

宋淇：毛姆與我的父親

## My Father and Maugham

By Stephen C. Soong

Translated by Diana Yu

SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND MY FATHER once had a brief encounter. To relate this story, I must begin by telling about my father.

My father Sung Ch'un-fang (宋春舫)<sup>1</sup> attained the *hsiu-ts'ai* degree in his home town Wuhsing, in the province of Chekiang, during the last official examination of the Ch'ing dynasty. He was called a prodigy because he was then only thirteen years old. He was fairly well grounded in the old learning, and though his main interest later shifted to European and American drama he did not abandon his study of classical Chinese literature. At home, his collection of reference volumes and old thread-bound books continued to grow. I remember he once said to me, "I have managed to put together quite a complete collection of *tz'u* (詞) and *ch'ü* (曲). The pity is they are not of the most select editions. That would require a lot of money, and I simply cannot afford it." Another thing I would like to mention here in passing. My father's calligraphy was good and neat, but it lacked a quality often described by the term "*hsiu-ch'i*" (gracefulness). After he went up to the North to teach, his friends would remark that it was rather unbecoming for a man of his intelligence to write such a pedestrian hand. So he solemnly made a fresh start to practise calligraphy, beginning with copying the Wei stone inscriptions, and chose the master stylist Lin Ch'ang-min in particular as his model. Afterwards, as a tribute to the late master, he had a facsimile volume of *Lin Ch'ang-min's Calligraphy* privately printed for distribution to Lin's relatives and friends. He never attained the stature of a calligraphic-artist, but I remember that when I was small his handwriting had already become highly regarded and people often asked for his calligraphy with which to decorate fans.

Because it was my father's will, even I, in my childhood, went through some home-tutoring. I remember that the books I studied included *The Three-Character Classic*, *The Hundred Names*, *The Four Books*, *The Book of Poetry*, *The Spring and Autumn Annals*, *The Chronicles of Tso*, *Yiu-hsueh Ch'iung-lin* (幼學瓊林) and *Lungwen Pien-ying* (龍文鞭影), and also *Chuang-tzu* and *Lieh-tzu*. That *Chuang-tzu* and *Lieh-tzu* should be included in the curriculum was clearly not the tutor's idea but owing to my father's directions, for he felt that these two authors' styles had colour and character.

Mr. Soong is Director of the Centre For Translation Projects, the Chinese University of Hong Kong, and Special Assistant to the Vice-Chancellor. This article, written in 1966, originally appeared in 純文學 (*Pure*

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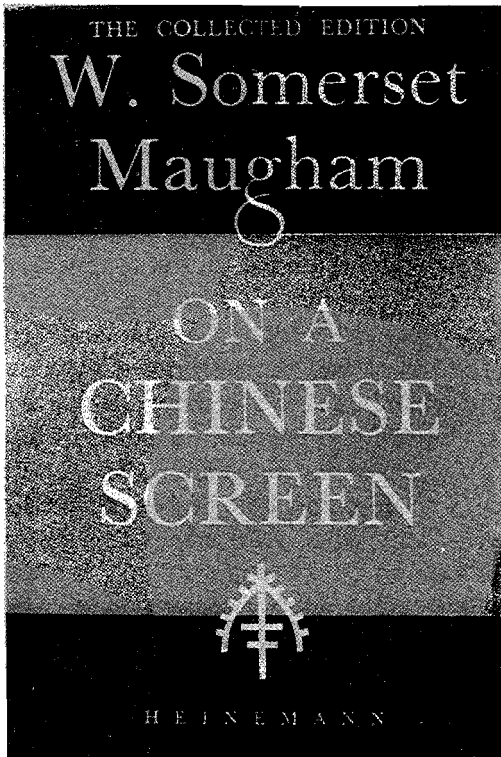
<sup>1</sup>In romanizing his name, my father used the form Soong Tzun Fong, or T. F. Soong, according to its pronunciation in the Shanghai dialect.—S.C.S.

Later my father entered St. John's University [in Shanghai], but without completing his course went off to Switzerland to further his studies at the University of Geneva. His proficiency in a number of foreign languages was due to his stay in that multi-lingual country where French, German and Italian were all spoken. He had also studied Latin strenuously, but it is not known when he began it. At the age of forty he determined to learn Russian and Japanese by himself, and three years later he could, with the aid of dictionaries, read Russian works from the original without difficulty; but he never had any success with Japanese, which he finally had to give up. I remember his saying to me, "I always thought I had talent where languages are concerned. I never imagined I would get stuck with Japanese." At the University of Geneva he read politics and economics. His developing an interest for drama and literature started with his stay in Paris. At that time many people told him the only way to learn the French language well was to go to the theatre frequently, so during his stay in Paris he spent every evening idling in the theatres. As far as I know, he was strongest in French, then German, and weakest in English.

In 1935 I passed matriculation and entered university, studying in the Western Languages Department. At that time my father was living in Tsingtao, and I went home every vacation and related with him closely. He felt that I was not proficient enough in English, chiefly because I only read text books and those reference books that were assigned to us, and this rigid way of learning had a confining effect on my vocabulary and syntax. In the winter vacation of 1935 he began to initiate me into studying the classics of English drama. Besides those famous works which were always included in anthologies, he especially wanted me to read the works of two men: Oscar Wilde and Somerset Maugham. At that time his drama collection was housed in the study facing south, while another study that faced west was filled with other kinds of books, mainly literary works, in particular the Modern Library published in America and the famous Tauchnitz edition of English classics published in Germany. I still remember how, during the summer vacation of 1936, having finished reading the complete plays of Somerset Maugham, I went into the western study to look for other works by Maugham. Finally I found a copy of *On a Chinese Screen* on a shelf, opened it, and saw a pencil mark made against the chapter "A Student of the Drama". That at once stimulated my interest, and I read the whole chapter in one breath.

After finishing reading the sketch, I was quite certain that the subject of Maugham's description was none other than my father. But the sketch itself was so mercilessly sarcastic that at that time I had neither the heart nor the courage to go ask my father about it. In the summer of 1938 he died after a long illness, and when it crossed my mind to ask him again it was already too late. Afterwards I learnt from my teacher Professor Chang Hsin-hai that my father did meet Somerset Maugham once, and that essay was precisely a portrait of my father, but he felt at many points Maugham had made deliberate exaggerations with a rather unfair attitude. The truth is, a storyteller's pen is always unsparing. Among modern English novelists Aldous Huxley and Somerset Maugham were two constant troublemakers who had the habit of introducing real people whom they knew into their novels, for which they reaped a lot of animosity and even threats of libel suits.

Now Somerset Maugham is dead too, and I cannot help remembering that brief encounter between him and my father. I shall write down point by point here those



*"A STUDENT OF THE DRAMA" is one of 58 sketches in book written by Somerset Maugham from material gathered on his China trip in the early Twenties. Jacket design is that of an edition published by Heinemann, London, 1935.*

parts in Maugham's essay which bore reference to my father and which needed clarifying. What I do here is only in the nature of exegesis and is not intended for my father's defence. Even while my father was alive he had not made any reference to the matter, then why need I add my own words?

MAUGHAM'S BOOK was first published in 1922, and in its preface he said that his travels in China had begun in the year 1920. By estimation, then, the meeting between my father and Maugham should have occurred around the year 1920 or 1921. I have no means of finding out whether at that time my father was in Shanghai or Peking, neither did Maugham's essay reveal the place where they had met.

The article began by saying: *"He sent in a neat card . . . deeply bordered in black, upon which under his name was printed Professor of Comparative Modern Literature."* That was shortly after my grandmother passed away, and the black frame on my father's card was a sign of mourning.

Maugham went on: *"He turned out to be a young man with . . . gold-rimmed spectacles."* True enough, my father was a young man then—only thirty-one or -two years old. As I remember it, later he wore specs of the tortoise-shell type, but I think I have seen photographs of him in gold rims.

*"He spoke in a high falsetto, . . . and those shrill notes gave I know not what feeling of unreality to his conversation. He had studied in Geneva and in Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and he expressed himself fluently in English, French and German."* Perhaps my father's voice was somewhat high-pitched, but I did not share Maugham's feeling, maybe because I was too close to my father and too familiar with his voice.

Maugham said my father had a good command of English, French and German, which I have explained above. As to in what language the two of them conversed, Maugham did not specify, but I suspect they probably talked in French, or a mixture of French and English, for French terms were quoted several times in the essay, and Maugham himself, having lived with his parents in France during his youth, had learnt French even before he learnt English.

Recently I read a number of articles written in memory of Maugham which said that Anton Chekhov was the writer whom Maugham admired most, and that he wrote his short stories in Chekhov's style. Of course there is some basis for this opinion, but it is not entirely true. In *The Summing Up* (now collected in a volume entitled *The Partial View*) Maugham said that it was the novels and short stories of Guy de Maupassant that had the most influence on him when he set out to write. He started reading Maupassant at the age of sixteen, and at twenty had read all the works of the master. He admitted that Chekhov was a great writer of the short story, but he felt that Chekhov must not be, and should not be, imitated, and that he himself could not have written stories in the Chekhov manner. Later, what with various changes in time and place, he revised his views on Maupassant and Chekhov many times, but on the whole it would be truer to say that he was akin to Maupassant than to say he was akin to Chekhov. H. E. Bates, in his book *The Modern Short Story*, also said that Chekhov's heir in England was Katherine Mansfield, while Maugham was the representative of the Maupassant school. All this, though beside the point, might help to throw light on Maugham's character, personality and literary views.

*"It appeared that he lectured on the drama and he had lately written, in French, a work on the Chinese theatre."* Altogether my father had written three books in French—one on Chinese drama, one a history of Chinese literature, and one a book of travels, *Parcourant le Monde en Flamme*. At that time, because of my inadequate French, I could not tell how good his writing was. Later I showed the book of travels to a French scholar and, according to him, it read as though it was written by a native Frenchman—even the tone of it was absolutely French, quite undetectable as the work of a foreigner. It seems that at the time he met Maugham he had only published the first of the books, while the other two were not yet written.

Maugham continued with his account: *"His studies abroad had left him with a surprising enthusiasm for Scribe, and this was the model he proposed for the regeneration of the Chinese drama. It was curious to hear him demand that the drama should be exciting. He was asking for the piece bien faite."* As a matter of fact, my father had no particular love for Scribe. In his choice-list of "The World's Hundred Great Plays", an introduction to the modern theatre, Scribe and Sardou were each represented by only one play. The names of Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt, the German expressionists and the futurists were among those whom he first introduced to the Chinese reader, whose attention he also called to the farces of Labiche. It was in 1921, in his article "An Appraisal of Plays in the New Chinese Theatre", that he formally advocated having Scribe's plays transplanted to China, because he had seen that each and every of those so-called problem plays—such as the works of Ibsen and Shaw—performed at the time had invariably met with failure. He felt that the careful structure of Scribe's stage scripts would certainly capture the interest of the audience. He wrote: "Upon reading the works of the famous dramatists of Western

Europe, I discover that none suited the taste of my countrymen more closely than the works of Scribe." Perhaps at the time he said this his understanding and taste were not yet mature, and perhaps his views on Scribe were a little out of balance, but the remark had definitely sprung from personal perception. Maugham would certainly not understand it if the background was not explained to him; so it was no wonder that he should colour his writing with a tone of astonishment.

"*The Chinese theatre, with its elaborate symbolism, has been what we are always crying for, the theatre of ideas; and apparently it has been perishing of dullness.*" Here again Maugham misunderstood my father's point. To Maugham the theatre of China was the Peking opera, whose attributes—what he called symbolism and ideas—were sadly lacking in the contemporary theatres of Europe and America. Maugham himself, being used to writing for the stage in the realistic fashion, of course greatly envied the apparently simple yet highly sophisticated method of presentation in Peking opera. But my father, like other intellectuals of his generation who took part in the May Fourth Movement, ultimately hoped that literature could somehow influence the times and contribute something to social reform. In his mind the Chinese theatre should take the form of the theatre of Europe and America, and not that of the traditional Peking opera. By thinking so he was not trying to be unconventional. Like other contemporary intellectuals, he had reservations about the contents of the Peking opera like its advocacy of such ideas as loyalty to the emperor, filial piety, chastity, and righteousness; and he made known his dislike for the serialized operettas such as *Chi-tien the Living Buddha* (濟顛活佛) and *Yen Jui-sheng* (閻瑞生) that were fashionable at the time. Still, for the Peking opera he had respect and love. I remember that in Peking, when I was young, he used to take me to the theatre to "listen to the opera", and we often played the records of T'an Hsin-p'ei (譚鑫培), Liu Hung-sheng (劉鴻昇) and Wang Hsiao-nung (汪笑濃) at home. He even wrote an article entitled "I Do Not Belittle the Peking Opera" for the magazine *Yuchoufeng* (宇宙風) in which he expressed his admiration for the performing arts represented in the Peking Opera. Nevertheless, he would not go so far as to regard the Peking opera as worthy of representing the drama of China, as Maugham did.

WITH A TURN of the pen, Maugham wrote, "*But then, remembering the description on the card, I asked my friend what books, English and French, he recommended his students to read in order to familiarize themselves with the current literature of the day. He hesitated a little. 'I really don't know,' he said at last, 'you see, that's not my branch. I only have to do with drama; but if you're interested I'll ask my colleague who lectures on European fiction to call on you.'*" I don't know if these were my father's exact words. Among the modern dramatists he introduced in his writings before 1920, Galsworthy, Wilde, France, D'annunzio, Sudermann and Hauptmann were also novelists, and it was impossible for my father not to know about that. As for his colleague who lectured on European fiction, I have no idea who that could be. Perhaps my father felt that, as he was no great scholar on modern fiction, he dared not give his opinions rashly, lest it provoked laughter from a master.

"*'Have you read Les Avariés?' he asked. 'I think that is the finest play that has been produced in Europe since Scribe.'* 'Do you?' I said politely. 'Yes, you see our students are greatly interested in sociological questions.'

*Les Avariés* was a play

written by Brieux, whose other famous work was *La Robe Rouge*; both plays it seems, had been translated into Chinese. *Les Avariés* was adapted into English under the title "Damaged Goods", and created a sensation in England and America at the turn of the century. Naturally Maugham considered quite unworthy of his notice plays like *Les Avariés* which dealt with particular social issues and were even more vulgar in style than the average problem-plays. But our intelligentsia of the time, everyone of them, considered it their duty to reform the social ethos—even Hu Shih took it upon himself to write a play about marriage called "The Most Important Thing in Life"—it follows that an interest in Brieux could not be all that unforgivable. If my father had met Maugham ten or fifteen years later, perhaps they would have liked it a lot better to talk to one another, instead of finding it so hard to communicate. But this is only my conjecture, not a historical fact.

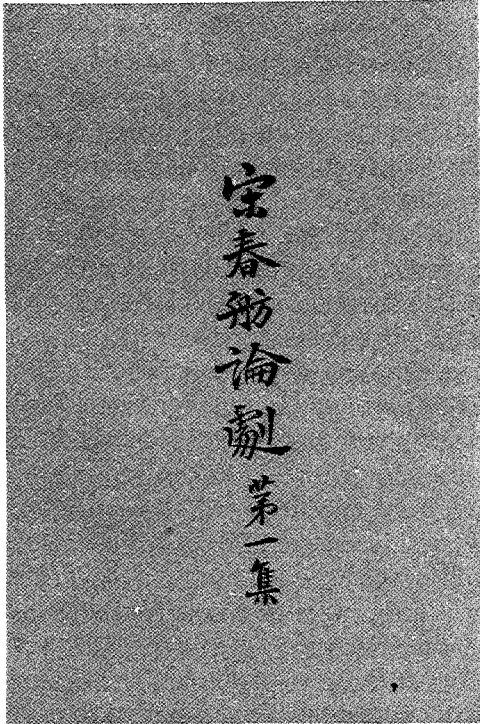
Maugham apologized for his complete lack of interest in social problems, and then turned their talk to Chinese philosophy. He mentioned Chuang Tzu. *"The professor's jaw fell. 'He lived a very long time ago,' he said, perplexed. 'So did Aristotle,' I murmured pleasantly. 'I have never studied the philosophers,' he said, 'but of course we have at our university a professor of Chinese philosophy and if you are interested in that I will ask him to come and call on you.'"* At this point Maugham professed it was useless to argue with such an inflexible pedagogue, and resigned himself to discussing the drama. The funniest thing he did here was to quote Chuang Tsu's chapter on "Autumn Floods", making a comparison between my father and the Spirit of the River who "gazed at the ocean and heaved a sigh".

Several points in this part of the essay require explanation. In those days, students who studied abroad, being misguided by the prevailing tendency of departmentalization and specialization in Europe and America, believed that as each person had one branch of knowledge to confine oneself to, while other departments were taken care of by other specialists, it would be inappropriate as well as presumptuous for one to assume the responsibility of others. This was a very widespread way of thinking. It was true that my father was no scholar in philosophy; neither then nor after did he do any serious study on it. The specialist in Chinese philosophy whom he had in mind was probably Dr. Hu Shih, because the two were both teaching at Peking University at that time, and were good friends; later when Hu Shih contracted heart disease he came to convalesce at our home in Tsingtao. After all, the subject of discussion was Chinese philosophy; my father's excusing himself and recommending Hu Shih to Maugham could not be regarded as all that wrong. As for Maugham's taking further liberty to laugh at my father's ignorance of Chuang Tzu, it could only have been a novelist's exaggeration. My father's idea was that Chuang Tzu's philosophy was not doing contemporary society any positive good. Something like Chuang Tzu's "Autumn Floods" my father could very probably recite by heart any moment. Only the novelist's rich imagination could have engendered the idea that my father would "gaze at the ocean and heave a sigh" on account of that.

*"My professor was interested in its (the drama's) technique and indeed was preparing a course of lectures on the subject, which he seemed to think both complicated and abstruse. He flattered me by asking me what were the secrets of the craft. 'I know only two,' I answered. 'One is to have commonsense and the other is to stick to the point.' 'Does it require no more than that to write a play?' he inquired with a shade*

of dismay in his tone. 'You want a certain knack,' I allowed, 'but no more than to play billiards.' " Maugham being the most successful professional playwright of his time and practically the greatest celebrity of the English stage when he came to visit China, it was only natural that my father should ask for his worthy opinion. Maugham himself took his own dramatic works very lightly, having an ironic and thoroughly disillusioned view about life and art. He did not care for the stage, for the reason that it involved too much co-operation with others, too much dependence on the cast, the director and the audience. He had frankly admitted that he wrote for the stage only to earn a comfortable living so that he could write the novels that were his heart's desire. He showed his extremely practical nature when he talked about the theories of the drama. The views that he expounded to my father could be found almost word for word in Chapter 35 of *The Summing Up*, where he said, "All the dramatist needs . . . is a specific knack. I do not know that anyone has been able to discover what this knack consists of. It cannot be learnt. It can exist without education or culture. . . . It is a faculty, like that of being able to play by ear, of no spiritual importance. But without it, though your ideas be profound, your theme original and your characterisation acute, you will never be able to write a play." As for the secrets of play-writing, Maugham believed there were two maxims: stick to the point and whenever you can, cut. Here he did not mention "commonsense" but substituted it with "whenever you can, cut". By "sticking to the point" he meant no digressing. Maugham felt that the inclination to digress was only human, but it led to a relax of control over the audience's concentration. As to his advocating "whenever you can, cut", it was because he saw that the rise of cinematography had awakened an even greater impatience and sensitivity in the audience, and that by contrast drama should say less but say it more forcefully, and one of the secrets the dramatist could apply here would be to cut, to cut till there was nothing more to cut, till the utmost point of condensation was reached. *The Summing Up* was written fifteen years after *On a Chinese Screen*, through which years Maugham naturally revised his views more or less, but on the whole his thoughts had remained uniform.

These words were the experienced talk of a man who had gone through the thick and thin of it, and perhaps my father was unable to appreciate them immediately, so he went on to say to Maugham, "*They lecture on the technique of the drama in all the important universities of America.*" Before 1920 my father had published articles introducing Brander Matthews' *A History of the Development of the Drama*, and Matthews was the first Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University. Maugham replied wittily, "*The Americans are an extremely practical people. I believe that Harvard is instituting a chair to instruct grandmothers how to suck eggs.*" My father, failing to catch this bit of humorous sarcasm, could only respond with "I do not think I quite understand you," following which Maugham delivered another non sequitur: "*If you can't write a play no one can teach you and if you can it's as easy as falling off a log.*" Then, again, in an excessively pungent tone, he wrote, "*Here his face expressed a lively perplexity, but I think only because he could not make up his mind whether this operation came within the province of the professor of physics or within that of the professor of applied mechanics.*" His belabouring the point was calculated to achieve an effect of caricature, the justification of which we need not delve into here.



"ESSAYS ON DRAMA"

Volume 1 of Sung Ch'un-fang's series of books promoting a modern theatre in China, published by Chung-hua Book Co., Shanghai, 1923. The title on the cover is in the author's own handwriting.

My father, who was not going to give up easily, pressed further, "But if it is so easy to write a play why do dramatists take so long about it?" Maugham was not of the same opinion: "They didn't, you know. Lope de la Vega and Shakespeare and a hundred others wrote copiously and with ease. Some modern playwrights have been perfectly illiterate men and have found it an almost insuperable difficulty to put two sentences together. A celebrated English dramatist once showed me a manuscript and I saw that he had written the question: will you have sugar in your tea, five times before he could put it in this form. A novelist would starve if he could not on the whole say what he wanted to without any beating about the bush." Maugham said playwriting was not a time-consuming job, but actually this is no matter on which to generalize. There are fast writers and there are slow writers. One may dish up a certain play very quickly but take ages with another play. Being a prolific writer himself, Maugham could not help applying his own standards on others. As for that celebrated English dramatist whom he mentioned, it was none other than Henry Arthur Jones, who ranked with Shaw and Pinero as outstanding British playwrights of the time. The same anecdote was used in Chapter 35 of *The Summing Up*: "I well remember Henry Arthur Jones showing me one of his manuscripts and my surprise on noticing that he had written such a simple sentence as, will you have sugar in your tea? in three different ways." Maugham told my father it was five times, while in *The Summing Up* he said it was three times; the wording was exactly the same except for the numerical difference, which proves it was a real incident.

Following that, my father said, "You would not call Ibsen an illiterate man and yet it is well known that he took two years to write a play." Maugham said, "It is obvious that Ibsen found a prodigious difficulty in thinking of a plot. He racked his



brain furiously, month after month, and at last in despair used the very same that he had used before." My father was so surprised he gave a scream. Maugham explained, "Have you not noticed that Ibsen uses the same plot over and over again? A number of people are living in a closed and stuffy room, then some one comes (from the mountains or from over the sea) and flings the window open; everyone gets a cold in the head and the curtain falls." After saying this, Maugham felt that my father should break into a smile to show that he had understood, but my father knit his brows and gazed into space for fully two minutes, then rose to go, saying to Maugham as he left, "I will peruse the works of Henrik Ibsen once more with that point of view in mind." At the time of their interview, Maugham had reached the age of forty-six, and had written all his important works for the stage, as well as published his most important novel *Of Human Bondage*. He had arrived at a most penetrating understanding of life, art and writing. Scorning life in the true nature of a cynic, harbouring no illusions for anything, and in addition influenced by the literature of France, he could not help an edge of sarcasm in his every utterance, but unfortunately this was not the sort of thing prim idealists like my father could appreciate and accept spontaneously. My father had studied Ibsen intensively. In his translator's preface to the Italian play *Lost Youth* (青春不再)<sup>2</sup> he confessed that throughout his whole life he was moved most deeply by two plays—*Lost Youth* and Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, which proves he had the most ardent admiration for Ibsen. But even from the beginning he had looked at Ibsen from the angle of a student of the drama, while Maugham had expressed his views as a fellow playwright, views which only those in the same trade could fully appreciate. Here the difference between the viewpoints of the two men represents the difference between the professional writer and the scholar, and it would be extremely difficult to bring the two into harmony. I do not know whether my father would accept Maugham's views if he re-read Ibsen in later days, but my conjecture is even if he did accept them it could only be to a limited degree.

BEFORE THEY PARTED Maugham asked my father what he thought about the future of the drama. It was a question which all serious workers of the stage wanted to know. At first Maugham thought my father said "Oh Hell", then he reflected and guessed it was probably "O Ciel!" (Oh Heavens!) He said of my father: "He sighed, he shook his head, he threw up his elegant hands; he looked the picture of dejection." This gesture was, after all, a typical French gesture. "It was certainly a comfort to find that all thoughtful people considered the drama's state in China no less desperate than all thoughtful people consider it in England." And the sketch ended on this comparatively friendly note.

As a matter of fact, Maugham's account of my father, though severely biting, could be considered mild when compared with other passages in *On A Chinese Screen*, for he had not spared his mockery and lashings on most of the Europeans and Americans he had met in China. The only man who won his commendation in the book was Ku Hung-ming (辜鴻銘). At that time Ku Hung-ming was living in Chengtu, and Maugham paid a special visit to Ku's home to pay his respects, taking all of Ku's

<sup>2</sup>I do not know the original title of this Italian play and unfortunately there is no way of tracing it for the sake of this translation.—S.C.S.

insults and affronts without minding it. Ku Hung-ming had studied abroad in Edinburgh and Leipzig, but he was a reactionary in the process of China's modernization. (When Maugham met him he saw Ku wearing a queue and he had heard that Ku smoked opium, but Maugham accepted these facts uncritically.) Ku Hung-ming believed that the culture of ancient China was of unparalleled excellence, and that there was absolutely no reason why China should undergo westernization. In his view that would be straining after superficialities and neglecting the essentials. He had delved deeply into the literature and philosophy of England and Germany. I have read his writings in English; it read very much like the Victorian masters Carlyle and Arnold, but seemed to be divorced from the times. He had translated the Four Books into English, in such a fine style that even Lin Yutang praised it. But, despite everything, he was not qualified to be called a thinker, and yet Maugham called him "A Philosopher"—I believe very few Chinese would agree that Ku deserved such an exalted title. This evidences Maugham's prejudice and limited understanding about China.

Certain thoughts came to me after perusing "A Student of the Drama". This sketch, though superficial, had touched on the basic problem of modern China. In talking about my father and Ku Hung-ming, Maugham might just as well be reflecting what some western intellectuals thought about China: that the country, mysterious and lovely as she was, should aim to preserve its existent cultural tradition and virtues, instead of blindly following the steps of European and American countries in pursuit of scientific achievements and mechanization. They thought that China was still closing its gates on foreigners. They completely ignored the direction of world trends and China's own urgent need for modernization. On this point, they were similar to a number of Chinese people who held fast to the maxim "Chinese learning for substance, Western learning for function". But my father more or less represented those students who since the May Fourth Movement had gone to Europe and America and had come back cherishing the hope that they could apply the fruits of their studies, whether in science or in literature, to practical use in society, to speed up the country's modernization. To take my father as an example, while he was alive he introduced a large bulk of European and American drama (he published altogether five volumes under the general title *Sung Ch'un-fang's Essays on Drama* and wrote several plays which could better be read than produced, but his efforts had not had any positive effects on society. True, he had eye-witnessed the considerable development of stage drama before the Sino-Japanese War, but the modern stage never became part of the spiritual life of the Chinese people. However, it is not within the scope of this article to discuss the possible influence, whether favourable or unfavourable, which such views as Maugham's would exert on Western policy toward China, or exactly what part intellectuals of my father's generation had played in the process of China's modernization. The analysis and evaluation of such problems must be left to scholars of modern Chinese history.

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