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Away From Harlem.

TRAVELS IN THE CONGO. By  
André Gide. Alfred A. Knopf. 55.

André Gide, like Paul Morand and other Frenchmen who have delved into negro life, is more fortunate in his angle of approach than the American—white or black—can be. He is not spiritually color-conscious. And as in the strange tales of Howard's "Black Magic," backing to Herodotus is not the keynote; his negro is as pure ebony quill, the African negro, the Haitian negro (African in a sense the negro in the United States is not); and he is primarily an interesting human being, not a problem. As such, among Frenchmen, he and his treatment in the French colonial possessions is arousing increasing sympathy. Of this sympathy these "Travels" by the author of *Las Caves du Vatican*—and a far remove from them is an expression.

It does no discredit to the memory of Joseph Conrad, to which it is dedicated. It is an intimate, personal, human record of day by day African life—its thoughts and actions, its mores and morals, its reaction to white control and command. Quite recently, in his as yet un-Englished *Terre d'Ebène* ("The Land of Ebony") the author of "The Road to Buenos Aires" has launched a bitter attack against France's administration of her African colonies. André Gide confirms much that Londres says, anent the stupid cruelty and oppression with which the Republic whose motto is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" treats its black subjects. Gide is more suave, but no less revealing. To the color-prejudiced American in particular, this fine, sane, unprejudiced record of a sensitive and humane mind may be recommended. It is a record uniquely interesting, enjoyable and human. Gide's boys are no "Spider Boys," but as he says: "These town people are spoilt—less simple, I mean, and consequently less interesting than those of the bush." Dorothy Bussy's translation is distinctly good and true to its original.