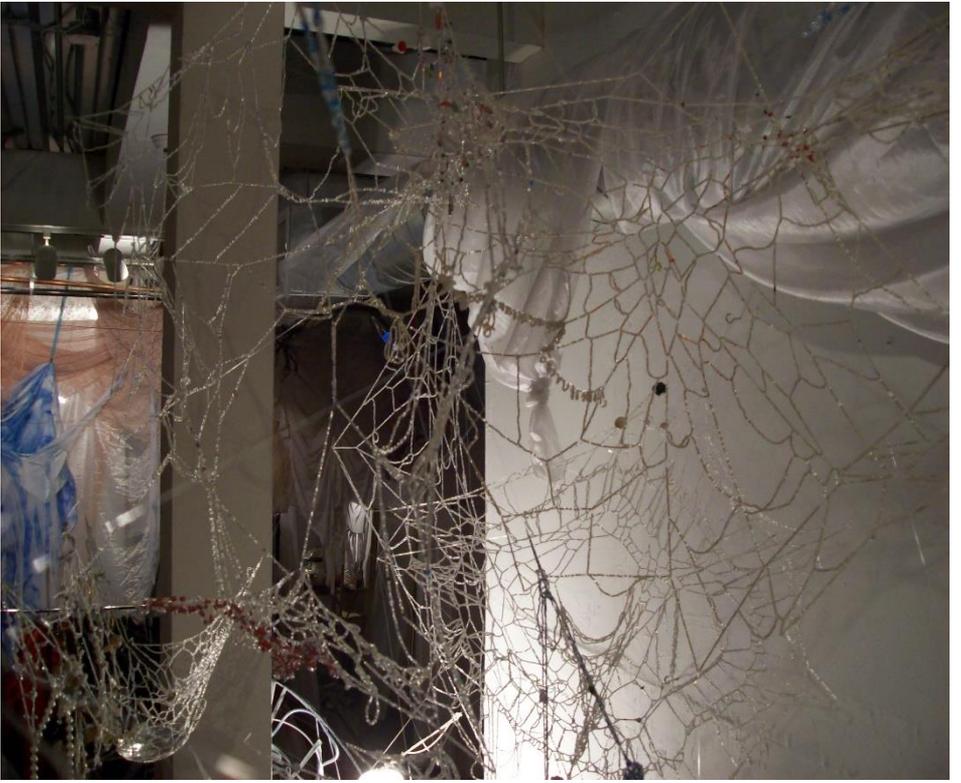




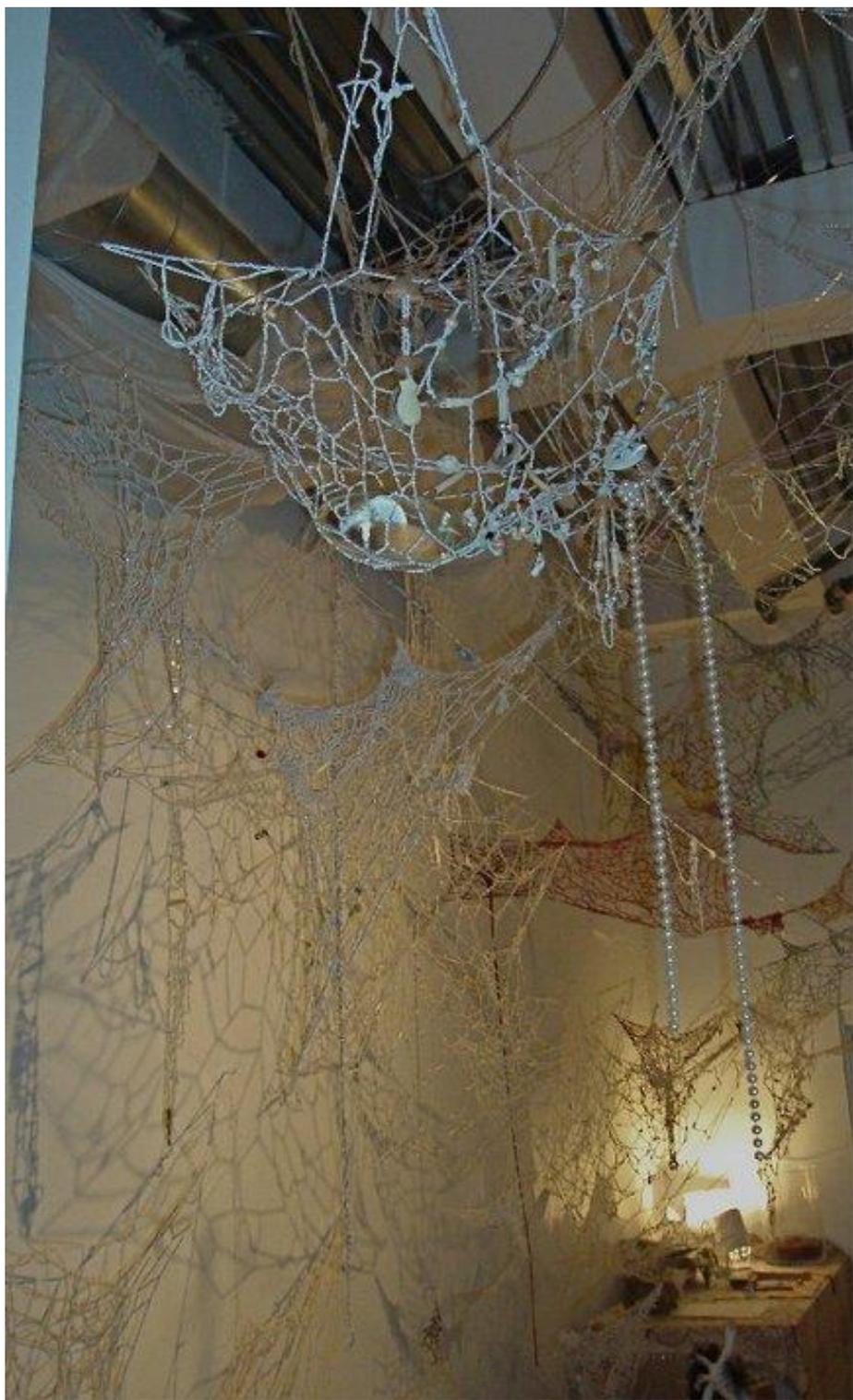






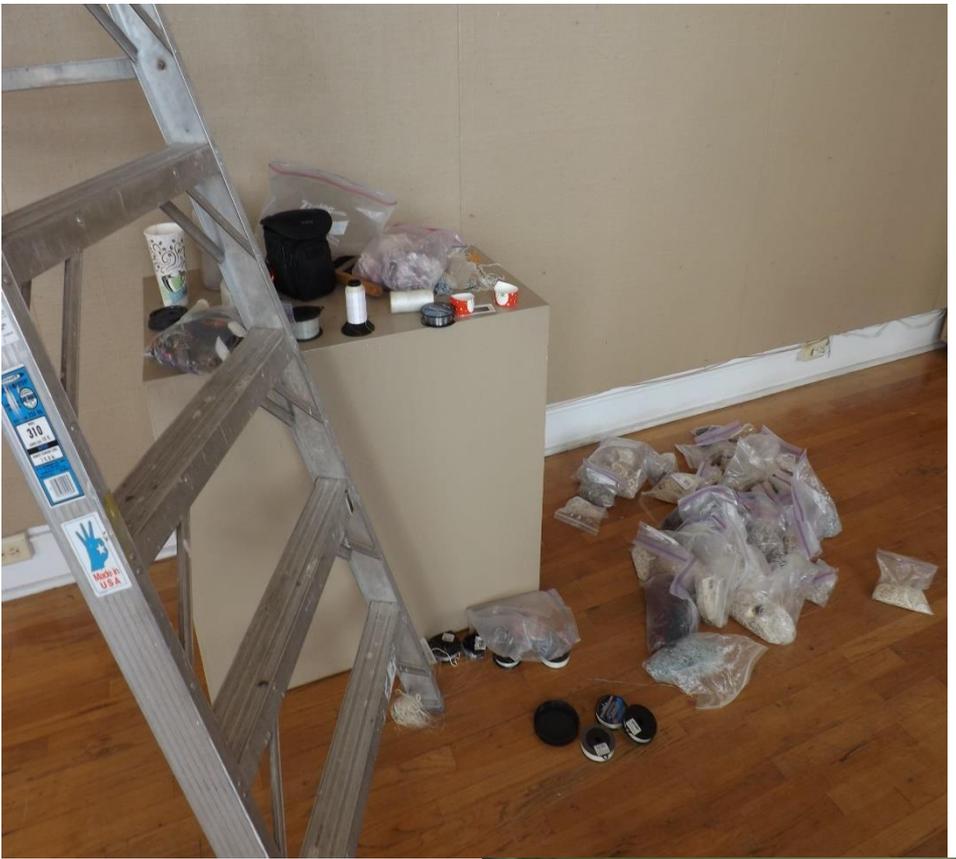




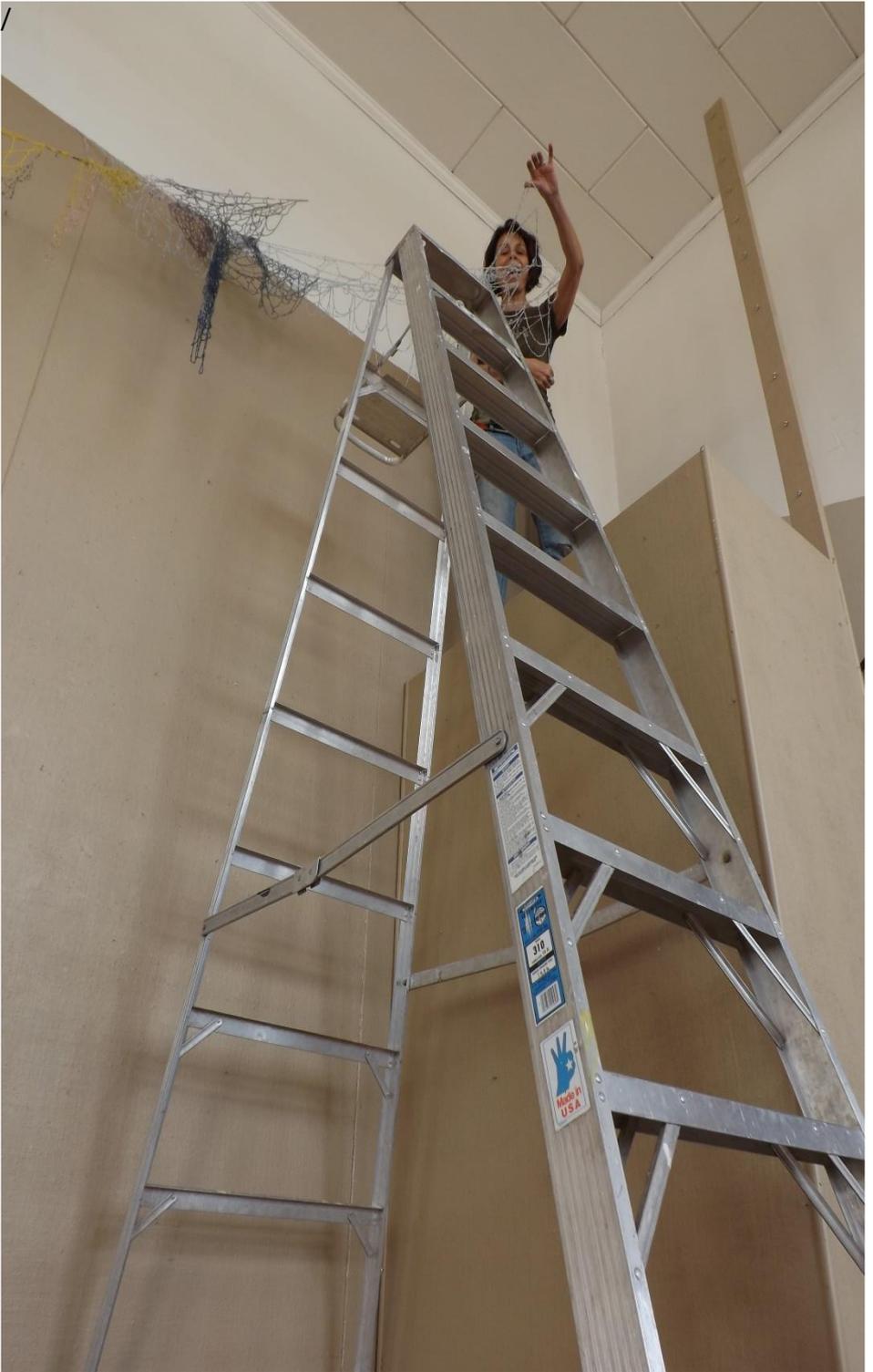










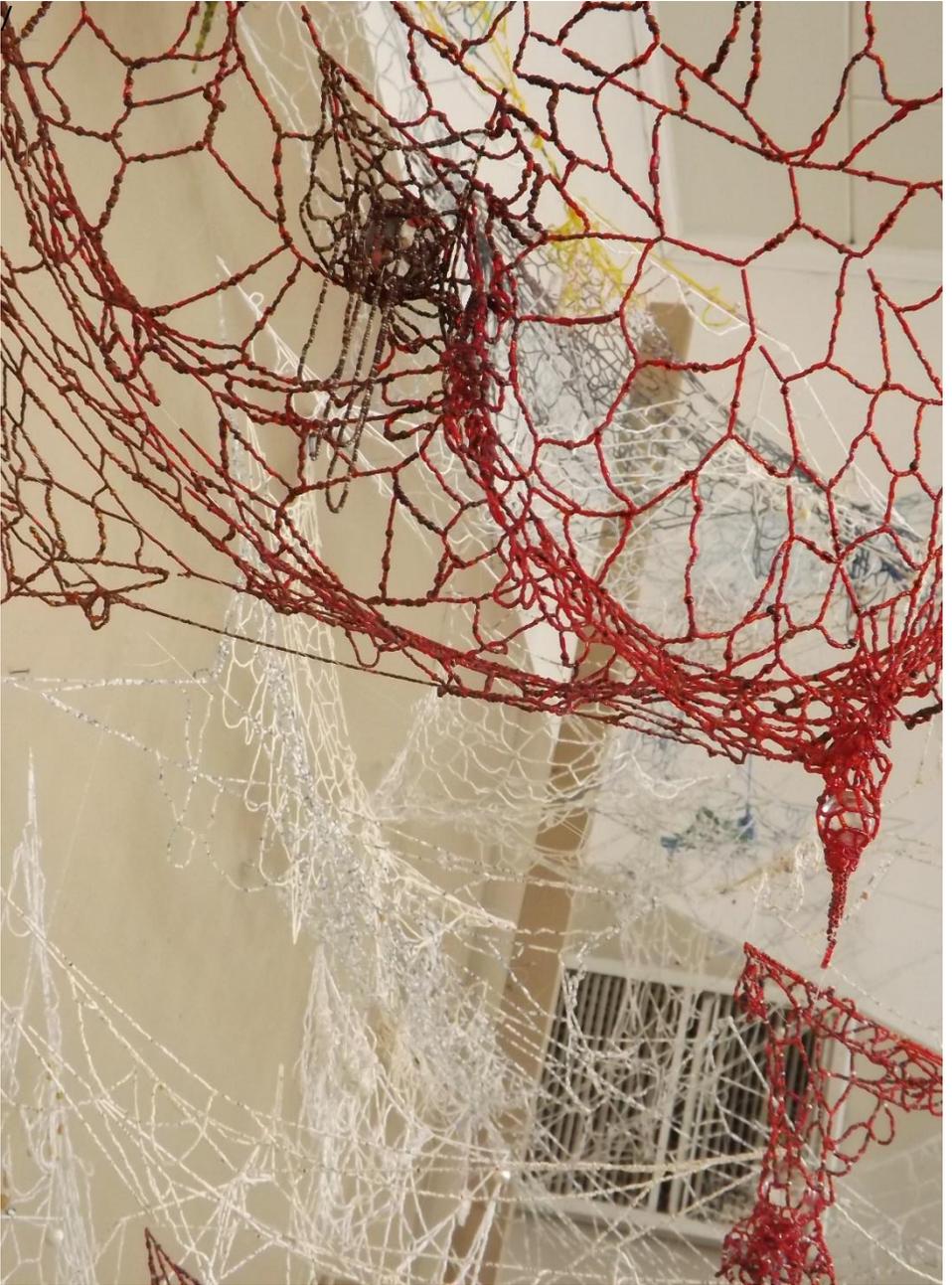






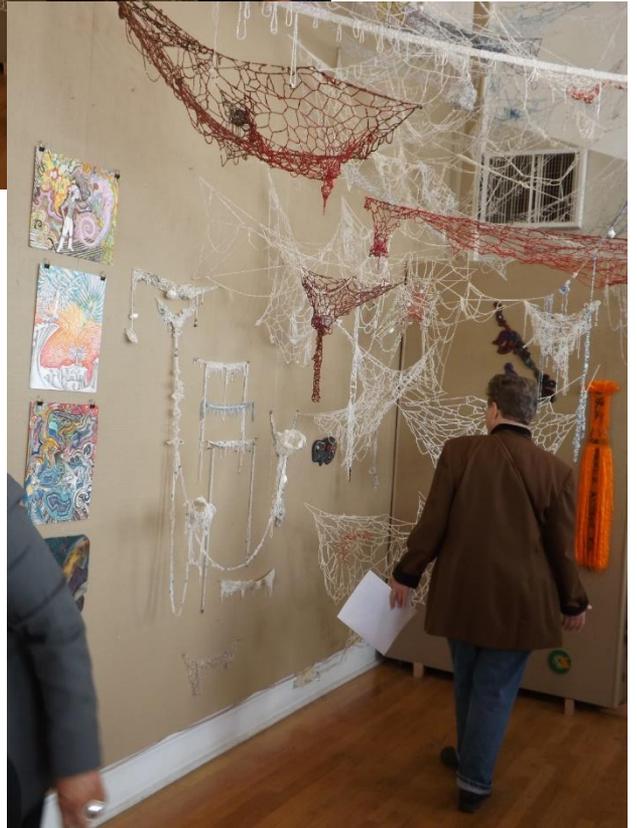








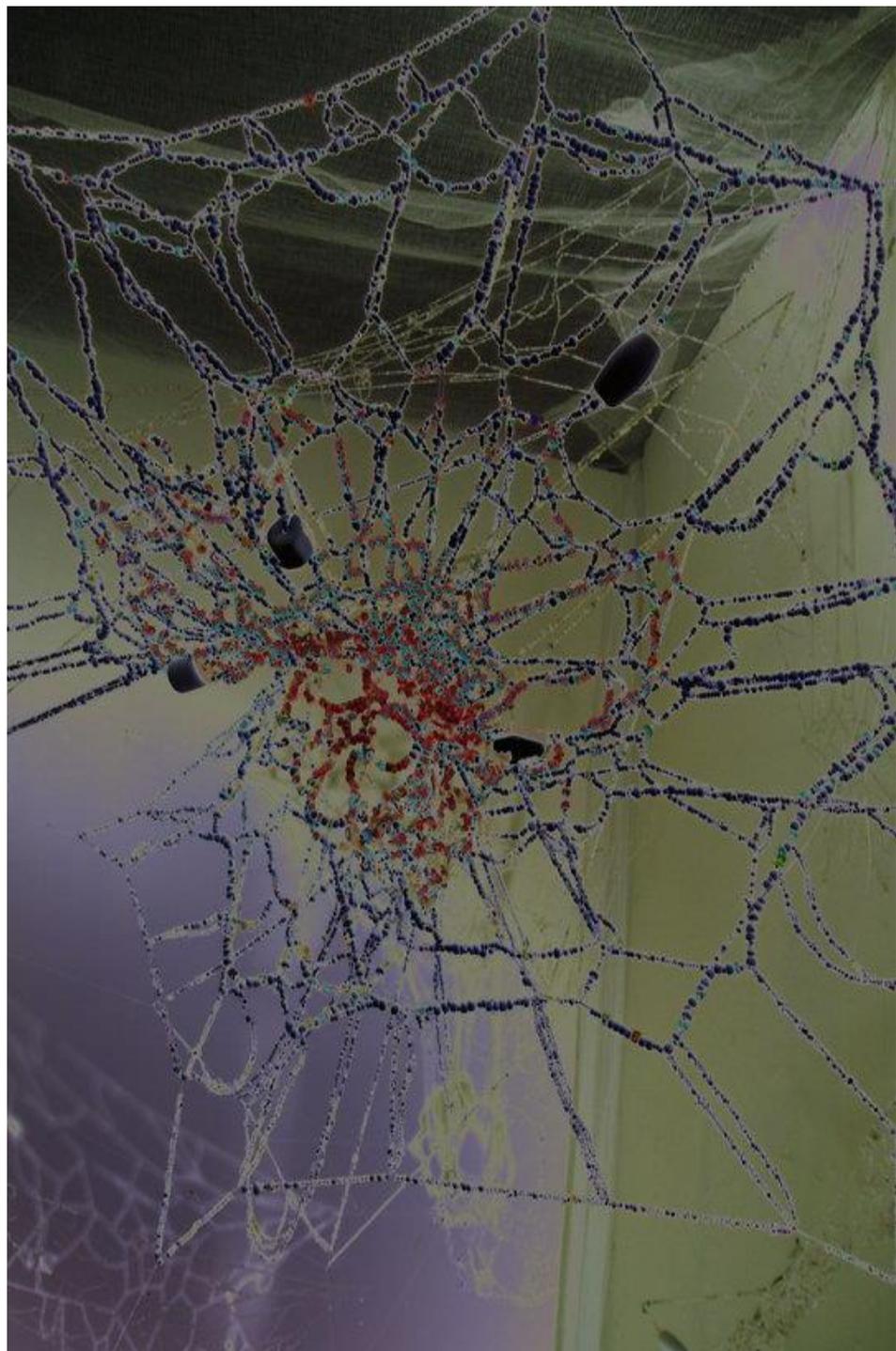












SHACKLED



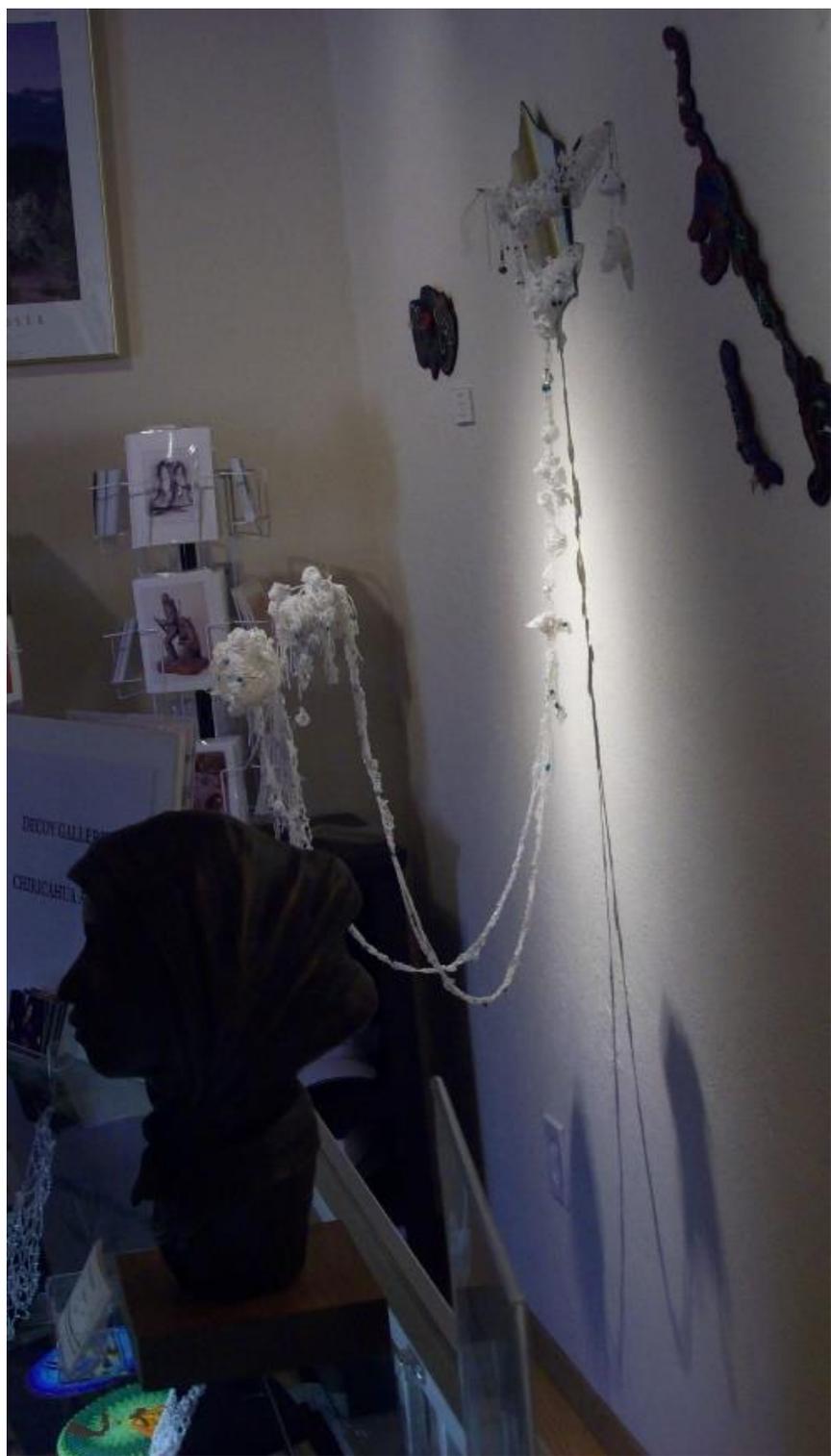


As I thought of the issues of First Nation People's, especially as related to being **INVISIBALIZED** by main-stream media, all the derogatory cliché's referencing us, our suicide rate, our ill health, the continuing genocide against us, more aspects to **Transparent Passion** began to form. I have a friend who works in body related arts, addressing the demonization, degradation of our bodies & human being. He uses piss, blood, shit in his immaculate & masterly paintings & does performance art which involves cuttings & the consumption of the blood from these cuttings exemplifying that no, indeed our bodily fluids & beings are not to be held in disdain are not profane, but, profound. He made some pieces for me which I incorporated into the **TP** piece, as I began to develop a performance piece where I was shackled within the installation by the beads, with only the sheerest of sheaths covering me & just one of his paintings over my privates & as a crown upon my Indigenous head. I developed a gag that had a large transparent, plexiglass beaded orb, which inserted into my mouth & was tied around my ears. I was enveloped in a beaded environment, imprisoned there.

And, there I would try to relate/communicate a story of being First Nation in this American world through a mouthful of beadwork cliché's, with glass beads cutting the inside of my mouth and my words garbled by all the misconceptions. I would stand in the installation for hours telling this story to so many travelers & audience members & other artists, until my tongue bled. And, still, they could not understand me.

The installation 'Shackled' developed from 'Mouth Full of Bead Work Cliché's', a much soberer & darker version, dealing specifically with our Chiricahua Nde' Apache Tribe's prisoner of war experience, in which we lost over 90% of our people just over one hundred years ago. The 'Shackled' installation consists of a cracked, sharp-edged mirror, over which are placed a transparent bead inundation blindfold & gag, a set of shackles & chains which suspend in a ghostly manner some feet from the wall, & leg shackles near the floor...as if a spirit were within them, trying to reach out to us. As the viewer looks into the mirror, they see themselves reflected as the absent prisoner, as the once present being.

This is a dark work, an extreme, intricate, delicate inundation though which the deceased spirits of our people speak.

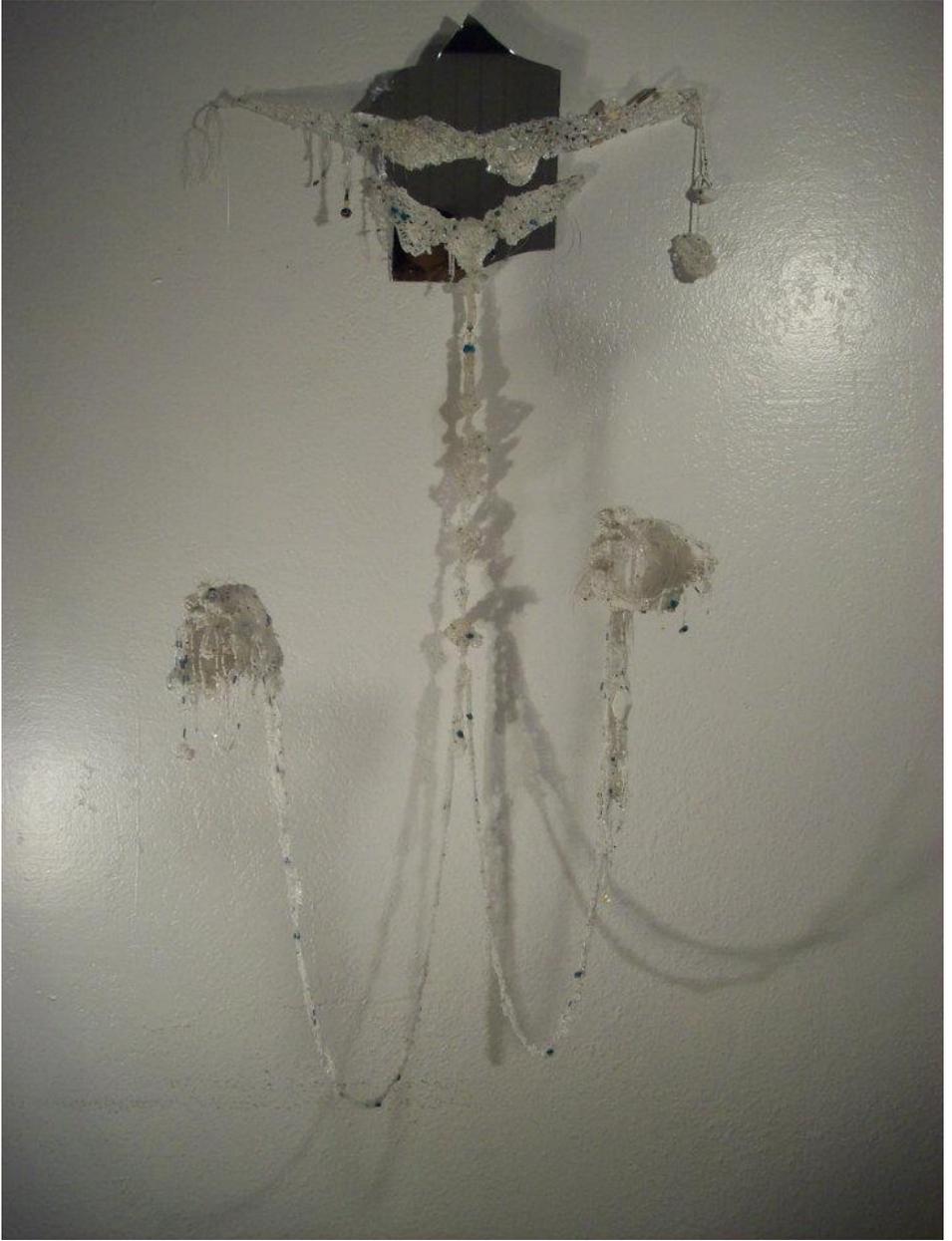
















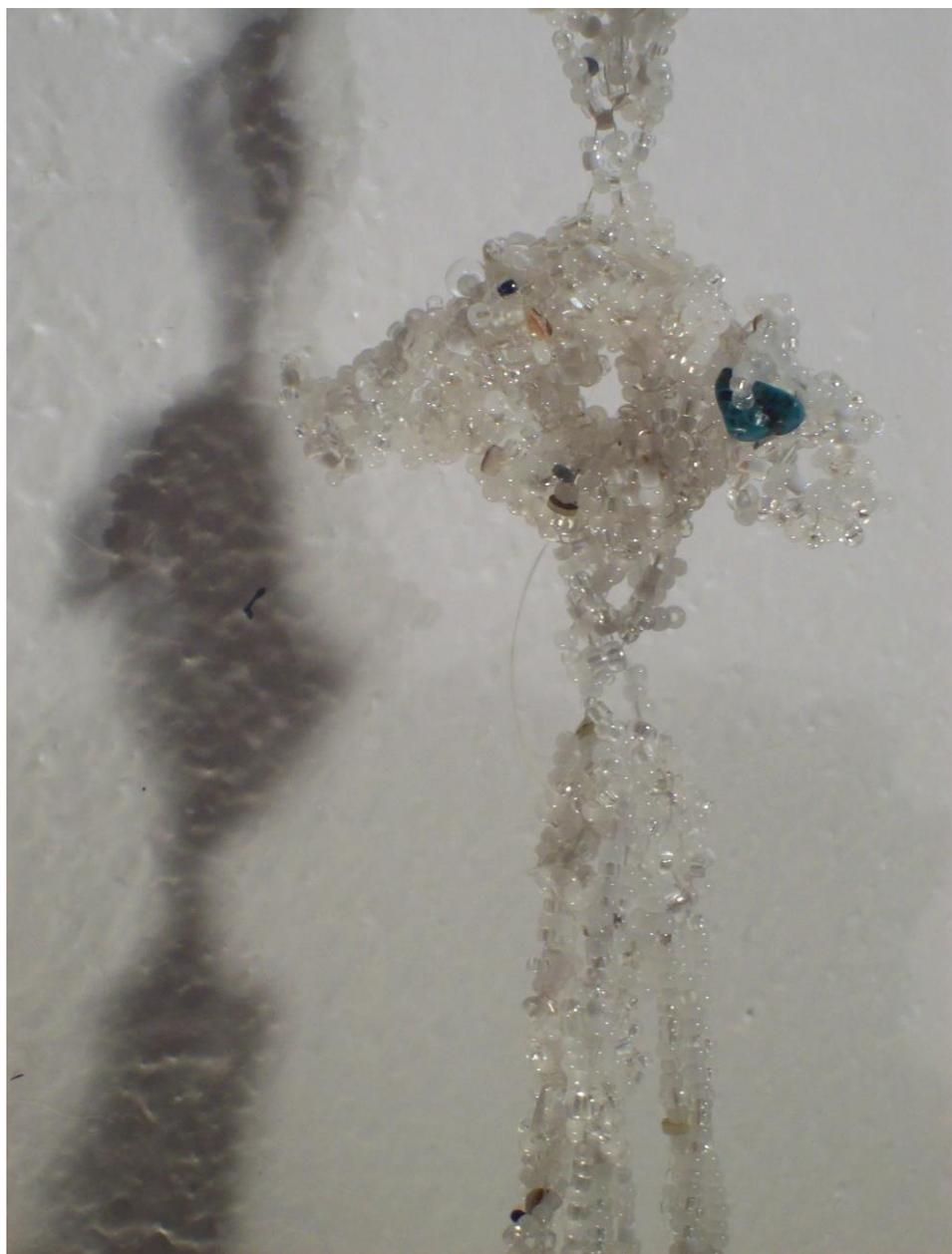


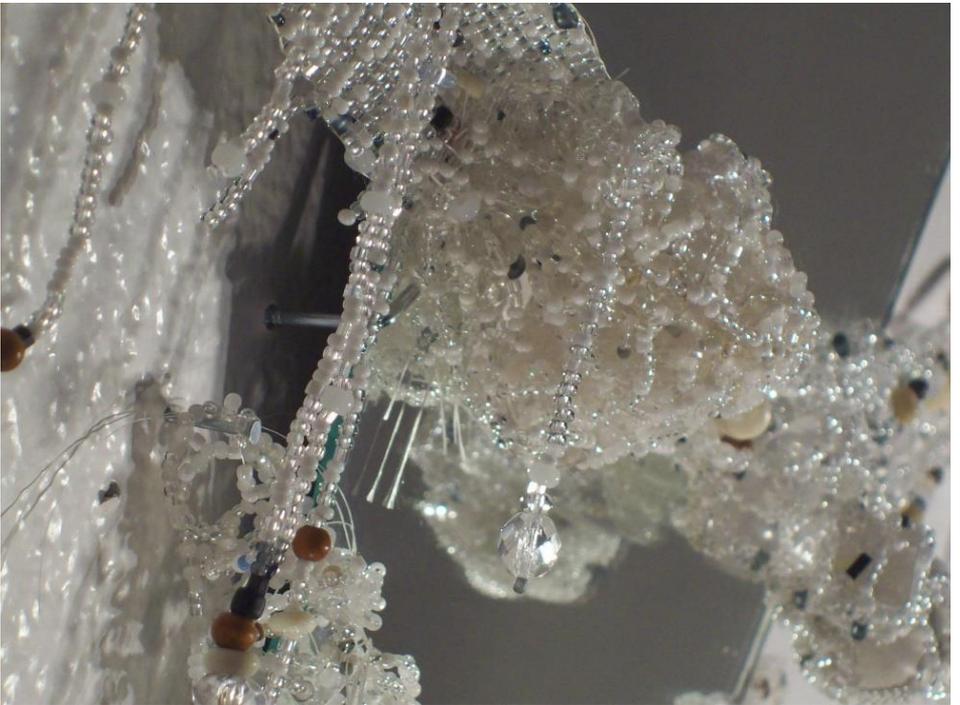








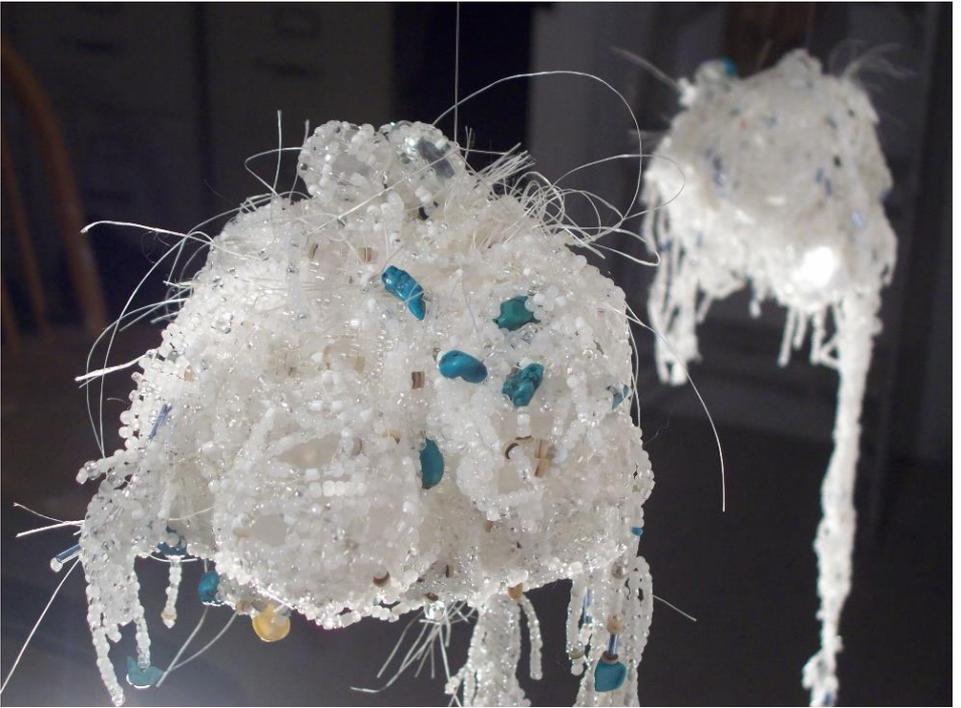


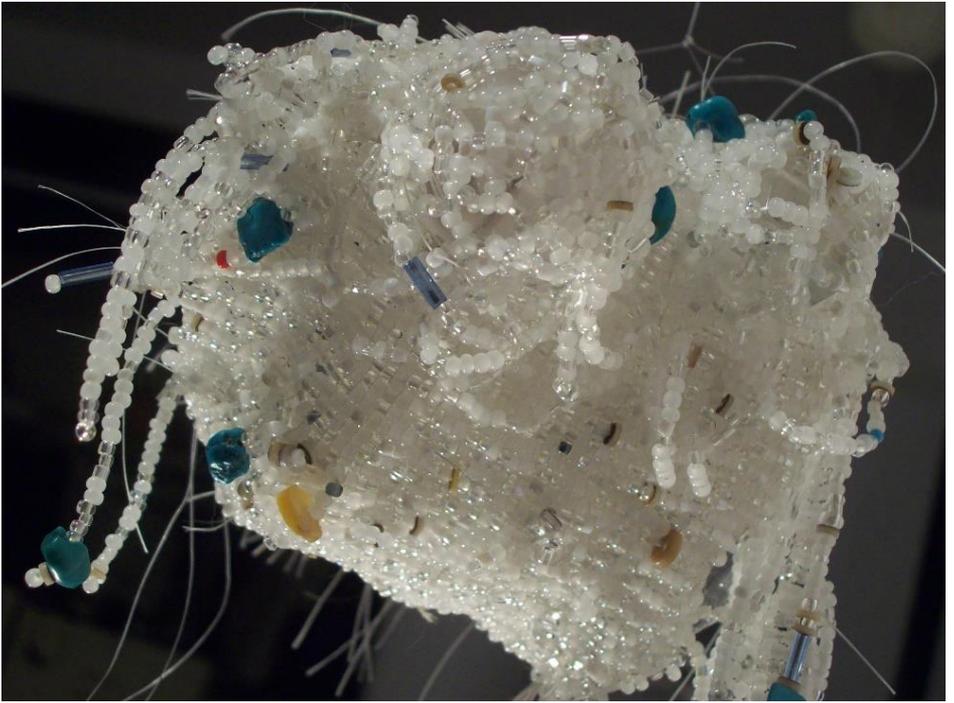


















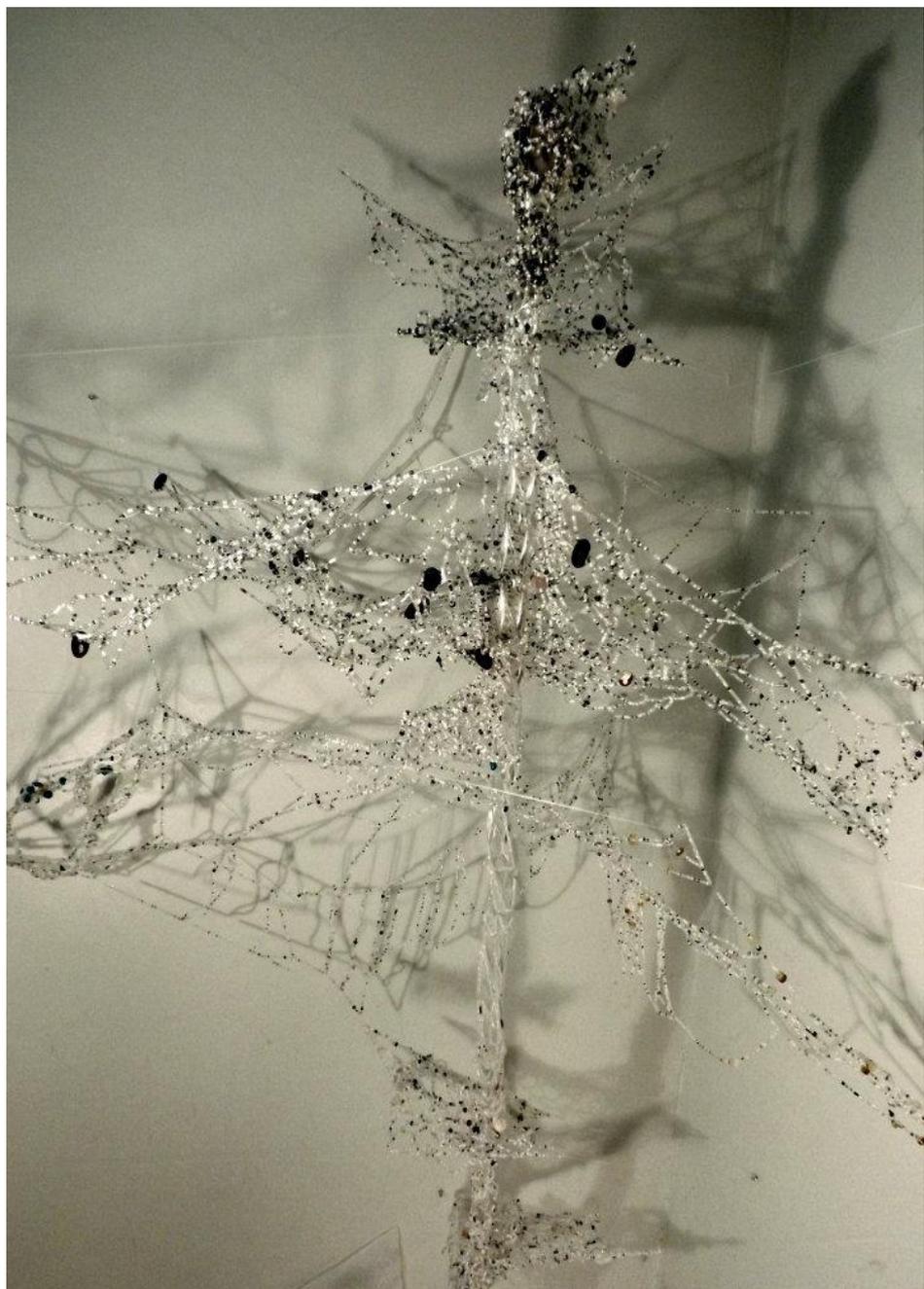












art: sprinkles of cosmic dust

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/indefinitely

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
LALALALLALLALALALAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

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theatremovementinternational.org
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THANKS FOR SUPPORTING LIVING ARTISTS; 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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