

Kulo'



Independent Guåhan  Gwaifi | Kulo'
a zine on decolonisation and CHamoru self-determination



Introduction

In Chamoru history, everything begins with the call of the Kulo'.

The blowing of the triton shell announces the arrival of ships, it announces the starting of a ceremony, and gathers warriors together for battle.

The Kulo' is a sound that has activated and mobilized Chamorus for millennia. It calls attention to the current moment, and prepares the community for what comes next.

In this zine, we utilize the metaphor of the Kulo' in the same way. To draw attention, to gather and to move ahead together.

Guaife i kulo' i mañainá-ta!
Guaife i kulo' para i famagu'on-ta!
Guaife i kulo' para i taotao-ta!

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Shaylin Salas

Lia Gogue

Sumahi Bevacqua

The Salty Chamoru

The Guam Bus

Biographies

Cara Singson (they/them/she/her) is an illustrator currently living and working on Nisenan land (Sacramento, CA). They graduated from California College of the Arts with a BFA in Illustration in 2019. They are a queer, mixed-Filipinx-CHamoru-White artist creating both personal and whimsical illustrations. In addition to illustration, Cara might be found spending their time knitting, roller skating, or teaching art.

Johanna Salinas is Chamoru from Guam. She is currently a Reading teacher for the Guam Department of Education. She tries to share her love of books with her students, but more importantly she hopes she can teach them respect and kindness. When she's not teaching, Salinas is writing her Chamoru chick-lit novel.

Gillian Duenas is a mixed-race CHamoru woman who was born and raised in Bremerton, WA. Self-taught, she began acrylic painting when she started college as a means of healing and improving her mental health. During her first quarter of college, she battled with severe depression. Using creativity as an outlet was essential to her healing and success as a first-generation college Student of Color. Her art centers her stories and perspectives as an Indigenous woman told through traditional legends, motifs, and aesthetics brought into a modern context. She also began to explore traditional artforms of her culture, such as weaving with pandanus leaves and jewelry making/carving with clam and spondylus shells. As her art journey progressed, Gillian saw how art could be used to connect with her ancestors and homeland while in the diaspora as well as practice storytelling and relationality with her community. Her love and passion for art has inspired her to pursue art in a professional setting as an art therapist for Pacific Islander and other Indigenous populations.



Alfred Bordallo is a visual artist from Guåhan currently based in Los Angeles.

Leiland Eclavea is a self-taught artist residing in Guåhan. “My art is inspired by things I find beautiful in people, my island, and everyday life, as well as the honest expression of human emotion.”

Gella Mae Sadumiano, a multi-sensory Filipina artist based in Aotearoa (New Zealand). I practice handpoke skin marking, playing the harp, painting, sculpting and writing. Always aiming to explore what it feels like to rewire colonised thought patterns. To explore fluidity and indigenous enlightenment. To honour our basic human need for connection.

Lia Gogue is a CHamoru multidisciplinary artist working out of Los Angeles who uses her work to fight the erasure of culture.

Jessilyn Nauta Perez: Hafa adai, guahu si Jessi. I was born and raised on Guam but now I currently reside in WA state. I like to write poetry in my free time and I just hope to keep creating something that people can relate to.

Familian Kotla

Jonathan Mark Manibusan

Aspiring student looking for the right course program.

Ha’ani Lucia Falo San Nicolas (she/her/hers) is a CHamoru and Samoan woman born and raised in Guåhan. She is a Ph.D. student at the University of Hawai’i at Mānoa studying Indigenous Politics. She works as a Graduate Assistant for the Department of Political Science teaching undergraduate courses. Ha’ani is also the Associate Producer of Deep Pacific, a podcast that highlights Indigenous Pacific Islander views and voices, and is the Advocacy and Organizing Director for Famalao’an Rights, the only reproductive justice initiative in the island.

si machalek
gui’/guiya
ni hayi gi minaleffa

Lincoln Budasi (she/ her) hails from Mangilao, Guam. Part of Familian Pungco’ and Chino, she is proud to share her culture and frequently uses her homeland and upbringing as inspiration for her art. Lincoln has a B.S. in Biochemistry and Literary Studies (English) from Beloit College in Wisconsin, and is currently working on her Masters of Public Health from The George Washington University in Washington D.C.

Sumåhi Chan Bevacqua is from the Kabesa and Bittot Clans of Guam and traces her roots to Hong Kong.

Shaylin Salas is a CHamoru artist and sustainability advocate. She lives on Guåhan where she likes to spend her time with family and/or playing in the ocean. She loves to write and draw, and works as the Garden Site Supervisor for Guåhan Sustainable Culture.

Helen Yeung (she/they) is a Hong Kong-Chinese diasporic feminist, researcher, community organiser, activist and zine maker. She grew up in Tāmaki Makaurau, Aotearoa, and currently resides in Guåhan. She is the founder of Migrant Zine Collective, which aims to amplify the voices of migrant communities through activism, self-publishing and arts-based practices.

We had.

Written by Machalek

There are many ways of examining the material conditions of Guahan. Material conditions are the resources; the distribution of those resources and of wealth; hierarchy and its effects on distribution and acquisition of resources and wealth; who controls the means of production of resources, goods and wealth; and how this, in turn, affects the hierarchy, etc. This is all part of highly academic discourses, but we can sum it up as who has, who hasn't and why. Call it reductive, but it is the reality for those of us who make up the socioeconomic classes that sustain economies as workers, as the sacrificial losers for the top of the socioeconomic ladder to win, or as the ones society throws out for our inability or refusal to be workers anymore.

Guahan – We have.

Guam – We did have. We used to have. We should have. We didn't have enough, and this is how we can have it all.

We, Chamoru peoples, have internalized so much lack. It started out benign. Europeans had iron where we had none. Iron could make harder tools and items that lasted a bit longer. We desired it, so we let the Spanish come again and again, even though they killed us, raped us and literally ate us. When you feel like you are lacking, you let anyone take what they want from you to get what you think you need. All the while, we didn't realize we were the ones who had, and they needed what we had more than we needed what they had. Then the colonizers came with their religion, and again, we were lacking in status or salvation or "freedom" (a leveling of supposed hierarchies allegedly produced by the introduction of Christianity). We took what they had in exchange for a place in our societies, for land

to live on and to sustain themselves with. Again, we gave the more precious parts away in this exchange. They told us what they had was more valuable, and enough of us believed them or believed that we could benefit from believing them. They had more soldiers, more priests and deadlier weapons. Chamoru peoples were divided. Some knew they had everything they needed. Some wanted what the outsiders had, and they helped to take everything for Spain. There is a quote that is attributed, with some uncertainty, to the South African Anglican cleric Desmond Tutu, "When the missionaries came to Africa they had the Bible and we had the land. They said 'Let us pray.' We closed our eyes. When we opened them we had the Bible and they had the land." This happened on Guahan, when the land became Islas de los Ladrones, The Isle of Thieves – a name that was meant to describe us but ironically described the Spanish nation that laid claim to our islands. They took the land, and we were left with their Church at the center of every village. They collected our hearts at the pulpit and led our minds into a relationship of lacking fundamentally, as human beings, through "sin." They had the land, and they had us.

Then in 1898, Spain lost their wager and sold us to the United States of America. The US of A had the might. They took us from Spain, left us for Japan and came back to claim us again. We learned they had the protection, and so we let them take our lands even from our families. It was not enough to put their flag in our land. They had to own it too, and they had the law to make it so. They made more laws demanding we give more in taxes, fines and fees, and we did it for all the new things they were bringing but mostly because they had the law. When we realized we didn't have all the money they told us we needed, we set about getting jobs they provided, starting businesses they made possible and learning education they insisted upon. They gave us work, so we would always strive to have enough to have the little they would give us. They gave us work because they made us have so little. Work is the greatest deception of having

and not having – the great American myth. They didn't give us bootstraps; they gave us ties to bind us to work.

Still, there were some of us who found wealth. Families whose roots were made in the mestizo caste of Spanish Islas de los Ladrones, permitted by the Spanish crown and administration to hold land or to serve as overseers to other Chamoru peoples. Wealth built on a racist casta system that favored them. Some of those families used their land holdings and status to find wealth under American administration as well, and yet others married or made alliances with settlers that came to our island to make their wealth through the American government and military. Some of these settlers “acquired” land while working at Land Management while others utilized the military industrial complex to corner development on Guam or to sell and trade military surplus for big markups. These families are still here. They do not represent the majority of us though, and we must not be deceived to think that because they are Chamoru that they will act with our interests in mind. The past shows they have not.

It is not enough that we have protection or redemption. It is not enough to have a dream. It is not enough to have Chamoru overseers. We want the land back and all our relations to it. We want a system of living that doesn't leave us impoverished, that doesn't marginalize our relatives and neighbors. We want Guahan back. We want to have because we have not for far too long. The material conditions are ripe for a real return. We have everything we need. We are everything we need.



On being CHamoru

Poem by Shaylin Salas

To me, being CHamoru means having a deep connection to the land, ocean, and other lives held within the Marianas and greater Pasifika region. Being CHAmoru means holding values of inafa'maolek, chenchuli', and respetu. It means choosing your family and respectfully regarding your elders. It means caring for your neighbor, no matter where they're from. It means fiestas and man nginge' and balutan. It means taotaomo'na and mañaina and guinaiya. It means asking per mission to enter sacred spaces like the jungle and the ocean. It means baseball games at Paseo and small kine surf at Surfside for the newbies (me). It means resilience and healing from generational trauma. It means being

both a collective and an individual. It means adapting to global changes while staying true to your roots. Being CHamoru means that I come from generations of healers, warriors, lovers, hunters, and mothers. It means that I come from drops of salty ocean water, chunks of coral rock, and stardust from as far as the eye can see. Being CHamoru means that I come from magic.



Artwork by Mariana Pangelinan

MP

prayer before colonization

Poem by Lincoln Budasi

**pot fabot, amot este
i guelo'-hu
tano'-hu
fino'-hu**

**yan fa'na'gue yu'
i historia-mu
rilihon-mu
hinengge-mu**



Photo by Alfred Bordallo

What is dE – col – o – nIz – a – tioN

Poem by Shaylin Salas

My three-year-old nephew always asks “Why?” “What?”
“Where?” “How?”
He asks me, “Where is nāna and tātā?”
(what he calls his great grandmother and great grandfather)
And I say, “They’re in Yigo.”
“Why?” he asks
“That’s where they live.”
“Why?” he says again.
“That’s where they built their house.”
“Why?”
And then I usually say, “I don’t know, that’s just where.”
Sometimes he follows up with another “Why?”
but sometimes he is content and says, “Ok,” then runs off to
play.

On a personal level, decolonization is many things. One of those
things is questioning the unquestioned and asking what is not
often asked.

“Where does my food come from?”
“Why do I drive a car every day?”
“How did the clothes that are on my back come to be?”
“Who makes me happy, and why?”
“What brings me peace?”

My young nephew may be asking simpler questions than these,
but still he is practicing his freedom of thought. He observes,

he wonders, he wants to learn, and he asks. He doesn’t care if
his questions are ones usually not asked. He doesn’t give it a
second thought. He just asks because he wants to know.

What is decolonization? Well it can be a lot of things. And it’s
especially hard to define because I see it as a deeply thoughtful
process.

Sometimes I think of it as forgetting. Forgetting what is
expected of you from societal norms; what is expected of you
by your parents, guardians, friends, and professors.

Forgetting what those guys over there say about you,
what your grandmother thinks you should do with your life, and
what social media tells you is right or wrong.
Forgetting - and then saying the things that are heavy on your
mind - and doing the things that bring light to your heart.

Sometimes I think of it as remembering. Remembering what
it was like to learn everything for the first time. Remembering
what it’s like to feel safe in your body and in your thoughts.

Remembering what it was like to climb a tree and stay there for
hours,
what it was like to roll in the grass because it felt soft on your
skin,
to sit in the ocean staring off to the horizon - dreaming of
dreams,
or to take a bite of carabao mango for the very first time.
Remembering what it was like to show love to someone because
they show love to you back. Remembering what it was like to be
three years old, jumping off the walls and only stopping to eat a
snack.

There is no blueprint to achieving what is called decolonization
for one’s self. But it should be noted that no body is born a

colonized person. No body is born wishing to destroy or exploit. No body is born with hate in their heart or mal-intent for their neighbor.

The process of decolonization can be many things. It can be reading books, listening to podcasts, growing your own food, talking to elders, telling stories, singing songs, carving wood, cooking, resisting injustice, fighting, staying quiet, asking questions.

I don't have an exact definition but I can tell you how I see it and how it feels for me. And for most of my days - decolonization is me trying to live more meaningfully and lovingly than I have before. I learned this from my young -and- wise nephew. His intentions are always true and I strive for that. So whether I find decolonization for myself or not, I find peace in knowing that I tried.



Artwork by Jack Lujan Bevacqua



Photo by Alfred Bordallo

excerpt from Dream State

Written by Lincoln Budasi

Sometimes if I fall asleep with enough intent I can dream about home. One time I was back in nāna's house watching television with her while a ghost haunted the village. Another time I woke up in bed, but the bed was in the middle of my elementary school gym. In a couple of months, I'll be done with college. My dorm room will be packed up and put into storage, my student loans will need to be paid off, and I'll be on a flight back home to Guåhan. Although my dreams about home will cease because I'll finally be back there, my dreams about our independence from the United States won't. In those dreams I see myself conversing with my grandparents in our native tongue. I see the waters surrounding our island free of pollutants, the waters so clear that I can see all the way to the bottom of the Marianas Trench. I see Mama Chai carefully picking the native plants she needs for her patient without the threat of bulldozing on the horizon. I see myself entering the barbed wire gates that surround Fort Juan Muña. And I see trees in everyone's backyard full of papāya', mǎngga, and eba' ready to be pickled and eaten.



Photo by Alfred Bordallo

Mata'pang

Awareness

Written by Jonathan Manibusan

Everyday around the world stories are told but never heard. In the rotation of worlds and its mixes of interaction, people suffer and prosper. If you were told the stories, you would know of what is never heard. If you know what is never heard, then you would know what could be. The only question is, when you know of what is never heard... what will you do?

What is awareness when you already can see what is around you and hear what is around you. What is awareness when you can touch what you see and move towards what you hear. Is realization the coming to conclusion of awareness and self? And just because you are aware of yourself and the surroundings, does that mean you are aware of all that could be?

To know what is never heard of, being aware of the surroundings, is that enough? What exactly is this bravery they speak of? Is the life of people determined by their surroundings and what they do not know?

On Guam, from what I am aware of, the people are told lies and deceptions. In America, from what I am aware of, the people live the lies and deception. And in the world, the world Earth, the people suffer and prosper from these lies and deceptions.

Guam, population 168,783, has less people than Americas wealthiest neighborhood, Manhattan. Guam, all 212 square miles of her, is smaller than New York, New York. Guam

compared to New York, New York, is a tragedy. In almost the same amount of space the white man decided that this space, the space named Guam, looks better with nuclear submarines and aircraft carriers on the shore. Instead of a park being a central area for the people, the white man decided an airstrip for commerce would be best for Guam. Instead of wall street, Guam has shooting ranges. Instead of Madison Square Garden, Guam has North Korean defense sites. Instead of having a thriving, prosperous, exciting island, Guam has Americas "tip of the spear".

This spear is 7820 miles long. From Guam to Washington DC, this spear is not held with Chamorro hands. It is not the Chamorro who says what is to be built or what is to be accomplished. At the hands and wallets of other peoples, this spear points in directions the people of Guam do not look towards. From the commands of the American Military, I ask, how many more people from the Ocean will fall in despair to wars our own people do not participate in. How many more trees and plots of land will the people give up before there is nothing else to give. I ask, what is the value in a social security number, if my own security is not the priority of my provider. I ask, as a result from my eyes seeing what you see and from my time spent at the same places you have spent, how much longer do the people of Guam and all of the Pacific Ocean have to suffer.

Self-determination should be the ending to this era of Guam's history but self-determination should also be the continuation of respect that our ancestors put within ourselves today. The best Guam is the Guam that is in Chamorro hands. The hands that are aware.

"Biba Sumay"



Decorative border consisting of a repeating pattern of white symbols on a blue background.

Artwork by Gillian Duenas

Ginen as Nāna

Poem by Ha'ani Lucia Falo San Nicolas

My nāna said that CHamorus are naturally
curious, we
ask sa hāfa? and hāyi? and mānu? more than we
say
our own names— and like every CHamoru my
nāna knew everything. She was always right.

I think of her when I wonder, when I wander
and dream and think and imagine:

What if we were independent?

What if instead of casting away our diaspora from
the table
we cast a net, and bring them inward to our
shores, and what if

we collectively acknowledge that our oppressors
thrive by pitting us
against each other by enacting a politics of
distraction rather
than a politics of connection, and what if

we stop searching for pieces of freedom from an
overseas
oval that strips us away from all abundance that
makes us free?

What if we recognized that the bones of our
ancestors lie
within the land beneath us, one by one

desecrated and unearthed
by colonial cranes and caterpillars, and that the
only thing separating us from that same fate is
time?

What if we didn't have to ask what if, because we
believed that when nāna sang of liberation she was
envisioning our future?

When we stand together and pose the "what
ifs" out loud we are not exposing gaps in our
knowledge or unveiling
our separation or conveying a weakness, but we
are
remembering that our questions are as natural and
inevitable as decolonization in our lifetime—

and we persist so our descendants
can live to ask a thousand more.



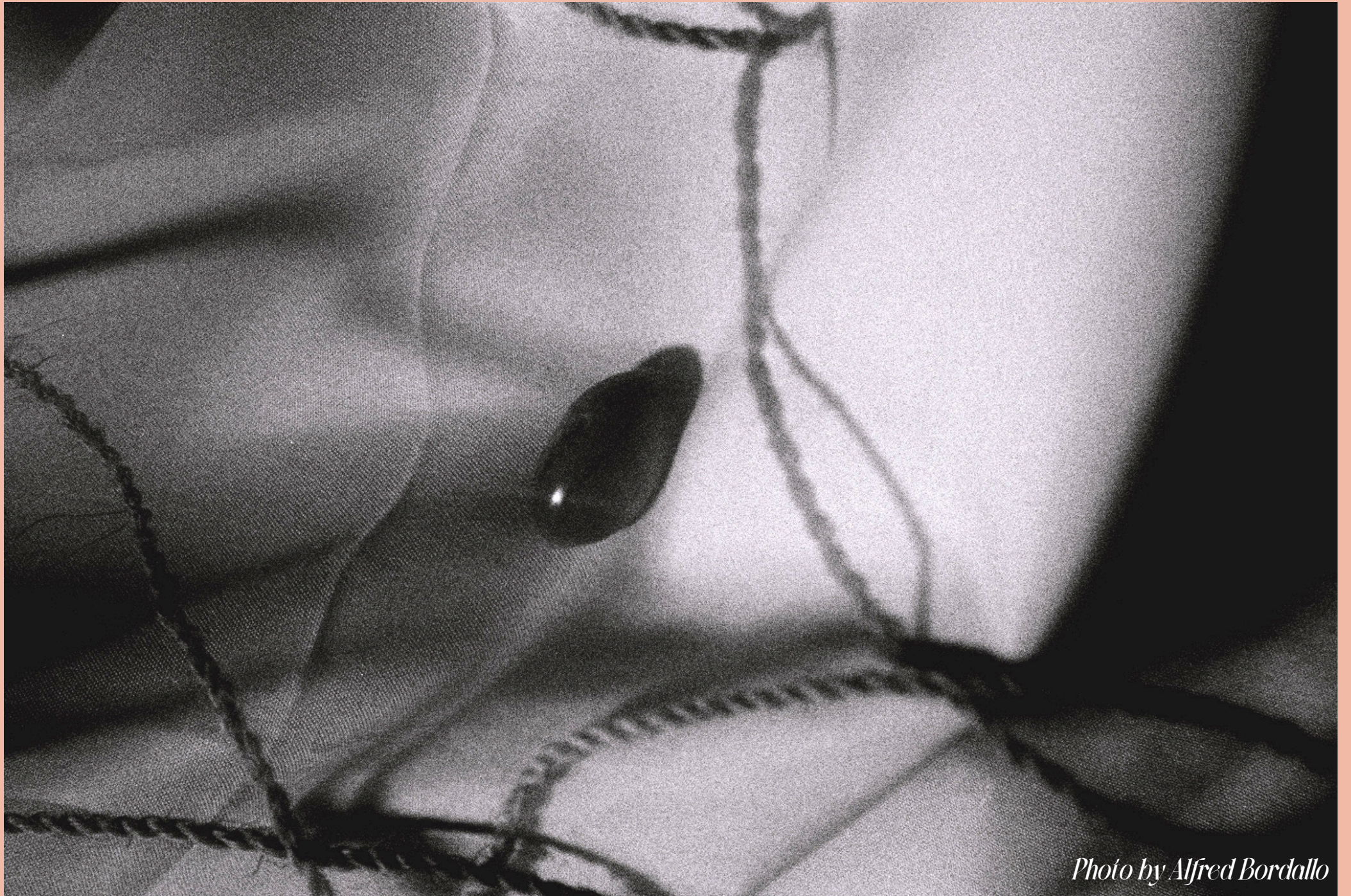


Photo by Alfred Bordallo

Tip of the Spear

Poem by Machalek

So tell me who actually
comes out on top because
of moral high ground?
Who wins the shouting
contest speaking truth
down the barrel of a gun?
It's not enough to write
books on how we've been
wronged to prove that we're
right.
We have to take our tip of
the spear and turn it back
into the hand that wields us.

We've been holding signs at
roadsides for how fucking
long?
Hands cramped from
petitions and prayers at the
ballot box.

Have we had enough?
Ya, we fucking have.

So ditch the
representatives.
They can't liberate us.
Shaking hands behind the
fence –

They might as well be
wearing a wire.

Going to the protests to
organize your outrage,
With the language of peace
they chain our actions to a
time and stage.

Have we had enough?
Ya, we fucking have.

Let us cultivate a language
of force,
So that we might actualize
our fury.

Anger from our throats.
Freedom from our throats.
Violence from our throats.
Spears from our fucking
throats.



Artwork by Gillian Duenas



Artwork by Leiland Eclavea

Nude Stills

Poem by Machalek

I laid there,
At my most beautiful.
Draped in sunset and dusk,
The True History of Mankind taking the marrow out from me,
Each course marred with ages gone.

I laid there,
At my most beautiful,
And no one was there to remember.
At the slip into stillness,
No one saw; no one felt.

I laid there,
At my most beautiful,
A green earth tongue –
Unseen, unfelt,
Never even to be trampled.
The forest floor crawls beneath me mourning.

I laid there,
No man to betray it.
Pollen sheen on petals and leaves,
At my most beautiful.

A wild secret fading with the glory of irretrievable light.

Ages gone.



Artwork by Sumãhi Bevacqua

Guellå-hu

na'fitme yan na'matatnga yu' kosaki siña yu'
tumachu hulo' gi i dinifenden ini na tãno'.

I nina'en lina'lå-mu. I fanggualu'an
guinahån-mu. I sagraðun mahafot-mu. I
tano' nanå-mu ya i nanå-ña fo'na ki guiya.

Nå'i yu' ni' tinemtom para bai hu gef adahi,
kosaki u madoti i famagu'on-hu yan i
famagu'on-ñiha mamaila' ini na bendision.



My Grandmother

strengthen and make me courageous so that
I may stand up in the defense of this land.

That which gave you life. The homestead of
your wealth. Your sacred burial. The land of
your mother and her mother before her.

Impart on me the wisdom to be in its care,
so that my children and theirs after them
may come to inherit such blessing.



What Does it Mean *Santa Rita, Guåhan*

Poem by Clarissa Mendiola

To be lost on our home island when we assumed your
sustenance? At a certain point we stop counting

the miles, the blisters, the tiny stinging slits of skin where
swordgrass quietly conducts its rebellion.

We stop wincing at the sound of our saturated footsteps, at the
dissonance of our American accents

which constantly betray us, at the sloppy weight of our hiking
shoes soaked in the same mud

which constantly betray us, at the sloppy weight of our hiking
shoes soaked in the same mud

no, we wear smears of red dirt across our brows
as if ceremony to rejoice in this elusive homecoming

while we search and search for you We follow ancestral protocol
with purest intention:

Guela yan guelo kao siña ham manmaloffan gi tano'-miyu?

Yet you remain hidden. Isn't the map etched beneath our skin,
why won't our blood bring it to surface?

Months later we meet a distant brother
at a fiesta who brags as he offers directions

to you like chenchule' alongside mediocre fina'denne'
incredulous that we descendants of Fo'na simply

could not locate you, with all of our technology and GPS and
Google Maps and tactical gear and moisture

wicking shirts with all of our indigenous resilience and
ancestral guidance and stars in our bones could not.

Guela yan guelo kao siña hu na'sodda' hao?

Sometimes I'll enter you into a search bar and mourn over
images of white boys with their military sculpted

biceps and their cargo shorts and their baseball hats standing
under your falls boasting another manifest destiny.

Then in my blurred periphery I make out my children who don't
yet know the smell of you, the volume of your heat,

how you can cradle it in your hands tactile and sweet the
plumpest fruit scarring its own flesh,

they've never seen a sky so massive or a horizon so engulfing,
never walked

into a room where the color of their skin refracted
by so many other beautiful brown bodies creates light

that heals from the inside out, they've never plunged into your
glassy waters to reenact their first gestation, yet they ache

for your liberation as if intrinsically linked to their own. And it
is. What does it mean to feel so lost you find yourself a tourist

on your own ancestral land? And how is it that even mosquitoes
sense otherness, drinking their share of our blood as
confirmation

What is written there that reveals our transgression? We know
now that we'll spend our whole lives trying to find you,

"hey Siri navigate home" becomes a chant until it becomes a
soundtrack for our own children

I pray that someday they find you as easily as they find me in
the night, only half lucid, still reeling in the tender

space where dreams are yet alive, holding out their arms for the
unconditional promise of my body close by,

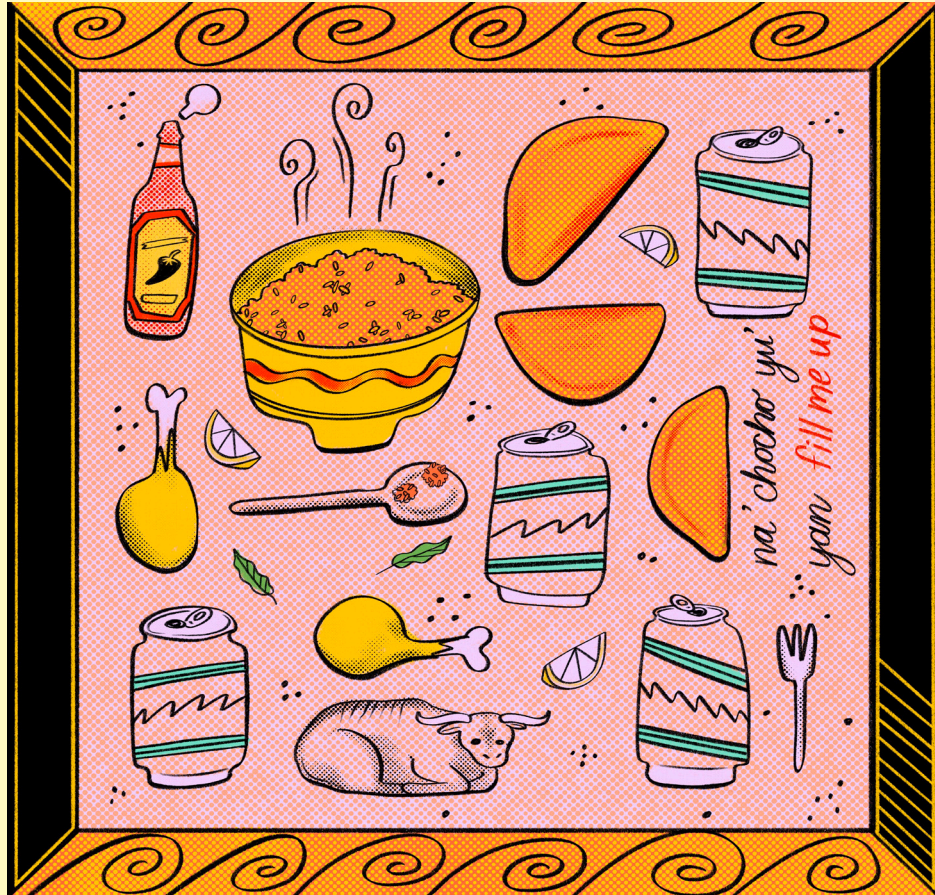
this body that drew them into existence. Me,
I'm always half awake just waiting for this moment

to respond, to say yes, I'm here, to place their tiny hands upon
my face so they feel my warmth,

so they know their place, so they fall asleep to dream again.



Artwork by Gillian Duenas



Artwork by Cara Singson



Photo by Alfred Bordallo



Photo by Alfred Bordallo

red tide, 2017

Poem by Lia Gogue

every spring the bay of Tumhom fills with algal blooms making the ocean appear to have dark blood stains. my nāna said it's the blood of Pale' San Vitores— a miraculous manifestation of God's concern for the CHamoru people.

"just another reason why we have to pray the rosary neni," she says.

& i think,

"just another thing you have been brainwashed into believing by the colonizer,"

but my only bodily response is a hidden eye roll.

i learned in college that the beading of San Vitores marked the start of the

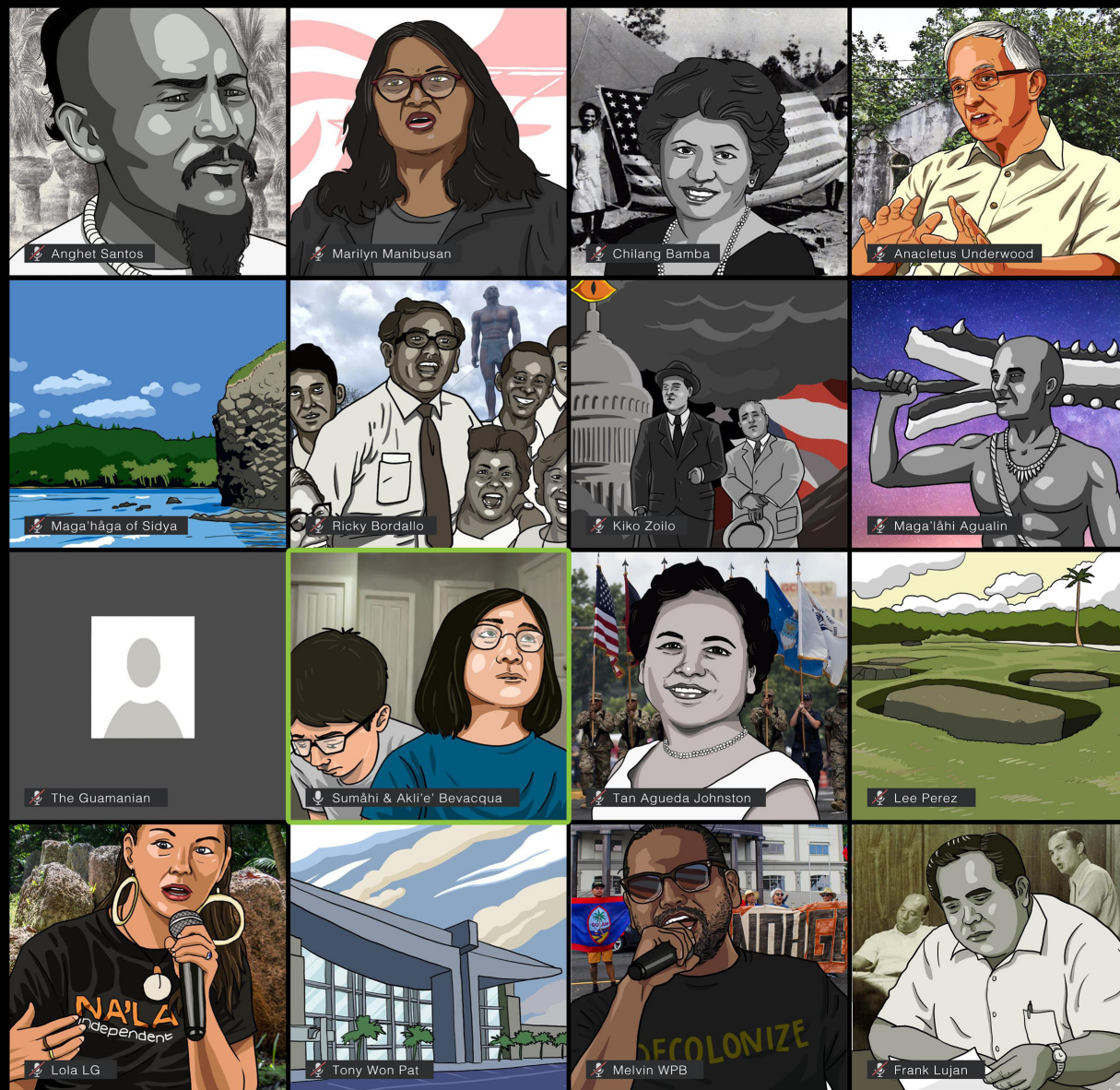
Spanish-CHamoru wars, a twenty-six year period where the natives of Guahan

fought to keep their freedom and eventually lost.

over those nearly thirty years the indigenous population decreased from an estimated 100,000 to 5,000 CHamorus.

had the blood-stained red tides been interpreted from an Ancient CHamoru's perspective it might've been seen as a message from those that came before us, a foretelling of the bloodshed that was to come and has come year, after year, after year to remind us of their ongoing fight for the freedom.

it's a jarring experience to come to understand one's ignorance to their own blood.



From AGUALIN to **Everyone**:
 Mungga manma'ã'rao nu siha! Manmeggai hit ya mandicide' siha. I kubãtde-mu nu siha numa'fanmatataknga siha! Guãhu, bai hu dirihì hamyo mo'na ni' lansã-ku ni' hagas meggai pinino'-ria ya bai hu puno' todù! Ayu na ta fanibre taiguihi i hagas na ina'la' i manma'faina-ta.

From ANGHET SANTOS to **Everyone**:
 Stay within the latte, this is where the power of our ancestors, the spirit of our ancestors lives and it is important that we share this with them.

From MARILYN MANIBUSAN to **Everyone**:
 Guam is, by any other name, a colony of the United States...Colonialism is a crime in violation of individual human rights; colonialism is a violation of the collective rights of a people to control their culture, resources and destiny.

From MANAMKO 1898 to **Everyone**:
 Petition for Civilian Government.pdf 1901 KB

From CHILANG BAMBA to **Everyone**:
 On Guam we are proud of our American citizenship, and have demonstrated...that we are willing to fight for it, and for the United States. However, the fact that the people of Guam are proud to be Americans, does not mean that we agree with everything that the huge bureaus and agencies of the United States do...

From RICKY BORDALLO to **Everyone**:
 It was sad for the people of Guam when the Organic Act was signed...The Organic Act is not designed to enhance the dignity of the indigenous people. It was designed to enhance the colonial authority of the United States.

From TAN AGUEDA to **Everyone**:
 I am a Chamorro by birth, but an American by choice.

From LEE PEREZ to **Everyone**:
 Where do we go from here? We are in uncharted waters, or maybe in familiar waters, unable to recognize the signs that show us the way. Am I a navigator? Am I the Navigator? Are we moving? Are the islands moving?

From CARL GUTIERREZ to **Everyone**:
 Guam Constitution.pdf 1979 KB

From LOLA LG to **Everyone**:
 When the Spanish arrested Maga'lahi Hurao without cause, 2,000 people gathered on Sept. 11, 1671, demanding his release. Like Hurao, our plebiscite is being held hostage and needs to be released so that we can finally exercise self-determination. We are putting it back in the hands of our people to march forward and find a viable solution.

From TONY WON PAT to **Everyone**:
 Political status for emerging island entities is more than just theories one reads in freshman college textbooks...Political status is a life principle that undergirds all dynamic human society—it is the foundation by which a community of people binds themselves to one another, establishes their identity and develops respect for themselves.

From MELVIN WPB to **Everyone**:
 Our local government has cooperated and communicated consistently with our administering Power. We participate in good faith despite our lack of meaningful representation. But we grow tired of running this rat race and we have become skeptical of the carrots dangled in front of us – empty promises of increased autonomy and equity that have historically gone unfulfilled.

From FRANK LUJAN to **Everyone**:
 Those who defend Guam's colonial status argue that economic independence for Guam is impractical. We happen to agree. Guam by herself can never be economically independent. But nor can our great mother country the United States. There no longer is any such animal as an independent nation in the world today...All nations...are economically interdependent.

From JOE ADA to **Everyone**:
 Guam Commonwealth Act.pdf 1987 KB

From KIKO ZOILO to **Everyone**:
 Our contribution was as much as we could do...we couldn't go any further. But you have everything before you and there is nothing to fear like the old days when even angels feared to tread...I have no regrets. FBLG

From ANACLETO UNDERWOOD to **Everyone**:
 Gigon tumunok i batkonaire guini giya Guam ya hu ripara i trongkon niyok, gigon hu hungok i fino'-ta yan gi kombetsasion gi uriya-hu, gigon hu li'e' i famagu'on yan i manãmko', hu tungo' na gaige yu' gi sagã-hu, yan hu kumprendi na maseha malak manu yu' gi entiriru i mundu, taya' parehu-fã este i lugat ni' ta fa'nana'an Guahan.

From FANOHGE COALITION to **Everyone**:
 Fanohge March for Chamoru Self-Determination.pdf 2019 KB

Zoom meeting controls: Unmute, Start Video, Invite (2000), Participants, Share Content, Chat, Record, More, End Meeting Stay Colonized

Magkakaugnay

Poem by Gella Mae Sadumiano

come as you are, offer only what you can, take only what you need

in a singing, whispering, moss-coloured voice, our bloodlines that breathed this life for us share their lessons, if we are willing to listen. we can hear them in the resonance of the instruments they made us, we can see them in the winds dancing between leaves of the native trees, we can taste them in the gardens we grow ourselves, we can feel them in our pulse. they are always inside if we are willing to listen.

time, with this land, is a gift we have been given from the protectors who came before us

how beautiful it is to grow and how beautiful it is to witness growth

our bodies are stories and possibilities folding into one another

our history is weaved into our backbones, our resilience will be braided into the children

every thing inside our selves is linked to all we can see and all we can't

an interconnectedness that transcends time and space

we are here to honour something beyond our individual selves

we are here to give forward

we are here to give back

we are here to return

welcome home



Artwork by Gella Mae Sadumiano



Poem by Jessi Nauta Perez

Atan! Look!

Watch as they tear down the trees

No life flows to the tangantangan trees

Ekungok! Listen!

Can't you hear them scream?

So much land taken & destroyed

All that culture & history gone

Can you smell it?

Sulfur mixed w/ tree sap.

Burning & sickly sweet

Do you hear the quiet of my ancestor's screams?

Ekungok!

It's deafening

The quiet scratches at my ears

My nose burns w/ the sulfur & fallen trees

Invasive species

My ears bleed w/ the sound of their screams

And it's all for them

Semper Fi

United States Marines



*Like four latte pillars, **Fanhita**, **Fanafa'maolek**, **Na'la'la'** and **Hita La'mon** are the foundation of the independence guma'.*

***Fanhita** calls on Guam's people to come together in unity.*

***Fanafa'maolek** reminds us of our reciprocal nature and how we take care of each other. As an independent nation, we will be able to prioritize the distinct needs and desires of all who call Guam home. We will unite and work together to create a government guided by our culture and values.*

***Na'la'la'** means to give life. Independence will allow us to protect our lands and waters; revitalize our language; revive our health; and reinvigorate our community.*

*The beauty of it all is **Hita la'mon**: it is up to us! We decide.*

