

# FALSEWORK SCHOOL

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## SUMMER 2016, MAKING AMERICA AGAIN

### VOLUME 2: UNSUSPECTED WORDSMITHS—READING AND WRITING AMERICA

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This class, the second in Falsework School's Making America Again series, moves through some "minor" works of major literary figures of America, especially from New England, to attend to aspects of literary expression that cross the boundaries of locale and nation. Given that the Berkshires are a haven for wordsmiths of all kinds, we will consider what it means to read a writer or poet as belonging to a place and time, and to take seriously where and when they wrote their words? How can we see both the writer and the reader as wordsmiths of America, of an America yet to be, as we speak of the continued conditions of its making and makers (as workers, slaves, immigrants, women)? We will read short works from writers who wrote in this area and interacted with issues of justice and equality in their own singular manner—by addressing belonging to space and nation in ways that might yet fruitfully inform contemporary American life. We will end with producing our own statements on being wordsmith—as readers and writers of America. No prior knowledge or experience with these writers is required.

#### Let America Be America Again

*Langston Hughes*

Let America be America again.  
Let it be the dream it used to be.  
Let it be the pioneer on the plain  
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—  
Let it be that great strong land of love  
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme  
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty  
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,  
But opportunity is real, and life is free,  
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,  
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?  
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,  
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.  
I am the red man driven from the land,  
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—  
And finding only the same old stupid plan  
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,  
Tangled in that ancient endless chain  
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!  
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!  
Of work the men! Of take the pay!  
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.  
I am the worker sold to the machine.  
I am the Negro, servant to you all.  
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean—  
Hungry yet today despite the dream.  
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!  
I am the man who never got ahead,  
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream  
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,

Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,  
That even yet its mighty daring sings  
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned  
That's made America the land it has become.  
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas  
In search of what I meant to be my home—  
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,  
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,  
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came  
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?  
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?  
The millions shot down when we strike?  
The millions who have nothing for our pay?  
For all the dreams we've dreamed  
And all the songs we've sung  
And all the hopes we've held  
And all the flags we've hung,  
The millions who have nothing for our pay—  
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again—  
The land that never has been yet—  
And yet must be—the land where every man is free.  
The land that's mine—the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME—  
Who made America,  
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,  
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,  
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—  
The steel of freedom does not stain.  
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,  
We must take back our land again,  
America!

O, yes,  
I say it plain,  
America never was America to me,  
And yet I swear this oath—  
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,  
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,  
We, the people, must redeem  
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.  
The mountains and the endless plain—  
All, all the stretch of these great green states—  
And make America again!

ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1914, Charley Durand stood helplessly blinking through his spectacles at the throng of fugitives which the Folkestone train had just poured out on the platform of Charing Cross.

He was aware of a faint haze on the spectacles, which he usually kept clear of the slightest smirch. It had been too prolonged, too abominable, too soul-searching, the slow torture of his hours of travel with the stricken multitude in which he had found himself entangled on the pier at Boulogne.

Charley Durand, professor of Romance languages in a Western university, had been spending the first weeks of a hard-earned sabbatical holiday in wandering through Flanders and Belgium, and on the fatal second of August had found himself at Louvain, whose university a year or two previously had honored him with a degree.

He had left Belgium at once, and deeply disturbed by the dislocation of his plans had carried his shaken nerves to a lost corner of Normandy, where he had spent the ensuing weeks in trying to think the war would soon be over.

It was not that he was naturally hard or aloof about it, or wanted to be; but the whole business was so contrary to his conception of the universe and his fagged mind at the moment was so incapable of prompt readjustment that he needed time to steady himself. Besides, his conscience told him that his first duty was to get back unimpaired to the task which just enabled him to keep a mother and two sisters above want. His few remaining francs had gone to the various relief funds whose appeals penetrated even to his lost corner; and he therefore decided that the prudent course, now that everybody said the horror was certainly going to last till November, would be to slip over to cheap lodgings in London and bury his nose in the British Museum.

This decision, as it chanced, had coincided with the annihilation of Louvain and Malines. News of the rapid German

advance had not reached him; but at Boulogne he had found himself caught in the central eddy of fugitives, tossed about among them like one of themselves, pitched on the boat with them, dealt with compassionately but firmly by the fagged officials at Folkestone, jammed into a cranny of the endless train, had chocolate and buns thrust on him by ministering angels with high heels and powdered noses, and shyly passed these refreshments on to the fifteen dazed fellow travelers packed into his compartment.

Once on board he had hastened to isolate himself behind a funnel, in an airless corner reeking of oil and steam, while the refugees, abandoned to unanimous seasickness, became for the time an indistinguishable animal welter. But the run to London had brought him into closer contact with them. It was impossible to sit for three mortal hours with an unclaimed little boy on one's lap, opposite a stony-faced woman holding a baby that never stopped crying, and not give them something more than what remained of one's chocolate and buns. The woman with the child was bad enough; though perhaps less perversely moving than the little blond thing with long soiled gloves who kept staring straight ahead and moaning "My furs! Oh, my furs!" But worst of all was the old man at the other end of the compartment, the motionless old man in a frayed suit of professorial black, with a face like a sallow bust on a bracket in a university library.

It was the face of Durand's own class and of his own profession, and it struck him as something not to be contemplated without dire results to his nervous system. He was glad the old man did not speak to him, but only waved away with a silent bow the sandwich he awkwardly offered; and glad that he himself was protected by a slight stammer, which agitation always increased, from any attempt at sustained conversation

with the others. But in spite of these

## THE REFUGEES (1919) *Edith Wharton*; excerpted

safeguards the run to London was dreadful.

The refugees were spread out about him in a stagnant mass, through which, over which almost, there squeezed, darted, skimmed and criss-crossed the light battalions of the benevolent. People with badges were everywhere, philanthropists of both sexes and all ages, sorting, directing, exhorting, contradicting, saying "Wee, wee," and "Oh, no," and "This way, please. Oh, dear, what is 'this way' in French?" and "I beg your pardon, but that bed warmer belongs to my old woman"; and industriously adding, by all the means known to philanthropy, to the distress and bewilderment of their victims.

Durand saw the old professor slip by alone, as if protected by his silent dignity. He saw other stricken faces that held benevolence at bay. One or two erect old women with smooth hair and neat black bonnets gave him a sharper pang than the disheveled; and he watched with positive anguish a mother pausing to straighten her little boy's collar.

Suddenly he was aware of a frightened touch on his arm.

"*Oh, monsieur, je roux en prie, venez! Do come!*"

The voice was a reedy pipe, the face that of a little elderly lady so frail and dry and diaphanous that she reminded him in her limp, dust-colored garments of a last year's moth shaken out of the curtains of an empty room.

"*Je roux en prie!*" she repeated, with a plaintive stress on the last word. Her intonation was not exactly French, but he supposed it was some variety of provincial Belgian, and wondered why it sounded so unlike anything he had been hearing. Her face was as wild as anything so small and domesticated could be. Tears were running down her thin cheeks, and the hand on his sleeve twitched in its cotton glove. "*Mais oui, mais oui!*" he found himself reassuring her.

Her look of anxiety disappeared, and as he drew the cotton glove through his arm the tears seemed to be absorbed into her pale wrinkles.

"So many of them obviously want to be left alone; here's one who wants to be looked after," he thought to himself, with a whimsical satisfaction in the discovery, as he yielded to the gentle pull on his arm.

He was of a retiring nature, and compassion, far from making him expansive, usually contracted his faculties to the point of cowardice; but the scenes he had traversed were so far beyond any former vision of human wretchedness that all the defenses of his gentle egotism had broken down and he found himself suddenly happy and almost proud at having been singled out as a rescuer. He understood the passionate wish of all the rescuers to secure a refugee and carry him or her away in triumph against all competitors; and while his agile mind made a rapid sum in division his grasp tightened on the little old lady's arm and he muttered to himself: "They shan't take her from me if I have to live on dry bread!"

With a victim on his arm -- and one who looked the part so touchingly -- it was easier to insinuate his way through the crowd, and he fended off all the attempts of fair highwaymen to snatch his prize from him with an energy in which the prize ably seconded him.

"No, no, no!" she repeated in soft, piping English, tightening her clutch as he tightened his; and presently he discovered that she had noticed his lameness, and with her free hand was making soft fierce dabs at the backs and ribs that blocked their advance.

"You're lame too. Did they do it?" she whispered, falling into French again; and he said chivalrously: "Oh, yes -- but it wasn't their fault."

"The savages! I shall never feel in that way about them -- though it's noble of you," she murmured; and the inconsequence of this ferocity toward her fellow sufferers struck him as rather refreshingly feminine.

Like most shy men he was dazzled by unreasonable women.

"Are you in very great pain?" she continued as they reached the street.

"Oh, no -- not at all. I beg you won't -- The trouble is --" he broke off, confronted by an unforeseen difficulty. [illustration omitted]

"What is your trouble?" she sighed, leaning her little head toward him.

"Why -- I -- the fact is I don't know London; or England; *jamaïs etc,*" he confessed, merging the two languages in a vain effort at fluency.

"But of course -- why should you? Only trust me."

"Ah, you do know it, then?"

What luck to have found a refugee who could take care of him! He vowed her half his worldly goods on the spot.

"She was busy signaling a hansom, and did not answer. "Is this all your luggage?"

A porter had followed with it. He felt that he ought to have been asking her for hers, but dared not, fearing a tragic answer. He supposed she had been able to bring away nothing but her shabby cloak and the little nobby bag that had been prodding his ribs ever since they had linked arms.

"How lucky to have been able to save so much!" she sighed as his bags and boxes were laboriously hoisted to the hansom.

"Yes -- in such a struggle," he agreed; and wondered if she was a little flighty as she added: "I suppose you didn't bring your mattress? Not that it matters in the very least. Quick, get in!" she shrieked out abruptly, pushing him past her into the hansom, and adding as she scrambled in and snapped the doors shut: "My sister-in-law -- she's so grasping -- I don't want her to see us."

She pushed up the lid and cried out a name unfamiliar to her companion, but to which horse and driver instantly responded.

Durand sank back without speaking. He was bewildered and disconcerted, and her last words had shocked him. "My sister-in-law -- she's so grasping." The refugees, then,

poor souls, were torn by the same family jealousies as more prosperous mortals. Affliction was supposed to soften, but apparently in such monstrous doses it had the opposite effect. He had noticed on the journey symptoms of this reciprocal distrust among the herded creatures. It was no doubt natural: but he wished his little refugee had not betrayed the weakness.

The thought of the sister-in-law they were deserting -- perhaps as helpless and destitute as his own waif -- brought a protest to his stammering tongue.

"Ought -- oughtn't we to take her with us? Hadn't we better turn back?"

"For Caroline? Oh, no, *non*, no!" She screamed it in every tongue. "*Cher monsieur*, please! She's sure to have her own. Such heaps of them!"

"Where are we going?" he faltered.

"For tea -- there's plenty of time, I do assure you; and I'm fainting for a little food."

"So am I," he admitted; adding to himself: "I'll feed the poor thing, and then we'll see what's to be done."

How he wished he hadn't given away all but his last handful of shillings! His poverty had never been so humiliating to him. What right had he to be pretending to help a refugee? It was as much as he could do to pay the hansom and give her her tea. And then? A dampness of fear broke over him, and he cursed his cowardice in not having told her at once to make another choice.

"If only I knew London," he thought regretfully, "I might be worth a good salary to her. The queer thing is that she seems to know it herself."

THE hansom stopped and they entered a modest tea room not too densely crowded.

"I wanted to get away from that awful mob," she explained, pushing back her veil as they seated themselves at a table with red-and-white napkins and a britannia sugar bowl.

"Crumpets -- lots of crumpets and jam," she instructed a disdainful girl in a butterfly

cap, who languished away with the order to the back of the shop.

Durand sat speechless, overwhelmed by his predicament. Tea and crumpets were all very well -- but afterward, what?

He felt that his silence was becoming boorish, and leaned forward over the metal teapot. At the same instant his protegee leaned, too, and simultaneously they brought out the question:

"Where were you when it broke out?"

"At Louvain," he answered; and she shuddered.

"Louvain -- how terrible!"

"And you, madame?"

"!? At Brussels."

"How terrible!" he echoed.

"Yes." Her eyes filled with tears. "I had such kind friends there."

"Ah, of course. Naturally."

She poured the tea and pushed his cup to him. The haughty girl reappeared with sodden crumpets, which looked to him like manna steeped in nectar. He tossed off his tea as if it had been champagne, and courage began to flow through his veins. Never would he desert the simple creature who had trusted him!

"I can't tell you -- I can't tell you how happy I am!" she faltered with swimming eyes.

He remained silent, through sheer embarrassment, and she went on: "You see, I'd so completely lost hope -- so completely. I thought no one would ever want me. They all told me at home that no one would -- my nieces did, and everybody. They taunted me with it." She broke off and glanced at him appealingly. "You do understand English, don't you?"

He assented, still more bewildered, and she went on: "Oh, then it's so much easier -- then we can really talk! No -- our train doesn't leave for nearly two hours. You don't mind my talking, do you? You'll let me make a clean breast of it? I must!"

She touched with a clawlike finger the narrow interval between her shoulders and

added: "For weeks I've been simply suffocating with longing....They all laughed at me -- jeered at me; Caroline and my nieces and all of them. They said it was no use trying -- they'd failed, and how was I going to succeed? Even Caroline has failed hitherto -- and she's so dreadfully determined. And of course for a married woman it's always easier, isn't it?...It's true enough...that the young, good-looking women get everything away from us. There's nothing new in that; they always have. I don't know how they manage it; but I'm told they were on hand when the very first boatload of refugees arrived. I understand the young Duchess of Bolchester and Lady Ivy Trantham were down at Folkestone with all the Trantham motors -- and from that day to this, though we've all had our names down on the government list, not one of us -- not one human being at Lingerfield -- has had so much as an application from the committee.

"And when I couldn't stand it any longer, and said I was going up to town myself, to wait at the station and seize one of the poor things before any of those unscrupulous women had got him they said it was just like me to make a show of myself for nothing. But, after all, you see Caroline sneaked off after me without saying anything, and was making a show of herself too. And when I saw her she evidently hadn't succeeded, for she was running about all alone, looking as wild as she does on sales days at Harrod's. Caroline is very extravagant, and doesn't mind what she spends; but she never can make up her mind between bargains, and rushes about like a madwoman till it's too late. But oh, how humiliating for her to go back to the hall without a single refugee!"

The speaker broke off with a faint laugh of triumph, and wiped away her tears.

Charley Durand sat speechless. The crumpet had fallen from his fork and his tea was turning gray; but he was unconscious of such minor misfortunes.

"I don't -- I don't understand," he began; but as he spoke he perceived that he did.

It was as clear as daylight; he and his companion had taken each other for refugees, and she was passionately pressing upon him the assistance he had been wondering how on earth he should manage to offer her!

"Of course you don't, I explain so badly. They've always told me that," she answered eagerly. "Fancy asking you if you'd brought your mattress, for instance -- what you must have thought! But the fact is I'd made up my mind you were going to be one of those poor old women in caps who take snuff and spill things, and who have always come away with nothing but their beds and a saucepan. They all said at Lingerfield: 'If you get even a deaf old woman you're lucky.' And so I arranged to give you -- I mean her -- one of the rooms in the postmistress' cottage, where I've put an old bedstead that the vicar's coachman's mother died in, but the mattress had to be burnt. Whereas of course you're coming to me -- to the cottage, I mean. And I haven't even told you where it is or who I am! Oh, dear, it's so stupid of me; but you see Kathleen and Agatha and my sister-in-law all said 'Of course poor Audrey'll never get anybody'; and I've had the room standing ready for three weeks all but the mattress -- and even the vicar's wife had begun to joke about it with my brother. Oh, my brother's Lord Beausedge -- didn't I tell you?"

She paused, breathless, and then added with embarrassment: "I don't think I ever made such a long speech in my life."

He was sure she hadn't, for as she poured out her confession it had been borne in on him that he was listening not to a habitual battler but to the uncontrollable outburst of a shy woman grown inarticulate through want of listeners. It was harrowing, the arrears of self-confession that one guessed behind her torrent of broken phrases.

"I can't tell you," she began again, as if she had perceived his sympathy, "the difference it's going to make for me at home -- my bringing the first refugee; and its being -- well, someone like you."

Her blushes deepened, and she lost herself again in the abasing sense of her inability to explain.

"Well, my name at any rate," she burst out, "is Audrey Rushworth; and I'm not married."

"Neither am I," said her guest, smiling.

American fashion, he was groping to produce a card. It would really not be decent in him to keep up the pretense a moment longer, and here was an easy way to let her know of her mistake. He pushed the card toward her, and as he did so his eye fell on it and he saw, too late, that it was one of those he had rather fatuously had engraved in French for his Continental travels:

CHARLES DURAND  
PROFESSEUR DES LANGUES  
ROMANES  
A L'UNIVERSITE DE LA SALLE  
DOCTEUR DE LETTRES DE  
L'UNIVERSITE DE LOUVAIN

She scanned the inscription and raised a reverent glance to him. "*Monsieur le Professeur?* I'd no idea! Though I suppose I ought to have known at once. Oh, I do hope," she cried, "you won't find Lingerfield too unbearably dull!" She added as if it were wrung from her: "Some people think my nieces rather clever."

The professor of Romance languages sat fascinated by the consequences of his last blunder. That card seemed to have been dealt out by the finger of Fate. Supposing he went to Lingerfield with her -- just to see what it was like?

He had always pined to see what an English countryseat was like; and Lingerfield was apparently important. He shook off the mad notion with an effort. "I'll drive with her to the station," he thought, "and just lose myself in the crowd. That will be the easiest way of all."

"There are three of them -- Agatha, Kathleen and Clio. But you'll find us all hopelessly dull," he heard her repeating.

"I shall -- I certainly shan't -- I mean, of course, how could I?" he stammered.

It was so much like her own syntax that it appeared to satisfy her.

"No -- I pay!" she cried, darting between him and the advancing waitress. "Shall we walk? It's only two steps." And seeing him looking about for the vanished hansom: "Oh, I sent the luggage on at once by the cab driver. You see, there's a good deal of it, and there's such a hideous rush at the booking office at this hour. He'll have given it to a porter -- so please don't worry!"

Firm and elastic as a girl, she sprang through the doorway, while, limping silently at her side, he stared at the decisive fact that his luggage was once more out of his keeping.

Charley Durand, his shaving glass told him, was forty-five, decidedly bald, with an awkward limp, scant-lashed blue eyes blinking behind gold spectacles, a brow that he believed to be thoughtful and a chin that he knew to be weak. His height was medium, his figure sedentary, with the hollows and prominences all in the wrong places; and he wore ready-made clothes in protective colors, and square-toed boots with side elastics, and stammered whenever it was all-important to speak fluently... He had in truth a dramatic imagination without the power of expression.

It was easy enough to explain to Miss Rushworth that she had been mistaken; but if he did, how justify the hours he had already spent in her company? Could he tell the sister of Lord Beauséjour that he had taken her for a refugee? The statement would seem too preposterous.

Desperation nerved him to unconsidered action. The train was not leaving yet -- there was still time for the confession.

He scrambled to the seat opposite his captor's and rashly spoke: "I ought to tell you

-- I must apologize -- apologize abjectly -- for not explaining sooner -- "

Miss Rushworth turned pale, and leaning forward caught his wrist in her thin claws.

"Ah, don't go on!" she gasped.

He lost his last hold on self-possession.

"Not go on?"

"Don't you suppose I know? Didn't you guess that I knew all along?"

He paled, too, and then crimsoned, all his old suspicions rushing back on him.

"How could I not," she pursued, "when I saw all those heaps of luggage? Of course I knew at once you were rich, and didn't need," -- but her wistful eyes were wet -- "need anything I could do for you. But you looked so lonely, and your lameness, and the moral anguish. I don't see, after all, why we should open our houses only to pauper refugees; and anyhow it's not my fault, is it, if the committee simply wouldn't send me any?"

"But -- but -- " he desperately began; and then all at once his stammer caught him, and an endless succession of b's issued from his helpless throat.

With exquisite tact Miss Rushworth smiled away his confusion.

"I won't listen to another word; not one! Oh, duck your head, quick!" she shrieked in another voice, flattening herself back into her corner.

Durand recognized the same note of terror with which she had hailed her sister-in-law's approach at Charing Cross. It was needless for her to add faintly: "Caroline."

As she did so a plumed and determined head surged up into the window frame and an astonished voice exclaimed: "Audrey!"

A moment later four ladies, a maid laden with parcels and two bushy Chow dogs had possessed themselves of all that remained of the compartment; and Durand as he squeezed himself into his corner was feeling the sudden relief that comes with the cessation of virtuous effort. He had seen at a glance that there was nothing more to be done.

The young ladies with Lady Beausedge were visibly her daughters. They were of graduated heights, beginning with a very tall one; and were all thin, conspicuous and queerly dressed, suggesting to the bewildered professor bad copies of originals he had never seen. None of them took any notice of him, and the dogs after smelling his ankles contemptuously followed their example.

It would indeed have been difficult during the first moments for any personality less masterful than Lady Beausedge's to assert itself in her presence. So prevalent was she that Durand found himself viewing her daughters, dogs and attendant as her mere fringes and attributes, and thinking with terror "She's going to choose the seat next to me," when in reality it was only the youngest and thinnest of the girls who was settling herself at his side with a play of parcels as sharp as elbows.

Lady Beausedge was already assailing her sister-in-law:

"I'd no idea you meant to run up to town to-day, Audrey. You said nothing of it when you dined with us last night."

Miss Rushworth's eyes fluttered apprehensively from Lady Beausedge's awful countenance to the timorous face of the professor of Romance languages, who had bought a newspaper and was deep in its inner pages.

"Neither did you, Caroline -- " Miss Rushworth began with unexpected energy; and the thin girl next to Durand laughed.

"Neither did I what? What are you laughing at, Clio?"

"Neither did you say you were coming up to town, mother."

Lady Beausedge glared, and the other girls giggled. Even the maid stooped over the dogs to conceal an appreciative smile. It was evident that baiting Lady Beausedge was a popular if dangerous amusement.

"As it happens," said the lady of Lingerfield, "the committee telephoned only this morning."

Miss Rushworth's eyes brightened. She grew almost arch. "Ah -- then you came up about refugees?"

"Naturally." Lady Beausedge shook out her boa and opened the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Such a fight!" groaned the tallest girl, who was also the largest, vividest and most expensively dressed.

"Yes; it was hardly worth while. Anything so grotesquely mismanaged!"

The young lady called Clio remarked in a quiet undertone: "Five people and two dogs to fetch down one old woman with a pipe."

"Ah, you have got one?" murmured Miss Rushworth, with what seemed to the absorbed Durand a fiendish simulation of envy.

"Yes," her sister-in-law grudgingly admitted. "But, as Clio says, it's almost an insult to have dragged us all up to town. They'd promised us a large family, with a prima donna from the Brussels Opera -- so useful for Agatha's music; and two orphans besides. I suppose Ivy Trantham got them all, as usual." She paused, and added more condescendingly: "After all, Audrey, you were right not to try to do anything through the committee."

"Yes; I think one does better without," Miss Rushworth replied with extreme gentleness.

"One does better without refugees, you mean? I dare say we shall find it so. I've no doubt the Bidchester set has taken all but the utterly impossible ones."

"Not all," said Miss Rushworth.

Something in her tone caused her nieces to exchange an astonished glance and Lady Beausedge to rear her head from the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Not all," repeated Miss Rushworth.

The eldest girls broke into an excited laugh. "Aunt Audrey -- you don't mean you've got an old woman with a pipe too?"

"No. Not an old woman." She paused and waved her hand in Durand's direction. "*Monsieur le Professeur Durand, de l'Universite de Louvain* -- my sister-in-law,

my nieces. He speaks English," she added in a whisper.

All England, that afternoon, as his train traversed it, had seemed like some great rich garden roofed in from storm and dust and disorder. What a wonderful place, and what a miracle to have been thus carried into the very heart of it! All his scruples vanished in the enchantment of this first encounter with the English country.

The next moment they were in the spacious shade of a sort of Forest of Arden, with great groups of bossy trees standing apart, and deer flashing by at the end of ferny glades.

"Is it -- are we --"

"Oh, yes. This is Lingerfield. The cottage is on the edge of the park. It's not a long walk if we go by the chapel and through the cloisters."

The very words oppressed him with their too-crowding suggestions. There was a chapel in the park -- there were cloisters! Lingerfield had an ecclesiastical past -- had been an abbey, no doubt. But even such associations paled in the light of the reality. As they came out of the shadow of the trees they recovered a last glow of daylight. In it lay a gray chapel delicately laced and pinnacled; and beyond the chapel the arcade of the cloister, a lawn with one domed cedar, and a gabled Tudor house, its bricks still rosy in the dusk, and a gleam of sunset caught in its many-windowed front.

"How -- how long the daylight lasts in England!" said Professor Durand, choking with emotion.

The drawing-room into which he had followed Miss Rushworth seemed full of people and full of silence. He was just recovering from the exchange of silences that had greeted his entrance when he discovered another figure worthy of the scene. It was Lord Beausedge, standing in the window and glancing disgustedly over the evening paper.

Lord Beausedge was as much in character as his wife; only he belonged to a

later period. He suggested stocks and nankeen trousers, a Lawrence portrait, port wine, fox-hunting, the Peninsular War, the Indian Mutiny, every Englishman doing his duty, and resistance to the Reform Bill. It was portentous that one person, wearing modern clothes and reading a newspaper, should so epitomize a vanished age.

He made a step or two toward his guest, took him for granted, and returned to the newspaper.

"Why -- why do we all fidget so at home?" Professor Durand wondered vaguely.

"Gwen and Ivy are always late," said Lady Beausedge, as though answering a silence.

Miss Rushworth looked agitated.

"Are they coming from Trantham?" she asked.

"Not him. Only Gwen and Ivy. Agatha telephoned, and Gwen asked if they might."

After that everyone sat silent again for a long time without any air of impatience or surprise. Durand had the feeling that they all -- except perhaps Lord Beausedge -- had a great deal to say to him, but that it would be very slow in coming to the surface. Well -- so much the better; time was no consideration, and he was glad not to crowd his sensations.

"Do you know the duchess?" asked Lady Beausedge suddenly.

"The duchess?"

"Gwen Rochester. She's coming. She wants to see you.

"To see me?"

"When Agatha telephoned that you were here she chucked a dinner somewhere else, and she's rushing over from Trantham with her sister-in-law.

Durand looked helplessly at Miss Rushworth and saw that her cheeks were pink with triumph. The Duchess of Bolchester was coming to see her refugee!

"Do people here just chuck dinners like that?" he asked with a faint facetiousness.

"When they want to," said Lady Beausedge simply. The conversation again came to a natural end.

It revived with feverish vivacity on the entrance of two tall and emaciated young women, who drifted in after Lord Beausedge had decided to ring for dinner, and who wasted none of their volubility in excusing their late arrival.

These apparitions, who had a kind of limp loveliness totally unknown to the professor of Romance languages, he guessed to be the Duchess of Bolchester and Lady Ivy Trantham, the most successful refugee raiders of the district. They were dressed in pale frail garments and hung with barbaric beads and bangles, and as soon as he saw them he understood why he had thought the daughters of the house looked like bad copies -- all except the youngest, whom he was beginning to single out from her sisters.

He was not sure whether, during the rapid murmur of talk that followed, someone breathed his name to the newcomers; but certainly no one told him which of the two ladies was which; or indeed made any effort to draw him into the conversation. It was only when the slightly less tall addressed the taller one as Gwen that he remembered this name was that of the duchess.

She had swept him with a smiling glance of her large, sweet, vacant eyes, and he had the impression that she, too, had things to say to him, but that the least strain on her attention was too great an effort, and that each time she was about to remember who he was something else distracted her.

The thought that a duchess had chucked a dinner to see him had made him slightly giddy; and the humiliation of finding that once they were confronted she had forgotten what she had come for was painful even to his disciplined humility.

But Professor Durand was not without his modest perspicacity, and little by little he began to guess that this absence of concentration and insistence was part of a sort of leisurely holiday spirit unlike anything he had ever known. Under the low-voiced volubility and restless animation of these young women -- whom the daughters of the

house intensely imitated -- he felt a great central inattention. Their strenuousness was not fatiguing because it did not insist but blew about like thistledown from topic to topic. He saw that his safety lay in this fact, and reassurance began to steal over him as he understood that the last danger he was exposed to was that of being too closely interrogated.

"If I'm an impostor," he thought, "at least no one here will find it out."

And then just as he had drawn this sage conclusion, he felt the sudden pounce of the duchess' eye. Dinner was over and the party had regrouped itself in a great book-paneled room, before the carved chimney piece of which she stood lighting her cigarette like a duchess on the cover of a novel.

"You know I'm going to carry you off presently," she said gayly.

Miss Audrey Rushworth was sitting in a sofa corner beside her youngest niece, whom she evidently found less intimidating than the others. Durand instinctively glancing toward them saw the elder lady turn pale, while Miss Clio Rushworth's swinging foot seemed to twinkle with malice.

He bowed as he supposed one ought to bow when addressed by a duchess.

"Off for a talk?" he hazarded playfully.

"Off to Trantham. Didn't they tell you? I'm giving a big garden party for the Refugee Relief Fund, and I'm looking for somebody to give us a lecture on Atrocities. That's what I came for," she added ingenuously.

There was a profound silence, which Lord Beausedge, lifting his head from the Times, suddenly broke.

"Damn bad taste, all that sort of thing," he remarked, and continued his reading.

"But Gwen, dear," Miss Rushworth faltered, "your garden party isn't till the nineteenth."

The duchess looked surprised. She evidently had no head for dates.

"Isn't it, Aunt Audrey? Well, it doesn't matter, does it? I want him all the same. We want him awfully, Ivy, don't we?" She shone



on Durand. "You'll see such lots of your own people at Trantham. The Belgian Minister and the French Ambassador are coming down for the lecture. You'll feel less lonely there."

Lady Beausedge intervened with authority: "I think I have a prior claim, my dear Gwen. Of course Audrey was not expecting anyone -- anyone like Professor Durand; and at the cottage he might -- he might -- but here, with your uncle, and the girls all speaking French -- " She turned to Durand with a hospitable smile.

"Your room's quite ready; and of course my husband will be delighted if you like to use the library to prepare your lecture in. We'll send the governess cart for your traps to-morrow." She fixed her firm eyes on the duchess. "You see, dear, it was all quite settled."

Lady Ivy Trantham spoke up: "It is not a bit of use, Aunt Carrie. Gwen can't give him up." Being apparently unable to master the professor's name the sisters-in-law continued to designate him by the personal pronoun. "The committee has given us a prima donna from the Brussels Opera to sing the Marseillaise and the what-ye-may-call-it Belgian anthem, but there are lots of people coming just for the Atrocities."

"Oh, we must have the Atrocities!" the duchess echoed. She looked musingly at Durand's pink, troubled face. "He'll do them awfully well," she concluded, talking about him as if he were deaf.

"We must have somebody who's accustomed to lecturing. People won't put up with amateurs," Lady Ivy reenforced her.

Lady Beausedge's countenance was dark with rage.

"A prima donna from the Brussels Opera! But the committee telephoned me this morning to come up and meet a prima donna! It's all a mistake her being at Trantham, Gwen!"

"Well," said the duchess serenely. "I dare say it's all a mistake his being here." She

looked more and more tenderly on the professor.

"But he's not here: he's with me at the cottage!" cried Miss Rushworth, springing up with sudden resolution. "It's too absurd and undignified, this -- this squabbling."

"Yes; don't let's squabble. Come along," said the duchess, slipping her long arm through Durand's as Miss Rushworth's had been slipped through it at Charing Cross.

The subject of this flattering but agitating discussion had been struggling ever since it began, with a nervous contraction of the throat. When at length his lips opened only a torrent of consonants rushed from them, finally followed by the cryptic monosyllables: "I'm not!"

"Not a professional? Oh, but you're a professor -- that'll do!" cried Lady Ivy Trantham briskly, while the duchess, hugging his arm closer, added in a voice of persuasion: "You see, we've got one at Trantham already, and we're so awfully afraid of him that we want you to come and talk to him. You must."

"I mean, n-n-not a r-r-ref -- " gasped out the desperate Durand.

Suddenly he felt his other arm caught by Miss Clío Rushworth, who gave it a deep and eloquent pinch. At the same time their eyes met, and he read in hers entreaty, command and the passionate injunction to follow her lead.

"Poor Professor Durand -- you'll take us for red Indians on the war trail! Come to the dining room with me and I'll give you a glass of champagne. I saw the curry was too strong for you," this young lady insinuatingly declared.

Durand with one of his rare flashes of self-possession had converted his stammer into a strangling cough, and released by the duchess made haste to follow his rescuer out of the room. He kept up his racking cough while they crossed the hall, and by the time they reached the dining room tears of congestion were running down behind his spectacles, and he sank into a chair and

rested his elbows despairingly on a corner of the great mahogany table.

Miss Clío Rushworth disappeared behind a tall screen and returned with a glass of champagne. "Anything in it?" she inquired pleasantly, and smiled at his doleful gesture of negation.

He emptied his glass and cleared his throat; but before he could speak she held up a silencing hand.

"Don't -- don't!" she said.

He was startled by this odd echo of her aunt's entreaty, and a little tired of being hurled from one cryptic injunction to another.

"Don't what?" he questioned sharply.

"Make a clean breast of it. Not yet. Pretend you are, just a little longer, please."

"Pretend I am --"

"A refugee." She sat down opposite him, her sharp chin supported on crossed hands. "I'll tell you why."

But Professor Durand was not listening. A momentary rapture of relief at being found out had been succeeded by a sick dread of the consequences. He tried to read the girl's thin ironic face, but her eyes and smile were inscrutable.

"Miss Rushworth, at least let me tell you --"

She shook her head kindly but firmly. "That you're not a German spy in disguise? Bless you, don't you suppose I can guess what's happened? I saw it the moment we got into the railway carriage. I suppose you came over from Boulogne in the refugee train, and when poor dear Aunt Audrey pounced on you you began to stammer and couldn't explain."

Oh, the blessed balm of her understanding! He drew a deep breath of gratitude, and faltered, smiling back at her smile: "It was worse than that. Much worse. I took her for a refugee too. We rescued each other!"

A peal of youthful mirth shook the mighty rafters of the Lingerfield dining room.

Miss Clío Rushworth buried her face and sobbed.

"Oh, I see -- I see -- I see it all!"

"No you don't -- not quite -- not yet!" he gurgled back at her.

"Tell me then; tell me everything!"

And he told her; told her quietly, succinctly and without a stammer, because under her cool kindly gaze he felt himself at last in an atmosphere of boundless comprehension.

"You see, the adventure fascinated me; I won't deny that," he ended, laying bare the last fold of his duplicity.

This, for the first time, seemed to stagger her.

"The adventure -- an adventure with Aunt Audrey?"

They smiled at each other a little. "I meant, the adventure of England -- I've never been in England before -- and of a baronial hall. It is baronial? In short, of just exactly what's been happening to me. The novelty, you see -- but how should you see? -- was irresistible. The novelty, and all the old historic associations. England's in our blood, after all." He looked about him at the big, dusky, tapestried room. "Fancy having seen this kind of thing only on the stage! Yes, I was drawn on by everything -- by everything I saw and heard from the moment I set foot in London. Of course if I hadn't been I should have found an opportunity of explaining; or I could have bolted away from her at the station."

"I'm so glad you didn't. That's what I'm coming to," said the girl. "You see, it's been -- how shall I explain? -- more than an adventure for Aunt Audrey. It's literally the first thing that's ever happened to her."

Professor Durand blushed to the roots of his hair.

"I don't understand," he said feebly.

"No. Of course not. Any more, I suppose, than I really understand what Lingerfield represents to an American. And you would have had to live at Lingerfield for generations and generations to understand

Aunt Audrey. You see, nothing much ever happened to the unmarried women of her time. Most of them were just put away in cottages covered with clematis and forgotten. Aunt Audrey has always been forgotten -- even the refugee committee forgot her. And my father and mother, and her other brothers and sisters, and my sisters and I -- I'm afraid we've always forgotten her too."

"Not you," said Professor Durand with sudden temerity.

Miss Clío Rushworth smiled. "I'm very fond of her: and then I've been a little bit forgotten myself." She paused a moment and continued: "All this would take too long to explain. But what I want to beg of you is this -- let her have her adventure, give her her innings, keep up the pretense a little longer. None of the others have guessed, and I promise to get you away safely before they do. Just let Aunt Audrey have her refugee for a bit, and triumph over Lingerfield and Trantham. . . . The duchess? Oh, I'll arrange that too. Slip back to the cottage now -- this way, across the lawn, by the chapel -- and I'll say your cough was so troublesome that you rushed back to put on a mustard plaster. I'll tell Gwen you'll be delighted to give the lecture --"

Durand raised his hands in protest but she went on gayly: "Why, don't you see that the more you hold out the more she'll want you? Whereas if you accept at once and even let her think you're going over to stop at Trantham as soon as your cough is better she'll forget she's ever asked you. . . . Insincere, you say? Yes, of course; a little. But have you considered what would have happened if you hadn't choked just now and had succeeded in shouting out that you were an impostor?"

A cold chill ran down Charley Durand's spine as his masterful adviser set forth this forgotten aspect of the case.

"Yes -- I do see. I see it's for the best."

"Well -- rather!" She pushed him toward a window opening on the lawn. "Be off now -- and do play up, won't you? I'll

promise to stick by you and see you out of it if only you'll do as I ask."

Their hands met in a merry grasp of complicity, and as he fled away through the moonlight he carried with him the vision of her ugly vivid face and wondered how such a girl could ever think she could be forgotten.

A GOOD many things had happened before he stood again on the pier at Boulogne.

It was in April, 1918, and he was buttoned into a too-tight uniform, on which he secretly hoped the Y. M. C. A. initials were not always the first things to strike the eye of the admiring spectator.

Professor Durand was no more in quest of refugees than he had been formerly. He had been dispatched to Boulogne to look after the library of a Y. M. C. A. canteen, and was standing on the pier looking vaguely about him for a guide with the familiar initials on his collar.

In the general confusion, he could discover no one who took the least interest in his problem, and he was waiting resignedly in the sheltered angle formed by two stacks of packing cases when he suddenly remembered that he had always known the face he was looking at was not one to forget.

It was that of a dark thin girl in khaki, with a slouch hat and leggings, and her own unintelligible initials on her shoulder, who was giving firm directions to a large orderly in a British Army motor.

As Durand looked at her she looked at him. Their eyes met, and she burst out laughing.

"Well, you do have the queerest-looking tunics in your army!" she exclaimed as their hands clasped.

"I know we do -- and I'm too fat. But you knew me?" the professor cried triumphantly.

"Why, of course! I should know your spectacles anywhere," said Miss Clío Rushworth gayly. She finished what she was

saying to the orderly, and then came back to the professor.

"What a lark! What are you? Oh, Y. M. C. A., of course. With the British, I suppose?" They perched on the boxes and exchanged confidences, while Durand inwardly hoped that the man who ought to be looking for him was otherwise engaged.

Apparently he was, for their talk continued to ramble on through a happy labyrinth of reminiscences spangled with laughter.

"And when they found out -- weren't they too awfully horrified?" he asked at last, blushing at the mere remembrance.

She shook her head with a smile. "They never did -- nobody found out but father, and he laughed for a week. I wouldn't have had anyone else know for the world. It would have spoiled all Aunt Audrey's fun if Lingerfield had known you weren't a refugee. To this day you're her great adventure."

"But how did you manage it? I don't see yet."

"Come round to our canteen to-night and I'll tell you."

She stood up and shoved her cigarette case into the pocket of the tunic that fitted so much better than his.

"I tell you what -- as your man hasn't turned up come over to the canteen now and see Aunt Audrey."

Professor Durand paled in an unmartial manner.

"Oh, is Miss Rushworth here?"

"Rather! She's my chief. Come along."

"Your chief? He wavered again, his heart failing him.

"Really -- won't it be better for me not to? Suppose -- suppose she should remember me?"

Miss Rushworth's niece laughed. "I don't believe she will, she's so blind. Besides, what if she did? She's seen a good many refugees since your day. You see, they've become rather a drug on the market, poor dears. And Aunt Audrey's got her head full of other things now."

She had started off at her long swift stride, and he was hurrying obediently after her.

The big brown canteen was crowded with soldiers who were being variously refreshed by young ladies in trig khaki. At the other end of the main room Miss Clio Rushworth turned a corner and entered an office. Durand followed her.

At the office desk sat a lady with eye-glasses on a sharp nose. She wore a colonel's uniform, with several decorations, and was bending over the desk busily writing.

A young girl in a nurse's dress stood beside her, as if waiting for an order, and flattened against the wall of the room sat a row of limp, disheveled, desolate beings -- too evidently refugees.

The colonel lifted her head quickly and glanced at her niece with a resolute and almost forbidding eye.

"Not another refugee, Clio -- not one! I absolutely refuse. We've not a hole left to put them in, and the last family you sent me went off with my mackintosh and my electric lamp."

She bent again sternly to her writing. As she looked up her glance strayed carelessly over Professor Durand's congested countenance, and then dropped to the desk without a sign of recognition.

"Oh, Aunt Audrey -- not one, not just one?" the colonel's niece pleaded.

"It's no use, my dear. Now don't interrupt, please. . . . Here are the bulletins, nurse."

Colonel Audrey Rushworth shut her lips with a snap and her pen drove on steadily over the sheets of official letter paper.

When Professor Durand and Clio Rushworth stood outside of the canteen again in the spring sunshine they looked long at each other without speaking.

Charley Durand, under his momentary sense of relief, was aware of a distinct humiliation.

"I see I needn't have been afraid!" he said, forcing an artificial laugh.

"I told you so. The fact is, Aunt Audrey has a lot of other things to think about nowadays. There's no danger of her being forgotten -- it's she who does the forgetting now." She laid a commiserating hand on his arm. "I'm sorry -- but you must excuse her. She's just been promoted again and she's going to marry the Bishop of the Kamerun next month."

### **Escape is Such a Thankful Word (1875)**

*Emily Dickinson*

Escape is such a thankful Word  
I often in the Night  
Consider it unto myself  
No spectacle in sight

Escape - it is the Basket  
In which the Heart is caught  
When down some awful Battlement  
The rest of Life is dropt -

'Tis not the sight the savior -  
It is to be the saved -  
And that is why I lay my Head  
Upon this trusty word

### **Witchcraft Has Not a Pedigree**

*Emily Dickinson*

Witchcraft has not a pedigree,  
'Tis early as our breath,  
And mourners meet it going out  
The moment of our death.

IN THE year 1799, Captain Amasa Delano, of Duxbury, in Massachusetts, commanding a large sealer and general trader, lay at anchor, with a valuable cargo, in the harbour of St. Maria- a small, desert, uninhabited island towards the southern extremity of the long coast of Chili. There he had touched for water. On the second day, not long after dawn, while lying in his berth, his mate came below, informing him that a strange sail was coming into the bay. Ships were then not so plenty in those waters as now. He rose, dressed, and went on deck.

Surmising, at last, that it might be a ship in distress, Captain Delano ordered his whale-boat to be dropped, and, much to the wary opposition of his mate, prepared to board her, and, at the least, pilot her in. On the night previous, a fishing party of the seamen had gone a long distance to some detached rocks out of sight from the sealer, and, an hour or two before day-break, had returned, having met with no small success. Presuming that the stranger might have been long off soundings, the good captain put several baskets of the fish, for presents, into his boat, and so pulled away. From her continuing too near the sunken reef, deeming her in danger, calling to his men, he made all haste to apprise those on board of their situation. But, some time ere the boat came up, the wind, light though it was, having shifted, had headed the vessel off, as well as partly broken the vapours from about her.

Upon a still nigher approach, the true character of the vessel was plain- a Spanish merchantman of the first class; carrying Negro slaves, amongst other valuable freight, from one colonial port to another. A very large, and, in its time, a very fine vessel, such as in those days were at intervals

encountered along that main; sometimes

superseded Acapulco treasure-ships, or retired frigates of the Spanish king's navy, which, like superannuated Italian palaces, still, under a decline of masters, preserved signs of former state.

Climbing the side, the visitor was at once surrounded by a clamorous throng of whites and blacks, but the latter outnumbering the former more than could have been expected, Negro transportation-ship as the stranger in port was. But, in one language, and as with one voice, all poured out a common tale of suffering; in which the Negresses, of whom there were not a few, exceeded the others in their dolorous vehemence. The scurvy, together with a fever, had swept off a great part of their number, more especially the Spaniards. Off Cape Horn, they had narrowly escaped shipwreck; then, for days together, they had lain tranced without wind; their provisions were low; their water next to none; their lips that moment were baked. While Captain Delano was thus made the mark of all eager tongues, his one eager glance took in all the faces, with every other object about him. Always upon first boarding a large and populous ship at sea, especially a foreign one, with a nondescript crew such as Lascars or Manilla men, the impression varies in a peculiar way from that produced by first entering a strange house with strange inmates in a strange land. Both house and ship, the one by its walls and blinds, the other by its high bulwarks like ramparts, hoard from view their interiors till the last moment; but in the case of the ship there is this addition: that the living spectacle it contains, upon its sudden and complete disclosure, has, in contrast with the blank ocean which zones it, something of the effect of enchantment. The ship seems unreal; these

strange costumes, gestures, and faces, but a shadowy tableau just emerged from the deep, which directly must receive back what it gave.

But as if not unwilling to let nature make known her own case among his suffering charge, or else in despair of restraining it for the time, the Spanish captain, a gentlemanly, reserved-looking, and rather young man to a stranger's eye, dressed with singular richness, but bearing plain traces of recent sleepless cares and disquietudes, stood passively by, leaning against the main-mast, at one moment casting a dreary, spiritless look upon his excited people, at the next an unhappy glance toward his visitor. By his side stood a black of small stature, in whose rude face, as occasionally, like a shepherd's dog, he mutely turned it up into the Spaniard's, sorrow and affection were equally blended.

While left alone with them, Captain Delano was not long in observing some things tending to heighten his first impressions; but surprise was lost in pity, both for the Spaniards and blacks, alike evidently reduced from scarcity of water and provisions; while long continued suffering seemed to have brought out the less goodnatured qualities of the Negroes, besides, at the same time, impairing the Spaniard's authority over them. But, under the circumstances, precisely this condition of things was to have been anticipated. In armies, navies, cities, or families- in nature herself- nothing more relaxes good order than misery. Still, Captain Delano was not without the idea, that had Benito Cereno been a man of greater energy, misrule would hardly have come to the present pass. But the debility, constitutional or induced by the hardships, bodily and mental, of the Spanish captain, was too obvious to be overlooked. A prey to settled dejection, as if long mocked

with hope he would not now indulge it, even when it had ceased to be a mock, the prospect of that day or evening at furthest, lying at anchor, with plenty of water for his people, and a brother captain to counsel and befriend, seemed in no perceptible degree to encourage him. His mind appeared unstrung, if not still more seriously affected. Shut up in these oaken walls, chained to one dull round of command, whose unconditionality cloyed him, like some hypochondriac abbot he moved slowly about, at times suddenly pausing, starting, or staring, biting his lip, biting his finger-nail, flushing, paling, twitching his beard, with other symptoms of an absent or moody mind. This distempered spirit was lodged, as before hinted, in as distempered a frame. He was rather tall, but seemed never to have been robust, and now with nervous suffering was almost worn to a skeleton. A tendency to some pulmonary complaint appeared to have been lately confirmed. His voice was like that of one with lungs half gone, hoarsely suppressed, a husky whisper. No wonder that, as in this state he tottered about, his private servant apprehensively followed him. Sometimes the Negro gave his master his arm, or took his handkerchief out of his pocket for him; performing these and similar offices with that affectionate zeal which transmutes into something filial or fraternal acts in themselves but menial; and which has gained for the Negro the repute of making the most pleasing body-servant in the world; one, too, whom a master need be on no stiffly superior terms with, but may treat with familiar trust; less a servant than a devoted companion.

Marking the noisy indocility of the blacks in general, as well as what seemed the sullen inefficiency of the whites, it was not without humane satisfaction that Captain Delano witnessed the steady good conduct of Babo. But the good conduct of Babo, hardly more than the ill-behaviour of others,

seemed to withdraw the half-lunatic Don Benito from his cloudy languor. Not that such precisely was the impression made by the Spaniard on the mind of his visitor. The Spaniard's individual unrest was, for the present, but noted as a conspicuous feature in the ship's general affliction. Still, Captain Delano was not a little concerned at what he could not help taking for the time to be Don Benito's unfriendly indifference toward himself. The Spaniard's manner, too, conveyed a sort of sour and gloomy disdain, which he seemed at no pains to disguise. But this the American in charity ascribed to the harassing effects of sickness, since, in former instances, he had noted that there are peculiar natures on whom prolonged physical suffering seems to cancel every social instinct of kindness; as if forced to black bread themselves, they deemed it but equity that each person coming nigh them should, indirectly, by some slight or affront, be made to partake of their fare.

"It is now a hundred and ninety days," began the Spaniard, in his husky whisper, "that this ship, well officered and well manned, with several cabin passengers some fifty Spaniards in all- sailed from Buenos Ayres bound to Lima, with a general cargo, Paraguay tea and the like- and," pointing forward, "that parcel of Negroes, now not more than a hundred and fifty, as you see, but then numbering over three hundred souls. Off Cape Horn we had heavy gales. In one moment, by night, three of my best officers, with fifteen sailors, were lost, with the main-yard; the spar snapping under them in the slings, as they sought, with heavers, to beat down the icy sail. To lighten the hull, the heavier sacks of mata were thrown into the sea, with most of the water-pipes lashed on deck at the time. And this last necessity it was, combined with the prolonged detentions afterwards experienced, which eventually brought about our chief causes of

suffering. When-" Here there was a sudden fainting attack of his cough, brought on, no doubt, by his mental distress. His servant sustained him, and drawing a cordial from his pocket placed it to his lips. He a little revived. But unwilling to leave him unsupported while yet imperfectly restored, the black with one arm still encircled his master, at the same time keeping his eye fixed on his face, as if to watch for the first sign of complete restoration, or relapse, as the event might prove. The Spaniard proceeded, but brokenly and obscurely, as one in a dream.

"Oh, my God! rather than pass through what I have, with joy I would have hailed the most terrible gales; but-" His cough returned and with increased violence; this subsiding, with reddened lips and closed eyes he fell heavily against his supporter. "His mind wanders. He was thinking of the plague that followed the gales," plaintively sighed the servant; "my poor, poor master!" wringing one hand, and with the other wiping the mouth. "But be patient, Senor," again turning to Captain Delano, "these fits do not last long; master will soon be himself." Don Benito reviving, went on; but as this portion of the story was very brokenly delivered, the substance only will here be set down. It appeared that after the ship had been many days tossed in storms off the Cape, the scurvy broke out, carrying off numbers of the whites and blacks. When at last they had worked round into the Pacific, their spars and sails were so damaged, and so inadequately handled by the surviving mariners, most of whom were become invalids, that, unable to lay her northerly course by the wind, which was powerful, the

unmanageable ship for successive days and nights was blown northwestward, where the breeze suddenly deserted her, in unknown waters, to sultry calms. The absence of the water-pipes now proved as fatal to life as before their presence had

menaced it. Induced, or at least aggravated, by the more than scanty allowance of water, a malignant fever followed the scurvy; with the excessive heat of the lengthened calm, making such short work of it as to sweep away, as by billows, whole families of the Africans, and a yet larger number, proportionally, of the Spaniards, including, by a luckless fatality, every officer on board. Consequently, in the smart west winds eventually following the calm, the already rent sails having to be simply dropped, not furled, at need, had been gradually reduced to the beggar's rags they were now. To procure substitutes for his lost sailors, as well as supplies of water and sails, the captain at the earliest opportunity had made for Baldivia, the southernmost civilized port of Chili and South America; but upon nearing the coast the thick weather had prevented him from so

much as sighting that harbour. Since which period, almost without a crew, and almost without canvas and almost without water, and at intervals giving its added dead to the sea, the San Dominick had been battered about by contrary winds, inveigled by currents, or grown weedy in calms. Like a man lost in woods, more than once she had doubled upon her own track.

"But throughout these calamities," huskily continued Don Benito, painfully turning in the half embrace of his servant, "I have to thank those Negroes you see, who, though to your inexperienced eyes appearing unruly, have, indeed, conducted themselves with less of restlessness than even their owner could have thought possible under such circumstances." Here he again fell faintly back. Again his mind wandered: but he rallied, and less obscurely proceeded.

"Yes, their owner was quite right in assuring me that no fetters would be needed with his blacks; so that while, as is wont in

this transportation, those Negroes have always remained upon deck not thrust below, as in the Guinea they have, also, from the beginning, been freely permitted to range within given bounds at their pleasure." Once more the faintness returned- his mind roved but, recovering, he resumed: "But it is Babo here to whom, under God, I owe not only my own preservation, but likewise to him, chiefly, the merit is due, of pacifying his more ignorant brethren, when at intervals tempted to murmurings." "Ah, master," sighed the black, bowing his face, "don't speak of me; Babo is nothing; what Babo has done was but duty."

"Faithful fellow!" cried Captain Delano. "Don Benito, I envy you such a friend; slave I cannot call him." As master and man stood before him, the black upholding the white, Captain Delano could not but bethink him of the beauty of that relationship which could present such a spectacle of fidelity on the one hand and confidence on the other.

The portion of the narrative which, perhaps, most excited interest, as well as some surprise, considering the latitudes in question, was the long calms spoken of, and more particularly the ship's so long drifting about. Without communicating the opinion, of course, the American could not but impute at least part of the detentions both to clumsy seamanship and faulty navigation. Eyeing Don Benito's small, yellow hands, he easily inferred that the young captain had not got into command at the hawse-hole but the cabin-window, and if so, why wonder at incompetence, in youth, sickness, and

aristocracy united? Such was his democratic conclusion. But drowning criticism in compassion, after a fresh repetition of his sympathies, Captain Delano having heard out his story, not only engaged, as in the first place, to see Don Benito and his people supplied in their immediate bodily

needs, but, also, now further promised to assist him in procuring a large permanent supply of water, as well as some sails and rigging; and, though it would involve no small embarrassment to himself, yet he would spare

three of his best seamen for temporary deck officers; so that without delay the ship might proceed to Concepcion, there fully to refit for Lima, her destined port.

(Conversation shifts between particulars of the voyage and ownership of the slaves, to which Don Benito begins to disclose the death of the slaves owner, Alexandro Aranda. As Captain Delano scans the deck of the ship, he catches the eye of a few sailors, and can't help but feel suspicion. Captain Delano vacillates between the idea that the occupants of the San Dominick are trying to ambush him or that they are all crazed and fatigued. He is met by a large slave in chains named Atufal. Captain Delano learns that Atufal is chained because he disobeyed - which Delano takes immediately to imply rebellious/mutinous behavior - Don Benito and refuses to ask for a pardon. While waiting for the appropriate supplies to arrive from his ship, he surveys the slaves working above deck...):

His attention had been drawn to a slumbering Negress, partly disclosed through the lace-work of some rigging, lying, with youthful limbs carelessly disposed, under the lee of the bulwarks, like a doe in the shade of a woodland rock. Sprawling at her lapped breasts was her wide-awake fawn, stark naked, its black little body half lifted from the deck, crosswise with its dam's; its hands, like two paws, clambering upon her; its mouth and nose ineffectually rooting to get at the mark; and meantime giving a vexatious half-grunt, blending with the composed snore of the Negress.

The uncommon vigour of the child at length roused the mother. She started up, at distance facing Captain Delano. But, as if not at all concerned at the attitude in which she had been caught, delightedly she caught the child up, with maternal transports, covering it with kisses. There's naked nature, now; pure tenderness and love, thought Captain Delano, well pleased. This incident prompted him to remark the other Negresses more particularly than before. He was gratified with their manners; like most uncivilized women, they seemed at once tender of heart and tough of constitution; equally ready to die for their infants or fight for them. Unsophisticated as leopardesses; loving as doves. Ah! thought Captain Delano, these perhaps are some of the very women whom Mungo Park saw in Africa, and gave such a noble account of. These natural sights somehow insensibly deepened his confidence and ease.

Trying to break one charm, he was but becharmed anew. Though upon the wide sea, he seemed in some far inland country; prisoner in some deserted chateau, left to stare at empty grounds, and peer out at vague roads, where never wagon or wayfarer passed. But these enchantments were a little disenchanting as his eye fell on the corroded main-chains. Of an ancient style, massy and rusty in link, shackle and bolt, they seemed even more fit for the ship's present business than the one for which probably she had been built. Presently he thought something moved nigh the chains. He rubbed his eyes, and looked hard. Groves of rigging were about the chains; and there, peering from behind a great stay, like an Indian from behind a hemlock, a Spanish sailor, a marlingspike in his hand, was seen, who made what seemed an imperfect gesture toward the balcony- but immediately, as if alarmed by some advancing step along the

deck within, vanished into the recesses of the hempen forest, like a poacher.

What meant this? Something the man had sought to communicate, unbeknown to any one, even to his captain? Did the secret involve aught unfavourable to his captain? Were those previous misgivings of Captain Delano's about to be verified? Or, in his haunted mood at the moment, had some random, unintentional motion of the man, while busy with the stay, as if repairing it, been mistaken for a significant beckoning? Not unbewildered, again he gazed off for his boat. But it was temporarily hidden by a rocky spur of the isle. As with some eagerness he bent forward, watching for the first shooting view of its beak, the balustrade gave way before him like charcoal. Had he not clutched an outreaching rope he would have fallen into the sea. The crash, though feeble, and the fall, though hollow, of the rotten fragments, must have been overheard. He glanced up. With sober curiosity peering down upon him was one of the old oakum-pickers, slipped from his perch to an outside boom; while below the old Negro- and, invisible to him, reconnoitring from a port-hole like a fox from the mouth of its den-crouched the Spanish sailor again.

Gradually he felt a vexation arising from the delay of his boat; this soon merged into uneasiness; and at last, his eye falling continually, as from a stagebox into the pit, upon the strange crowd before and below him, and by-and-by recognizing there the face- now composed to indifference- of the Spanish sailor who had seemed to beckon from the main-chains, something of his old trepidations returned. Ah, thought he- gravely enough- this is like the ague: because it went off, it follows not that it won't come back. Though ashamed of the relapse, he could not altogether subdue it; and so, exerting his good nature to the utmost,

insensibly he came to a compromise. Yes, this is a strange craft; a strange history, too, and strange folks on board. But- nothing more.

By way of keeping his mind out of mischief till the boat should arrive, he tried to occupy it with turning over and over, in a purely speculative sort of way, some lesser peculiarities of the captain and crew. Among others, four curious points recurred. First, the affair of the Spanish lad assailed with a knife by the slave boy; an act winked at by Don Benito. Second, the tyranny in Don Benito's treatment of Atufal, the black; as if a child should lead a bull of the Nile by the ring in his nose. Third, the trampling of the sailor by the two Negroes; a piece of insolence passed over without so much as a reprimand. Fourth, the cringing submission to their master of all the ship's underlings,

mostly blacks; as if by the least inadvertence they feared to draw down his despotic displeasure. Coupling these points, they seemed somewhat contradictory. But what then, thought Captain Delano, glancing toward his now nearing boat,- what then? Why, this Don Benito is a very capricious commander. But he is not the first of the sort I have seen; though it's true he rather exceeds any other. But as a nation- continued he in his reveries- these Spaniards are all an odd set; the very word Spaniard has a curious, conspirator, Guy-Fawkish twang to it. And yet, I dare say, Spaniards in the main are as good folks as any in Duxbury, Massachusetts.

(The supplies from Captain Delano's ship arrive at this moment and push these thoughts to the back of Delano's mind. Supplies are unloaded and Don Benito and Captain Delano plan to dine together. Captain Delano hopes the servant slave will leave, but instead Don Benito refuses and insists that Babo will stay and that he can be trusted. Before the meal another servant reminds Don Benito that it is time for his

daily shave. Babo shaves Don Benito as Captain Delano watches):

Setting down his basin, the Negro searched among the razors, as for the sharpest, and having found it, gave it an additional edge by expertly stropping it on the firm, smooth, oily skin of his open palm; he then made a gesture as if to begin, but midway stood suspended for an instant, one hand elevating the razor, the other professionally dabbling among the bubbling suds on the Spaniard's lank neck. Not unaffected by the close sight of the gleaming steel, Don Benito nervously shuddered, his usual ghastliness was heightened by the lather, which lather, again, was intensified in its hue by the sootiness of the Negro's body. Altogether the scene was somewhat peculiar, at least to Captain Delano, nor, as he saw the two thus postured, could he resist the vagary, that in the black he saw a headsman, and in the white, a man at the block. But this was one of those antic conceits, appearing and vanishing in a breath, from which, perhaps, the best regulated mind is not free. Meantime the agitation of the Spaniard had a little loosened the bunting from around him, so that one broad fold swept curtain-like over the chair-arm to the floor, revealing, amid a profusion of armorial bars and ground-colours- black, blue and yellow- a closed castle in a blood-red field diagonal with a lion rampant in a white.

"The castle and the lion," exclaimed Captain Delano- "why, Don Benito, this is the flag of Spain you use here. It's well it's only I, and not the King, that sees this," he added with a smile, "but"- turning toward the black,- "it's all one, I suppose, so the colours be gay," which playful remark did not fail somewhat to tickle the Negro.

"Now, master," he said, readjusting the flag, and pressing the head gently further

back into the crotch of the chair; "now master," and the steel glanced nigh the throat. Again Don Benito faintly shuddered.

"You must not shake so, master.- See, Don Amasa, master always shakes when I shave him. And yet master knows I never yet have drawn blood, though it's true, if master will shake so, I may some of these times. Now, master," he continued. "And now, Don Amasa, please go on with your talk about the gale, and all that, master can hear, and between times master can answer." "Ah yes, these gales," said Captain Delano; "but the more I think of your voyage, Don Benito, the more I wonder, not at the gales, terrible as they must have been, but at the disastrous interval following them. For here, by your account, have you been these two months and more getting from Cape Horn to St. Maria, a distance which I myself, with a good wind, have sailed in a few days. True, you had calms, and long ones, but to be becalmed for two months, that is, at least, unusual. Why, Don Benito, had almost any other gentleman told me such a story, I should have been half disposed to a little incredulity." Here an involuntary expression came over the Spaniard, similar to that just before on the deck, and whether it was the start he gave, or a sudden gawky roll of the hull in the calm, or a momentary unsteadiness of the servant's hand; however it was, just then the razor drew blood, spots of which stained the creamy lather under the throat; immediately the black barber drew back his steel, and remaining in his professional attitude, back to Captain Delano, and face to Don Benito, held up the trickling razor, saying, with a sort of half humorous sorrow, "See, master, you shook so- here's Babo's first blood." No sword drawn before James the First of England, no assassination in that timid King's presence, could have produced a more terrified aspect than was now presented by Don Benito.

Poor fellow, thought Captain Delano, so nervous he can't even bear the sight of barber's blood; and this unstrung, sick man, is it credible that I should have imagined he meant to spill all my blood, who can't endure the sight of one little drop of his own? Surely, Amasa Delano, you have been beside yourself this day.

All being over at last, the standard of Spain removed, tumbled up, and tossed back into the flag-locker, the Negro's warm breath blowing away any stray hair which might have lodged down his master's neck; collar and cravat readjusted; a speck of lint whisked off the velvet lapel; all this being done; backing off a little space, and pausing with an expression of subdued selfcomplacency, the servant for a moment surveyed his master, as, in toilet at least, the creature of his own tasteful hands. Captain Delano playfully complimented him upon his achievement; at the same time congratulating Don Benito. But neither sweet waters, nor shampooing, nor fidelity, nor sociality, delighted the Spaniard. Seeing him relapsing into forbidding gloom, and still remaining seated, Captain Delano, thinking that his presence was undesired just then, withdrew, on pretence of seeing whether, as he had prophesied, any signs of a breeze were visible.

Walking forward to the mainmast, he stood awhile thinking over the scene, and not without some undefined misgivings, when he heard a noise near the cuddy, and turning, saw the Negro, his hand to his cheek. Advancing, Captain Delano perceived that the cheek was bleeding. He was about to ask the cause, when the Negro's wailing soliloquy enlightened him.

"Ah, when will master get better from his sickness; only the sour heart that sour sickness breeds made him serve Babo so; cutting Babo with the razor, because, only by



accident, Babo had given master one little scratch; and for the first time in so many a day, too. Ah, ah, ah," holding his hand to his face. Is it possible, thought Captain Delano; was it to wreak in private his Spanish spite against this poor friend of his, that Don Benito, by his sullen manner, impelled me to withdraw? Ah, this slavery breeds ugly passions in man! Poor fellow!

He was about to speak in sympathy to the Negro, but with a timid reluctance he now re-entered the cuddy. Presently master and man came forth; Don Benito leaning on his servant as if nothing had happened. But a sort of love-quarrel, after all, thought Captain Delano.

(Don Benito and Captain Delano dine together. At the conclusion of their meal, both captains return above deck. Captain Delano invites Don Benito aboard his vessel for dinner. Don Benito consistently refuses and Captain Delano's thoughts of a stealthily plotted attack during the night has already been planned):

Why decline the invitation to visit the sealer that evening? Or was the Spaniard less hardened than the Jew, who refrained not from supping at the board of him whom the same night he meant to betray? What imported all those day-long enigmas and contradictions, except they were intended to mystify, preliminary to some stealthy blow? Atufal, the pretended rebel, but punctual shadow, that moment lurked by the threshold without. He seemed a sentry, and more. Who, by his own confession, had stationed him there? Was the Negro now lying in wait? The Spaniard behind- his creature before: to rush from darkness to light was the involuntary choice.

Once again he smiled at the phantoms which had mocked him, and felt something

like a tinge of remorse, that, by indulging them even for a moment, he should, by implication, have betrayed an almost atheistic doubt of the ever-watchful Providence above.

Presently, his foot, in the first act of descent into the boat, pressed the first round of the side-ladder, his face presented inward upon the deck. In the same moment, he heard his name courteously sounded; and, to his pleased surprise, saw Don Benito advancing an unwonted energy in his air, as if, at the last moment, intent upon making amends for his recent discourtesy. With instinctive good feeling, Captain Delano, revoking his foot, turned and reciprocally advanced. As he did so, the Spaniard's nervous eagerness increased, but his vital energy failed; so that, the better to support him, the servant, placing his master's hand on his naked shoulder, and gently holding it there, formed himself into a sort of crutch.

Soon they were standing by the side, looking over into the boat, whose crew turned up their curious eyes. Waiting a moment for the Spaniard to relinquish his hold, the now embarrassed Captain Delano lifted his foot, to overstep the threshold of the open gangway; but still Don Benito would not let go his hand. And yet, with an agitated tone, he said, "I can go no further; here I must bid you adieu.

Adieu, my dear, dear Don Amasa. Go-go!" suddenly tearing his hand loose, "go, and God guard you better than me, my best friend." Not unaffected, Captain Delano would now have lingered; but catching the meekly admonitory eye of the servant, with a hasty farewell he descended into his boat, followed by the continual adieus of Don Benito, standing rooted in the gangway. Seating himself in the stern, Captain Delano, making a last salute, ordered the boat shoved

off. The crew had their oars on end. The bowsman pushed the boat a sufficient distance for the oars to be length wise dropped. The instant that was done, Don Benito sprang over the bulwarks, falling at the feet of Captain Delano; at the same time, calling towards his ship, but in tones so frenzied, that none in the boat could understand him. But, as if not equally obtuse, three Spanish sailors, from three different and distant parts of the ship, splashed into the sea, swimming after their captain, as if intent upon his rescue. The dismayed officer of the boat eagerly asked what this meant. To which, Captain Delano, turning a disdainful smile upon the unaccountable Benito Cereno, answered that, for his part, he neither knew nor cared; but it seemed as if the Spaniard had taken it into his head to produce the impression among his people that the boat wanted to kidnap him. "Or else- give way for your lives," he wildly added, starting at a clattering hubbub in the ship, above which rang the tocsin of the hatchet-polishers; and seizing Don Benito by the throat he added, "this plotting pirate means murder!" Here, in apparent verification of the words, the servant, a dagger in his hand, was seen on the rail overhead, poised, in the act of leaping, as if with desperate fidelity to befriend his master to the last; while, seemingly to aid the black, the three Spanish sailors were trying to clamber into the hampered bow. Meantime, the whole host of Negroes, as if inflamed at the sight of their jeopardized captain, impended in one sooty avalanche over the bulwarks.

Seeing the Negro coming, Captain Delano had flung the Spaniard aside, almost in the very act of clutching him, and, by the unconscious recoil, shifting his place, with arms thrown up, so promptly grappled the servant in his descent, that with dagger presented at Captain Delano's heart, the black seemed of purpose to have leaped

there as to his mark. But the weapon was wrenched away, and the assailant dashed down into the bottom of the boat, which now, with disentangled oars, began to speed through the sea.

At this juncture, the left hand of Captain Delano, on one side, again clutched the half-reclined Don Benito, heedless that he was in a speechless faint, while his right foot, on the other side, ground the prostrate Negro; and his right arm pressed for added speed on the after oar, his eye bent forward, encouraging his men to their utmost.

But here, the officer of the boat, who had at last succeeded in beating off the towing Spanish sailors, and was now, with face turned aft, assisting the bowsman at his oar, suddenly called to Captain Delano, to see what the black was about; while a Portuguese oarsman shouted to him to give heed to what the Spaniard was saying. Glancing down at his feet, Captain Delano saw the freed hand of the servant aiming with a second dagger- a small one, before concealed in his wool- with this he was snakishly writhing up from the boat's bottom, at the heart of his master, his countenance lividly vindictive, expressing the centred purpose of his soul; while the Spaniard, half-choked, was vainly shrinking away, with husky words, incoherent to all but the Portuguese. That moment, across the long benighted mind of Captain Delano, a flash of revelation swept, illuminating in unanticipated clearness Benito Cereno's whole mysterious demeanour, with every enigmatic event of the day, as well as the entire past voyage of the San Dominick. He smote Babo's hand down, but his own heart smote him harder. With infinite pity he withdrew his hold from Don Benito.

Not Captain Delano, but Don Benito, the black, in leaping into the boat, had intended to stab.

Both the black's hands were held, as, glancing up toward the San Dominick, Captain Delano, now with the scales dropped from his eyes, saw the Negroes, not in misrule, not in tumult, not as if frantically concerned for Don Benito, but with mask torn away, flourishing hatchets and knives, in ferocious piratical revolt.

Meantime Captain Delano hailed his own vessel, ordering the ports up, and the guns run out. But by this time the cable of the San Dominick had been cut; and the fag-end, in lashing out, whipped away the canvas shroud about the beak, suddenly revealing, as the bleached hull swung round toward the open ocean, death for the figurehead, in a human skeleton; chalky comment on the chalked words below, "Follow your leader." At the sight, Don Benito, covering his face, wailed out: "'Tis he, Aranda! my murdered, unburied friend!" Upon reaching the sealer, calling for ropes, Captain Delano bound the Negro, who made no resistance, and had him hoisted to the deck. He would then have assisted the now almost helpless Don Benito up the side; but Don Benito, wan as he was, refused to move, or be moved, until the Negro should have been first put below out of view. When, presently assured that it was done, he no more shrank from the ascent.

(Captain Delano's crew use their guns to pursue and recapture the San Dominick, killing at least 10 slaves and wounding many more. They take the ship and the slaves to Lima for a trial wherein a recording of Don Benito's deposition is preserved):

Don Benito set sail with his ship from the port of Valparaiso, bound to that of Callao; loaded with the produce of the country and one hundred and sixty blacks, of both sexes, mostly belonging to Don Alexandro Aranda, gentleman, of the city of

Mendoza; that the crew of the ship consisted of thirty-six men, beside the persons who went as passengers; that the Negroes were in part as follows: [Here, in the original, follows a list of some fifty names, descriptions, and ages, compiled from certain recovered documents of Aranda's, and also from recollections of the deponent, from which portions only are extracted.] -One, from about eighteen to nineteen years, named Jose, and this was the man that waited upon his master, Don Alexandro, and who speaks well the Spanish, having served him four or five years;... a mulatto, named Francesco, the cabin steward, of a good person and voice, having sung in the Valparaiso churches, native of the province of Buenos Ayres, aged about thirty-five years.... A smart Negro, named Dago, who had been for many years a gravedigger among the Spaniards, aged forty-six years.... Four old Negroes, born in Africa, from sixty to seventy, but sound, caulkers by trade, whose names are as follows:- the first was named Muri, and he was killed (as was also his son named Diamelo); the second, Nacta; the third, Yola, likewise killed; the fourth, Ghofan; and six fullgrown Negroes, aged from thirty to forty-five, all raw, and born among the Ashantees Martinqui, Yan, Lecbe, Mapenda, Yambaio, Akim; four of whom were killed;... a powerful Negro named Atufal, who, being supposed to have been a chief in Africa, his owners set great store by him.... And a small Negro of Senegal, but some years among the Spaniards, aged about thirty, which Negro's name was Babo;... that he does not remember the names of the others, but that still expecting the residue of Don Alexandro's papers will be found, will then take due account of them all, and remit to the court;... and thirty-nine women and children of all ages. [After the catalogue, the deposition goes on as follows:] ...That all the Negroes slept upon deck, as is customary in this navigation, and none wore fetters, because the owner, his friend Aranda,

told him that they were all tractable;... that on the seventh day after leaving port, at three o'clock in the morning, all the Spaniards being asleep except the two officers on the watch, who were the boatswain, Juan Robles, and the carpenter, Juan Bautista Gayete, and the helmsman and his boy, the Negroes revolted suddenly, wounded dangerously the boatswain and the carpenter, and successively killed eighteen men of those who were sleeping upon deck, some with handspikes and hatchets, and others by throwing them alive overboard, after tying them; that of the Spaniards upon deck, they left about seven, as he thinks, alive and tied, to manoeuvre the ship, and three or four more who hid themselves remained also alive. Although in the act of revolt the Negroes made themselves masters of the hatchway, six or seven wounded went through it to the cockpit, without any hindrance on their part; that in the act of revolt, the mate and another person, whose name he does not recollect, attempted to come up through the hatchway, but having been wounded at the onset, they were obliged to return to the cabin; that the deponent resolved at break of day to come up the companionway, where the Negro Babo was, being the ringleader, and Atufal, who assisted him, and having spoken to them, exhorted them to cease committing such atrocities, asking them, at the same time, what they wanted and intended to do, offering, himself, to obey their commands; that, notwithstanding this, they threw, in his presence, three men, alive and tied, overboard; that they told the deponent to come up, and that they would not kill him; which having done, the Negro Babo asked him whether there were in those seas any Negro countries where they might be carried, and he answered them, No, that the Negro Babo afterwards told him to carry them to Senegal, or to the neighbouring islands of St. Nicholas; and he answered, that this was

impossible, on account of the great distance, the necessity involved of rounding Cape Horn, the bad condition of the vessel, the want of provisions, sails, and water; but that the Negro Babo replied to him he must carry them in any way; that they would do and conform themselves to everything the deponent should require as to eating and drinking; that after a long conference, being absolutely compelled to please them, for they threatened him to kill all the whites if they were not, at all events, carried to Senegal, he told them that what was most wanting for the voyage was water; that they would go near the coast to take it, and hence they would proceed on their course; that the Negro Babo agreed to it; and the deponent steered toward the intermediate ports, hoping to meet some Spanish or foreign vessel that would save them; that within ten or eleven days they saw the land, and continued their course by it in the vicinity of Nasca; that the deponent observed that the Negroes were now restless and mutinous, because he did not effect the taking in of water, the Negro Babo having required, with threats, that it should be done, without fail, the following day; he told him he saw plainly that the coast was steep, and the rivers designated in the maps were not to be found, with other reasons suitable to the circumstances; that the best way would be to go to the island of Santa Maria, where they might water and victual easily, it being a desert island, as the foreigners did; that the deponent did not go to Pisco, that was near, nor make any other port of the coast, because the Negro Babo had intimated to him several times, that he would kill all the whites the very moment he should perceive any city, town, or settlement of any kind on the shores to which they should be carried; that having determined to go to the island of Santa Maria, as the deponent had planned, for the purpose of trying whether, in the passage or in the island itself, they could find any vessel that

should favour them, or whether he could escape from it in a boat to the neighbouring coast of Arruco; to adopt the necessary means he immediately changed his course, steering for the island; that the Negroes Babo and Atufal held daily conferences, in which they discussed what was necessary for their design of returning to Senegal, whether they were to kill all the Spaniards, and particularly the deponent; that eight days after parting from the coast of Nasca, the deponent being on the watch a little after day-break, and soon after the Negroes had their meeting, the Negro Babo came to the place where the deponent was, and told him that he had determined to kill his master, Don Alexandro Aranda, both because he and his companions could not otherwise be sure of their liberty, and that, to keep the seamen in subjection, he wanted to prepare a warning of what road they should be made to take did they or any of them oppose him; and that, by means of the death of Don Alexandro, that warning would best be given; but, that what this last meant, the deponent did not at the time comprehend, nor could not, further than that the death of Don Alexandro was intended; and moreover, the Negro Babo proposed to the deponent to call the mate Raneds, who was sleeping in the cabin, before the thing was done, for fear, as the deponent understood it, that the mate, who was a good navigator, should be killed with Don Alexandro and the rest; that the deponent, who was the friend, from youth of Don Alexandro, prayed and conjured, but all was useless; for the Negro Babo answered him that the thing could not be prevented, and that all the Spaniards risked their death if they should attempt to frustrate his will in this matter, or any other; that, in this conflict, the deponent called the mate, Raneds, who was forced to go apart, and immediately the Negro Babo commanded the Ashantee Martinqui and the Ashantee Lecbe to go and commit the murder; that those two went

down with hatchets to the berth of Don Alexandro; that, yet half alive and mangled, they dragged him on deck; that they were going to throw him overboard in that state, but the Negro Babo stopped them, bidding the murder be completed on the deck before him, which was done, when, by his orders, the body was carried below, forward; that nothing more was seen of it by the deponent for three days;... that Don Alonzo Sidonia, an old man, long resident at Valparaiso, and lately appointed to a civil office in Peru, whither he had taken passage, was at the time sleeping in the berth opposite Don Alexandro's; that, awaking at his cries, surprised by them, and at the sight of the Negroes with their bloody hatchets in their hands, he threw himself into the sea through a window which was near him, and was drowned, without it being in the power of the deponent to assist or take him up;... that, a short time after killing Aranda, they brought upon deck his german-cousin, of middle-age, Don Francisco Masa, of Mendoza, and the young Don Joaquin, Marques de Aramboalaza, then lately from Spain, with his Spanish servant Ponce, and the three young clerks of Aranda, Jose Mozairi, Lorenzo Bargas, and Hermenegildo Gandix, all of Cadiz; that Don Joaquin and Hermenegildo Gandix, the Negro Babo for purposes hereafter to appear, preserved alive; but Don Francisco Masa, Jose Mozairi, and Lorenzo Bargas, with Ponce, the servant, beside the boatswain, Juan Robles, the boatswain's mates, Manuel Viscaya and Roderigo Hurta, and, four of the sailors, the Negro Babo ordered to be thrown alive into the sea, although they made no resistance, nor begged for anything else but mercy; that the boatswain, Juan Robles, who knew how to swim, kept the longest above water, making acts of contrition, and, in the last words he uttered, charged this deponent to cause mass to be said for his soul to our Lady of Succour;... that, during the three days which

followed, the deponent, uncertain what fate had befallen the remains of Don Alexandro, frequently asked the Negro Babo where they were, and, if still on board, whether they were to be preserved for interment ashore, entreating him so to order it; that the Negro Babo answered nothing till the fourth day, when at sunrise, the deponent coming on deck, the Negro Babo showed him a skeleton, which had been substituted for the ship's proper figure-head, the image of Christopher Colon, the discoverer of the New World; that the Negro Babo asked him whose skeleton that was, and whether, from its whiteness, he should not think it a white's; that, upon his covering his face, the Negro Babo, coming close, said words to this effect: "Keep faith with the blacks from here to Senegal, or you shall in spirit, as now in body, follow your leader," pointing to the prow;... that the same morning the Negro Babo took by succession each Spaniard forward, and asked him whose skeleton that was, and whether, from its whiteness, he should not think it a white's; that each Spaniard covered his face; that then to each the Negro Babo repeated the words in the first place said to the deponent;... that they (the Spaniards), being then assembled aft, the Negro Babo harangued them, saying that he had now done all; that the deponent (as navigator for the Negroes) might pursue his course, warning him and all of them that they should, soul and body, go the way of Don Alexandro if he saw them (the Spaniards) speak or plot anything against them (the Negroes)- a threat which was repeated every day; that, before the events last mentioned, they had tied the cook to throw him overboard, for it is not known what thing they heard him speak, but finally the Negro Babo spared his life, at the request of the deponent; that a few days after, the deponent, endeavouring not to omit any means to preserve the lives of the remaining whites, spoke to the Negroes peace and tranquillity, and agreed to draw up a paper,

signed by the deponent and the sailors who could write, as also by the Negro Babo, for himself and all the blacks, in which the deponent obliged himself to carry them to Senegal, and they not to kill any more, and he formally to make over to them the ship, with the cargo, with which they were for that time satisfied and quieted.... But the next day, the more surely to guard against the sailors' escape, the Negro Babo commanded all the boats to be destroyed but the long-boat, which was unseaworthy, and another, a cutter in good condition, which, knowing it would yet be wanted for lowering the water casks, he had it lowered down into the hold.

On the seventeenth of the month of August, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour they cast anchor very near the American ship, Bachelor's Delight, which lay in the same bay, commanded by the generous Captain Amasa Delano; but at six o'clock in the morning, they had already descried the port, and the Negroes became uneasy, as soon as at distance they saw the ship, not having expected to see one there; that the Negro Babo pacified them, assuring them that no fear need be had; that straightway he ordered the figure on the bow to be covered with canvas, as for repairs, and had the decks a little set in order; that for a time the Negro Babo and the Negro Atufal conferred; that the Negro Atufal was for sailing away, but the Negro Babo would not, and, by himself, cast about what to do; that at last he came to the deponent proposing to him to say and do all that the deponent declares to have said and done to the American captain;... that the Negro Babo warned him that if he varied in the least, or uttered any word, or gave any look that should give the least intimation of the past events or present state, he would instantly kill him, with all his companions, showing a dagger, which he carried hid, saying something which, as he understood it, meant

that that dagger would be alert as his eye; that the Negro Babo then announced the plan to all his companions, which pleased them; that he then, the better to disguise the truth, devised many expedients, in some of them uniting deceit and defence; that of this sort was the device of the six Ashantees before named, who were his bravos; that them he stationed on the break of the poop, as if to clean certain hatchets (in cases, which were part of the cargo), but in reality to use them, and distribute them at need, and at a given word he told them that, among other devices, was the device of presenting Atufal, his right-hand man, as chained, though in a moment the chains could be dropped; that in every particular he informed the deponent what part he was expected to enact in every device, and what story he was to tell on every occasion, always threatening him with instant death if he varied in the least; that, conscious that many of the Negroes would be turbulent, the Negro Babo appointed the four aged Negroes, who were caulkers, to keep what domestic order they could on the decks; that again and again he harangued the Spaniards and his companions, informing them of his intent, and of his devices, and of the invented story that this deponent was to tell, charging them lest any of them varied from that story; that these arrangements were made and matured during the interval of two or three hours, between their first sighting the ship and the arrival on board of Captain Amasa Delano; that this happened at about half-past seven in the morning, Captain Amasa Delano coming in his boat, and all gladly receiving him; that the deponent, as well as he could force himself, acting then the part of principal owner, and a free captain of the ship, told Captain Amasa Delano, when called upon, that he came from Buenos Ayres, bound to Lima, with three hundred Negroes; that off Cape Horn, and in a subsequent fever, many Negroes had died; that also, by

similar casualties, all the sea officers and the greatest part of the crew had died.

(The deposition continues through when Don Benito meets Captain Delano, affirming the presence of subtle attempts for Don Benito and other captured sailors to solicit Captain Delano's attention. The deposition ends with a brief conversation Don Benito and Captain Delano share as they sail to Lima):

"Ah, my dear Don Amasa," Don Benito once said, "at those very times when you thought me so morose and ungrateful- nay when, as you now admit, you half thought me plotting your murder- at those very times my heart was frozen; I could not look at you, thinking of what, both on board this ship and your own, hung, from other hands, over my kind benefactor. And as God lives, Don Amasa, I know not whether desire for my own safety alone could have nerved me to that leap into your boat, had it not been for the thought that, did you, unenlightened, return to your ship, you, my best friend, with all who might be with you, stolen upon, that night, in your hammocks, would never in this world have wakened again. Do but think how you walked this deck, how you sat in this cabin, every inch of ground mined into honey-combs under you. Had I dropped the least hint, made the least advance toward an understanding between us, death, explosive death- yours as mine- would have ended the scene."

"True, true," cried Captain Delano, starting, "you saved my life, Don Benito, more than I yours; saved it, too, against my knowledge and will." "Nay, my friend," rejoined the Spaniard, courteous even to the point of religion, "God charmed your life, but you saved mine. To think of some things you did- those smilings and chattings, rash pointings and gesturings. For less than these,

they slew my mate, Raneds; but you had the Prince of Heaven's safe conduct through all ambuscades." "Yes, all is owing to Providence, I know; but the temper of my mind that morning was more than commonly pleasant, while the sight of so much suffering more apparent than real- added to my good nature, compassion, and charity, happily interweaving the three. Had it been otherwise, doubtless, as you hint, some of my interferences with the blacks might have ended unhappily enough. Besides that, those feelings I spoke of enabled me to get the better of momentary distrust, at times when acuteness might have cost me my life, without saving another's. Only at the end did my suspicions get the better of me, and you know how wide of the mark they then proved."

"Wide, indeed," said Don Benito, sadly; "you were with me all day; stood with me, sat with me, talked with me, looked at me, ate with me, drank with me; and yet, your last act was to clutch for a villain, not only an innocent man, but the most pitiable of all men. To such degree may malign machinations and deceptions impose. So far may even the best men err, in judging the conduct of one with the recesses of whose condition he is not acquainted. But you were forced to it; and you were in time undeceived. Would that, in both respects, it was so ever, and with all men." "I think I understand you; you generalize, Don Benito; and mournfully enough. But the past is passed; why moralize upon it? Forget it. See, yon bright sun has forgotten it all, and the blue sea, and the blue sky; these have turned over new leaves." "Because they have no memory," he dejectedly replied; "because they are not human." "But these mild trades that now fan your cheek, Don Benito, do they not come with a human-like healing to you? Warm friends, steadfast friends are the trades." "With their steadfastness they but waft me to

my tomb, Senior," was the foreboding response. "You are saved, Don Benito," cried Captain Delano, more and more astonished and pained; "you are saved; what has cast such a shadow upon you?"

"The Negro." There was silence, while the moody man sat, slowly and unconsciously gathering his mantle about him, as if it were a Pall.

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As for the black- whose brain, not body, had schemed and led the revolt, with the plot- his slight frame, inadequate to that which it held, had at once yielded to the superior muscular strength of his captor, in the boat. Seeing all was over, he uttered no sound, and could not be forced to. His aspect seemed to say: since I cannot do deeds, I will not speak words. Put in irons in the hold, with the rest, he was carried to Lima. During the passage Don Benito did not visit him. Nor then, nor at any time after, would he look at him. Before the tribunal he refused. When pressed by the judges he fainted. On the testimony of the sailors alone rested the legal identity of Babo. And yet the Spaniard would, upon occasion, verbally refer to the Negro, as has been shown; but look on him he would not, or could not. Some months after, dragged to the gibbet at the tail of a mule, the black met his voiceless end.

## Returning Soldiers (1919)

W.E.B. DuBois

We are returning from war! *The Crisis* and tens of thousands of black men were drafted into a great struggle. For bleeding France and what she means and has meant and will mean to us and humanity and against the threat of German race arrogance, 22

we fought gladly and to the last drop of blood; for America and her highest ideals, we fought in far-off hope; for the dominant southern oligarchy entrenched in Washington, we fought in bitter resignation. For the America that represents and gloats in lynching, disfranchisement, caste, brutality and devilish insult—for this, in the hateful upturning and mixing of things, we were forced by vindictive fate to fight also.

But today we return! We return from the slavery of uniform which the world's madness demanded us to don to the freedom of civil garb. We stand again to look America squarely in the face and call a spade a spade. We sing: This country of ours, despite all its better souls have done and dreamed, is yet a shameful land.

It *lynches*.

And lynching is barbarism of a degree of contemptible nastiness unparalleled in human history. Yet for fifty years we have lynched two Negroes a week, and we have kept this up right through the war.

It *disfranchises* its own citizens.

Disfranchisement is the deliberate theft and robbery of the only protection of poor against rich and black against white. The land that disfranchises its citizens and calls itself a democracy lies and knows it lies.

It encourages *ignorance*.

It has never really tried to educate the Negro. A dominant minority does not want Negroes educated. It wants servants, dogs, whores and monkeys. And when this land allows a reactionary group by its stolen political power to force as many black folk into these categories as it possibly can, it cries in

contemptible hypocrisy: "They threaten us with degeneracy; they cannot be educated."

It *steals* from us.

It organizes industry to cheat us. It cheats us out of our land; it cheats us out of our labor. It confiscates our savings. It reduces our wages. It raises our rent. It steals our profit. It taxes us without representation. It keeps us consistently and universally poor, and then feeds us on charity and derides our poverty.

It *insults* us.

It has organized a nation-wide and latterly a world-wide propaganda of deliberate and continuous insult and defamation of black blood wherever found. It decrees that it shall not be possible in travel nor residence, work nor play, education nor instruction for a black man to exist without tacit or open acknowledgment of his inferiority to the dirtiest white dog. And it looks upon any attempt to question or even discuss this dogma as arrogance, unwarranted assumption and treason.

This is the country to which we Soldiers of Democracy return. This is the fatherland for which we fought! But it is our fatherland. It was right for us to fight. The faults of our country are our faults. Under similar circumstances, we would fight again. But by the God of Heaven, we are cowards and jackasses if now that that war is over, we do not marshal every ounce of our brain and brawn to fight a sterner, longer, more unbending battle against the forces of hell in our own land.

We *return*.

We *return from fighting*.

We return *fighting*.

Make way for Democracy! We saved it in France, and by the Great Jehovah, we will save it in the United States of America, or know the reason why.

Preface, **The Marble Faun**

(1859)

*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

IT IS NOW seven or eight years (so many, at all events, that I cannot precisely remember the epoch) since the author of this romance last appeared before the Public. It had grown to be a custom with him to introduce each of his humble publications with a familiar kind of preface, addressed nominally to the Public at large, but really to a character with whom he felt entitled to use far greater freedom. He meant it for that one congenial friend--more comprehensive of his purposes, more appreciative of his success, more indulgent of his shortcomings, and, in all respects, closer and kinder than a brother--that all-sympathizing critic, in short, whom an author never actually meets, but to whom he implicitly makes his appeal whenever he is conscious of having done his best. The antique fashion of prefaces recognized this genial personage as the "Kind Reader," the "Gentle Reader," the "Beloved," the "Indulgent," or, at coldest, the "Honored Reader," to whom the prim old author was wont to make his preliminary explanations and apologies, with the certainty that they would be favorably received. I never personally encountered nor corresponded through the post with this representative essence of all delightful and desirable qualities which a reader can possess. But, fortunately for myself, I never therefore concluded him to be merely a mythic character. I had always a sturdy faith in his actual existence, and wrote for him year after

year, during which the great eye of the Public (as well it might) almost utterly overlooked my small productions.

Unquestionably, this gentle, kind, benevolent, indulgent, and most beloved and honored Reader did once exist for me, and (in spite of the infinite chances against a letter's reaching its destination without a definite address) duly received the scrolls which I flung upon whatever wind was blowing, in the faith that they would find him out. But, is he extant now? In these many years, since he last heard from me, may he not have deemed his earthly task accomplished, and have withdrawn to the paradise of gentle readers, wherever it may be, to the enjoyments of which his kindly charity on my behalf must surely have entitled him? I have a sad foreboding that this may be the truth. The "Gentle Reader," in the case of any individual author, is apt to be extremely short-lived; he seldom outlasts a literary fashion, and, except in very rare instances, closes his weary eyes before the writer has half done with him. If I find him at all, it will probably be under some mossy gravestone, inscribed with a half-obliterated name which I shall never recognize.

Therefore, I have little heart or confidence (especially, writing as I do, in a foreign land, and after a long, long absence from my own) to presume upon the existence of that friend of friends, that unseen brother of the soul, whose apprehensive sympathy has so often encouraged me to be egotistical in my prefaces, careless though unkindly eyes should skim over what was never meant for them. I stand upon ceremony now; and, after stating a few particulars about the work which is here offered to the Public, must make my most reverential bow, and retire behind the curtain. This romance was sketched out during a residence of considerable length in Italy, and has been rewritten and prepared for the press in England. The author proposed to himself

merely to write a fanciful story, evolving a thoughtful moral, and did not propose attempting a portraiture of Italian manners and character. He has lived too long abroad not to be aware that a foreigner seldom acquires that knowledge of a country at once flexible and profound, which may justify him in endeavoring to idealize its traits.

Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wallflowers, need ruin to make them grow.

In rewriting these volumes, the author was somewhat surprised to see the extent to which he had introduced descriptions of various Italian objects, antique, pictorial, and statuesque. Yet these things fill the mind everywhere in Italy, and especially in Rome, and cannot easily be kept from flowing out upon the page when one writes freely, and with self-enjoyment. And, again, while reproducing the book, on the broad and dreary sands of [Redcar](#), with the gray German Ocean tumbling in upon me, and the northern blast always howling in my ears, the complete change of scene made these Italian reminiscences shine out so vividly that I could not find it in my heart to cancel them. An act of justice remains to be performed towards two men of genius with whose

productions the author has allowed himself to use a quite unwarrantable freedom. Having imagined a sculptor in this romance, it was necessary to provide him with such works in marble as should be in keeping with the artistic ability which he was supposed to possess. With this view, the author laid felonious hands upon a certain bust of Milton and a statue of a pearl diver, which he found in the studio of [Mr. PAUL AKERS](#), and secretly conveyed them to the premises of his imaginary friend, in the Via Frezza. Not content even with these spoils, he committed a further robbery upon a magnificent statue of Cleopatra, the production of [Mr. WILLIAM W. STORY](#), an artist whom his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate. He had thoughts of appropriating, likewise, a certain door of bronze by [Mr. RANDOLPH ROGERS](#), representing the history of Columbus in a series of admirable bas-reliefs, but was deterred by an unwillingness to meddle with public property. Were he capable of stealing from a lady, he would certainly have made free with [Miss HOSMER'S](#) admirable statue of [Zenobia](#).

He now wishes to restore the above-mentioned beautiful pieces of sculpture to their proper owners, with many thanks, and the avowal of his sincere admiration. What he has said of them in the romance does not partake of the fiction in which they are imbedded, but expresses his genuine opinion, which, he has little doubt, will be found in accordance with that of the Public. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that, while stealing their designs, the author has not taken a similar liberty with the personal characters of either of these gifted sculptors; his own man of marble being entirely imaginary.

LEAMINGTON, December 15, 1859.

As a project of the Hic Rosa Collective, the Falsework School is committed to educational experiences as collations of concrete moments of study, thought, expression, and practice that dismantle the walls between teacher and student, artist and audience, participant and observer, and theory and practice. A typical learning day will be conducted like a facilitated community of study and practice. There will be a close study component, as well as guided discussion, ending with the production of a work of art or writing. While hailing from various academic contexts, we maintain that community education is not an extension or dilution of the academic classroom but an occasion to practice education without the various conceits, prerequisites, and instrumentalist and technocratic qualifications that beset institutions. Our approach to community education includes:

- (1) A concern not with methods of teaching and learning wielded by expert teachers and educationalists in a formalized system, but with what we all do every day, how we read, write, speak, and relate; with what it is to teach and learn in any situation, whenever or wherever it may be; and how we might change these toward a more just world.
- (2) An emphasis on relations within spaces we occupy, and communities we build and inhabit. A focus away from possessing knowledge toward how a community recognizes something as known. Activities of reading, studying, and working in each other's company allow the distinctions between doing, meaning-making, and knowing, and between various kinds of physical, mental, and emotional work to collapse.
- (3) A belief that communities of education are not supposed to perfect the object of knowledge for the community, but educate the community about itself and about the relations of power and inequality within it, making room for it to confront that knowledge. The fundamental premise of equality among learners in the educational space, with no qualifications or expertise placing one above the other, is what allows the inequalities within the wider community to become visible and able to be reflected upon. Hence, we are working not to instruct toward equality but to educate through equality, resisting institutionalizations of inequality and injustice, old or new.
- (4) A hope that, in the Berkshires and wherever else The Falsework School "pops up," this is an effort at collective study and self-reflection around social inequalities and injustices because it seeks to not replicate certain burdens of teaching and learning, presenting and spectating, evidence and ignorance, and their bearers, but to collectively own the task of building an ethos of equality and justice that works outward from the space of education.



