

# COSMIC DUST

BEAD/FIRSTNATION/ENVIRONMENT RELATEDWORKS  
SPANNING TRADITIONAL THROUGH EXTREME EXPLORATORY

## CHAPTER 8a PERFORMANCE & INSTALLATION

*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

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

## INTRO TO CHAPTER:

We've touched upon the basics, wandered into advanced techniques & forms & leapt into the cosmic universe of the Spirits which guide me (plus years of Arts practice in technique & experimentation).

The works in this chapter carry us from technique & medium heavy projects to projects focused on issue related highly visceral, body related & experiential, interactive performance; Performance Art & Performance (as in theater, music, movement, research & production, books etc.). This chapter, through sharing documentation of extreme exploratory Concept oriented inundations & performances; with themes related to the state of being in this world (including being First Nation, Hybrid, Woman, Artist/Activist (Artist), Human Animal, Environmental Issues, Justice Activism, Oppression/Freedom) explores perceptions, misconceptions, consciousness, regarding the aforesaid which create objectification, misinterpretation or understanding, compassion, enlightenment to some degree at/on some levels.

See you on the other side of reality & in the deeper reaches of psyche.



# PRAYERS & PENANCE

(interactive & endurance)

Was inspired soon after the exploration of the simple beaded nettings introduced in the 'Installation' chapter 8. I was invited to do a performance in an upcoming show...at which point the sense of something ethereal engulfed me. (Sometimes I am moved by materials I'm working with, which may suggest a theme, at other times the theme dictates the materials.) I may have been contemplating the nature of being centered in a chaotic world, I may have been working on spinning in one of my dance classes or any combination of influences coalescing of their own volition within my psyche & being. Sometimes I ruminate about the creative process in a mundane capacity: this then that, etc..... At other times I'm swept along in process, sweeping whatever presents itself into the work at hand. I do some planning, but am a very process-oriented artist & am always delighted at the unexpected turns the works twist; unimagined outcomes.

To begin the work of Prayers & Penance, I pieced the initial simple, though intricate multi-colored, beaded nets together to form a large net, 20 feet across then added extensions & elaborations of a great many more beads of transparent & light colors, in a multitude of forms, shapes & sizes; which dominate the color scheme.

As an entity overtook me, the large net began to availed itself as host to the form of a Beaded Shroud. I experimented with ways of supporting the weight & breadth of the large net, finally stitching it to a very thin, loosely woven muslin circle. As I worked on the regalia, the character/entity which it bespeaks more clearly formed in my consciousness. I began to see, sense a specific form more & more clearly. I played with the Shroud with my body, covering myself with it, wearing it. The Shroud loosely covered my body from neck to some inches past my feet. I then began to add layers, envisioning an ethereal form within the netted Shroud. Layers of chiffon veil like clothing (a delicate, vintage Christian Dior with a furling, swirling shin length dress as

one would expect Marilyn to wear, suited the occasion, a dress I had for another performance which in this context took on a completely other meaning & appearance. A dress, over other chiffon skirts, leggings, very long white 'evening' gloves, & simple light colored gelli dance shoes that wrap & tie up the calf, with the Beaded Shroud over these; the layers swirling when spinning creating a being of light whirling. A Beaded Net Hood completes this, also swirling & furling as spinning ensue. The hood is also lined with the light muslin so no flesh or recognizable identifying human characteristics are visible. From within the shroud, outward visibility is quite limited & the spinner must rely on my other sense with which to navigate.

The bead shrouded figure is the encompasses both penance & prayer, spinning & crashing to the ground. There is also a 'Wailing' aspect to this work, which also encompasses both penance & prayer. Garbed in cape of copious & elegant lengths of black & lace fabric with a separate veil of the same (which reaches to just below the rib-cage) through which a grieving face is partially visible through a delicately laced section of the veil. Naked, expressive hands in the wailer's kneeling lap, respond as the wailer wails in old world form, as grieving widows in archaic cultures do.

These two aspects of Prayers & Penance are performed separately, but are wed in the one work. (I may or may not perform them both on the same performance date.)

The Spinning entity spins clockwise, with a whip in hand (a spiral plexiglass rod, tipped with leather to which 3 to 7-foot-long strands of beads are anchored). This whip is wielded overhead & is twirled/whirled in a counter-clockwise balancing movement & in a manner creating a field of sorts (something that only the spinner can sense). This 'field' is part of the focusing aspect. The whip creates an almost inaudible whirling wind sound & air movement.

The beaded shroud weighs approximately 40 pounds, which when spinning creates a great inertia which takes great effort to maintain a balance therein. Focused on maintaining balance, I spin until I can spin no more, then am flung via the inertia to crash to the ground. The inertia & weight of the beaded shroud, which is compounded by the cloths being soaked with sweat...propels the entity downward with speed & force. As the glass beads hit the ground with force, they shatter, scattering with a cacophonous shattering sound, ruining the edges of the net (which must be diligently repaired after each performance). The spinning & maintaining balance element of this

work is Peace & the hard work aka strong penance one must muster to maintain peace; within/without.

The falling & crashing, crumpled in any position on the ground, involves a backlash within the body of suddenly halted momentum. A state of extreme dizziness, imbalance & nausea ensues. Being hideously nauseous to the point of gagging & nearly vomiting, is a punishment of body & spirit, a trial to be endured before resuming/remembers/reintegrating with one's journey; the return to spinning. I stay positioned until the spinning of inside my head & gut has passed enough for me regain balance enough to rise again.

There is a feature to this, the 'I' I speak of is not the personal 'me', it is my body, but, without 'my' identity or attachment to who 'I' am...I am in a state of meditation, absorbed in an altered state, brought on by intense physical exertion, disorientation due to spinning, the lack of orientation due to the veils, the heat/temperature within the shroud & my body during this ceremony.

Before resuming the practice of spinning, the entity presents & approaches viewers as a menacing figure, demanding them to become PRESENT, conscious in this moment, through the forceful threat of whipping them, some laugh, but when stung by the sharp beads they sober to full attention. The entity whips the air about them, to clear them & the space they occupy of toxic attachment. After an interval of this the entity then resumes spinning.

The spinning is a centering practice, focused on balancing, the weight, the flight, this effort is a highly visceral, energized & demanding of the attention, the spinner's & that of the viewers. It is a meditation, on which attention is held by the beauty of the beaded shroud's glass beads refraction of light, & the luxurious veils of fabric whirling, it is quite gorgeous to witness...like a gemstone spinning & wavering & spinning, a ball of light softly billowing & roiling.

At core of the spinning, there is a focused, concentrated stillness, (due to the nature of the shroud, only the effort to remain balanced exists). At the edges of the whirling beads due to the intense inertia, there is a CHAOS as the net rips apart, disintegrates...beads fly through the air, sometimes hitting viewers.

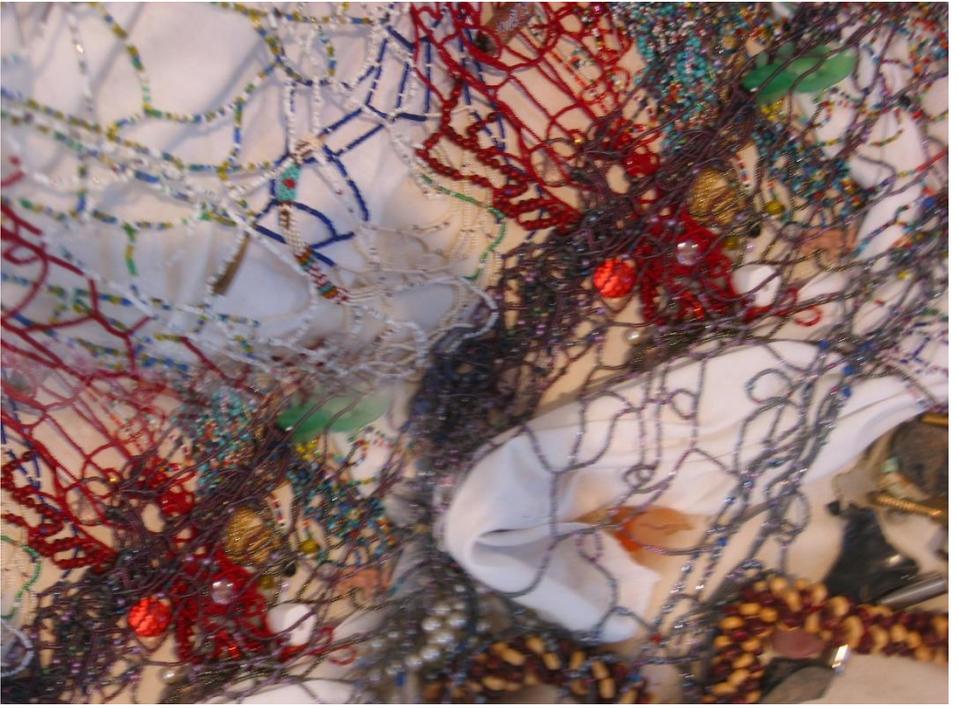
An intoxicating, very experiential prayer, complete focus of body & mind, a state of 'No Mind'. The entity itself is beautiful, haunting, ethereal, scary.





















# ROSE

(interactive & endurance)

'ROSE': predisposition to pure psyche; a healing ritual'; Interactive Installation and Performance:

This work's conception was in tandem with the 100<sup>th</sup> year anniversary (2014) of our tribe's (Chiricahua Nde', the group Geronimo, Cochise are from) release from prisoner of war status. Our tribe's commemoration ceremony celebrated our release from the psychological and physical tethers of our prisoner history & (fabricated/indoctrinated/mislead) attachments to the area in Oklahoma where we were held prisoner of war and where most of us have remained located at until this day. At the official event in Oklahoma/New Mexico, a main part of the event was a healing ceremony which moved us from our holocaust & the results of that past, into our healing present & healed future. At the ceremony we gathered ourselves in every way to build a passage, a portal, an entrance of sage, cedar & prayer for members of our tribe to pass through, from the past, through the present to a new future...A vast and powerful journey of psyche & being. Leading to a future, wherein, we will physically repatriate back to our homelands in the Southwestern United States. This process will be comprised of; moving our ceremonies, our tribal headquarters, tribal members back to our homeland areas

COLONIZED:::DECOLONIZE:::UNCOLONIZED.

The work 'ROSE' is to honor our prisoners of war, their survivors, those of us who continue to survive, all our ancestors and coming generations.

Int he 'ROSE' interactive performance/installation piece. Rose takes the past, all the horror, the loss, the sorrow and struggle and transmutes it to a fully healed psyche. 'Rose' is a story of a First Nation woman who has lost many, all, to murder, to illness, to colonization. Rose has been stolen from her family & culture & through great struggle she is healed into a healed healer.

The work 'Rose' explores and re-ATTRIBUTES the colonization of the Chiricahua Nde and other 1<sup>st</sup> Nation Peoples, through a transformation sequence, which in itself is 'Medicine' for the psyche of 1<sup>st</sup> Nation & other oppressed peoples. The mirage of 'Rose' exists in Victorian Era America, she is a wealthy man's concubine. He insists she view herself in a mirror & groom herself to his esthetic. This man has dressed her in exquisite, lush, rose-colored velour & velvet garments, designed into restrictive Victorian era garb. Each morning, each evening, Rose holds a mirror

in hand examining her reflection in terms of her captor's vision. She holds the mirror & more & more finds she does not recognize the vision, the face, the being she sees. Gradually, she recognizes that she is lost & has lost everything, everyone, herself. Rose, finds passage to escape one night & begins wandering...she wanders, mirror in hand, the mirror reveals herself in traditional pre&post colonization Chiricahua Nde' ceremonial regalia. She does not recognize herself in this attire, sees herself as 'other'.

Rose, gestures to the face in the mirror, attired in traditional Nde', she queries all those she encounters: "Have you seen her, if you see her, tell her I am seeking her."

She wanders further, eventually drawn to a 'spirit place'; (comprised of the 'White Painted Woman' installation, a 'Pure Psyche' sacred place. White Painted Woman is the main feature in our Chiricahua 'religion' or 'way', she is the

Bestower of Blessings', she teaches prayer, strength, the way to be in holy/whole, honorable/honored, survive with dignity in the world. Our maidens, girls become White Painted Woman during their sacred 'coming of age' ceremony & bestow blessings on our community.

Within the 'Rose' installation there are painted portraits honoring the women & people of our tribe (mixed media paintings which I produced), the installation is comprised of traditional handmade Camp dresses & shawls (created by my mother, aunts & self plus Nde' other regalia) displayed on the walls of the gallery to create an environment, both of memory & suggestion. I kneel on floor wearing traditional regalia within the installation, not moving (one person commented that they thought I was a mannequin).

Rose journeys gradually into the Sacred realm, through a process which involves discarding/divesting (with the help of audience members) herself of the mirage (represented via Victorian clothing) in which she had previously worn, which signified her enslavement to the invaders/intruders to her homeland and culture, her captors and oppressors.

She now, is naked, at this moment she makes a sound of pure psyche, pure freedom, this sound is a fine, extremely high-pitched siren call of pure harmony with her existence, being, it is spirit. (I have a many octaves singing/wailing range, this call it at the high end of it & is very ethereal).

Rose then steps into the realm of 'pure psyche', 'pure spirit', where she dons pre/post colonization Chiricahua Nde' ceremonial regalia and begins a healing ritual for any would care to participate.













12/31/2013 04:58

# NDE, WAR DANCE

(interactive & endurance)



Traditional Chiricahua Nde' War Dance & Installation to honor our Chiricahua Nde's indomitable spirit & spiritual & life freedom.

Performed to traditional war dance song & music by the illustrious Chiricahua Musician: Freddy Kahdazhinne.

Hand Carved Wooden Club with hand blown glass orb & claw by Master Glass Artist: Tony Jojola

Plexiglass & Bead Club: deCoy Gallerina

Handmade Bone Handle knife: by a San Ildefonso Artist

I have attended many of our Chiricahua Nde' ceremonies & doings (gatherings) over the years. In the last decade I became aware of our war dance & began participating in it, learning as I did with the help of members of our tribe who are experts in this cultural aspect.

Our war dance is done by both men & women in tandem. The men & boys wield rifles, spears, shields (decorated with sacred protections) & wear traditional attire & sacred War Hats. Our women wear either camp dresses or buckskin regalia & accessories (knife sheath & awl case attached to a leather belt, our Chiricahua style boots, any sacred jewelry she chooses, & war medicine in her hair).

The men dance to the War dance songs being sung by our medicine men & groups with 'Water' drum accompaniment. The men of the tribe do various energetic, spirited steps, while wielding their weapons menacingly, they move all over the dance area, lurching, diving, maneuvering their bodies in fight stances & motions against adversaries. The women, dance in a somewhat stationary spot, knife in hand, moving a bit forward, back, turning their bodies to face adversity & adversaries in all directions.

Eyes & senses aware & searching for any threat.

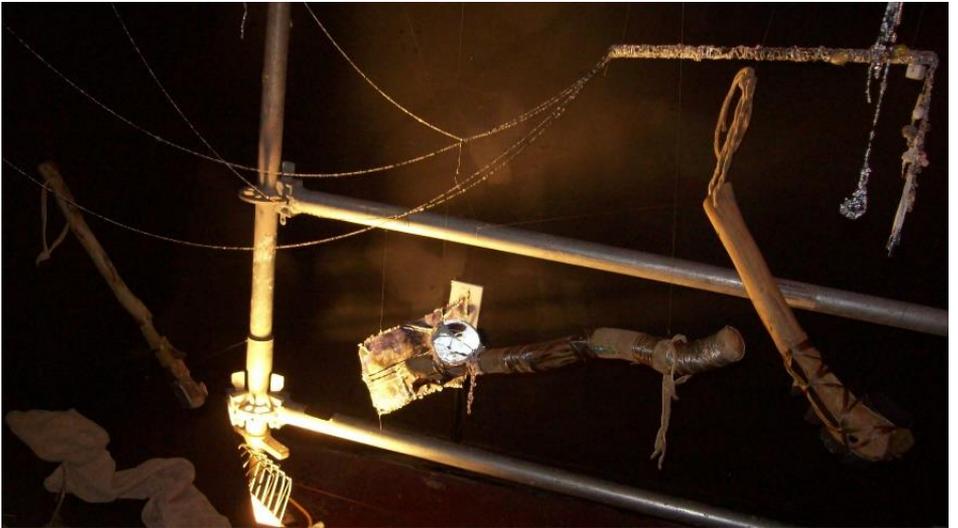
I see it as a martial arts practice with/against invisible foe.

I feel it as a prayer against adversity; spiritual & physical. I wield the blade to speak to & against malignant forces as a prayer. And, to state that I am aware, conscious & surrounded with blessed power & to state that I am protected by powerful forces who will not allow me to be harmed, that the spirit within me & the spirits which bless & protect me are formidable & filled of blessed Medicine. That our people & our Spirits are blessed.

This is a protection blessing dance.

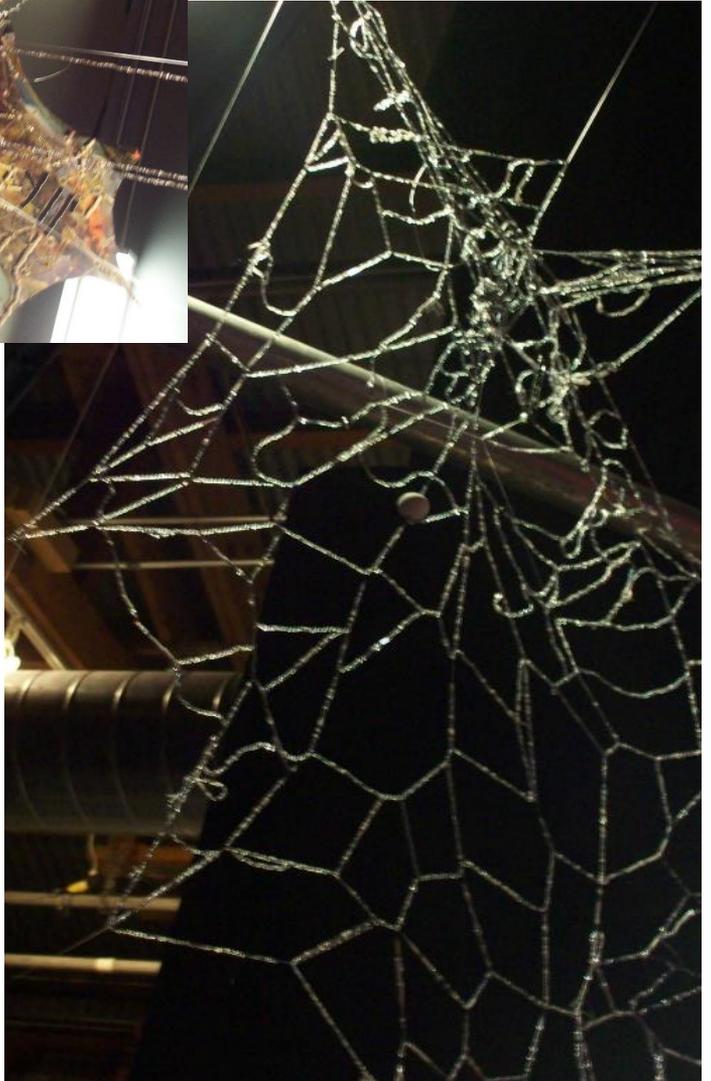
A prayer against malignant forces within/without seen & unseen.

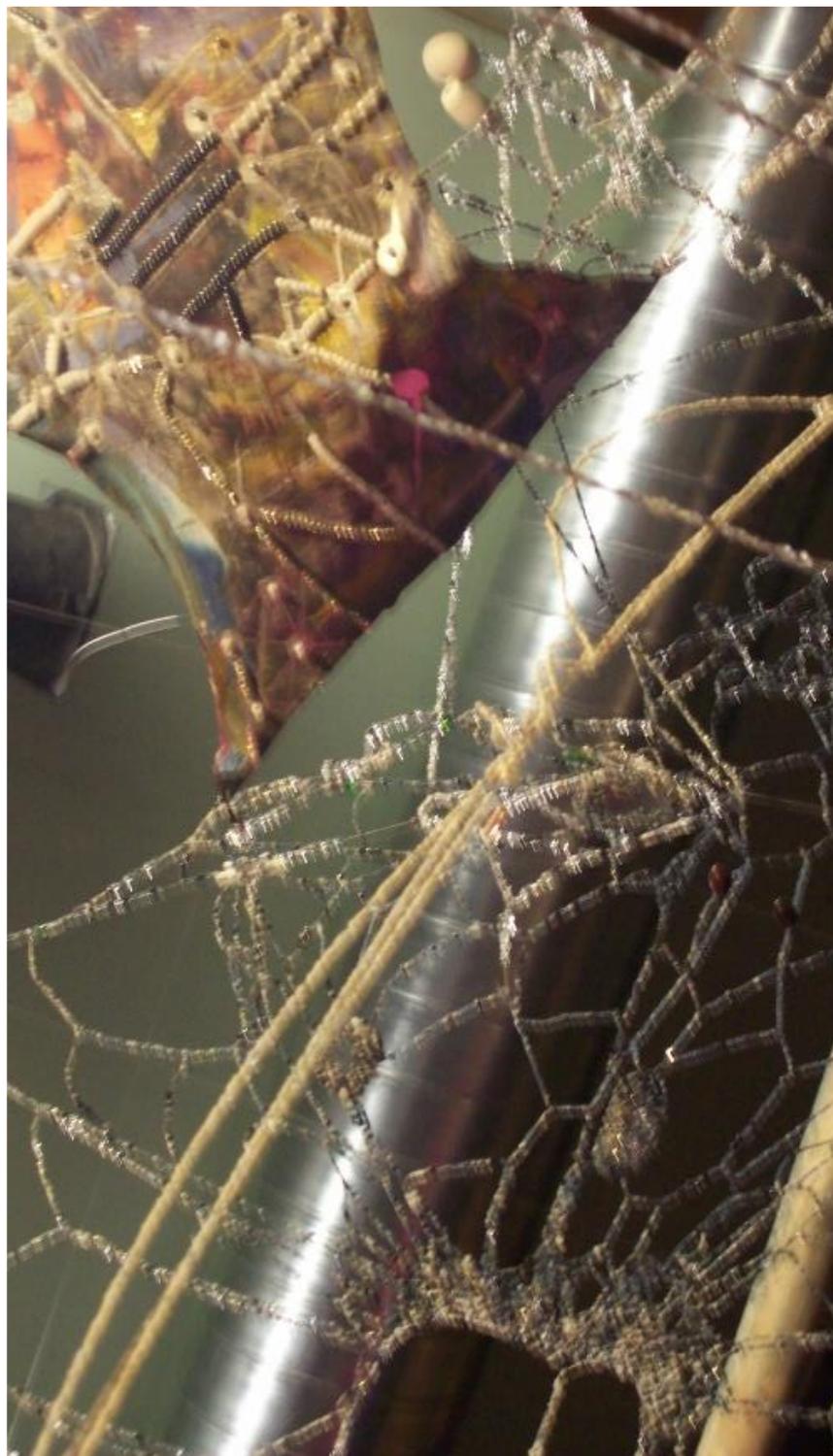










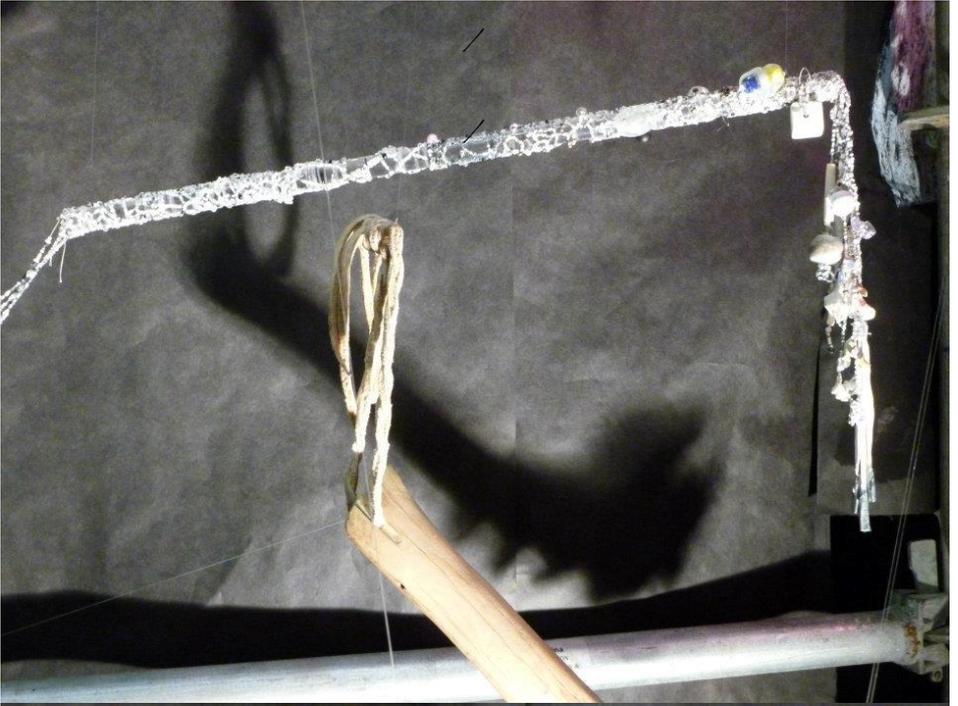




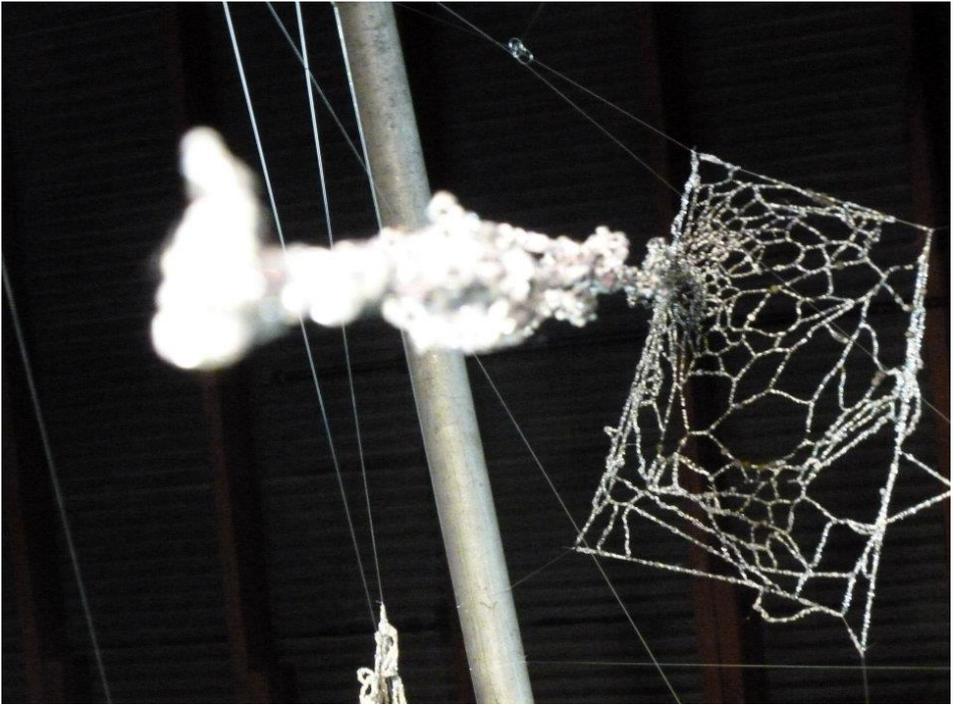




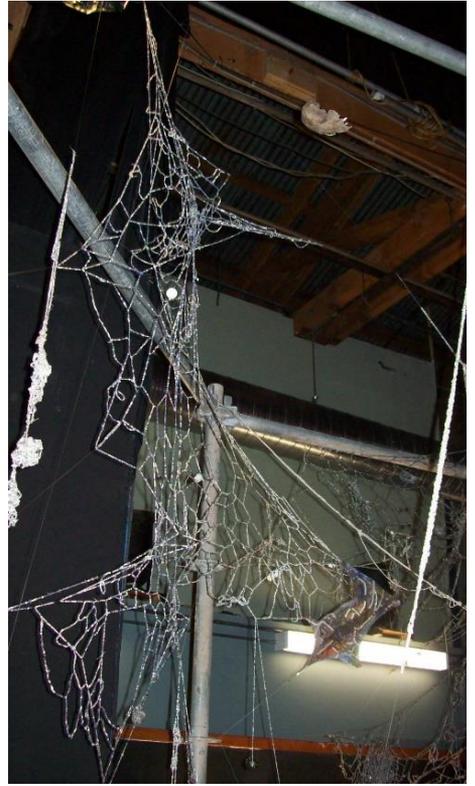


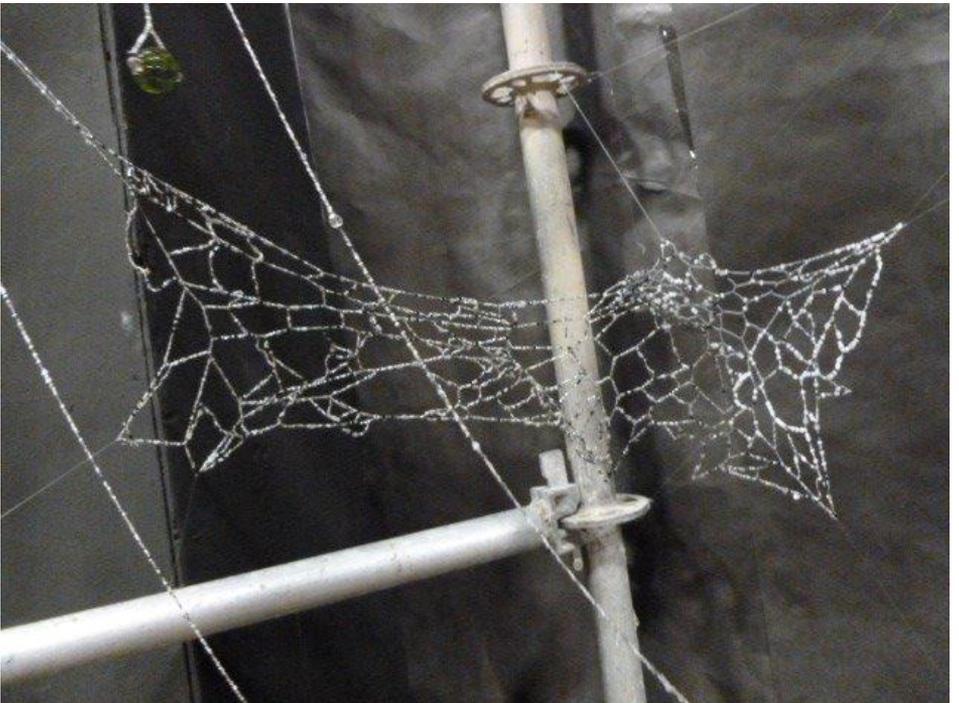


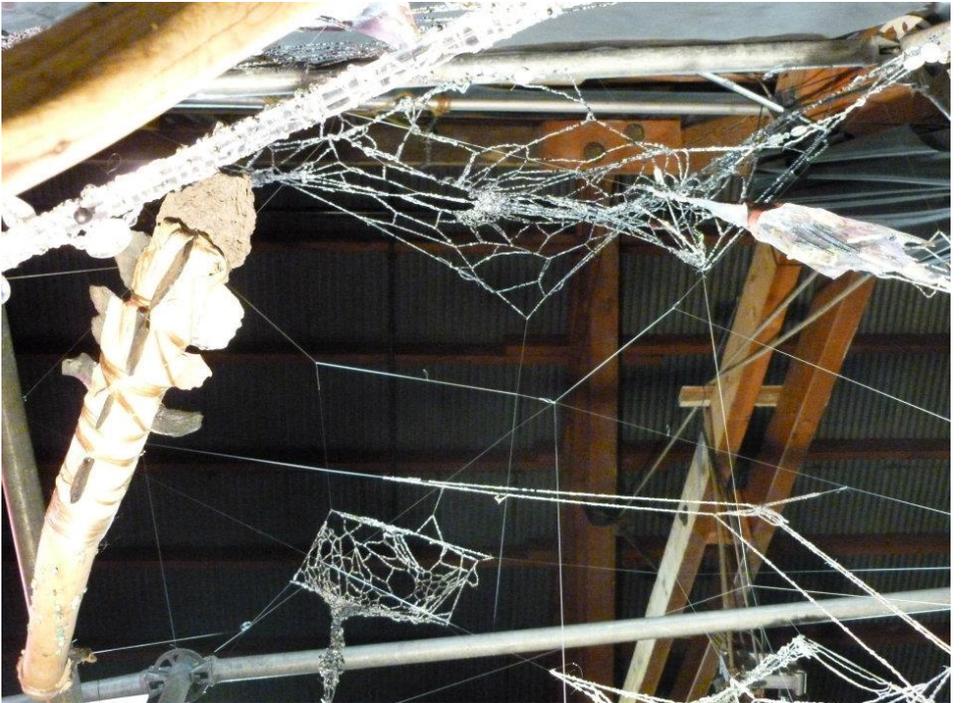










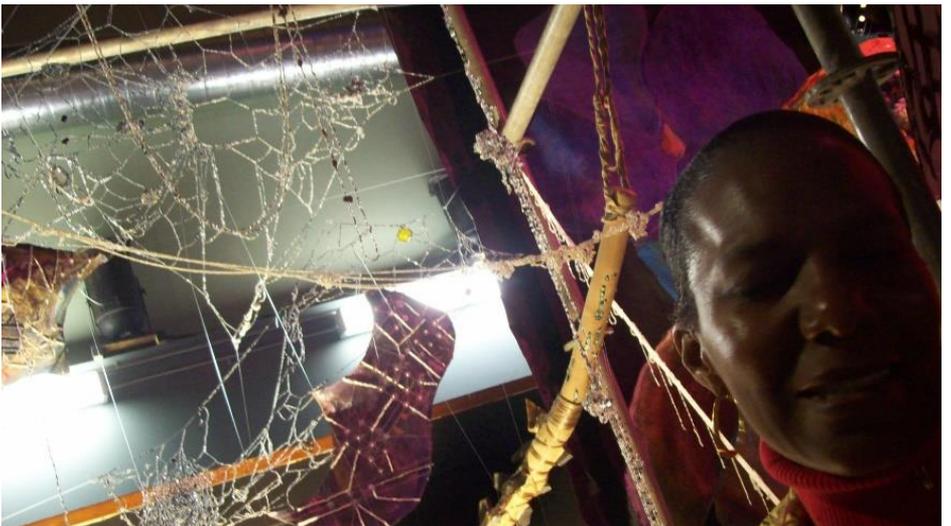


















# MOUTH FULL OF BEADWORK CLICHÉ'S



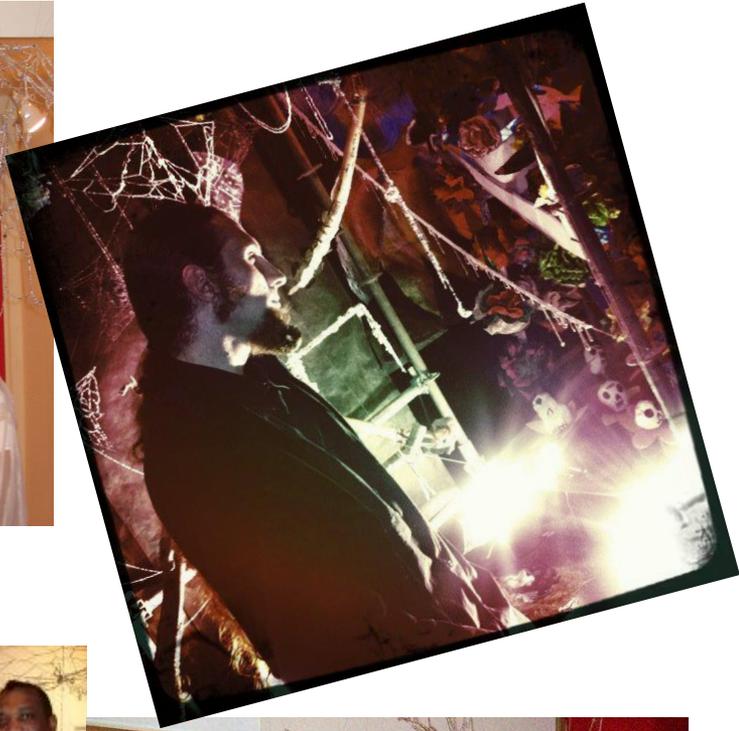
with Roberto Sifuentes of La Poocha Nostra  
in Pow Pooch Pow Show Installation



lefr: @SOMARS DAY of the DEAD  
EXHIBITION

below: @Ahalania 'Blood of the Sun' Exhibition  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

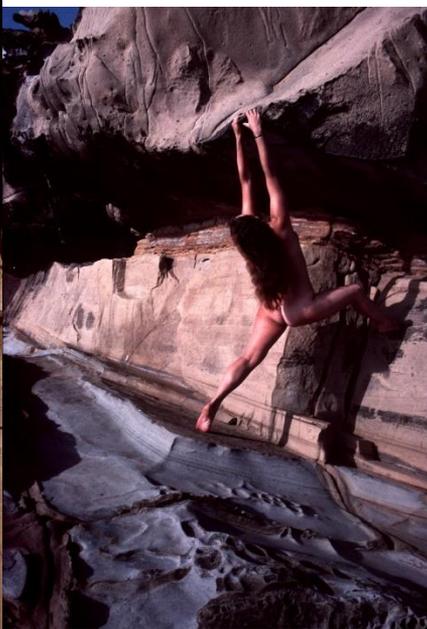


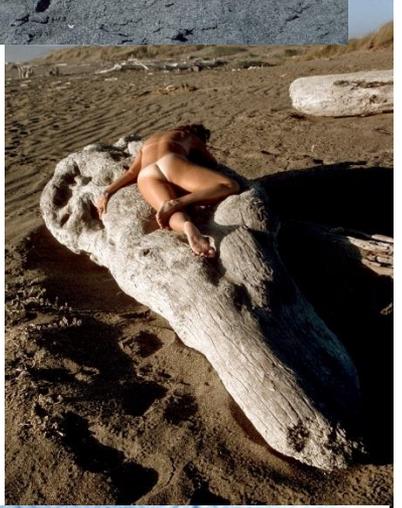


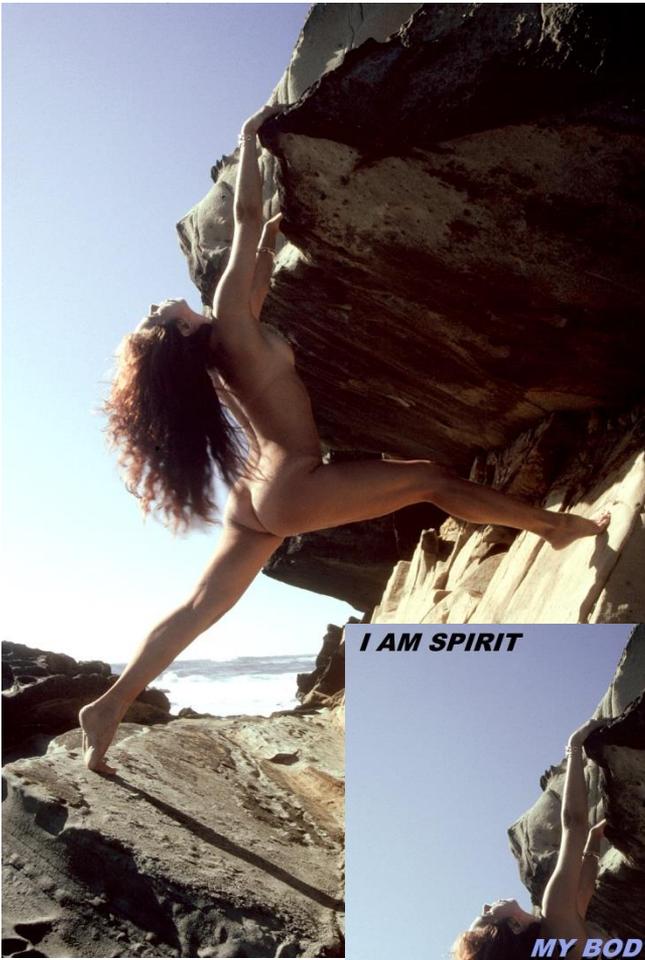




# NATURE







**I AM SPIRIT**



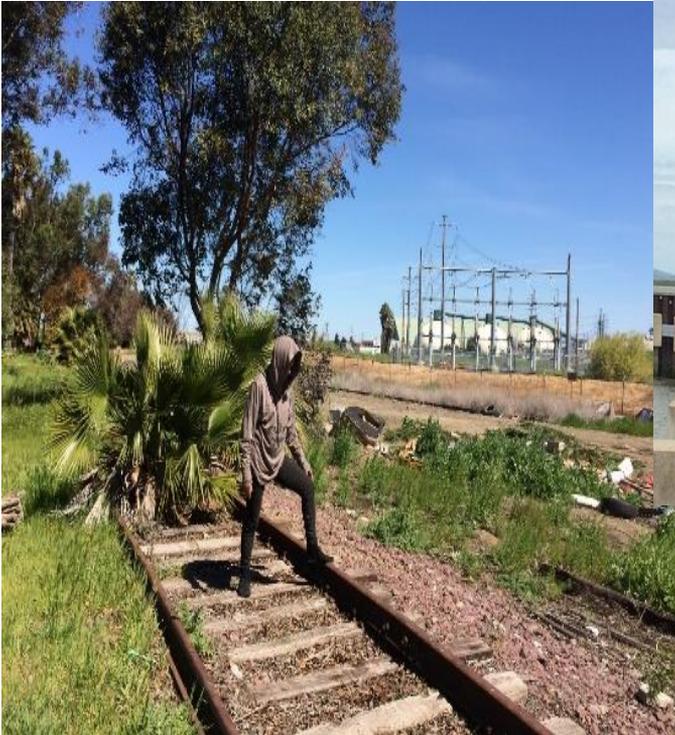
**MY BODY IS THE  
TEMPLE OF MY SPIRIT**

**MY BODY IS  
EARTH FOR  
MY SPIRIT**

*foto: Joseph Stubbs  
model: deCoy Gallerina*

**I AM SPIRIT**







NO OIL TANKERS IN OUR BAY

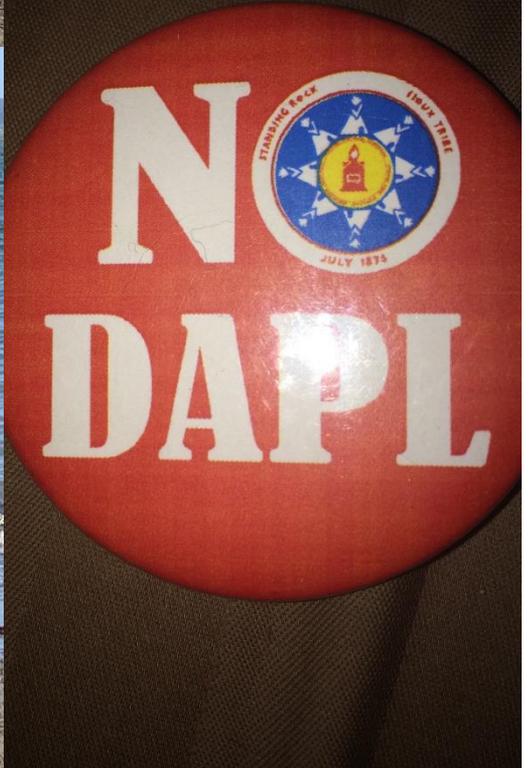


RADICAL MEDICINE



NO OIL TANKERS IN OUR BAY









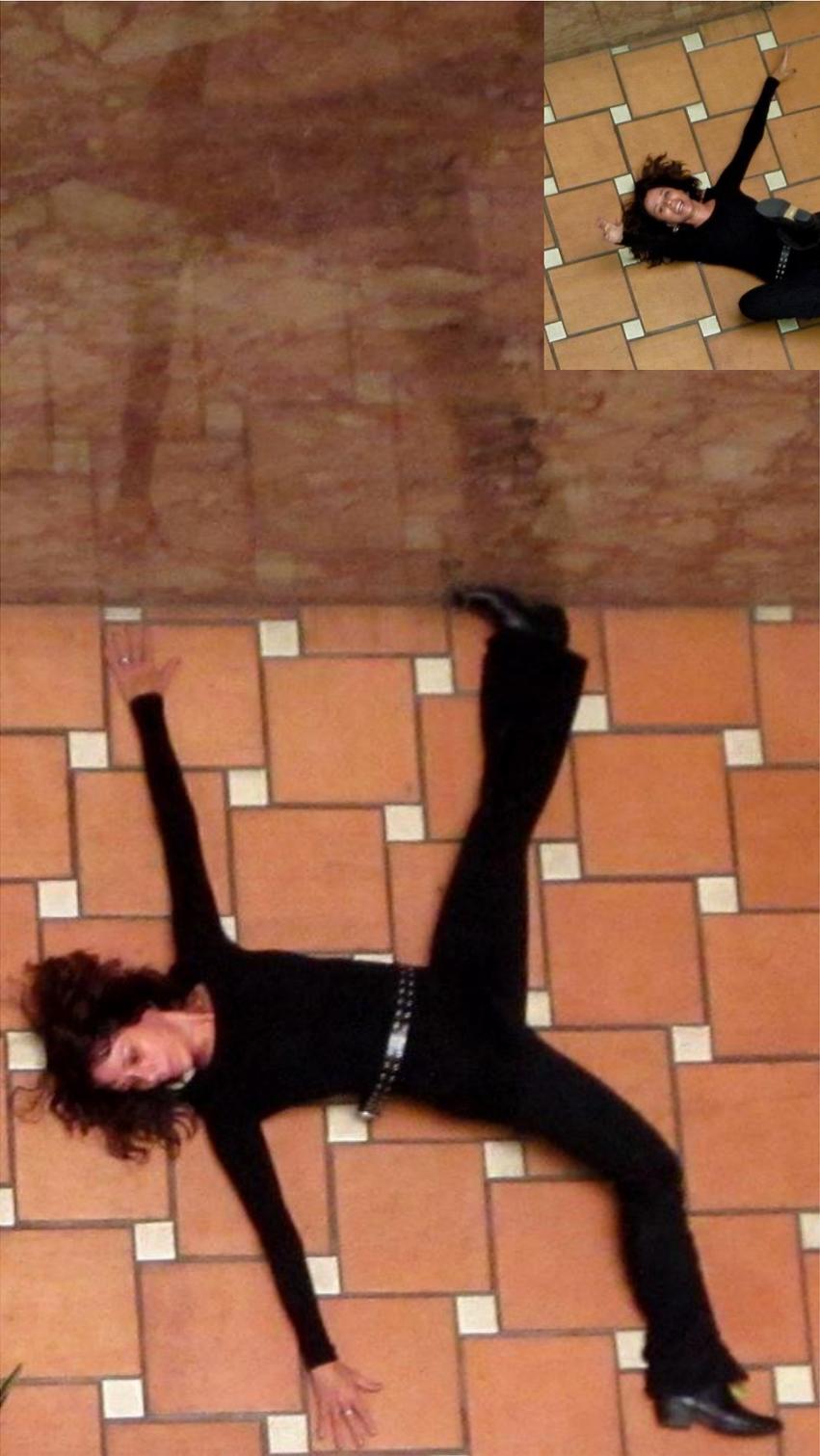
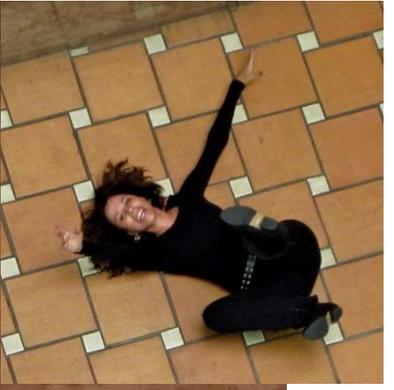
# MEDICINE

My beloved surrogate mother and father, Don & Julie Zaro both came down with Cancer. To honor and perhaps aid them in recovery I did a public ceremony for them at San Francisco Art Institute. It was comprised of a myself dancing in sacred garb in sacred form. (I have been told by one of my aunts from San Carlos Apache Reservation that once there were female Mountain Spirits, but, with colonization that practice ceased. As a female Mountain Spirit and to ceremonial music, I prayed for them...before a video screening of them speaking to their experience, fears and hopes regarding each of their illnesses. The screen was at least 4 times life size, the dance I did in front of it rendered me a shadow, my shadow touched them upon the screen. I'm not sure how long mom lived after that, but dad lived 10 more years. I do not claim that what I did helped or hindered their well being. But their viewing the prayer, I feel, may have given them hope in the whole process. Love to you, Don & Julie.



# RANDOMS

















# POPCORN ANTI-THEATER



SKI-COYOTEZHA





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...

[decoygallerina2@gmail.com](mailto:decoygallerina2@gmail.com)

[radicalmedicine.org](http://radicalmedicine.org)

[radicalmedicine.bandcamp.com](http://radicalmedicine.bandcamp.com)

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c'22