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Report on Mao's China
by Frank Moraes

God's Underground in Asia
by Gretta Palmer

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able to communist exploitation, and the British government has a long and difficult task ahead of it in creating a constructive and truly Malayan nationalism that alone can ward off the Communist threat.

All in all this is a very informative book, in spite of the unevenness of style and treatment inevitable in such collections.

H. DE LA COSTA

REPORT ON MAO'S CHINA. By Frank Moraes. Macmillan, New York. 1953. Pp. 212. \$3.75

GOD'S UNDERGROUND IN ASIA. By Gretta Palmer. Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York. 1952. Pp. vii-375. \$3.75

So great is the contrast between these two books that it is hard to believe that both are written about the same country and cover in part the same period.

Mr. Frank Moraes, editor of *The Times of India*, made a trip to Red China in April-June 1952, as a member of the Indian Cultural Delegation, whose head was Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, sister of Nehru, former Indian Ambassadress to Moscow and to Washington, now president of the Assembly of the United Nations.

The author frankly states that this was a conducted tour; that the delegates saw only what the Reds wished them to see, spoke only to those to whom the Reds intended they should speak. Even such incidents as the "accusation meeting" against a Cantonese shop-keeper may not have been "accidental."

The thesis of the book is practically the same as the thesis proposed a short time ago by Mrs. Pandit in a radio address to the American people. It is an *apologia* for the policy of Nehru, which policy, granted such specifically Indian elements as the doctrine of non-violence, is roughly the Asian counterpart of the *troisième force* in Europe.

The impression is that the author, though anti-communist, is striving painstakingly to be fair. By putting the Communist answers to specific Western charges into the mouths of third persons, notably of India's Ambassador to Peking, K.M. Pannikar, the author states them, yet disassociates himself from them in varying degrees. But the arguments will be remembered long after the careful nuances of the author's disagreement are forgotten, and however good may be the author's intentions, the net result of the book will be to show that despite the terror, the denial of personal liberty, Communism has done much good, that the vast majority of the people is for the government, that, at least, it is much better than the government they had, and finally about as good as the Chinese people, given their history

and psychology, have a right to expect. And this effect will be heightened by the reasonable tone, the well-informed intelligence of the author, the excellence of the style and presentation.

He likes especially the enthusiasm of the youth, the efficiency and organization of the new regime; he does not like their robot-like repetition of the propaganda clichés, and the teaching of hatred for America to tiny tots in nursery schools. He likes the new position of women, their equal rights in marriage, divorce and inheritance. China "has in one vault leaped several centuries. . . . What was not practicable in democratic India was achieved overnight in totalitarian China." He does not like the pitiful state of the intellectuals. "Why did these scholars, whose intellects once flourished in free air, fight shy of the very mention of Harvard, Princeton, Oxford and Cambridge? . . . For the first time I realized what for many years I sensed vaguely but never grasped. To have the body imprisoned behind walls is degrading. But to have the mind captive with invisible chains is far more degrading. In the democratic beholder such a spectacle creates a pain and nausea difficult to describe or overcome." "Cathay, tired, wise and ancient, lingered in many eyes . . . Some of the saddest eyes in Canton looked at you from behind shop counters . . ." After witnessing an "accusation meeting" in a shop (and a very mild one compared with usual reports of them) he asks, "What manner of movement was this that set men howling at a lone being in their midst, that brought into personal and political relationships the feline feel of the jungle?"

He is also enthusiastic about the agrarian reform and believes that the farmers are better off than ever before. He likes especially their pride of ownership, but realizes that soon collectivization will begin and destroy the idyll. He is enthusiastic about the Hwai river development, the dams and flood control, and though he has a vague suspicion that it was done by slave labor, he cannot find any evidence of it. The most interesting of his chapters is on the Communist hierarchy.

As for Christianity, he thinks that it made practically no impress on China, at least not on the religious level, that it identified itself with Imperialism and later with the Chiang Kai-shek regime, that it will wither and die if cut off from its western roots. In this he betrays his ignorance of the heroic fortitude now being manifested by Chinese priests and laity. "*Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum.*"

What Frank Moraes has not seen shines out on every page of the book by Greta Palmer, who died shortly after its publication.

Her book has not the charm or balance of Moraes' book, but it documents chronologically the details of the heroic sufferings of the Church in China, as much as possible in the words of those who have lived through them, or in the terse reports of others upon those that died. She sees Communism as a religion. "A religion

whether of God or of the Devil, cannot be studied in materialistic terms." "The student who studies Communism from the religious point of view avoids such tragic errors as have been made by statesmen since 1945. One of their mistakes was to underrate Communism as a force in international affairs and, most especially, in China."

The Communist persecution of the Church of China began in 1925. It did not cease, never has ceased. From 1925 until 1941, 312 Catholic missionaries were captured and 71 of them killed by the Reds. These things were reported—but only in obscure missionary magazines, while the public read Edgar Snow, Agnes Smedley, Anna Louise Strong, and was impressed. As Father Sands had written as early as 1931, the Communists even then had two primary hates: the Church and America. From 1934 to 1942 Russian Communists had instituted a reign of terror against Catholics in Sinkiang. And even in those days the Communist prison technique was the same.

But the book merely sums up these earlier periods. Its theme is "the full known story of the Chinese Church since V-J Day . . . this book is a story of mass murder—of organized terror—of lies hammered home to four hundred million members of the largest captive audience any propagandist ever claimed. But it is also a story of heroism and selfless bravery never surpassed in any Christian century."

She gives us details from a secret handbook issued to party members detailing the method for persecuting the Church: warnings that the charges must never be the real charge, must never admit that the persecution of religion is involved; suggestions on how to manufacture false charges. The real charge which has roused the Reds' hostility, that being a man of God the missionary is an obstacle to the atheistic State, is never permissible. Any charge, no matter how nonsensical (that an Italian missionary was an American agent because he had in his possession a copy of the *National Geographic Magazine*) may be used against a Catholic.

The known martyrology of priests in postwar China starts in February 1946 with the shooting of Father Joseph Fang, then the deaths of 33 of the 70 Trappist monks of the monastery of Yangchia-p'ing, the destruction of the Catholic town of Siwantze. In this book also is a chapter on Chinese Youth and its heroism in suffering and dying for the faith. Since official orders from Peking in December 1949, foreign missionaries, though they may have been harassed, jailed, tortured and expelled from China, have rarely been killed by the deliberate action of the Reds. Contrary to the belief of Frank Moraes, it is the *Chinese* priests and laity who died, and not because they were rich, or believed in Capitalism, or were mem-

bers of the Kuomintang. "They are dying for the Faith in all its naked, daylight clarity."

A little Catholic boy, taunted by Red playmates, was told, "If you step outside this circle, it means you have renounced God." Then they drew a chalk circle around him on the sidewalk. After long hours the boy had to cross the line; he made his way several miles to the nearest priest, tearful because he feared he might have deserted the faith.

In this book we have the truth from eye-witnesses, not from hearsay; from those who have lived the experiences of which they speak, have lived in China and known its people not from a six weeks trip, a conducted tour. They speak of the China which Mr. Moraes never visited, the China of the prisons, concentration camps, forced labor camps. They have lived in the villages which were not carefully rigged up for the Indian Delegation's visit. And they tell us that the mass of the people hate the regime. And when the precious nuances of Mr. Moraes' "reasonable" report are forgotten, these missionaries will return.

DANIEL CLIFFORD

BEYOND EAST AND WEST. By John C. H. Wu. With a Note of Introduction by Frank Sheed. Sheed and Ward, New York. 1951. Pp. xi-364.

This book is not in the ordinary sense an autobiography, but a spiritual Odyssey. John Wu gives us only those external facts necessary to an understanding of his spiritual development. Yet in five careers,—Law, Education, Diplomacy, Literature and Politics—he achieved success such as would content most men in one. At the age of 28 he was already a judge, at 29 chief justice and president of the Shanghai Provisional Court, whose delicate task (complicated by extraterritoriality, lack of precedents, varieties of nationalities and prejudices against Chinese justice) was to decide disputes arising between Chinese and non-Chinese in the International Settlement in Shanghai. At 30 he was lecturing in Law at Northwestern University, Chicago, and had been granted a research fellowship in law at Harvard, and was offered a professorship. The same year he refused a place on China's Supreme Court, and went into private practice with such success that he could take only a fraction of the cases offered to him. Besides all this, no matter what his other occupations, he was turning out articles and books on law. He was on terms of intimacy with the greatest jurists of the thirties, Justices Holmes, Cardozo, Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court, Roscoe Pound and many others.

In diplomacy, he was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Com-