

HAUNTING

OUR

HIS & HER

STORIES

INDIGENOUS CHILDREN'S

BOARDING SCHOOL

&

RELATED EXPERIENCES

A PLAY BY DECOY GALLERINA

RADICAL MEDICINE
In conjunction with
THEATRE MOVEMENT INTERNATIONAL

dg c'23.05



~a bilingual, collaboratory work~

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Author, Performance, Lyrics

****Miguel Garcia:**

Musical Director, Performance, Song Arrangements, Music

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***Chiricahua Warm Springs Apache Tribe aka Fort Sill Apache**

****Mescalero Apache Tribe**

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(Neo-Classical Violin: Kirryll Kouz)

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(June 18, 2pm)

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(by: Rex Marin, Miguel Garcia, deCoy Gallerina)

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(Adapted from a story by Benjamin I. Benivides)

&&& COMPANY BIO'S & CREDITS &&&



PART 1: TWO MASON JARS

SABERS POISON INTO MEDICINE

(Music: Miguel Garcia)

Lyrics: Rex Marin, Miguel Garcia, deCoy Gallerina)

A sacred spirit came down to me, and whispered
Said something from within
Turn your poison into medicine
Turn your poison into medicine

We're always in that sacred circle of fire with them
Sabers drawn, knuckles white
Storming ferociously up the narrow, boulder lined trail
Turn your poison into medicine
Turn your poison into medicine

I stare, eyes locked with the first one
Fierce, frightening
Turn your poison into medicine
Turn your poison into medicine

They're here to protect us
Our sacred spirits, the Gahe'
Turn your poison into medicine
Turn your poison into medicine

Of them
We are Sacred Medicine
A sacred being came to me
Whispered something from within

CHILDREN'S PRAYER (Poem with Music)

&&& Church Bells #82 &&&

Taken from our parents
Boarding schools, orphanages
Missions vie to get and convert us
Make us other than what we are
Sticks, whips, cattle prods
For speaking our language
To train us its bad
What our parents share
Our traditions, culture
Are ignorant, wrong

&&& end Church Bells #82 &&&

&&& Cathdral #65 &&&

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 nothing Apache 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 men
People with power
We're never taught to be
Who we are
People of power

&&& end Cathdral #65 &&&

&&& Church Bells #82 &&&

Our hearts and psyches destroyed
Minions of missions, white American culture
We're set loose to infect anyone we can
"I was stolen by the Dutch Reformed church at Fort Sill."
To be assimilated
Assimilation
Subsummation
Forgetfulness
Violence

&&& end Church Bells #82 &&&

TWO MASON JARS

CHAPTER 1:

'The Apache Family in Their Post-Assimilation Home Environment'

&&& OMAHA SONG &&&

It's **sik'as** cold darkness, before dawn; **Shimá** Moma says "Shhhh..."
"Don't wake your **shíla** sisters,

"Él chiné'ih hush."

Sponge baths; **tó** water, heated on wood stove, she points to handmade **edé'** clothes laid out on bed; shirt made from 'old sheet we use to make everything we need', and a little dress; dark blue with **bizááye** small **ligó** white flowers; calico; made from **Shimá** Mom's old dress, **naaki** two drawstring **zis** bags; hold the rest of our things. Dressed, **shíla** sister stands beaming brightly.

"Dii'yadí át'é?"

Delicious odors; foods we're too poor to eat at **dále'ee** one sitting. **Shítaa** Dad pulls a **kádaidsaí** chair, graciously beckons **Shimá** Mom to sit, does same for **shíla** sister and I.

Nahi Our's; an old, weathered, **dále'ee** one room **ki** house on an allotment of **nii** land given us by government, with well sheltered by **T'iis** Cottonwood Trees, and barn **Shimá** Mom and **Shítaa** Dad built with help of neighbors; immigrants, we're all transplants here. We were given old mules, plough; some people packed up, left because farming here's hard.

Biscuits, gravy, butter, **góo'ch'i** bacon; never get **góo'ch'i** bacon, (except at church), jam, tin **idee'** cups of 'ibee milk and **gahée** coffee! **Shítaa** Dad **gutál** ceremoniously pulls paper packet from pocket, magician; sparkling crystals; **gulkaade** SUGAR!!! Holding hands, he says grace in **Chigust'éei** Apache; a blessing his Grandmother taught him, remembered through boarding school:

Bik'egu'iindái,diyín nch'ij tédéshdii

Díik'eh nzhó baléensi

Tó, tók'elé, ha'óó'á, dii'tl'ee', kuuga, gutál

Nuushkaą iintin nlt'eh, bil nzhó shijiéi

Daanah shi'éké, denzoni, nzhó inhndaa

'Iyaa guzáá kugu

"Amen".

In **nahi** our barn; **taazhe** chickens, come when I whistle, a goat, **gólizhé** skunks; they don't spray unless scared. On porch; **naaki** two stray **kéchaa** dogs, who when we're seeding furrowed rows of **leezh** soil, **bizááye** small

zis bags strapped to our backs, **nánlyee** run circles around us, “Woo-woosing” in delight. **Shimá** Mom ties bandana around **shítáa**’ my forehead. “Don’t want you getting too **dilhil** black.” From when we’re able to walk, we kids help in any way we can. Under **nahi** our **ki** house, on cinderblocks; **gíti** cats with kittens, keep **lóó’sts’óósé** mice away, when we go under there, we come out hair full of **yaa** lice.

At boarding school, **Shítáa** Dad learned farming, **Shimá** Mom housekeeping, between them they have all the skills needed to **nánlyee** run a farm, they make a great team. **Shítáa** Dad plants, harvests, sells, trades; we survive during **Há** Winter. **Shimá** Mom cans berries we kids gather and vegetables from harvest, does sewing, learned at boarding school as well. They make ends meet, barely. “**Nzhó** Good” **Shítáa** Dad says “We have everything we need. **Usen** Creator provides”. Grateful, we say so in **nahi** our prayers. Funny though, I’m always hungry, remember a time we ate only flour mixed with **tó** water.

They teach us what they learned in school, never speak of their times there. **Shimá** Mom isn’t a big talker, **Shítáa** Dad’s a big teaser, when I ask about their schools **Shimá** Mom’s face goes **ligó** white, **Shítáa** Dad gets serious, a dull look in his eyes, disappears.

“After they took me, they cut **shitsiigha** my hair bald.”, shows me a jagged scar above his neckline. I wonder who ‘they’ were and where they’d taken him from; maybe his family and a farm like **nahi** ours?

And, What’s so special about **dííjí** today? Last summer **Shítáa** Dad said the **naaki** two oldest of us would be going away to school. He and **Shimá** Mom haven’t eaten much; **shindáa** my eyes & **shíla** sister’s lock, **Shítáa** Dad clears his throat “**Dííjí** Today’s the day...”

&&& end OMAHA SONG &&&

CHAPTER 2
'THE SKUNK FAMILY METAPHOR'

Outside, **Shítaa** Dad and I climb slats up **T'iis** Cottonwood Tree to a wide branch, **Shimá** Mom and **shíla** sister sit on exposed roots playing with **shíla** sis's rag dolls. **Shítaa** Dad offers **tádidín** pollen to the directions, **Usen** Creator, tussles **shitsiigha** my hair lovingly, he and mom sing a **Chigust'éei** Apache song:

&&& OLD BACK & FORTH SONG &&&

dg: **Hey yo hin ney yah hey yo**
mg: **Hin ney yah nah hey ney yah**
dg: **Hey yo hin ney yah hey yo**
mg: **Hin ney yah nah hey ney yah**
dg: **Do hi un nun day ya ney**
mg: **Tashi yong hey yo**
Hin ney yah nah hey ney yah
dg & mg: **Hey yah hey yo**
Hin ney yah nah hey ney yah

From a hollow in the **T'iis** Cottonwood Tree, **Shítaa** Dad pulls a bundle made from that old sheet. **Díí'** Four **bizááye** small carvings; **naaki** two 'icheeshké boys, a 'it'éeekén girl; faces similar to **nahi** ours; narrow noses, full lips, high, wide cheekbones and a little **gólizhé** skunk, stained **dilhil** black except for a **ligó'** white stripe down its back.

Chígnaá'ái Sun breaks over horizon, rolling plain, low bushes before us. We're aglow in **litó** red light, **yá** sky above, a soft warming blue.

Shítaa Dad begins a story:

"You know those **bizááye** little **gólizhé** skunks who live in the barn? There's a **Shítaa** Father, **Shimá** Mother, older brother; just like you, some **shíla** sisters. They're a family, like **nahi** ours. The **Shítaa** Dad and **Shimá** Mom work hard. They learned things to provide for their 'el'chiné babies when they were younger, about their son's age now. The **Shítaa** Dad is saying "Son **gólizhé** skunk, you're bigger now, I've taught you everything I know. It's time for you to learn more so you can provide for a family in a **nzhó** good way." He wrapped his **ligó'** stripped tail around his son lovingly. The **bizááye** little **gólizhé** skunk understood, said bravely "I'll go out in the world, learn all I can, return with delicious roots!" Son **gólizhé** skunk wrapped his **ligó'** white striped tail around his **Shítaa** Father."

“What’re the people like where we’ll be going?” “Not so different from us.”
He touches my collar gently “You look so handsome in your beautiful shirt
your **Shimá** Mother made.” His eyes tear, his gaze towards some **nii** dust
stirring in the distance.

A mule drawn cart. Handing **Shítaa** Dad the carvings, I descend. **Shimá**
Mom hurries back inside, returns with our groggy siblings. In her arms,
the still sleeping littlest;

él chiné’il hush.

Kéchaa Dogs whine, wag their tails, lick **nahi nii, gan** our hands, faces.

CHAPTER 3

'CHILDREN'S SEPARATION FROM FAMILY; MIRAGE'

Cart driver says "This them?", then "Water?" pointing to the mules. **Shimá** Mom kneels, a strained look on her face, tight smile "We'll come visit you soon.", kisses **shíla** sister tenderly. I say "Don't worry, we'll be back with lots of good roots!" Dad **Shítaa** lifts **shíla** sister, me into cart, hands us **naaki** two old coats "Don't want you catching **sik'as** cold.", heaves our **zis** bags in behind us. Cart pulls away, our siblings look back and forth between **Shimá** Mom, **Shítaa** Dad, and us, confused, not smiling. **él chiné** Baby in **shimá** Mom's arms is crying, reaching for us, **Shimá** Mom's face; buried in **Shítaa** Dad's chest, **kéchaa** dogs yowling,

'Magically' **Shítaa** Dad's waving a handful of roots.

"**Leezh** Dust, distance, roots."

Nde' Man clucks to mules. We sit, backs braced against his seat, **leezh** dust ins't so bad here. Even clomping, we drop off to sleep. Sun **chígonaa'ái** moves higher in **yá** sky. Mules groan, "Just a little further girls." Barrel of **tó** water strapped inside cart; **nde'** man must be saving it for 'hard times'.

A **bizááye** small **ki** house. "And, here they are!" the **Shítaa** Dad swirls **bizááye** little '**icheeshké** boy around depositing him in the cart. '**icheeshké** Boy "See you soon!", "Yes, Sir." his **Shítaa** Dad salutes him formally. '**icheeshké** Boy sits to back of cart, shyly. Blue bandana over cart driver's nose and mouth against **leezh** dust mules stir. Where the little '**icheeshké** boy sits; **leezh** dust makes him wheeze. I point to a spot beside us, he stumbles on **nahi** our **zis** bags, plops down "Thankyou sir!".

I notice there are not **naaki** two **zis** bags but **tái** three.

In the **tái** third; **góo'ch'i** bacon, biscuits, pemican; **Shítaa** Dad trades with neighbors from a northern tribe.

&&& EPILOGUE &&&

Sis **shíla** wakes '**Nzhó Good!**' Wrapped in that 'old sheet'; boiled eggs, a bottle filled with goats' '**ibee** milk, **naaki** two mason jars of blackberry jam, paper packets tied with string; cookies, a tin of meat; saved for 'hard times', apples, huge **hal'gashe** pecans fallen from trees near **nahi** our **ki** house. Enough to feed **nahi** our family for a week. **Shíla** Sis worries **nahi** our family will starve, wants to go back, she remembers; flour and **tó** water. Sharing eggs, biscuits with **bizááye** little '**icheeshké** boy, "I

FORGOT THE CARVINGS!!”... **shíla** sister reaches deep into the **zis** bag, pulls them out, wrapped in ‘that old sheet’...”**Nzhó** GOOD!!”

&&& end EPILOGUE &&&

Steady motion, cart rocking back, forth, jolt from hitting rocks now and **akoo** then, deep slumber. Dreaming: I’m the **bizáaye** small **gólizhé** skunk digging for roots, they’re rare. I hear an underground stream’s rippling **tó** waters, wake with a start; could have sworn I was clutching roots, it’s the food **zis** bag in my lap. A creek, small fish swim, we drink from its cool **tó** water, off again.

My own shivering wakes me, **sik’as** cold **dilhil** black **yá** sky, silvery crescent of **tl’ée’naa’ái** moon countless **suus** stars. Wrap **Shítaa** Father’s coat around us. ‘**icheeshké** Boy points “Big Dipper, Sir!” High singing voices; **Naldluushé** Coyotes. Even clomping, mule’s hooves, **nde’** man snoring, snorting himself awake.

“Dii’yadí át’é ?!”

Pale fog in the distance behind us; silvery fume hovering just above the **nii** ground; feels like the past.

Will we see **nahi** our family again?...need to bring them roots, they gave us all their food... roots, so they don’t starve...I drift off again.

CHAPTER 4

'CHILDREN'S FIRST DAYS OF BOARDING SCHOOL'

Cart abruptly stops, **shitsii** my head bumps back of driver's seat, **shíla** sister lets out a little shriek.

"**Díí yádí át'é?!**"

Looming over us, biggest building we've ever seen, so many bricks and unlit **dilhil** black **mandáana** windows. **Sáń** old lady with **libá** grey hair tossed in a messy bun and disheveled puffy skirt, rushes towards us, says gruffly "You're late! Come on, hop out of there.", dashes off. She hurries us down a wide empty hallway, many doors, darkened rooms. We **naaki** two '**icheeshké** boys, to the right of her, **shíla** sister on the other...try to see **shíla** sister, **sáń** old lady's skirt's too big. **Sáń** Old Lady's taps rapidly on a door, drowsy **nde'** man opens it, ushers we '**icheeshké** boys in, shuts door behind us. Shocked by abrupt separation from **shíla** sister, I turn back, try knob; locked! whisper frantically "...**Shíla** SISTER!..." "She's fine, you'll see her at breakfast.", **nde'** man points to a cot "Sleep here, I'll bring you blankets later." Whispers away off. I sit, then topple off to sleep. Jarred awake; someone's pulling the food **zis** bag. I roll swiftly; other side of cot; **Shítaa** Dad's teaching me to spar with sticks; lunge and dive...I'm quick. A '**icheeshké** boy stands there, still grasping food **zis** bag. A voice booms out "Hey you, get outa there!", '**icheeshké** boy takes off out a nearby door. An older, lanky, **litó** white '**icheeshké** boy who belongs to voice, comes sprinting over, snatches food **zis** bag, rummages through, pulls a package; cookies, pops a couple in his mouth; says wryly "Don't mind if I try a few, do you?" tosses **zis** bag back, takes off out the door the other '**icheeshké** boy went through. I'm stunned...blink of an eye, whistle blows.

Children stir, walk towards a door, I follow. Long line of '**icheeshké** boys lean against hall walls. I squeeze between some, they push me back "You're new, back of the line!" Last **dále'ee** one in a very long line. A '**icheeshké** boy whines "... food'll be frozen by the time we get there...". Still clutching food **zis** bag, I give '**icheeshké** boy a biscuit. Almost choking on it, he says "Thank you!" **Shibi'** My stomach growls, but I'm saving **nahi** our food for 'hard times'

End of line, us, reaches a room; long dining **bikázheda'idaí** table with platters, everyone's seated, they hiss "Hurry up, so we can eat!". Reaching for **báń** bread, a wooden ladle comes down full throttle on **shigan** my hand! Woman "Didn't they teach you nuthin' at home?!! We say grace before we eat here!!" **Naaki** Two '**icheeshké** boys serve everyone; mush; worms, bread; mouldy. I'm last; crumbs. Kids glare,

snicker, **shinii** my face burns, I shrink. **'icheeshké** Boy, I'd given biscuit to pokes **shiwus** my shoulder, says "Never mind them, they're dumb as mules!", gives me some **bán** bread. "Thanks for the biscuit." Children bow their heads, whisper a prayer **duubegunsida** I don't know, ravenously shovel food into their mouths. **Shíla** Sister never appears, I worry for her; tense empty feeling inside.

More haggard than night before, **sáń** old lady with puffy skirt shuffles me to a room

&&& GRIEG WALTZ &&&

A framed picture of a stern **'indaa liga'** white man, wire rimmed glasses, bow tie, black suit, next to it a carved placard "KILL THE INDIAN, SAVE THE MAN" **Sáń** old lady pushes some torn, **tó** water damaged supplies into **shigan** my arms. Her eyes pierce me "Take care of these you won't get more!" I fumble, almost drop everything, then do, kids giggle. Teacher says "Everyone, this is Thomas, your new classmate."

...All these strangers, so strange to be in this room full of strangers. I've never been with so many strangers before...I feel strange myself, I wonder if I am strange.

I do recognize **'icheeshké** boy who tried to steal our food **zis** bag, **shitéle** my chest tightens.

"Open your books to page five." I count **'anshdlai** five pages, recognize some words; back, up, puppy. **Shimá** Mom has a book filled with words and their meanings, she teaches us from it and other books. "Thomas, read page six." Fumbling with my **shitsiigha** hair, I mumble..."mmmm"
"Thankyou Thomas, Elinore, continue reading."

&&& end GRIEG WALTZ &&&

Mortified, I struggle to hold back tears. **Bizááye** Little **gólizhé** skunk in story was brave, so brave...but this **bizááye** little **gólizhé** skunk here?? Clutch food **zis** bag to **shitéle** my chest; **Shimá** Mom cooking, stirring fruit in a tin pan on stove, singing:

&&& SAD LOVE SONG &&&

By: Eugene Chihuahua

Ya nah hey yong oh, Ya nah hey yah, Ya nah hey yo
Ong hi, ya nah hey yong oh, oh hee, ney ya
Ya nah hey yong oh, Ya nah hey yah, Ya nah hey yo
Ong hi, ya nah hey yong oh, oh hee, ney ya

Let myself be carried; fruit bubbling, popping; purple, sweet aroma. She stirs slowly. **Shibi'** My stomach rumbles, **shizé** my mouth waters. I feel

the **naaki** two mason jars, comforted, it's like she's right here with me, her love; thick, purple, sweet; clutch **zis** bag tighter.

&&& GRIEG WALTZ &&&

"The little girl walked down the tree lined street, her puppy following her." Easy words, why couldn't I say them? "Their father was sitting in the parlor sipping black tea." I find the word parlor ; wonder what it is, catch up to the reader.

&&& end GRIEG WALTZ &&&

Shítaa Dad knows everything about farming, he's taught us many of these things, wants us to learn more...find roots. I take a deep breath, dig in, vow, in **shijéí** my heart to learn more...find roots. Maybe these words are the roots **bizááye** little **gólizhé** skunk's meant to gather, bring back.

Dining hall; not enough food, uncomfortably hungry again.

A room full of strange machines;

Dále'ee One's a printing press; You pick letters with a tweezer, put them in a tray, make words, sentences...like in the book we read earlier. Roll ink over the letters, place paper on top, set these on a large table in front of a big wheel, turn a handle that moves wheel over paper, pressing ink into the paper.

I'm smitten, I forget how tired, hungry I am. I even forget about **shíla** sister, my **shi'éke** relatives, am not clutching food **zis** bag so tightly.

Rough bench, lean on big brick building; now our **kuuga** home. Hits me; panic about **bizááye** little **shíla** sister, can't find her. Bigger kids not friendly. Feel **bizááye** small, alone. Yet, so many children around me...chasing each other, playing games, laughing. I stare blankly...miss **kuuga** home, my siblings, **Shimá** mom, **Shítaa** Dad, **T'iis** Cottonwood Tree, **bizááye** little **gólizhé** skunk family. I'm sure I don't like being a **bizááye** little **gólizhé** skuink anymore!

One '**icheeshké** boy tells me "Bath time, once a week, maybe." **Tó** Water; murky, how many bathed before me? Hand smacking matron gives me a tattered, **libá** grey rag, pours **hishdlu** cold **tó** water over me, no eye contact, "You Indians smell like rotting skunks!"

Two thin, rough, army blankets cover me. Dream: purple jam steaming, satisfying aroma, **Shimá** Moma humming a hymn peacefully:

Ha'yaago asdaago guzhqoyaa haasisa
Ha'yaago asdaago guzhqoyaa haasisa ni neeyaa

**Jesus bi'intini biikék'e chagaalho
'ildq' guzhqoyaa haasisa nii neeyaa**

I wake.

“Díyádí át'é?!”

Famished!! If I'm this hungry, what about **shíla** sister? Crouching, drag food **zis** bag behind me, door; unlocked.

&&& EPILOGUE &&&

Door across; open, acrid odor like when **shíla** sisters haven't had a bath,..right place. We're under her cot, food **zis** bag; bottle of sweet well **tó** water, **Shítaa** Dad's face reflected in it. **Shíla** Sister “When can we go **kuuga** home? I'm always hungry & it's so **hishdlu** cold at night!” “When we find roots.” **Shíla** Sister holds me like she'll never let go. “I'm just across the hall.”

&&& end EPILOGUE &&&

On my cot, I giggle, feel like a spy. ‘**icheeshké** Boy's stomachs growl, I put cookies by their heads. Morning; I wake; sounds of laughter, cookies crunching.

Today, not as tired, find Owen, ‘**icheeshké** boy we traveled with, share a **halgashe** pecan, play with our figurines; his; an army guy, mine; a teacher.

Bigger ‘**icheeshké** boys come towards us “We heard you have cookies in that bag, give it to us!!” Secretary; **Sáñ** Old lady, shouts out a window **mandáána** “Get to class you boys, NOW!” Big ‘**icheeshké** boy trips me, I crash to ground, painfully landing on **shigan** my arm. Nurse's office, she looks over **shiwus** my shoulder, says “Oh, here's your sister.” When I turn, she yanks **shigan** my arm hard “It was dislocated, now it's not.”, wraps it close to **shitéle** my chest.

I decide to hide the precious jars of jam for safekeeping.

Radio repair shop, I imitate radio announcer, ‘**icheeshké** boys laugh. I whistle songs; ‘**icheeshké** boys dance.

Hiding place behind building, beneath low **mandáána** window to broom closet, where **nii** dirt is soft.

We sneak out through broom closet's **mandáána** window, bury the **naaki** two jars, leaving no trace.

‘It’éekekín Girl’s and ‘icheeshké boy’s classes and yards are separate, except English and Math. Children range from ‘**elchiné** babies of **tái** three, sometimes younger to big ‘**icheeshké** boys of **nádin** 20.

Hardly ever see my **shíla** sister; miss her terribly. Older ‘**icheeshké** boys tease about my injured arm, jab it hard “You should’ve given us cookies!” Learning more complicated words, love math. **Shítaa** Dad would say “How many eggs in that nest & this one altogether?” “That’s right!”. Learning lots of songs!

I accidentally bump Owen’s side, he winces.

CHAPTER 5

'THE VIOLENT NATURE OF THE INDIAN BOARDING SCHOOLS'

Going to **shíla** sister; strange sounds, **naaki** two shadowy figures struggling, tall and short. **Shidił** My blood goes **sik'as** cold. Bigger **dále'ee** one pushes **bizááye** smaller into broom closet that **shíla** sister and I went through to bury mason jars. Bumping, muffled sounds.

Dií yádí át'é?!"

Terrified, I scurry back, my cot, can't sleep, worry smaller shadow is Owen. Fitful sleep takes me; **Shimá** Moma's hanging that old sheet out, I'm caught in it, tangled, writhing, twisting, not able to breathe...wake gasping.

Next day, smiling, Owen holds out his hand for his customary **halgashe** pecan. I know the **bizááye** smaller shadow wasn't him.

Like the detective in the story, we're reading in English class; someone's stolen a princess's ring, detective's trying to find out who; I look for clues. Slip into broom closet, push mops, brooms aside...looking for something, **Duubegunsida** I don't know what. Wedged in wire; piece of cloth, maybe from a shirt; strangely familiar. Stuff it into pocket. After that I look at what everyone's wearing, looking for a match, none, no clues. Clues...What are they? Shadows, broom closet, shirt, a '**icheeshké** boy ...

Important to follow clues, so **shíla** sister and I don't find ourselves, trapped in the same fate as **bizááye** little shadow.

Deep in thought, absently toying with carving; trying to remember lyrics, don't hear whistle to go back to class, look up, '**icheeshké** boy, who tried to steal our food **zis** bag is standing in front of me. "Gimme that!!", snatches carving, balls his fist "Don't dare tell anyone, or you'll get it!!", storms ferociously off. Tear in his shirt, moment of shock, I swoon, shake **shitsii** my head, pull cloth from pocket, can't believe it, a match, the missing piece. I exhale sharply, see he's not nearly as big as he appeared on the first night, not much bigger than me.

A ghostly whisper comes to me; "**Shítaa** Dad would want him to have that carving, for his poor **bizááye** little **shijéi** heart."

CHAPTER 6

'THE BOY'S SUICIDE; PREMONITION OF DISPAIR'

Rumor's going around; a 'icheeshké boy in another dorm hung himself. My world comes to screeching halt, **doobegunsıda** I don't know who, I do know why. More than ever, I want to go **kuuga** home, grab **shıla** sister and **nánlyee** run **kuuga** home; love, safety, **Shimá** Momma's kind face in warm steam! **Kuuga** Home, I don't have a clue where it is.

&&& DALUR &&&

Shıla Sister says "Did you hear, that 'icheeshké boy went **kuuga** home, he's so lucky, he got to go **kuuga** home. When can we go **kuuga** home!? I miss **Shimá** Mom, **Shıtaa** Dad, **bizááye** lil **dále'ee** ones, **kéchaa** dogs. Our **doonzhódá** no good teacher, he just comes in plops down in his chair, props a book fronta his face, snores. 'icheeshké Boys climb out the **mandáana** window, **nánlyee** run round like they're crazy, throw **tse'** rocks at us. That 'iilkó no good teacher, he don even wake up! We ain learnin nothing! How're we gonna find roots so we can go **kuuga** home!!?? Why cain I play with you, I neva see you!!!" She clings to me desperately until she falls asleep.

&&& end DALUR &&&

The rumor about that 'icheeshké boy hanging himself...
Someone describes him;

libá grey shirt, blue pants, scar on his cheek
I remember his face, shadows in it,
I remember his face, the story in it.
No, he hadn't gone **kuuga** home.

I search the eyes and faces of everyone for hints of who the big shadow is. So many people here; teachers, cooks, workers, people who take care of mules, carts, do laundry, watch us at night, ones who clean buildings, the **sán** old lady, principal, all the children, big 'icheeshké boys ...

Some workers say there's over 1,000 kids here.

"After all this time, I'm just waking up to things." as **Shıtaa** Dad would say. I have no idea how big this school is. My dorm room, which seemed so large at first, only holds **nádin** twenty. A thousand children, how many is that? Counting it on fingers and toes, lose track, fall asleep, just to have another dream of being wrapped in that old sheet, this time with that pattern on it.

Feel like I'm thousand years old, a thousand times a thousand...
can't find roots, need to find roots
Feel so helpless

Need to protect my 'elchiné baby shíla sister
Need to find roots
Still can't find roots, roots so we can go **kuuga** home

A whistle, line to bathe...luke warm **tó** water...

Mom's scrubbing **shisi'** my back with a rag torn from that old sheet...softly singing a soothing, **Chigust'úi** Apache song:

&&& FORT SILL LONESOME SONG &&&

Ya nah hey yonah eh yah hey yong oh

Ah hey yonah eh yong hey yong oh

Oh hee nay yah

Eeeyah bineeah adulsh nesh hin seh

Binee yah che unst aye ney yong oh oh hee nay yah

&&& EPILOGUE &&&

I splash **tó** water on **shinii** my face, open **shindáa** my eyes,
see that big ol' **T'iis** Cottonwood Tree,
my **shíla** sisters playing under it,
kéchaa dogs running circles around them "woo, woo-ing" in delight!

Shítaa Dad's smiling big at me
Waving a handful of roots

&&& end EPILOGUE &&&





PART 2: HAIRCUTTING

HAUNTED

(Arrangement: Miguel Garcia
Lyrics: Miguel Garcia & deCoy Gallerina)

Haunted by the stories
That haunt your dreams
That pull you under
At night

And, your history is engraved in me
As long as history repeats itself
Carved in brick walls in writing
With our broken bones imprinted beside it

I didn't want to go, I didn't want to leave
My home
I didn't want to go, I didn't want to leave
My home

And, your history is engraved in me
As Long as history repeats itself
Carved in brick walls in writing
With our broken bones imprinted beside it

I didn't want to go, I didn't want to leave
My home
I didn't want to go, I didn't want to leave
My home

My home, my home, my home, my home
my home, HAUNTED, my home, LEAVE
my home, HAUNTED, my home, leave...

BLACKOUT

On the Geary Street bus, headed to the beach. my uncle, the teacher, is on his yearly visit to San Francisco to see us.
Sipping cheap, red wine from a bottle fly green, glass, gallon jug.

Standing next to the wall overlooking the sandy shore at Great Beach, at the end of Golden Gate Park, the smooth, evening ocean surface vanishing into a pale, sky.

He wants to head back, on another bus, we sit towards the back.

I'm not feeling comfortable, he's getting drunker and drunker, it's scary.

When he sits in a side seat, I don't sit next to him, I sit facing front, I see him from the corner of my eye.

It's my eighteenth birthday.

Nipping at the bottle, I see a cloud come over his eyes, he's no longer in there.

He wants to go to a bar.

I'm a very quiet girl, I don't say anything, just get off the bus and back to the apartment as quickly as I can. I tell my aunt that I don't want to go out with him.

I feel thoroughly apprehensive, in danger.

My aunt and uncle often get into vicious yelling matches, he's a bully, so's she.

In the apartment he demands that I hurry so we can go...

"Leave her alone, she doesn't want to go." aunt.

"I'm taking her out for a drink, it's her birthday. ...she's 18 now, she can make up her own mind!"

"She doesn't want to go, LEAVE HER ALONE!"

"SHUT UP BITCH!"

"LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE DOESN'T WANT TO GO!"

"GET OUT OF MY WAY, I'M TAKING HER!"

"NO, YOU'RE NOT!"

"YOU AIN'T STOPPING ME!"

My uncle violently pushes my aunt who slams against the wall with her back, staggers, knocks over a lamp.

"WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?! TELLING ME WHAT TO DO! I'LL BEAT YOU STUPID! YOU'RE ALWAYS BUTTING IN, TELLING PEOPLE WHAT TO DO! SHUT THE HELL UP!"

He approaches the aunt, she runs right up to him, the lamp in her hand, shattered bulb, sharp edges bared at his face.

“YOU JUST TRY IT, COME ON!! COME ON...TRY IT!!” the aunt screams.

The uncle jumps back, paces rapidly in circles, eyes black in drunken rage, staring at the raw edges of the bulb, wildly looking for some weapon. He glances into the dining room, I'm terrified, kneeling on the floor crying, then I clasp my hands to my chest and pray desperately.

His eyes full of hatred, he stares at my red braid, storms into the dining room, grabs the metal chair, whips it over his head, rears back and slams the chair to where I'm sitting, while he screams
“THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU WHITE BITCH!!!”

I glimpse of the chair descending onto me, in an adrenalin fed moment leap to my feet, just missing being crushed by the metal chair, just missing being killed by my uncle.

Off balance, I manage to run past him and out the door, my aunt close behind her.

Grandmother, young cousin and my small pet bird remain in the house, in danger.

My aunt and I stand trembling in a doorway across the street. We hear uncle screaming, things hitting walls.

My aunt's brown face is white with fear, she's wailing “My girl and momma are still in there!!”

Inside, the uncle knocks over grandma, my little cousin manages to grab the phone, crawl under a bed, call the police, the police arrive, head into the apartment. They escort him out and down the street, ask if auntie wants him arrested, she doesn't want him going to jail.

They tells me, my uncle has crushed my little yellow bird, I'm horrified, begin crying. The policeman asks if I want him to take care of it, I understand, sorrowfully stutter “Yes.”

The police release the uncle a few blocks away, with a warning, he goes to a bar, gets into a drunken brawl (which he usually does on holidays)... is stabbed by some stranger.

... Years later, he belligerently accuses me of having stabbed him that night.

TIL THE NEXT DOOR OPENS

(Poetry; decoy Gallerina, Music, Miguel Garcia)

What am I doing here?
You'd think I'd know how I got here.

Feelings, feelings real hard
Mama, I miss you

Father, where have they taken you?
Father, brother, sister
Where've they taken you?

My chest throbs, lips numb, eyes hurt
Tears keep coming, I keep going on

You see,
I walk as in a dream, cuz I miss you
I can't even breathe, cuz I miss you
I fall and break like that, cuz I miss you
I stay here bent like that, cuz I miss you;

Maybe I'll stay strong for you
Maybe I'll stay alive for you

Til the next door opens

Maybe I'll survive here
Till the next door opens
Maybe I'll survive here
Till the next door opens

HOMECOMING RELOCATION BABY

&&& OMAHA SONG &&&

A simple room, radiator heating it
soooo tired after the long train ride

Mom "So, how do you like San Francisco?"

"Where?"

"California!"

"Oh, yah. Ummm, where'd we come from?"

"Oklahoma, silly."

She carefully unloads a brown shopping bag full of clothes and
unpacks our beat up suitcase, was her dad's.

"Granma'll be here day after tomorrow, she'll look after you while I
look for a job.

We have enough to last a couple of months, but we have to be
real careful with our money."

says this as she stuffs a few dollars in her bra "...for safe
keeping..."

Down the hall in the bath room, soft rag in hand, she gives me a
sponge bath, head to toe. "It's coold in here" I huff through
chattering teeth.

Back in our room she tucks me in with a kiss on the cheek.

"I'll be right back.", she needs a bath too.

By the time she gets back, I'm deep in dreams, playing with
cousins on chigger filled grasses at uncle's trailer. Its summer,
hot...auntie is taking us to get ice-cream cones.

HAIRCUTTING

Long line of **'icheeshké** boys, door opens, guard pushes first **'icheeshké** boy into a room, door slams shut behind him. Wall resounds; deep, heavy thud, a low, grumbling voice and **'icheeshké** boy's yelling!

“Dif'yadí át'é?!!”

Duubegunsida I don't know what he's said; we're not the same tribe,
duubegunsida I don't know what he's said, but he's terrified, I'm afraid.

Eyes downcast, we raise them, cautiously, searchingly, look darkly at each other. **Nde'** Men guard either end of this tunnel, we look for escape, none, hear something slam wooden floor; reverberates; a huge drum, reverberates. We hear **'icheeshké** boy release deep, guttural gasp then shriek; blood curdling scream.

Door opens again, **'iltsé** first in line, I jump back, bumping guard nearest me, he shoves me through door, immediately slamming shut behind me. Frozen in in terror, my back anchored to door

&&& TRADITIONAL FLUTE: Miguel Garcia &&&

I see a **'indaa līga'í** white man's wooden **kádaisdaí** chair, memory overcomes me: "I've seen **dále'ee** one before, uncle brought **dále'ee** one back from a raid, showed us how to use it, feet down, touching **nii** ground, **shitl'aa** rumps on wooden slats up higher; a wooden **tse'** rock with holes in it, a wooden **tse'** rock you sit on."

&&& end FLUTE &&&

Startled back to the moment; the sight of hair; long **dilhil** black, **dilhil** black long hair everywhere; and, **litó** red shiny, shiny, **litó** red, wet, splatters; blood; floor, wall, **kádaisdaí** chair; **shitéle** my chest goes tight, I can't breathe." Large hands crush **shiwus** my shoulders, press me forward, steer me to **kádaisdaí** chair, force me down, hold me there. My jaw clenched, teeth chattering teeth. I take in all I can see without moving; hair, hair everywhere.

&&& TRADITIONAL FLUTE: Miguel Garcia &&&

A **bikázheda'idaí** table, seen **dále'ee** one of those before as well. They place their food on them, food on them, eat from the tops of them, tops of them. On **bikázheda'idaí** table; a **beesh** knife; shiny, silver, silver, shiny, some rags, a container; food; rankles, rankles **shibi'** my stomach, and the **beesh** knife, **shijéí** my heart pounds, it pounds.

&&& end FLUTE &&&

Hair, **shitsiigha** my hair's already been cut, we've lost so many, most of us have short hair now, cut **nahi** our hair to grieve, honor **nahi** our dead, **nahi** our **shi'éke** relatives gone; grief. Just beneath my ears, I think "If these monsters eat hair, eat hair; If these monsters eat hair; I have none, will they eat me, me instead?"

&&& URLA WALTZ &&&

Across the room; a sound. I look up, see, see another **nde'** man; small, skinny, ghastly, pale skin, swollen **lichí** pink nose, **litó** red edged eyes glimmering like lake **tó** water at **ha'óó'a** sunrise. Scraggly, light brown hair beneath a wide brimmed, dirty, broken **ch'ah** hat; He takes the **beesh** knife from **bikázheda'idaí** table, takes the **beesh** knife and, with strange motions, weird movements; approaches me.

"**Dií'yadí át'é?!!**"

I squirm, struggle frantically. Hands grip, grip, **shiwus** my shoulders tighter, bore, bore into **shitsj** my flesh, through the bone, to marrow; frigid with fright, as is the blood in my veins, **sik'as** cold as ice. I struggle.

Beesh Knife in hand, he points it at me, points, cursing me, putting **iilkó** bad **zhíí** medicine on me, twirls it in air; some witch's ritual, swirls it, curls himself around it, a **li** smoke, a mirage shimmering in the distance, a **yéé'ye** fearsome being of, **leezh** dust and fear forming to kill me. I see the **beesh** knife has **naaki** two circles, through which his fingers intertwine, twine, thread. Becoming a menacing claw. **Beesh** Knife does a dance, dances as of its own accord, spectral volition, pulling **nde'** man behind it, a jagged terrifying dance.

Suddenly, **beesh** knife, splits, becoming **naaki** two **beesh** knives joined at center; resembling split tip of **gó** snake's forked tongue, silversliversliversliverslither. It snaps open, close; close, open; vicious, a rabid **kéchaa** dog's mouth, vicious. Thin, silver, thin and silver, sharp inner **bibaa** edges have fresh blood on them, fresh and wet.

"**Dií'yadí át'é?!!**"

This witch will slice, eat me, **'itsj** meat me."

The **nde'**man, his claw mouth snapping rapidly, rabidly comes closer, too close, **'iltsé** first swipe; blade grazes, next slash rakes **shinii** my face.

Metal grinding metal. I shiver, shrink, **kádaisdaí** chair so large, body so small. shrink into it, coil like a **gó** snake, want to slither away. **'áá** That thing; already too close, I imagine its sharp bight open wide, my tender innards, my life force pouring forth.

&&& end URLA WALTZ &&&

Pray to see father again:

Bik'egu'iindái,diyín nch'ijí tédéshdii
Díik'eh nzhó baléensi
Tó, tók'elé, ha'óó'á, dii'tl'ee', kuuga, gutál
Nuushkq̄a iintin nlt'eh, bil nzhó shijíí
Daanah shi'éké, denzoni, nzhó inhndaa
'Iyaa guzáá kugu

&&& URLA WALTZ &&&

Around me, a rapidly moving dance;

That **nde'** man is dancing, on his toes, kicking feet, this way, that way, in the air, unexpectedly jumping over me, so tiny, tiny in this **kádaisdaí** chair, this **kádaisdaí**.

Behind me, his claw hovering above me; I wait for slash of it, bight of it, stab of it; paralyzed, breath stuck somewhere in **shibi'** my gut, rotting.

Dare not move. Lungs of fire, searing heat, hot breath hisses through my clenched teeth;

&&& end URLA WALTZ &&&

a prayer, prayer grandfather taught me; blankets me;

Bik'egu'iindái,diyín nch'ijí tédéshdii
Díik'eh nzhó baléensi
Tó, tók'elé, ha'óó'á, dii'tl'ee', kuuga, gutál
Nuushkq̄a iintin nlt'eh, bil nzhó shijíí
Daanah shi'éké, denzoni, nzhó inhndaa
'Iyaa guzáá kugu

stillness, silence, stillness becomes me.

My breath; heavy, thick, slow: I barely breathe. Sweat covering me chills skin, **shijíí** my heart chilled, shiver, sliver of shiver, silver sliver of **beesh** knife; I involuntarily I whisper

"**Shi'éke** My relations, relations, I will soon join you..."

&&& URLA WALTZ &&&

Nde' Man of **beesh** knives...rasps his nails against my scalp, laughing, screeching, the other is chuckling, belly rumbling, **beesh** knife jaws snap. Fistful of **shitsiigha** my hair; sounds of **beesh** knives being sharpened on **tse'** rocks, he yanks **shitsii** my head back, way back, bones pop, **shik'us** my neck exposed wide. "He'll slit **shizóle** my throat now."

Prickling like being stuck by porcupine quills, their barbs sinking deeper, deeper; a prickling runs down back of **shik'us** my neck, spine. Scalp

scalding, scalding **tó** water boiling over onto open fire...sssssss...like a **gó** snake. My jaw, teeth feel like they'll crack, break apart, creaking crack from grinding, mouth: salty, tongue: swollen, dry, I can't swallow.

The prayer whispers; back of my mind "**Shi'éke** My relations, dear relations, I'll be with you soon."

Pulling **shitsiigha** my hair, lifting me off **kádaisdaí** chair; suspended, a toy, like my sister's dolls when she braids their horsetail hair; dangle, swing, sway "This witch'll scalp me now!"

Hair drops softly across my forehead, face, onto **shiwus** my shoulders, lap, floor. Suddenly, I suck harsh gasp inward; blade slits through my scalp, tears my scalp.

"HE'S SCALPING ME!!" I scream in **nahi** our language, **nahi** our language, **nahi** our way of reaching each other, I'm screaming to speak this horror. Fitful tremor racks my body, head to toe, thunderous waves; searing nerves. Blade slices my skin; burns like ice, deep **há** winter, **datl'ish** blue ice, frigid **sik'as** cold, **datl'ish** blue ice. Hot blood gushes from my head over my scalp, pours down my brow, drips down side eye, streaks hotly over sunburned cheek, off my chin, splash onto chest, soaking my shirt, soaking wet with blood.

More hair falls, he eases his grip, grabs another fistful of hair, jerks hard, yanks tight. High-pitched shriek escapes my lips, wields outward prayer forming words

"**NUUSHKA** PLEASE DON'T SCALP ME!!" "HELP, THEY ARE SCALPING ME!!"

I bellow loudly, all the air my lungs can hold carrying this noise, **shizóle** my throat; desert burns...I scream so '**icheeshké** boys in hall will hear come; help me; "HELP ME!!"

But I had not helped the '**icheeshké** boy before me, hadn't helped him and they scalped him, ate him. I plead with the men, bad witch men "**NUUSHKA** PLEASE DON'T SCALP ME!! DON'T EAT ME!!!"

A deep voice booms; threatening command. They punch my ribs, they crack, c-r-a-c-k; searing pain sucks all I am, all squirming stops, yelling stops; dead, corpse dead.

&&& end URLA WALTZ &&&

Prayer to stillness returns, silence:

Bik'egu'iindái,diyín nch'jì tédéshdii

Díik'eh nzhó baléénsi

Tó, tók'elé, ha'óó'á, dii'tl'ee', kuuga, gutál

Nuushkaq̄ iintin nlt'eh, bil nzhó shijíí

Daanah shi'éké, denzoni, nzhó inhndaa
'Iiyaa guzáá kugu

Burning, all heat, hair continues to fall softly across **shinii** face, down **shitsi'** my back, onto **shiwus** my shoulders, lap, floor, making no sound at all. I hear it...it's infinitely **n'zaa** long journey from **shitsii** my head to the floor beneath my small, bare, brown feet.

I think peacefully "Soon, I will join the ancestors, ancestors, **suus** stars, loved **dále'**ee ones gone before me, there to meet me, after I've been **'itsí** meat."

Stillness, breath even, catch my wind, let it fill me.

"It'll end soon, this strange, dangerous, witch's rite, wrong, **doonzhóda** no good rite will soon end, I'll be **kuuga** home again." Breathing slowly, deeply, thoughts have ceased, empty **dilhil** blackness, expanse of **dilhil** blackness...no noise.

No noise; **beesh** knife sounds have stopped.

They pull me out of **kádaisdaí** chair, **dále'**ee one roughly lifts **shigan** my arms, pulls off my bloody shirt; made by grandmother; carries much **zhii** medicine, protections, spirits for my life, safety. They pull my breech cloth from me, pull it off **shik'ai** my hips, legs, over my feet, off... naked, shocked, stung! They tear **shizhii** my medicine pouch from **shik'us** my neck, **tádidín** pollen and secret evocations, all my protections; taken from me. **Dále'**ee One stuffs **shizhii** my medicine into his pocket. **Beesh** Knife man grunts, grunts ugly face, ugly sound, grunts in disapproval. My face burns; shame, growing smaller, I crumble with shame, tiny as I am, I crumble into tinier bits. Here with these witches, without relatives, mother, father, their love, naked with no protection, no shield, ceremonies, tribe, family, no **dále'**ee one, helpless.

Beesh Knife **Nde'** man raises **shitsii** my head, stares coldly into **shindáá** my eyes, mumbles something, shakes his head, laughs, spits from the side of his mouth onto floor, dirty dirty floor covered with hair, mine, mine and all the **dále'**ee ones before. He cackles, shrieks, giggles insanely, kicks his feet, in the air, twirls dagger overhead, his eyes glint, still menacing.

Cloth from **bikázheda'idaí** table; **ligó** white, dirty, they pull it over my head, arms, torso, torso, pull leg coverings like **dále'**ee ones they wear, up **shiádí** my legs, over my groin, privates, my privacy, not for them to

see, they've seen, hand me a pair of strange brown **kéban** moccasins with hard **dilhil** black soles that have holes in them, hand me downs, my first hand me downs, "First hand me **shizhii** my medicine!" **Dále'ee** One spits on it, stuffs **shizhii** my medicine, protection, spirits, into my hand. I stand there stunned, still alive, blood caked thickly over hair stuck on **shinii** my face. Eyes cast to the floor, a hole in floor boards, past floor, into hole, beneath to the hole now in me.

&&& BRIM &&&

I stand alone, alone, clutching **shizhii** my medicine in my fist, tightly; feel my family, father, mother, sisters, **shi'éke** relatives , **nahi** our wickiup, **nahi** our **kéchaa** dog friends.

I take a long, shuddering breath. **Dále'ee** One pushes me towards another door, Blood stream slowly ceases, begins to dry. I think quietly "Theses savages have prepared me for my death, now they'll murder me as they have my father and I'll have peace." I walk stiffly , tight, tense, to and through the door.

I find myself outside, fresh, **sik'as** cold air stings my cheeks, rushes over me, I inhale a deep draught, cool, sweet, sweet and cool. Someone grabs **shiwus** my shoulders, another guard, he points into the darkness; **dilhil** black night, no **tl'éé'naa'ái** moon or **suus** stars, **sik'as** cold, **sik'as** cold **yá** sky. He points to a large shadowy **kuuga** house across a **nii** dirt expanse; some ghost, another witch, a shadow house, turns me to him, points at his gun in its holster, silver handle threatening like the silver **beesh** knife...he grunts, his grin a mean smirk "The scissors were just the start." He yawns...gives me a shove towards the structure. He strikes a match, lights a cigarette, I get a whiff of **li** smoke, an eerie **nát'ó** tobacco fog, **nát'ó** tobacco, holy **nát'ó** tobacco, misused **zhii** medicine, a whiff of **nát'ó** tobacco **li** smoke. I begin my walk, alone through darkness, to my death. I walk in stillness, with dignity as I've been taught.

&&& end BRIM &&&

&&& TIL THE NEXT DOOR OPENS; music onlys &&&

I walk as in a dream...I walk as in a dream.

When I reach the ghost **kuuga** house, my breath, knees give out. I collapse against its walls, which I'm surprised to find are solid, **tse'** stone, **tse'** stone solid. I lean there against that hard wall weakly, forehead pressed against its **sik'as** cold, rough surface. Tears fall uncontrollably, I heave a deep gulp of air, breath hard, heavy, feel I will break and fall.

I stay there, like that, a silhouette in the darkness, myself, now a shadow,
an outline in the **dihit** black night against the wall, spectral, intangible,
hi smoke. I stay there, bent like that,
until the next door opens...until the next door open

&&& TIL THE NEXT DOOR OPENS VOCALS &&&
(chorus)

DEER

(Adapted from a story by Benjamin I. Benivides)

&&& 6/8 DRUM &&&

My father's very spiritual despite saying to us "You're not Indian."
He wants us to assimilate even though he can't run away from his own
spirituality
which is Chiricahua Apache

We're hunting, he's shot a deer,
back to me; he stands silently,
then turns to face me.

I ask "What took so long?"

He answers;
"I needed to thank the deer for giving its life
so, we can survive."

&&& end 6/8 DRUM &&&

WORD & PHRASE LIST

(In order of appearance)s

sik'as cold
Shimá Momma
shíla sister
“Él chiné'it hush.”
Baby is sleeping
tó water
edé' clothes
zis bag
bizaaye small
ligó white
naaki two
“Dii'yadí át'é?”
What is it?
dále'ee one
Shítaa Father
kádaísdaí chair
nahi our's
ki house
nii land
T'iis Cottonwood Tree
góo'ch'i bacon/pig
idee' cups
'ibee milk
gahée coffee
gutál ceremoniously
gulkaade sugar
Chigust'éí Apache;
taazhe chickens
gólizhé skunk
gah rabbits
kéchaa dog
leezh soil/dust
nánlyee run
dilhil black
gíti cats
lóó'sts'óósé mice
yaa lice
Há Winter

nzhó good
Usen Creator
ligó white
shitsiigha my hair
dííjí today
shindáa my eyes
Díí' Four
'icheeshké boys
'it'éekén girl
Chignaá'ái Sun
litó red
yá sky
'el'chiné babies
nahi nii, gan our hands, faces
nde' man
tái three
hal'gashe pecan
akoo then
ti'éé'náa'ái moon
suus stars
naldluushé coyotes
mandáána windows
sáán old lady
libá grey
shibi' my stomach
bikázheda'idaí table
bán bread
shigan my hand/arm
shinii my face
shiwus my shoulder
duubegunsida I don't know
'indaa liga'í white man
shitéle my chest
'anshdlai five
shizé my mouth
shijéí my heart
shi'éke relatives
kuuga home

hishdlu cold
shiwus my shoulder
nádin 20
shidił my blood

shitsii my head
tse' rocks
shisi' my back

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 NOW
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 Leeland Michael 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!!!

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theatremovementinternational.org
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THANKS FOR SUPPORTING LIVING ARTVISTS; 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, BadUnk!Sista, 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 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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c'22

MIGUEL GARCIA; accomplished musician, costumer, actor, teacher plays flute, sax, electronica in a variety of genres including goth, punk and jazz. He has worked with Academy Award winning musician Stephan Thoth and composer Rinde Eckert. Miguel has degrees in music and performing arts, nominated for three Shelly Awards. Presently Miguel performs with Theater Movement International and with Decoy Gallerina in electronic, neo-classic goth band ALALA RADICAL MEDICINE MUSIC and recently starred in 'Die Mommy Die'.

KIRRYL KOUZ: Kirryl Kouznetsov, violinist with Duo Petra; studied at Soviet Music School, Moscow, Russia, San Francisco School of the Arts, SF Conservatory Prep Division, performance studies with Pat Burnham and musicianship/composition with Alexis Alrich and Peter Lewis, Jassen Todorov and the Alexander String Quartet. BM and MM in classical violin performance from SF State University studied with.

Performances include: Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco with SF Conservatory Youth Orchestra. International European tour with Youth Orchestra to Russia, Lithuania and Ireland, was featured on Radio Moscow, Irish National Radio in Dublin Ireland and the Stars of White Nights Festival in St. Petersburg. Berkeley, Marin, Stockton and Parnassus Symphonies, chamber music groups and as a soloist in Herbst Theatre, Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, and the San Francisco Legion of Honor. His compositions were performed at SF Museum of Modern Arts and Warnors Center for the Performing arts in Fresno. His credits also include 2003 Best Experimental Independent Student music film "Shudder", CD "Beats and Pieces" and The next Level 2 Video Game Music Performance in Brava Theater in SF Mission.

RUDRADEEP CHAKRABARTI:

Founder of 'Theatre Movement International'; major new wave directorial force in Indian theatre; incorporates diverse contemporary aesthetics with folk/traditional devices of India/Central Asia adding Native American political theatre; post colonial lens, post modernist approach; creates potent multicultural theatre.

Participated in Chiricahua Apache's 100th Year of Freedom From Prisoner War Commemoration

Director Rudradeep Chakrabarti, major new wave directorial force in Indian theatre (government of India scholarships) Master of Arts; Dramatics; Rabindra Bharati University, degree; design/direction; National School of Drama, India; incorporates diverse contemporary aesthetics with folk/traditional devices of India/Central Asia then adding Native American political theatre performance using a post colonial lens with post modernist approach; creates multicultural theatre. he is involved working with Apache Tribal (Nde') (Native American) performers.

Founder (2015) of 'Theatre Movement International'; San Francisco

Participated in Yerba Buena Garden's and Flightdeck's International Theatre Festivals, Global Summit, Chiricahua Nde's 100th Year of Freedom From Prisoner of War Commemoration, alternative festivals, San Francisco International Arts Festival 2016

MICHAEL DARROW; Dramaturgist for "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey. Grandson of Sam and Blossom Haozous, son of previous tribal chairman Rui Darrow. Descendant of Apache prisoners of war released from Fort Sill in 1914, he learned beadwork, Apache songs, other information from his Apache relatives plus extensive research on his own. Secretary-Treasurer of the Business Committee of the Fort Sill Apache Tribe from 2002 forward. From 1986, the Fort Sill Apache Tribe General Council designated Mr. Darrow Tribal Historian. He has consulted on several documentaries and movies. University of Oklahoma: BFA; Botany. Institute of American Indian Arts, New Mexico: AFA; Museum Studies

PEGGY CLEM GOODAY: Poster Art for HOHHS project

MAX IRVINE: Funding Consultant for HOHHS project, Drummer for Charm World

THIS VERSION OF HOHHS WAS PERFORMED @ SAN FRANCISCO INDEPENDENT ARTS FESTIVAL, DIRECTOR: ANDREW WOOD



