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Aoua!

Don't trust white men, dwelling along the shore. 
In the days of our fathers white men settled on this island. They were told: there is land for your women to till. Be honest and good, and become our brothers.
The white men promised, yet they dug themselves in, built a black fort, put thunder into tubes of brass. Their priests tried to give us a God we don't know. And then they spoke of obedience and slavery: rather death! The carnage was long and terrible; but despite the lightning they hurled which crushed whole armies, they were destroyed. Aoua! Don't trust white men. 
We have seen new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, set up their tents on the shore. Heaven fought for us casting storms and foul winds upon them. They are no more, and we live, free. Aoua! 
Don't trust white men, dwelling along the shore.

_Chanson Madecasses_ (Maurice Ravel)

The haunting song of Ravel's Madagascar natives crosses distant waters to the Northwest Coast. Locale and circumstance differ widely, for these places lie half a world away from each other. Yet imperial processes and native responses have common denominators, and in the conflict of literate and non-literate societies the strident voices of the vanquished are seldom, if ever, heard.