## Apology to Africa made of beden towers

-mure we have the peak, falled to see the inverter-

n" - a torm which has become, for us, meaningleer. It What kind of distance keeps us from our history's shore? Selvos ons ebulant I do Is it the vast waters? No. I think, perhaps, it is the white folklore. I think, perhaps, it is the white historian's tale the one that makes our heritage pale - the one we were so carefully told while, by the thousands, we were being sold as fertilizer from which to grow and the same and the same another fat land which others would know. Have they so sharply told their tale that we are satisfied to wear the veil and never see or recognize those eyes, across the waters that tell of the same kind of hell that we have known, and have almost grown accustomed to? Indiana dissert and made roughed like and areas What has made us look, almost, not quite, like the Fat Cat, the Westerner, the White? Perhaps our own kind of tragedy will be when we, in false victory, was deal box and day Assimilate out of our discontent that an integrated bomb may fall on our brother's continent.

Dona Richards

question of American international attitude and po-

denshift " But it was a handful of white studeness to

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