



Directions: Cut out. Place on page 276 of *The Wilderness* by Angela Flournoy in the Chapter titled “The New Old Bridge.” Optional: Use washi tape it to fix it to the page.

**NAKIA IS THINKING OF THIS PASSAGE FROM
NO NAME IN THE STREET BY JAMES BALDWIN:**

“Nevertheless, I began to realize that I could not find any of the Algerians I knew, not one; and since I could not find one, there was no way to ask about the others. They were in none of the dives we had frequented, they had apparently abandoned their rooms, their cafés, as I have said, were closed, and they were no longer to be seen on the Paris sidewalks, changing money, or selling their rugs, their peanuts, or themselves. We heard that they had been placed in camps around Paris, that they were being tortured there, that they were being murdered. No one wished to believe any of this, it made us exceedingly uncomfortable, and we felt that we should do something, but there was nothing we could do. We began to realize that there had to be some truth to these pale and cloudy rumors: one woman told me of seeing an Algerian hurled by the proprietor of a café in Pigalle through the café’s closed plate-glass door. If she had not witnessed a murder, she had certainly witnessed a murder attempt. And, in fact, Algerians were being murdered in the streets, and corralled into prisons, and being dropped into the Seine, like flies.”

- James Baldwin

from his essay “take me to the water”
published on page 38 of *No Name in the Street*

