

*JOURNAL #1*

*PASSAGE  
THROUGH THE SMOKE*



*THEATRE MOVEMENT INTERNATIONAL*

## INTRODUCTION

By deCoy Gallerina

Between trips to New Mexico and Oklahoma, where I've trained with our Chiricahua Nde' tribal historian & linguist; Leeland Michael Darrow, for over 15 years...I found myself back in the Bay Area, Oakland, wandering the cacophonous First Friday Festival near Grand Avenue. Engaging with colorful street vendors, their works, entering galleries vibrating with energetic paintings, sculptures, installations, video installations, inter-active performances, artists, curators; camera in hand ready to live video and record interviews with project creators, exhibition producers, artists.

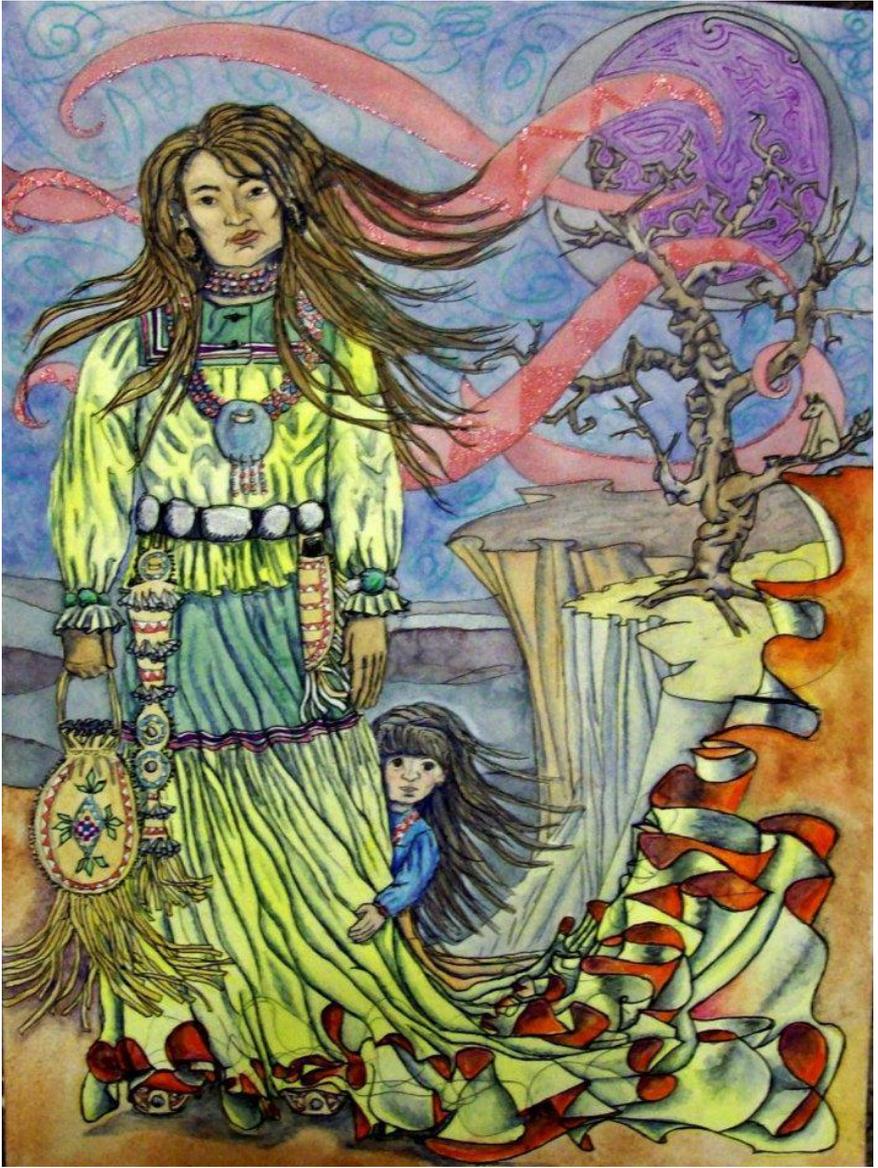
In a chance passing, exploring in opposite directions, Rudradeep and I chanced upon each other, his blackeyes blazing through the darkness and milieu of noisy thousands, his presence cutting through the din... (of course, later it turned out his eyes weren't black after all, but exactly the same lit, red brown color of my own). We stopped before each other, began a brief conversation, amidst being jostled in the fray. My witchy attire, his waist length dreads, our minds...met...there. We exchanged numbers, after that spoke a few times by phone. Then, I was once again pulled to New Mexico and Oklahoma to work as production assistant with the Santa Fe Independent Film Festival and to continue training with our tribe.

When I returned to the Bay Area, a year later, I again had another serendipitous encounter with him at the Native focused 'Longest Run' event around Lake Merritt...my light running shoes burning to go...his attentive face. We remembered each other, once again exchanged numbers...light was born between us; we immediately began manifesting ideas of depth, heart and performance revealing circumstance and reason. Thusly, we began our ensemble; Theatre Movement International in the San Francisco Bay Area, United States. Rudradeep and I wanted to share the suppressed and unheard voices of indigenous people and to represent sub-altern culture on earth, to do research on theatre anthropology and to carry on an alternative theatre movement showcasing issues of world politics and solidarity with every sort of social justice movement fighting for human rights activities...ambitious...yes! We began exploring a variety of forms of space and forms of performances, to create political theatre performances and fight for environmental justice through our theatre and beings.

Our first 'performance', for such fun t'was!!...was 'Indian Meets Indian' We enjoyed the pun and explored the concept, which brings a newly arrived East Indian man to America, through the superficial techie world, the distractions, traps of main-stream American culture and paradox of modern technology. He loses himself, struggles to regain his center...his call is heard, he is brought into the hands of a First Nation medicine person, who 'rescues' him from the dissonant, destructive mesmerism. He is returned to his true nature and the true nature of America and life. These characters transmute from the ethereal realm, becoming simple people who share aspects of their lives and cultures with each other. This includes teaching each other songs as they re-enter the 'real' world. This piece has been performed at SOMARTS CULTURAL CENTER'S; 100 PERFORMANCES FOR A HOLE and in NATIVE CONTEMPORARY ARTS FESTIVAL/ YERBA BUENA GARDENS FESTIVAL, San Francisco, California, US.

Our second exploration was the story of a young son of a Honey Gatherer of State of Bengal in India. It follows his travels from the remote Sundarban forest area of Bengal through the Grand Trunk road reaching the Silk Road diaspora, depicting his experiences, discoveries, those he meets on his travels. Enhanced by story-telling, songs, dance from each area and groups he meets (Rudradeep narrates the story, acts, many characters and as well sings many diverse genres of songs delicately and beautifully while I portray, through dance and movement some of the characters he meets; Rajasthani Kalbelia Tribal dancers, Boat Men of Bengal, Bauls and Fakirs, Fakirs, Sufis, Mystics, truck drivers, workers, story tellers, salesman, medicine men, healers, folk actors, Bahurupiyas, Bhands, Pala Singers, Chau dancers, Street magicians, Acrobats, Circus artists and Jugglers. We Included some traditional and folk-dance forms of India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Nepal, Afghanistan, Central Asia. Including Rajasthani tribal dance, Sufi Spinning & others. This work has been performed at SALT LICK Studio in Jack London Square. OAKLAND, Ca, THE GLOBAL SUMMIT at the WOMAN'S BUILDING, SF, Ca.

Following these performances, Rudradeep expressed interest in doing a more in depth, extensive project, we brain stormed, soon found ourselves on a tour to my Chiricahua Nde' (Apache)



*CHIRICAHUA MOTHER & DAUGHTER'*



## *'ROSE INSTALLATION'*

tribe's Prisoner of War location in Apache, Oklahoma to train with tribal historian; Leeland Michael Darrow; to introduce and give Rudra background on our tribe, our people, culture, our life-way concept, our ceremonies, Spirits.

Gerónimo and Cochise are from our Chiricahua Nde' (Apache) group; Nde' means 'The People' in our language, apache means 'enemy' in our enemy's language. We lived in harmony 'pre-contact' in what is now call the Southwestern United States (Arizona, New Mexico, Northern Mexico). We are a matriarchy. We traveled in a yearly cycle with the seasons, planting and harvesting as we traveled and hunting. We traded and raided with designated allies and enemies. We had a long struggle with the Mexican army, then the U.S. Army and were unconquerable. The influx of people from the east was massive, we began to struggle more. There was an extermination order against us, we were hunted ruthlessly; men, women, children, our scalps serving as proof for payment. The U.S. government took several thousand of us (all they could find) hostage to force the surrender of Gerónimo. In that process we lost over 90% of our people. We were taken, via railroad, to prisoner of war camps in Alabama, Florida and finally to Fort Sill, Oklahoma at that point we were down to 300 people. At one point most of us, those who would not assimilate (adopt Christianity and white ways) were forced to go to Mescalero 'to be with the other heathens'. That left 80 of us in Oklahoma. Through this thing, we lost most of our culture, language, life-ways. Many of us were suicidal, alcoholic, depressed; greatly traumatized due to this unacknowledged and vicious holocaust. We have, over the last many, many decades, been re-cooping all aspects of our culture under the dedicated and devoted leadership of Leeland Michael Darrow, who has given his life's energy and resources to reclaiming and re-instating our cultural aspects and the dignity of our people and ways of worship etc. Presently we are in process of repatriating to our HOMELANDS in the Southwest from our place of exile.

Rudra and I visited the tribe in Oklahoma a few weeks, camping in a small tent out at our tribal center's location; beautiful, humid, seething hot. We were blessed to have Michael Eaglesfield act as our 'chauffeur' in his fun jeep, the wind blowing in our hair & dreads...he is the tribe's Election Committee Chairman and reminded us of Clint Eastwood, cigar dangling from his jaw.

We had extensive and intense training in regalia making (Rudra made a full woman's dress all on his own), boot making, making of sacred drums, dance, song, drumming, cooking, language courses and more. It was challenging, exhausting, amazing This work broadened Rudra's perspective,





educating him beyond the cliché 'American Indian' theme park persona that's sold to the world by main-stream corporate media that he had been previously exposed to.

Rudra witnessed how we exist in real life, in the present, our weaknesses, successes, struggle, survival...first hand, honestly. He ate 'fry-bread' for the first time and ACTUAL traditional real foods. I had previously learned all of our tribe's Coyote stories myself, taught some of these to Rudra, these we performed for the tribe interactively with the teens (and at The International Treaty Council's 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Commemoration in Okemah, OK, and at GATHERING TRIBES, Albany, at MISSION CULTURAL CENTER, YERBA BUENA GARDENS FESTIVAL, Sf and at STANDING ROCK).

Rudra witnessed our ceremony and afterwards danced our social Back and Forth dance with many tribal members and other guests. After all of this he expressed amazement, great appreciation, the commitment to work long term on this project, aiming towards an ongoing production process that would create and manifest a multi-lingual contemporary theatre project with post-modern lens for global audience that would tour the world with international performance standard and honorable merit related to our tribe and our research.

The next year we did a second tour to Mescalero in New Mexico and explored the Four Corners region of United States and attended our tribe's Maturation Ceremony in Mescalero, New Mexico...we returned and created our dream theatre project, how we created with all these experiences will be told in our next issue.....

Now on to our beloved Artistic Director, Rudradeep Chakrabarti's, recounting of our experiences during our travels...



*'CHIRICAHUA CREATING GIRL'*



...a page from September 2014

By Rudradeep Chakrabarti

### *JOURNEY BEGINS-*

*Most flights were cancelled due to bad weather. We boarded the only flight out. It took us from Oakland to Las Vegas, where we had an overnight lay-over. It was an unpredictable, tumultuous journey which included escaping wild thunderstorms. Arrival; mild jetlag; destination: Oklahoma City, located in the south-central area of the US. Lay-overs along way allowed us to explore the exciting, adventurous city of Las Vegas and Denver, Colorado, the trip was enthralling, thrilling.*

*On arrival, deCoy Gallerina, tribal member of the Chiricahua Nde' (Apache) tribe and my collaborator in theatre anthropology and as well as the lead actor, script-writer and performer in our ongoing series of research & experimentation in ongoing cross-pollination exercises and contemporary series of decolonial political theatre projects; led us out of the airport to our pick-up area.*

*We were received by Michael Eaglesfield, the Chiricahua Nde' (Apache) tribe's election committee chairperson, our driver and host during this tour.*

*Our tour was a major step in exploring theatre anthropology & process based contemporary performance making, exploring roots of Indigenous theatre forms in post-modern times with a multi-cultural and contemporary lens. An initiative to search and understand many layers of American Indian theater from our theater ensemble. The Study Tour was part of an initiative from Theatre Movement International's workshop on wheels project.*

*This project was sponsored and funded by the Chiricahua/Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) tribe & headed by cultural historian & great reformer sir Leeland Michael Darrow.*

*This initiative was started also to create a bridge bringing diverse tribal culture of India and diverse First Nation (Native American) diaspora and culture*



'CHIRICAHUA PRISONER OF WAR FAMILY;  
THE PERICO FAMILY'



*together with language of theatre. We planned and organized this tour during the many preceding months.*

*After collecting our luggage, we left the airport, I felt an extremely moist humidity hit me, which in fact I perceived for first time in my entire stay in America, it triggered a sense memory from my childhood life in coastal states of Odisha & Bengal in eastern part of India where I lived & gathered many of my earlier life experiences. My sense memories got tickled once again, I began remembering my past life in India where I grew up like a 'bunch of toquilla straw of Ecuador' around extreme humidity.*

*Our host Mr. Eagleshield was standing outside on the asphalt road by the terminal, he waved at us, sitting on his fiery red army jeep's bonnet smoking a strong Cuban cigar. I came to know from deCoy, that he was an ex-Marine/Navy Seal; a veteran who had toured Europe and Asia once for his official duties and operations. He had crossed many seas while on duty, exploring continents under water in submarines and had trained himself at Army headquarters in San Diego. His personality, style and outfit were like strange, retro, wild western film characters played by the once great superstar of Hollywood films John Wayne in the film "True Grit"; or...you can picture the legendary theatre and film actor Marlon Brando in the western film "Missouri Breaks". Though Mr. Eagleshield is a descendant of the great and legendary Chiricahua Nde' (Apache) Natives of this country, he at the same time possessed some cowboy & military spirit in his modern life in Oklahoma. After spotting us he greeted us with his warm spirit; his energy was like a commander addressing his brigadiers before pitching a well-planned battle on ground. He immediately engaged himself with action; not wasting time, packing our bags atop his jeep; with nylon ropes, hooks and belts. He soon completed his mission, and then he immediately gave us the command to board. A fast, a wild driver indeed, it was as if he were riding a horse; or a cowboy chasing cattle thieves.*

*Looking out the open window, I could see that Oklahoma was filled with majestic scenic landscapes, long vistas of uncluttered, enchanting open space, one could feel the frontier spirit as if you were standing on a ranch or in a Native Village setting. Vistas that invited imaginings of mystic storms floating through the sky in form of kaleidoscopic clouds...voluptuous, billowing, delicate clouds. In Oklahoma 'Indian Country' ancient meets present, there are more than 85 Native American attractions, museums & heritage shopping destinations related to First Nation traditions. In Oklahoma, the American Indian story is a living epic, one unfolding in panoramic glory, at this very moment! There are more languages spoken in the state of Oklahoma, USA than all of Europe, truly amazing.*

*After our long flight we were starving, Michael Eagleshield thoughtfully took this into account in his planning and landed us at a fantastic road side 'Mexican' restaurant, with superb colorful interior mural designs, as if were in a street market in Mexico City. Fried chips, red spicy salsa sauce, guacamole paste, nachos, tacos & enchiladas, with a traditional chilled and creamy iced rice white drink called "horchatas", as we were extremely hungry, we wasted nothing!*

*Back in our jeep, driving down the highway, I once again realized Oklahoma has wonderful scenic landscapes, a lost American frontier spirit still exists there, similar to some areas of India where I was born & raised in my first phase of childhood. This state in America surprisingly has more diverse indigenous forms of culture and languages than most parts of Europe.*

*Hectic jeep journey, we got lost many times on unknown highways and rugged county roads.*

*I enjoyed this unexpected trip thoroughly.*



## MUSKOGEEES

*We reached a remote village in Okemah, a campus owned by late Native American activist Philip Deere, now looked after by his family. I came to know that I was standing on the land of the Muscogee Creek Nation. I was introduced to his present family members and was very excited to learn their history and present circumstances. These family members were very kind and sweet, they showed us great hospitality and treated me as if I were an old family friend.*

*Our luggage off the jeep, we setup tents, camping on grounds near a forested area and a creek. I explored, accompanied by one of Phillip Deere's daughters and a son, they live in the city and were here at the ruins to visit his grave site and for this International gathering 'International Indian Treaty Council Commemoration'. I was restless to know more about the Muscogees, who these people were, where they came from. An epic and interesting history is related to this ruin. Phillip Deere's gracious daughter narrated a story to us which bowled me out completely, made me shiver; the First Nation Muscogee people are descendants of a rare culture unknown to our modern world, this remarkable culture existed from Ancient times, occupying much of what is now known as southeast United States. I was Amazed to hear that early ancestors of Muscogee constructed magnificent earthen pyramids along many rivers & later built expansive towns with higher vision & intellect within these same broad river valleys. There was a union of several tribes evolved into a confederacy. The Muscogees were one of most sophisticated political organizations north of Mexico. Member tribes of this confederacy were called tribal towns and each maintained political autonomy and distinct land holdings. The arrival of colonial European powers dramatically changed the Muscogee confederacy.*

*Hearing this amazing narration, I became lost in kaleidoscopic visuals, rolling like film reels within my imagination, of an ancient unknown land. So similar to my childhood readings of Mahabharata where one of the Pandava princes; Bheema, reached underwater of a mystic lake in the land of Nagas or akin to the Journey of Orpheus in the land of death; I discovered in modern times a lost ancient land, people. Traveling poetic rooms of the past/present, seeing mystic theatre metaphors; like sculpting scenes on stage, in our mystic gulf, so many colorful theatre imageries entered my mind. Magical, sparkling twilight; clouds like surreal painting, the opposite horizon; full moon appearing before us, backdrop; cocktail of magenta burgundy frame... sky, strong breeze blowing; visceral, ecstatic.*

*We were walking faster to reach camp before dark. Seeing a group near the central sacred fire, I joined them. Muscogee ladies with outstanding personalities were preparing dinner. I volunteered my culinary skills, these ladies seriously, with authority put me to the task of cutting large pieces of meat. Interacting with their powerful personalities, I realized the importance of divine feminine & value of women power in Muscogee society. They instructed me to separate meat from bones, I began cutting*

meat with great effort. One lady stated that the tribe was reclaiming their diet reintroducing traditional foods to the present generation and that the meat was Buffalo. She showed me some fine knife skills for handling this project, with her guidance I completed my task, handed over large chunks of meat to elder ladies.

In the 1800's, the white man recognized the reliance of Native American tribes had on Buffalo. Through a systematic destruction of buffalo these men hoped to destroy the food source of First Nation people and subjugate them. The slaughter of over 60 million innocent Buffalo left only a hundred remaining. These have had some protections at last. Reintroduction of Buffalo populations on tribal lands re-established some hope for Native people; in reality and symbolically. Buffalo meat was the main diet of the 'Plains Indians' who never had cancer, heart disease or diabetes and lived to over 90 years of age regularly. The American Buffalo, also known as Bison, has always held great meanings for Native American people. To First Nation people, the Buffalo represents the power of their SPIRIT...strength, freedom, integrity and reminds them of how their lives were once lived FREE and in HARMONY with nature, each other, in their free world.

Traditional stoves, pots, utensils; their way of cooking reminded me of primitive cooking, a single fire with many pots & food items; thick spiced potato gravy, boiling rice; buckwheat bread baked in a traditional oven on ground. Many people shared with me. I loved this traditional community kitchen & gathering, the reality of community living which we miss in our modern urban civilization, where everything is specialized and where we are divided, fragmented. With group energy, we came to a large circular hut, thatched roof; dinner. We all sat together in a circle on the ground, eating with great satisfaction and peace. A Muscogee youth told me "We are restoring our culture to eat corn in each meal, corn is the most essential part of our nourishment". Lit naturally by torches on the wall, soft light sparkled; in this moment I was lost in a primitive world, bringing back childhood memories of photos of primitive wall paintings in the world heritage site of Bhimbaitika caves of Central India. After dinner, I came went outside; open air, dark night sky, brightly shining full moon showering mystic light everywhere. Alone, in a walking meditation on moon; in a field, enjoying silence, peace, bliss.

Returning to camp, deCoy was standing with a woman to whom she introduced me; the illustrious Muscogee musician, poet, professor; Joy Harjo, who has received awards for her leadership in native women issues. She spoke to me "I feel that I have a great responsibility to all the sources of my life, to what I am today, to all past and future ancestors, to my home country, to all places I have lived, to all voices, all women, all of my tribe, all people, all earth and beyond that, to all beginnings and endings.", "There is no poetry where there are no mistakes.", "Music is a language that lives in the spiritual realm, we can hear it, we can note it, create it, but we cannot hold it in our hands, it flies." Then deCoy shared with me some very important facts about the recent history of Muscogee tribe "In the early nineteenth century the

*American government had a policy to remove all tribes west of the Mississippi river from their territorial lands. In the removal treaty of 1832, Muscogee leadership exchanged the last of cherished ancestral homelands for new lands in 'Indian' territory, in what is now Oklahoma, the soil where we are now standing."*

*A portion of the Muscogee settled in the new homeland after the treaty of Washington in 1827, for the Muscogee people the process of severing ties to a land they felt so much a part proved impossible and in 1836 and 1837, the US army forced the removal of more than 20,000 Muscogee Creek natives to other territory. In the new nation, tribal towns were re-established and a nation as a whole began to experience a new prosperity, until the American civil war." After hearing this sad tale, I bid goodnight wishes to all, deep in thought I returned quietly to our tent. Dark with moonlight everywhere, the creek; its ripples reflecting, the water turned silver, silver water flowing, a silver creek and trees like fairies. Zip...tent door open, I stepped in lay on my mat, took out a battery torch, turned it on, my diary; I started writing what I experienced that day. We visited the Muskogees for a week then jumped back in the fiery red jeep towards our destination for the rest of our tour: Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Cultural Center to train with tribal historian and linguist Leeland Michael Darrow...relatives, ceremony.....*

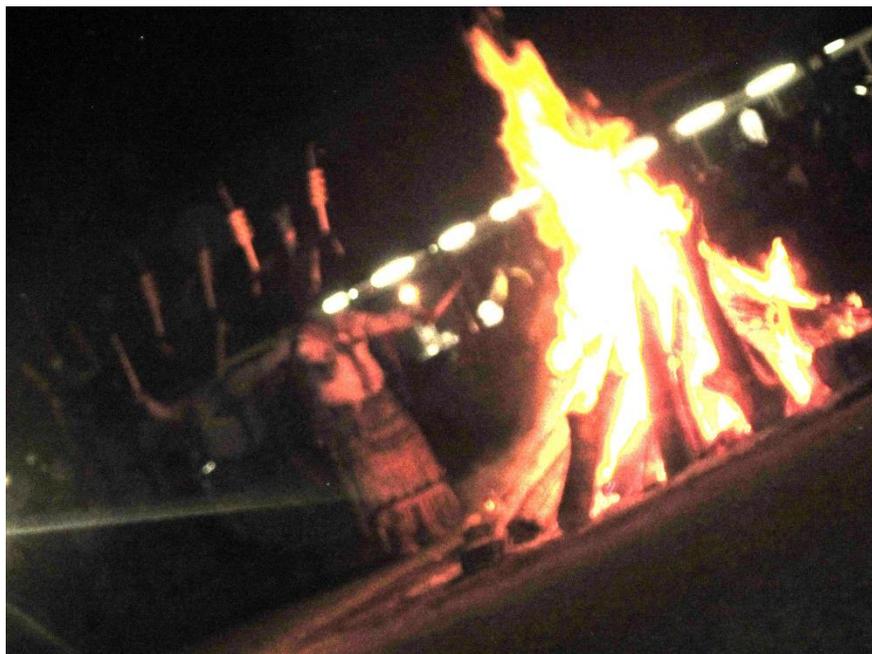
*After attending the International Indian Treaty Council's Annual Gathering I found some clarity on the fundamental rights of Indigenous people around the world. People from everywhere were in attendance, the Treaty Council is an organization of Indigenous people from North, Central, South America, Caribbean and Pacific working for the sovereignty and self-determination of First Nation people and recognition and protection of Native's rights, treaties, traditional cultures and sacred lands. To be included in this conference was a tremendous honor for me, it opened my eyes to the world of the realities of Native people on various parts of the earth. I realized that the conference brings people together to share ideas and develop collective strategies to defend the rights these people are entitled to, to protect the rights and ways of life of these human beings. I met for the first time in my life representatives from many Indigenous nations located in South Dakota, Oklahoma, New Mexico, California, Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Panama, Mexico, Guatemala, New Zealand & more. I was surprised to learn that some government officials commented that 'Indian' nations have always been considered as distinct, independent political communities, retaining their original natural rights as undisputed possessors of the soil. The term 'nation' means 'a people distinct from others'...though, history tells a different story. Native tribal nations may have many similar characteristics, but each nation has a distinctive culture and society. Respect for the unity of unique character of each tribal nation is greatly appreciated by all the groups.*



'CHIRICAHUA GRANDMOTHER'

# THE CHIRICAHUAS





*After reaching our destination; the Chiricahua/Warm-springs Nde' (Apache) tribal headquarters, I witnessed numerous initiatives for working with children welfare issues. It was a deep honor to meet Leeland Michael Darrow, cultural historian & linguist; a man who dedicated his life to reclaiming the tribe's culture, a reformer of the rare Chiricahua Nde' tribe. I was and am blessed, fortunate, deeply honored to have interacted with such a great teacher and organizer; a man who with such dedication has worked throughout his life to preserve, reclaim the precious cultural traditions and culture of this tribe. He has worked to save the tribe's language, 'religion/belief system', regalia, songs, artifacts, customs, history, music etc.*

*For the Chiricahua language is most sacred and a very special part of their culture and is to be treated with respect. There have been efforts to preserve the language which include a useable writing system. The major challenge for the tribe is to save their language from dying, the last fluent speaker passed away a few years ago, although there are a few people remaining who can understand the language, they have difficulty speaking it. There is an on-going language class which Mr. Darrow, a brilliant instructor, teaches. He uses a variety of techniques including using toys, kits and models so students can develop sense and muscle memory associations of sound and meanings of words/names they are speaking. I was honored to be invited to attend these classes wherein interactive audio-visual computer programs, tools and presentations were utilized to enhance classes to reach tribal members not in the vicinity.*

*I attended classes he taught on Chiricahua tribal music; sung in their language, in a spacious, graceful room at the tribe's headquarters. I listened to the songs, some of which tell stories of love, battle, their Sacred Spirits (the Mountain Spirits) prayers, animal spirits, nature. In addition, there were some songs developed during post-contact colonization period which relate to Jesus and Christianity (these are preserved to show musical forms, language, sound, historical context and word usages). When I closed my eyes, I was completely immersed in the world of the Chiricahua Nde' tribe. Michael's teachings were filled with melody, he shared the meanings of the lyrics. Some of the melodies were similar to some of our tribal melodies of India, Nepal and Tibet; of the Himalayan diaspora.*

*I also enjoyed an apprenticeship with Mr. Darrow and deCoy; wherein I learned how to make traditional women's regalia, a full dress with embellishments. I learned about various sewing techniques including; darts, pleats, gathers, seams, ruffles, hems and various stitches to execute these processes. I was taught about fabrics, textures and identifying materials such as cotton, silk, wool etc. And, even shown how to work with a sewing machine and many other tools; roller cutters, special measuring tools that were beneficial in completing my task of creating a lovely, wearable woman's dress for the tribe's collection.*

*I attended classes in drumming and was present and helped with the making of a traditional Chiricahua dwelling called a 'wickiup'.*

*I was embraced by and embraced these people, I attended a sacred ceremony around a huge, ferociously hot sacred fire. I was blessed in being present for this event by the tribe's sacred spirits...the Chaazahdah.*

*After the ceremony there was a wonderful and very fun social dance called the 'back & forth dance', groups of people engage with each other, linking arms, taking big rhythmic steps to and fro in a sort of circular fashion...everyone talking, laughing, flirting, enjoying. This occurs around a central group of male singers with small hand drums who sing loudly Chiricahua melodies, some of which speak of loved ones in very teasing ways. One of the singers at this time was Freddie Kaydahzinne, a famous musician with whom I spoke with between songs and fortunately met again, a year later on our second tour to the Mescalero Maturation Ceremony and Chiricahua Homelands in New Mexico, in the amazing landscape or the Southwestern United States.*

*Through this journey, the beginnings of deep realization took hold; Hollywood films have a long history of romanticizing, denigrating, distorting Native American societies, portraying them as barbaric monsters, robbers, cruel brutes. After visiting here and interacting closely with these people and through learning many facts from tribal members I have to set aside all preconceived notions and false historic informations and wrong analysis. My curiosity and commitment to universal truth and authenticity, the beauty of these people and this experience transformed my views...tremendous, it was tremendous.*

*I will forever portray the right history, truthful history; as an artist, artistic director, writer, student, historian, like a dedicated archaeologist and anthropologist.  
Yours truly, Rudradeep Chakrabarti; Artistic Director:  
Theatre Movement International*



*brief prologue by deCoy:*

*After our first tour we presented a full sized wickiup installation at SOMARTS in San Francisco.*

*After two research tours, first to Chiricahua Nde' Apache prisoner of war place in Oklahoma and the next, the following year, to Chiricahua Nde' Apache homelands in the Southwestern United States, deCoy began interviews with tribal members and we began work on our radical music theater play dedicated to these wonderful people:*

*'HOMECOMING; CHIRICAHUA NDE' ODDYSSEY'*

*which we debuted at the San Francisco International Arts Festival. We continued to develop this burgeoning project of love and light and are touring excerpts from the play regularly.*



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