the directive State. (The distinction would be fine-spun, at best.) But a directive State implies a theocracy and a State church — and it was the specific intention of our Founding Fathers that there should be no State church in America. In the light of the stated opinions of the American constitution-makers, it is hard for a non-Catholic to see how Dean Manion could have explained the making of the American system in a manner that would be entirely satisfactory to those who believe in a theocratic organization of society. Wilfrid Parsons argues that Dean Manion's philosophy must end in anarchy and the consequent destruction of liberty. But Dean Manion specifically states that "personal rights must be exercised consistently with the equal rights of others." It is by protecting the rights of each and every individual citizen that the State prevents anarchy, preserves liberty — and promotes the general welfare in the only way it can be promoted without subverting the principles of a free society.

Henry Link is not primarily concerned with high constitutional matters in "The Way to Security." A practicing psychologist, Dr. Link is writing for individuals whose problems arise out of the everyday give-and-take of life, not out of philosophical embroilment in high politics. Nevertheless, the political climate of opinion plays a large background role in Dr. Link's thinking about the personal relationships of his clients. It is the dominant opinion of our time that security is only to be had through State guarantees — through social security payments, minimum wage legislation, politically directed union-management bargaining, and so forth and so on. This accent on security *as a gift from the outside* is breeding a race that is rapidly becoming deficient in inner resourcefulness. Dr. Link has observed the connection between the spread of our dominant modern political theory and the growth of personal insecurity at a thousand-and-one points. So his useful little book becomes, in the final analysis, a book on politics. It may seem a little far-fetched to allege a direct correspondence between the rise of the Welfare State and the growth of the sleeping-pill habit. But Americans never bought three billion sleeping pills a year in the days when they relied on their own efforts to gain them their own social security.

Dr. Link believes that the insights of the good psychologist must often prove the case for the insights of the Scriptures, and vice versa. When he first began pointing out the indubitable fact that human wisdom existed long before the birth of Freud, Dr. Link was something of a maverick among psychologists. Now the more pretentious of his professional brethren (see the recent works of Erich Fromm) are catching up with him. We doubt that the academic panjandrums will give credit where credit is due, but Dr. Link can take high personal satisfaction in having been the prophet of a salutary trend.

RHODODENDRON

This was the burning bush we saw —
The dripping mink, the newt, and I —
Deep in the crypt of the brook ravine,
Heatless, and still, and white, and holy.

JAMES RORTY

VOICES FROM HELL

Pour la Vérite sur les Camps Concentrationnaires. *Paris: Éditions du Pavois.*

Among the forty million Frenchmen some are indeed right — for instance David Rousset, former teacher, former inmate of Nazi concentration camps, former associate of Jean-Paul Sartre, former fellow-traveler, but not at all satisfied to rest on the laurels of such a heterogeneous past. To emerge alive from the torments of Nazi camps was not enough for Rousset — he had to *comprehend* what he had gone through. And so he wrote, in 1945, "*L'Univers Concentrationnaire*" — the best book on that infernal subject in any language, and one that will be read until Leviathan ultimately swallows man.

When Rousset produced his monumental report on torture as a means of systematized totalitarian education, he sensed that he was dealing with much more than just a German degeneracy. "*L'Univers Concentrationnaire*" (and this gave the book its uncanny impact) was potentially the whole world. But for a few subsequent years, perhaps because he was too exhausted to face all implications of his experience, Rousset drifted along, rather prominently, with those certified French highbrows who are pre-cooking France for Stalin's palate. Yet he could not for ever resist the powers of his own book — its painful insight, its grasp of truth, its unpurchasable concern for tortured man. To have any meaning at all, Rousset finally realized, his own experience forced him to inquire into the universe of concentration camps that survived (and, in fact, had preceded) Hitler — the Soviet Union.

In 1949, Rousset publicly called on his French fellow-graduates from Nazi camps, especially those who had written books on that subject, to form with him a committee of inquiry into concentration and forced-labor camps wherever such may still exist — in Spain, in Greece and, yes, in the Soviet Union. Whereupon the roof blew off in the offices of the Communist and crypto-Communist press of Paris.

Now in France, as most everywhere else in the realm of leniently liberal tradition, Communist journalists are past masters in the fine art of a slander that remains scot-free because of impotent libel laws. The trick is to make the slander just sufficiently vague to rob the damaged party of effective recourse. However, one of the Parisian journals, the Stalinist *Lettres Françaises*, made a mistake. Its editor, one Pierre Daix, accused Rousset specifically of having falsified the official Soviet documents he had quoted in his appeal — a provable, or disprovable, attack on Rousset's professional honor as a writer. So Rousset could sue. The present volume offers the virtually unedited minutes of the resulting trial which opened on November 20, 1950, and ended on January 12, 1951, with a crushing verdict against Pierre Daix and his co-defendant, one Claude Morgan.

It's a gripping story. It is also, to the shame of the American press, a story completely unreported in this country save for three dispatches by the indefatigable Dr. David Dallin to the *New Leader*, the *Freeman's* gallant but by no means widely read contemporary.

To me, I confess in bewilderment, this silence is a first-rate riddle. I refuse to believe that all our wire services, all the Paris correspondents and all the foreign-news editors of all United States newspapers had entered a conspiracy with the malicious intent of killing that particular story. This is 1951, and whatever its sins may have been in the past, the American press is no longer the dupe of effectively planted Commie operators — certainly not to the extent of such a concerted silence on an essential news development. No, it wasn't, it couldn't have been, a conspiracy. But what *was* it?

That all United States correspondents in Paris and all editors at home, in an unprecedented *unisono* of misjudgment, deemed the trial so totally bare of "newsworthy" aspects is just about as improbable as the conspiratorial hypothesis. There are trials which, for reasons unknown and perhaps unfathomable, unmistakably hit the public's solar plexus — and the Rousset trial, at least in France, was manifestly one of them. While it lasted, it was shaking French public opinion not much less than the Hiss trial had shaken ours a year before. American newsmen may have doubted whether their audience would quite understand the French emotion; but surely that emotion itself was a genuine news story! Crawling as it is with American correspondents, Europe is, if anything, over-reported in America: No Titoist sparrow can fall off the Stalinist roof, no diplomatic rumor can spread through a Parisian cafe, no duke look at a floozie, without our press wires burning up — and the illuminating effect the Rousset trial had on Paris, the city of cynical darkness, didn't merit even a cursory treatment? Now *there's* a puzzle that ought to evoke the inquiring zeal of Robert Hutchins's Committee on the Freedom of the Press!

The trial minutes, presented in this small French volume, are partly tormenting and partly hilarious reading matter. The hilarious part is, of course, played by the Communist defendants who perform, with true Latin dexterity, one of the most intricate ballet steps known to the trade: One, you deny that there are, or ever have been, forced-labor camps in the Soviet Union; two, you praise their immaculate comforts, philanthropic purpose and unparalleled educational achievements; three, you face your partner again and declare that only a diversionist Wall Street Trotskyite would spread the lie that any such camps exist in Stalin's orbit. It's a zany act that would dependably stop even an Olson and Johnson show.

Such belly laughs, however, are smothered by the human agony that was audible throughout the Rousset trial. Rousset and his attorneys did some hard pre-trial work. In court they produced, not only official Soviet documents which bluntly discuss the administrative practice of imposing forced-labor penalties without judicial findings on alleged guilt, but also an overwhelming procession of witnesses — fifteen people who had served years in Stalin's purgatories. They marched onto the stage in the tortured flesh — Russian peasants, Polish officers, an Austrian nuclear physicist, a Czech lawyer, Jewish Socialists, widows of purged German Communists, Spanish Republicans — indeed, Workers-of-the-World-United-in-Soviet-Dungeons. They told their stories, one after another, with the fierce power that comes from exposure to authentic pain. You see — *they had been there!* They had returned, by miracle or merely by stupid accident, to our world of the living, and the dirty shadow of Stalinesque death was still all over them. They just told their stories, without much dramatic artistry; but their mere presence erased the clownish defendants. With every session the scales sank more heavily into the conscience of a not easily shockable Paris. So that on judgment day (the preliminary sort of judgment day that takes place in ancient Parisian courthouses) the devastating formal sentence against Comrades Daix and Morgan came as a feeble anticlimax.

David Rousset, who continues his magnificent private crusade with Gallic temperament and a better than Gallic courage, emerges from this trial report as a true and faithful curator of Europe's finest values. And if anybody knows an American publisher in search of a deeply disturbing book — here's his chance!

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THE SIN OF PARADOX

De Profundis, by Oscar Wilde. *New York: Philosophical Library. $3.00*
Oscar Wilde, by André Gide. *New York: Philosophical Library. $2.75*
Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus, by André Gide. *New York: Knopf. $3.00*

Oscar Wilde was a Greek boy, and we should look at his life as an Athenian fable. He was punished for a vice that was as much part of the habit and dress of Attica as were the wallet and the holes in the cloak of the Cynic philosophers. What doomed Wilde long before his imprisonment in Reading Gaol was his pursuit of pleasure, a plague and snare for everybody. There was one pupil of Socrates who said that he would rather go mad than feel pleasure. Wilde's real weakness was that he did not fear what so attracted him. Well, Pascal said that no man can fear himself.

"De Profundis" was first published in 1905 which was a few years after the death of Wilde. This was an incomplete text consisting of letters written by Wilde in Reading Gaol to Lord Alfred Douglas. The republication of the complete volume of epistles creates some doubts in the reader. One wonders whether these letters, far from hindering appetite, may not kindle it. The early pages of the book are a vexsome and lachrymal account of Wilde's financial misfortunes. Wilde writes that he spent more than five thousand pounds in two years on Lord Douglas's dinners, travels, flowers; and these letters read like a debauched supper described by Petronius. Douglas was a wastrel with a mean poetaster's talent, and though Wilde's acrimonious judgments of him are true, they are not judgments that come out of wisdom. Wilde had no palate for morals.

Wilde tells us in the letters how the scandal was started. As long as the Irish wit was the idolized *flaneur* of London he made no account of his evil reputation. When the father of Douglas accused Wilde of having seduced his son, Wilde brought charges against the elder. It was Wilde's most puerile error. Wilde should never have gone to the law; he should have left for Paris instead. He committed also another folly; he should have hidden his vice. Everyone has some skulking disgrace that has cindered his soul, as we know from the hinted shames in the Sonnets. What man can least bear of all his miseries is the ruin of his name, which is something to which Wilde paid little heed until he was broken by the public tongue. Douglas's father had boasted at his club that nothing in