

HomeComing
Chiricahua
Nde' Apache
Odyssey

decoy
Gallerina

**MEDICINE
SABERS**

(from a dream I had)

SPIRIT TIME

We're always in that sacred circle of fire with them.

*

Sabers drawn, knuckles white
Storming ferociously up the narrow, boulder lined trail

I stare
Eyes locked with the first one
Fierce, frightening

They're here to protect us
Our Sacred Beings the Gahe'

Of them
We are Sacred Medicine

TIME OF HARMONY

(adapted from interviews with Leeland Michael Darrow, tribal historian)

Blessed year, travels calm, bright green meadow sloping towards our GUUTA (camp), lake close by; so many animals.

Our KUUGA (wikiup) is sturdy; an oak bough frame covered by smaller leafy branches, perfect this time of year.

We've completed our yearly harvest cycle, my 17th time. To celebrate, I'll wear new cloth dress at breakfast; lavender calico with tiny red blossoms. Father traded for fabric to give to his two wives and children. Mom makes dresses, I watch, first time making my own.

Mom gave me boots she had when my age, buckskin painted with dyes; mountain and sun designs for protection, strength, redone now in beads father brought from the south, much brighter, more durable. My dress matches the beadwork colors.

We have storage caches higher up the mountain where we keep our girl's maturation ceremony dresses and other valuables we don't want damaged by traveling. I'll go there soon with father, some beads there I need to work with, I'm a beading apprentice with 'Flowers on Top'; my paternal aunt.

Mornings, dark, chill; before everyone wakes, I listen; crickets near stream; vibrant, soothing. Then birds after bugs chatter, wake everyone. Hungry, I push covers back, sit up, see mom and dad; a ball of love under blankets, silly brother snoring, I giggle, they begin to stir.

I roll my bedding, carry a TUS (water basket) to stream, dip fingers, feel ripples tickle, splash some on face, arms; goose bumps. Slowly rising sun warm on my back. Comb from bag, run it through hair, long loose when I sleep, tangled now. Mom'll put a TSIIYEL over it as a sign I am of marriageable age.

Dad married mom when she was 18, her sister when she was 17. Our family is looking for a strong protector and provider, one who'll honor my mothers and I. We're a matriarchal society, its proper for my husband to join his mother-in-law's camp. Our kuuga will be a short distance from my parent's.

Light breeze brushes my neck, feet; leaves sparkling on trees. I hear a bird's high clear song. Brother's starting fire, I go over help him, tease about his snoring. He crinkles his face, looks really bothered, scratches his head, points at me, call me YAA (low tone)...means BUG! My name is YA' (high tone); means SKY!!

The rest are up bring out fresh deer meat and other foods. We've gathered in reverence. Our leaders sing a sunrise song:

YO HEY DAGO HENAHNO...OH HEY NAH
YO HEY DAGO HENAHNO...OH HEY NAH
YO HEY DAGO HENAHNO...YO DAGO HENAHNAH
YO HEY DAGO HENAHNO...YO DAGO HENAHNAH
AH HANG NEH YAH

This being the first day at our group's favorite place in the mountains they bless the morning fare with pollen.

Time at breakfast with cousin 'Swimming Girl' will be so much fun! We enjoy each other's humor and don't see each other enough with all the work that needs to be done..

She'll marry late this spring, has a good match. Sort of goofy before her maturation ceremony, she comports herself now with such dignity.

We girls become our tribe's sacred being ISDZANNADLEESHE' (White Painted Woman), as such, we bestow blessings on our community. Strength shown by us during this grueling seven day ceremony; through which we enter womanhood, remains with us throughout our lives.

Before my ceremony I played all the time; now I'm much more concerned with what I need to know to help my community.

After our morning meal, mom and I wander the hills gathering TLUHTALBILDAJINLNDEI (wild celery), baskets on backs held steady by straps across our foreheads.

Spring in the mountains; such a blessing; weather calm, breezes soft. Sometimes I see gentle fawns with their mothers and wonder what it will be like to be a mother myself.

WAR DANCE AND SONG X8

**Hey yong hey yah hey yo hong oh
Hey yong hey yah hey yong hong oh
Hey yong hey yong hey yong
Hey neh hong ah**

STRUGGLE

Climbing to safe vantage high above the burning desert floor
We've scattered to meet on top, two, three at a time

Steep incline, weary feet sleep; grit beneath them
Reach for secure hold
Sharp rock slice my hand
Pull myself up
Throw blanket down
For my girl to grab
Hoist her up

Boy's with his father, who's still with us
Give thanks to Usen for this
So many have lost their husbands
In this rugged journey of survival

We lost our oldest boy
My hair's cut short in mourning

Keep my knife close
Use it not just for preparing game
But, have bloodied it in defense of myself
My children
Against the U.S. soldiers
And, those who seek our scalps for money

Give thanks
For our survival
And, the sharpness
Of my blade

Baby's sleeping soundly
Safely strapped to my back
Thoughts of my children
Only this moves me forward

Very little water to drink
Let alone to wash ourselves
Clothes in tatters, blankets thin
We sleep; cold caves
Out of harm's way
Shivering
Children huddled between us
For warmth, protection

Take turns guarding
Circles of blue, fatigue
Wider darker under our eyes

Tonight we'll have safe harbor
In a place only we know
Can't risk our children
To anyone picking up our trail
We'll move again soon

This is the story
Of those who are hunted

We'll pray
All of us together
For strength
For the next day
The next battle

HEY YONG HEY YAH HEY YO HONG OH
HEY YONG HEY YAH HEY YO HONG OH
HEY YONG HEY YONG HEY YONG
HEY NEH HONG AH

**HOMECOMING
TRAIN HOME**

(Music: Miguel Garcia, Lyrics Miguel & deCoy)

DUET

1. KORG: A.13/86 (-3 from left)
2. VOICE 5
3. EWI: Yamaha - (6-Bell/Reed)
4. VOCALS: MG, DG (vocals & percussion)

VERSE 1:

**PUT ME ON THE TRAIN - SEND ME BACK MY HOME - COULDN'T
LIVE WITH OUT YOU - I'M NOT TRYING TO ROAM
PUT ME BY THE WINDOW - LET ME SEE OUT SIDE - LOOK AT
ALL THE PLACES -**

CHORUS: (MG, DG) X4

WHERE ALL MY PEOPLE DIED - WHERE ALL MY FAMILY DIED

VERSE 2:

**LEAVE ME BY THE CHURCH YARD - LEAVE ME ON MY OWN -
WILL SOMEONE COM AND TAKE ME - BACK TO MY OLD HOME -
PUT ME BY THE WINDOW - LET ME SEE OUTSIDE - LOOK AT
ALL THE PLACES**

CHORUS: (MG, DG) X4

WHERE ALL MY PEOPLE DIED - WHERE ALL MY FAMILY DIED

VERSE 3:

**LEFT ME SAD SO LONG - COULDN'T FIND NO HOME - WILL
SOME ONE COME AND TAKE ME - BACK TO MY TRUE HOME -
PUT ME BY THE WINDOW - I HEAR YOU CALLING ME -
LOOKING FOR THE PLACES**

CHORUS: (MG, DG) X4

WHERE ALL MY PEOPLE BE - WHERE ALL MY FAMILY DIED

PUT ME ON THE TRAIN - BRING ME BACK MY HOME (7X)

JOURNEY

BRING ONLY WHAT YOU CAN CARRY!!

On our bodies; awls, pollen bags, jewelry, combs.
In baskets; food, water, ropes, sinew
Worn blankets around babies

Some never seen
None ever been
On trains

Wooden train, metal wheels; dark grey like used gunshells
Hard wood seating, no heating; autumn chill
Guards with loaded guns at ready
We are the first group of hostages to be shipped; 1886

Prisoners; we eat army rations
Never eaten canned meats, don't know the danger
Nibble a little, hide the rest for later
Bits spoil
Food poisoning combined with motions sickness
Misery

Hold our bladders, hour after hour
Train's facilities unfamiliar, filthy buckets, stench terrific
Vomit, bile, diarrhea, rancid clothes, fetid bodies, people's dying breath
Horrific sounds; gut wrenching dry heaves, unrelenting hacking coughs
Baby's gurgling gasps, wailing

Eyes closed, ears, noses, mouths covered with filthy blankets
Lift our tear filled eyes; pray to Usen, Isdzannadleeshe'
This train look at it now, where we are, this suffering

Staring dazed out train windows
Ever changing landscape shocks, numbs us further
We trade our precious belongings for what we need
At train stations
Where people gather to watch 'THE INDIANS' go by
LIKE DIRTY CIRCUS ANIMALS!!

Ten days, no medical care
Another person dies

We disembark
Are herded into dank, vile, unlivable places
Crowded far beyond their capacity
We die by the score; dysentery, tuberculosis
Chiricahua, Native American, First Nation; we suffer
For defending our homelands against criminal invaders

Children old enough to go to school are taken from us
Our population keeps declining
In 1850 our population was 3,000
In 1886 it was 500
1894, 300; 10% of the population of 1850
This decline in just two generations
A generation spans the time
From when a child is born
To when it becomes a parent; 20 years
Two generations; 40 years
1894; over 90% of our loved one have perished

We're held prisoner of war three decades
Including 15 years at Fort Sill Military Base, Oklahoma
1913; we number TWO HUNDRED & SIXTY-ONE people total
1913; 180 of us are moved to Mescalero Reservation, New Mexico
To be with the other heathens

This is called 'The Parting'
81, 81, 81 remaining
81 lonely heartbroken people

We croon love songs for the lonely
HEY YUN NEY HEY YUN NEY YO HONG AH
HEY YUN NEY HEY YUN NEY YO HONG AH
Beautiful melodies for our lost ones
81, 81, 81; this is the group I'm from, I'm from, I'm from

CHILDREN'S PRAYER

(adapted from interviews with Leeland Michael Darrow, tribal historian)

Taken from our parents
Boarding schools, orphanages
Parents farm
We're home
They're not
We're taken from them
Missions vie to get and convert us
Make us other than what we are
Hard leather belts, sticks, whips
For speaking our language
To train us its bad
What our parents share
Our traditions, culture
Are ignorant, wrong

Boy's hair cut short
We only do this
When someone close to us dies

We're given the names of their dead relatives
This brings the ghost of that dead one to us
We don't disturb the dead by speaking their names
They curse us with the names of their dead

Our culture honors each of us
With a name soley our own
A name which reflects
Who we've revealed our self to be

Turned against ourselves
Captive in the belief that nothing Nde' is good
That only Christianity, being white, is right
We children are trained to be
Seamstresses, cooks, manual laborers, farmers
Never doctors, lawyers, writers, medicine people
People with power

We're never taught to be who we are
People of power
Our hearts and psychies destroyed
Minions of missions, white american culture
We're set loose to infect anyone we can
I was stolen by the Dutch Reformed Church of Fort Sill
To be assimilated
Assimilation
Subsumation
Forgetfulness
violence

FIRE

(from my family's history)

The ones they didn't think would assimilate were sent to Mescalero with the other heathens. Some they thought would easily assimilate wanted to go to Mescalero to be with their families, but were forced to stay in the Oklahoma prisoner of war area, so they wouldn't be influenced to remain 'Apache'; savage. Many who stayed in Oklahoma were christianized, good church going farmers; 'GOOD APACHES'.

People walkin down tha road by'r farm
We live in tha rickedy farm house cross from tha barn
Nah nuf money for more `n a few chickens

People walkin down tha road front'r house
Pushin wheel barrows fulla evry worly belongin they possess
Nah much
This depression, this Oklahoma dus bowl

We ain got much
Bu we kin let em sleep in r yard
Give em a bit a wata from r well
Nah much, bu they sure seem ta preciate it

Ruff life, daddy works real hard farmin
Athletic, helps tha baseball n bowlin team
Gives what he ken

~~~~~

BLAZING SHAFTA FIRE EATIN RAFTAS!!!  
DADDY'S SCREAMIN  
"MO WATA!!!"

Neighberz n wanderz pass buckets, pour wata onta flames  
Wata from the pump jes ain enuff  
All our efferts togetha ain enuff  
To slacken ragin heat devourin tha barn  
Fire's spreadin, support beams collapse  
Jes miss mah brothrz

Daddy's tears streamin down  
Tracin brown dirt roads a skin through soot coverin him  
Desperate images burn his mind  
He n momma pushin a wheel barrow fulla nuthin, nowhere  
Six starvin kids straglin behin  
Momsa nurse, works in town  
No car, takes the weekly bus, stay all week  
Comes home Friday ni, she'll be here soon

Her heart'l be broken, her heart'l be broken  
Dad keeps sobin

We stan, six a us, tiniest to tallest  
Helplessly staring at tha flames, r fatha  
Whose face glistens red orange sweat  
Reflectin greedily, lickin tongues a fire

Mom'n dad built tha barn with thur own hands  
Took all their time n money  
Their still payin it down  
Neighberz, good christians helped  
Even tho we wern white

All the tools for plantin n harvest were in there  
Now any work'l havta be done han  
Means loosin a good parta tha crops

Daddy jes stanzer, shoulders slack  
Weakly wobblin to n fro  
Lookin like a holla shell  
Life sucked outa him  
By them blasted flames

He jes wa'int the same afta tha  
Would get mad ova any lil thang

## GRANDPA COYOTE

(adapted from an interview with Bud Chappabitty)

Granpa turned out pretty scabby!

Had womin n kidz all ova tha county n up in Mescalero. He'd still call granma tryin to git her money, even afta she deeevorced him. He was like tha if he could git somethin from her or anybody he liked it...bu, if he could rip em off, he wuz reeeeee happy!!

My brother'n I knew this, so we played a trick on him one time; There wuz a huge moth flutterin in tha win outsi tha general stoe. We chased it, caught it; turned out ta be a hanbill; looked like a dolla; green wi some prezdent onit.

BINGO!! We had an idea.

We knew granpa'd com by when no one wuz roun but us kidz.  
Shur nuf, here he comes; pokin roun.  
Lookin fer something, anything...MONEY!!  
A nickle, a dime, a dolla!

We ha stuffed tha sales thang in the couch cushions, tween us  
Jes a lil stickin out...GREEEEN!

Shur nuf!, he din miss a thang  
Caught a glimpsa it out tha cornera his greedy lil eyes

He wander'd roun, pokin here, there  
Lookin under this, that  
*Nonchalantly*; like they say in tha movies

Then, jes like Coyote he says:  
"Uh, forgot mah glasses in tha bathroom, be ri back."

He din even wear glasses!!!  
Comes back, shoe untied; an old scuffed up work boot  
Bends over reeeeee low ri by us  
Hand poised like ta tie his shoe

Looks up gives us a wiley grin  
Reaches up, snatches tha paper quick  
Stuffs it in his pocket and says

"Gotta go now."

Hmmmph...  
He had stole money from his lil gran kidz  
Ccccchhhhhh!!

Well, granpa  
He neva talked to us agin afta tha  
Noooo, he neva did  
Cuz he knew two lil bitty kidz  
Had got his ass

And,  
YAH, WE HAD!!!

## HOMECOMING KILLING INDIANS

(adapted from a story by Benjamin I. Benavides)

1970's 80's

I love to sing the old songs to the rhythm of the metate as I grind corn.  
And tell stories of the **Supernaturals** and **creation**, using our Nde' names.

My grandson loves the one where a little boy kills monsters; I tell it to him this way to give him courage.

I bring him with me when I work the wheat fields gathering wheat heads  
and when I'm working the onion fields  
where we swing our hoes **low**  
to clip off the part that grows above ground,  
so the bulb underneath will grow round, big and tasty.

He visits when my husband, whose from Spanish lineage, is with one of his other three families.

Today my grandson's a little ahead of me playing, swinging a stick through the air with some force.

Curious about what game this is, I call out "Grandson, what are you doing?"

He yells back "I'm playing 'cowboys and Indians, granma'..."

"I'm killing Indians!!"

I feel the ground drop out from beneath me, I gasp, it's as if a brick has been hurtled at me, hit me in my chest, my heart, I fall...

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Granma's a behind me gathering wheat heads.

I'm playing cowboys and Indians.

She calls out "Grandson, what're you doing?",

I yell "I'm killing Indians!!"

I hear her gasp, spin round, see her fall hard

I run over and cry "GRANMA, WHAT'S WRONG!?!?"

**She shakes her head as if to clear it of something  
then with tears in her eyes wails**

**"OH, BABY BOY, WHEN YOU'RE KILLING INDIANS, YOU'RE  
KILLING YOUR GRANDMA!!"**

She relates that she, my father and I are 'Indian'.

I hold her hand as we walk back to the farm house  
dazed by what she's just said  
I hardly breath

When we get back to the farmhouse,  
she grabs a red rag  
wraps it around my forehead

and declares "**NOW YOU'RE INDIAN!**"

I echo "NOW I'M INDIAN!!"

I was never a cowboy again after that!

(MG"Give me..."ME"lallala...Mother Yavapai, father Chiricahua...)

## HOMECOMING BLACK COYOTEEZXHA HAHA

PRESENT 2022

There's this Coyote, she wasn't treated very well by the people who had captured her, so she escaped.

Because of the way those people treated her, she's mean, aggressive  
And takes **whatever** she **want** from **whomever** she **wants**  
(she steals something from an unsuspecting audience member)  
...some call this being a good hunter...  
She takes **anything** she can from **anyone** she can (again, she steals).

She lives in a village and has taken whatever she wants from every one there.

Her den's full of beautiful **things**  
**handmade drums, buffalo throws, big screens, medicine rattles.**

Because she's so greedy, she's grown big and at first very strong,  
but now she's too large to fit into her levi jeans and she's slowed down.  
The other coyotes notice this, decide to get together and take back what belongs to them.

While she's was out one day, they go to her den  
Inside they find their **precious belongings shrewn** about **carelessly**.

Their mother's burden baskets, pottery, beadwork, long hair cut off for speaking their language, creation stories, self-esteem, ifones, their identity of being First Nation People, relationship to relatives, their Supernaturals, their legacy, memories, joy, sacred traditions and lifeways, teeth fallen out from beatings, their children...  
**their culture, prayers, dreams and visions**

**They gather up everything that belongs to them!**

They take back the **COSMOS**, the **STARS**, their moccasins.

**THEY RECLAIM BACK THEIR COURAGE AND DIGNITY!**

When that coyote gets back to her den, exhausted and famished  
because she's too slow to catch anything...  
she found her den empty.

She starts screaming

"WHERE'S ALL MY THINGS!????

WHO TOOK ALL MY THINGS!??,

"SOMEONE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO GET MY THINGS!!!"

She storms to the entrance of her den, points her paw menacingly

"YOU!!!, I BET YOU KNOW WHERE MY THINGS ARE!!!"

"YOU!!! I BET YOU HAVE THEM!!!"

"YOU, YOU BETTER TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE!!!"

Her furry face red with rage, she turns her back to the town;

"WHEN I COUNT THREE

MY THINGS BETTER BE BACK HERE!!!"

**"THREE!!"**

She spins `round quik, nothing.

In an absolute trembling tantrum;

she bares her fangs,

points a ragged claw and whines viciously:

"YOU.....YOU.....YOU!!"

"YOU'RE ALL THEIVES!!!"

A family of coyotes, taking a pleasant evening walk;

Glances in her direction, giggling.

Their pup runs up to her,

**OFFERs** her his wish bone from dinner

## HOMECOMING SONG

(Music: Miguel Garcia, lyrics Miguel & deCoy)

1. Decoy: (Rattles)
2. M.G.: Intro, (N. Flute)
3. Decoy: (Vocals, Rattles) *I Hear You Calling, I Hear You Calling, I Hear You Calling, Come Home*
4. M.G, DeCoy: (N. Flute, Rattles)
5. DeCoy: (Drum)
6. DeCoy: (Vocals, VERSE 1, 2)
7. M.G.: Rainstick (on VERSE 1)
8. M.G.: N. Flute (on VERSE 2)

### VERSE 1

**Felt So Sad So Long....Could Never, Find a Home.... But  
Home Removed....**

**Was Grieving....Was Grieving....Was Grieving....For My  
Home....**

**I Hear You Calling....Hear You Calling....These Feet  
Walking....A Dance For You....**

**So Long Away From Home....My Loved Ones....I Will Be  
Near You Once Again....**

**My Loved Ones....I Call To You....So Far From  
Home....Going Home....Going Home**

**We'll Be Together Again....Once Again Together....**

deCoy(spoken)...

***2014 was our tribe's 100th year of freedom from  
prisoner of war status, only 100 years.***

***We are the Chiricahua Nde', Nde' means the people in  
our language***

***Apache means enemy, in our enemies language.***

***We are the group that Geronimo and Cochise are from.  
(M.G. Play N. Flute)***

***Our whole group, several thousand people, were taken  
hostage to force the surrender of Geronimo.***

***In that process we suffered a major unacknowledged  
holocaust, we lost over 90 per cent of our people. We  
were held prisoner of war 3 decades.***

***2014 we began repatriation from our place of exile/the  
prisoner of war place;***

***Repatriating to our homelands, near our springs of  
origin in the southwest, New Mexico and Arizona.***

9. DeCoy & M.G.: (Verse 2)

### VERSE 2

**So Long Away From Home.....Our Loved Ones....**

**We Will Be Near You Once Again....Our Loved  
Ones....We Call To You....**

**So Far From Home....Going Home....Going Home....**

**We'll Be Together Again....Once Again Together.... M.G.  
(N. Flute)**

DeCoy: *I hear you calling, I hear you calling, I hear you  
calling, come home....*

**HOMECOMING  
CHIRICAHUA HOME**

(Adapted from a biographical story by Guest:  
Former San Carlos Apache Tribal Chairman; Wensler Noise Sr.,  
Music: Miguel Garcia)

1. MG: (**Play iPod**, Powerful Drums Shaman Magic..by Kevin MacLeod) (**wait 4 measures**)  
(high octave)
- 2\*MG: (**Play EWI-Xpander 2001**): (**start**) E....f-g-f-E... (**2X**) E-F-G-A-B-A-G (**4X**) E-F....E-F....E-F....  
(**Sing**): GIVE ME MY FREEDOM NOW, GIVE ME MY FREEDOM NOWW, NOWW, NOWW...  
(EWI) E-F....E-F....E-F....
3. DG: (Says)  
LaLaLaLa....Mother Yavapai, Father Chirichua, Great Grandfather Nohazhe' LaLaLaLa....  
Geronimo, Cochise taken to Ft. Sill as prisoner of war, he was not...
4. MG: (**Play 2\***)
5. DG: (Says)  
Nohazhe' captive at San Carlos Reservation/234 He cried where's the other Chirichua, what's their fate/234-  
San Carlos where I was raised/234 The brutal military way/234-Confinement/234-  
Non-Indians, Whites and Scouts/234-To live amongst the "Scouts"/234-Collaborators who hunted their own-Hunted their own-Hunted those who stood to defend/234 Cherished CHIRICAHUA Legacyyyyyy  
LaLaLaLa....Find a place to survive-Find a place to survive/234 Against/1 Transition/1 Transition
6. MG & DG: (**Sing**)  
LIV-ING IN THE GLASS....LOO-KING OUT THE GLASS,  
"GOING HOME TO SING OUR PRAYERS (**repeat**)....OUR FUTURE DESTINY-EY-EY..."
7. EWI SOLO: (**Play 2\***)-----  
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8. DG: (Says)  
The Holy place/234 Big Cedar/234 Dwelling of the Gahé' people, Our blessed beings, Holy ways of praying/234 Our unrelenting struggle not to lose our sacred ways
9. MG: (**Play EWI**) E-F.... (**4X**)
- 10.DG: (Says)  
Guide other Pache People/234 To our holy place/234 Respecting our Sacred Chirichua ways, How we pray,  
Holy Chirichua way....
- 11.MG: (**Play EWI**) E-F.... (**4X**)
- 12.DG: (speaking)

Other tribes were afraid of us, the way we speak to those things that can not be seen, can not be seen  
(saying)

The way we speak, The way we pray, The way we speak, The way we pray for everybody, everything....

13.MG & DG: (Sing)

LIV-ING OUR SACRED WAYS....SPEA-KING OUR SACRED WAYS,

"GOING HOME TO SING OUR PRAYERS (repeat).... OUR FUTURE DESTINY-EY-EY..."

14.DG: (Speaking)

Went to the grave of my Grandmother, Came back to lead, Fostering unity organize THE PEOPLE as before

"newcomers" from Great Grand Fathers, to Me, to Grandsons, to future generations....

San Carlos Reservation, Fifteen Nde' groups interact inside there, we pray to the Sacred Mountains, 6,000

people banded together, we pray; save Oak Flats, we pray take us home.

Being prisoners we San Carlos Chiricahua Nde' petition you, I Wendsler Noise Senior petition you

United States Government....

15.MG & DG: (Sing)

LIV-ING IN THE GLASS....LOOK-ING OUT THE GLASS,

"GOING HOME TO SING OUR PRAYERS (repeat)....OUR FUTURE DESTINY-EY-EY..."

MG: **GOING HOME** (repeat) DG: WE ARE GOING HOME (repeat)

**'HOMECOMING; CHIRICAHUA NDE' APACHE ODYSSEY'  
IS A PRODUCTION OF THEATRE MOVEMENT INTERNATIONAL  
DIRECTOR; RUDRADEEP CHAKRABARTI  
AUTHOR/PERFORMANCE: DECOY GALLERINA  
MUSIC; MIGUEL GARCIA  
DRAMATURJI/CONSULTANT: CHIRICAHUA TRIBAL HISTORIAN,  
CULTURAL EXPERT & LINGUIST LELAND MICHAEL DARROW**

## DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

**STATUS & ORIGINS:** Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' (Chakonen, '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, IAlA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL FACES interviews of 500 artists (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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