



The Summing Up

W. Somerset Maugham

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Autobiographical and confessional, and yet not, this is one of the most highly regarded expressions of a personal credo; both a classic avowal of an author's ideas and his craft.

The Summing Up Details

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Haoyan Do says

I am quite obsessed with Maugham for the time being. Even though I know this book cannot be compared with "Of Human Bondage", I still rated it four stars. One of the beginning sentence really threw me off, "It was still impossible to interest the public in the lower classes. Novels and plays that dealt with them were very generally considered sordid." However he proceeded to explain why this is the case and provided his wishes that such condition can be mended. So I quickly forgave him. After all, he himself wrote many passages about seediness, sordidness, and even one short incident of a very poor couple living in very poor quarters trying to have a baby etc. in "Of Human Bondage". Probably because the era he was living in --he wrote this book in 1930s, his conservatism is probably even considered liberal leaning. This brings me back to George Orwell, who was a steadfast supporter of real equality and democracy. No matter how I love Maugham's style, he cannot be compared with George Orwell in giving people inspirations.

I took a hiatus from reading this book. However when I heard E. B. White quoting Maugham's "Summing Up", I came back to this book. And here is the sentence that first came to me: "There is another form of wilful obscurity that masquerades as aristocratic exclusiveness. The author wraps his meaning in mystery so that the vulgar shall not participate in it."

Maahava **???? ?? ?? ?? ??? ????????** **says**

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peiman-mir5 rezakhani says

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Instead there are lengthy and quite tedious sections on subjects such as the theatre world and the role of the theatre director, or philosophy as a subject and the practitioners of it. He writes at length on God and religion which, despite concluding in favour of atheism to which view I subscribe, I found quite dull as it contained many arguments I've heard and read from various sources over the years. His views on philosophy are also quite tedious and amateurish. And the lengthy treatise on the theatre world held no interest for me whatsoever. It's a world that's quite petty and dull behind the scenes, his views being out-dated today.

For a book just over 300 pages, it's quite unsubstantial in its contents. The tone of the book is very chatty and Maugham writes clearly and eloquently about whatever's on his mind, but the book has no structure and no clear path to the topics. Maugham rambles and goes wherever his mind is on the day he's writing. This approach, to me, felt very lazy and haphazard as quite often Maugham isn't saying anything particularly interesting and for a man who lived as interesting a life as he did, it's a shame he forgoes a lot of it to tell you what he thought about the work of Matthew Arnold or Hazlitt.

This could have been a great book if it had been more focused and, for a fan like me, centred around the work he produced, thus being a real summing up of his massive body of literature. Instead it felt like a missed opportunity and, despite the occasional gem found here and there, was overall a very boring book that I was glad to set down once I'd finished it. Maugham is an excellent writer but a biography written by someone else is the best way to go if you're looking for views on his life and work. "The Summing Up" is unfortunately quite sparse in both departments and ends up being a very dry read.

Sketchbook says

"In my 20s the critics said I was brutal, in my 30s they said I was flippant, in my 40s they said I was cynical, in my 50s they said I was competent and now in my 60s they say I am superficial." Maugham lived far too long - into his 90s - but, don't diss Uncle Willie.

MOM wrote over 30 (produced) plays, 100 stories, a dozen novels and, somehow, married and fathered a daughter (his sexual screen, needed for any ambivalent youth after the Wilde crisis), divorced, and balanced 2 Signifs, kept a lusty sex life and was also a UK spy WW1, and a global traveller while managing a glittering social menu. How, how..? that's what I wonder.

My copy of the "The Summing Up," read in high school, is falling apart. If you haven't read : DO.

On writing - "It is not truth the writer attains, but merely a transposition of his own personality. People often write obscurely because they have never taken the trouble to write clearly. [Or] the writer is not sure of his meaning. ~~ Journalism kills the individuality of those who write for it."

Books - "The only important thing in a book is the meaning it has for you. Deprived of reading, I find myself as irritable as the addict deprived of his drug."

Life - "There is no reason for life, but the need for self-assertion is the essence of man. The artist can within limits make what he likes of his life. In other callings (medicine, legal, etc), you are no longer free."

God - "I look upon God as a hypothesis that a reasonable man must reject."

Love - "We are not the same persons this year as last; nor are those we love. Love depends on certain secretions of the sexual glands. We do not continue to be excited by the same object."

And...finally - "Social intercourse is fatiguing. I have no natural trust in others. This is the price one has to pay for having a sense of humor."

Cooper Cooper says

I read this book every few years—and enjoy it more each time. In his early sixties and not knowing how much longer he might live, W. Somerset Maugham decided to set down in *The Summing Up* not so much an autobiography as his observations about life. He then went on to live another 30 years (born in 1874, he died in 1965 at age 91). Maugham was a keen observer with a “tell it like it is” attitude and a simple style that made him very popular first with the play-going and then with the reading public. He made a ton of money and kept it. Though he did not consider himself among the first rank of writers, he placed himself high in the second rank. As he put it, “I can see very clearly what is just beyond the end of my nose; the great writers can see through a brick wall.”

Born in France of a diplomat father and a beautiful mother (a couple dubbed by wags “the beauty and the beast”), Maugham learned to speak French before English and always had an affinity for French culture, being influenced more by Flaubert and Maupassant than by Richardson or Trollope or Dickens. While Maugham was still a boy his mother died of TB (he never completely got over it) and shortly thereafter his father also died; sent to an English public (i.e. private) school, Maugham experienced culture shock and was made miserable by his introversion, his incompetence at sports and his embarrassing stammer. He had inherited some money and after public school he left England with relief and went to university at

Heidleberg, an experience he enormously enjoyed. Returning to England, he entered medical school because he didn't have the nerve to tell his caretaking uncle, a small-minded country parson, that he had decided to become a writer. Ironically it was his medical internship in the slums that led to his first novel (at age 23), *Liza of Lambeth*, which sold well enough to encourage him (unfortunately, according to Maugham) to drop medicine in favor of professional writing. His subsequent novels were less successful and for a number of years he struggled until, recognizing that he had a good ear for dialogue and a nimble wit, he took up playwriting and in his early thirties had an enormous success which persisted for many years, until he burned out and reverted to the more intimate forms of writing he preferred, the novel and the short story. However, before resuming work in these genres he gathered a wealth of data on human nature by traveling a good deal, mostly to the islands of the South Pacific. After a period of assimilation, he sat down and wrote his first story in many years, which eventually became his most famous—"Rain." After this he cranked out many novels, including *Of Human Bondage*, *The Moon and Sixpence*, *Cakes and Ale* (his favorite) and *The Razor's Edge* (my favorite).

Maugham was like an anthropologist who sets out to study human nature in all its forms. Unlike most of his compatriots Maugham had experience not only with many foreign cultures but with all three social classes in England. He was raised in a mildly prosperous family of the middle class; as a young medical intern he peered into the intimate lives of the lower classes; and as a famous playwright he hobnobbed with England's aristocracy and literati. In his writing he drew extensively on his keen multi-class observations. When World War I broke out he volunteered to drive ambulances in France; after a short while he was transferred to the intelligence service, an experience described in his book *Ashenden*; perhaps the most fascinating event of his life was a secret mission to Moscow to try to head off the Bolshevik revolution, to "...devise a scheme that would keep Russia in the war and prevent the Bolsheviks, supported by the Central Powers, from seizing power...it seems to me at least possible that if I had been sent six months before I might quite well have succeeded."

Maugham is very enjoyable to read. He tells a good story, his style is simple, and his insight into human nature keen. A student of philosophy, he slips various worldviews painlessly into his narratives. One interesting thing about him is that he wanted to be more than just a writer: he set himself the twin goals of experiencing as much as possible of life ("You only go around once"), and of fully developing his character. Presumably he succeeded admirably in both. For the most part he tells it like it was and is; the only thing he held back on was his homosexuality, which in his day was considered scandalous for an English gentleman. Some of Somerset's pearls of wisdom:

Fact and fiction are so intermingled in my work that now, looking back on it, I can hardly distinguish one from the other. It would not interest me to record the facts, even if I could remember them, of which I have already made a better use.

On politicians: The gift of speech, as we know, is not often accompanied by the power of thought.

On businessmen: I have known men of affairs who have made great fortunes and brought vast enterprises to prosperity, but in everything unconcerned with their business appear to be devoid even of common sense.

On aristocrats: One might have thought that the only use of culture was to enable one to talk nonsense with distinction.

The prestige you acquire by being able to tell your friends that you know famous men proves only that you are yourself of small account.

I have not, as Kant enjoined, regarded each man as an end in himself, but as material that might be useful to

me as a writer.

There is only one thing about which I am certain, and that is that there is very little about which one can be certain.

Perfection has one grave defect: it is apt to be dull.

I wanted to write without any frills of language, in as bare and unaffected a manner as I could.... I began with the impossible aim of using no adjectives at all.

I discovered my limitations and it seemed to me that the only sensible thing was to aim at what excellence I could within them.

I most aim at lucidity, simplicity and euphony.... Simplicity and naturalness are the truest marks of distinction.

I do not write as [well as:] I want to; I write [as well as:] I can.

I have loved individuals; I have never much cared for man in the mass.

Of sex: It is obvious that you need not often go hungry if you are willing to dine off mutton hash and turnip tops.

It is because of my own grave faults that I have learnt indulgence for others.

There is not much to choose between men. They are all a hotchpotch of greatness and littleness.

I have wished that beside his bunch of flowers at the Old Bailey, his lordship [the judge:] had a packet of toilet paper. It would remind him that he was a man like any other.

What has chiefly struck me in human beings is their lack of consistency.

I cannot bring myself to judge my fellows; I am content to observe them.

I knew that suffering did not ennoble; it degraded. It made men selfish, mean, petty and suspicious. It absorbed them in small things. It did not make them more than men; it made them less than men.

Human nature may be displayed before you and if you have not the eyes to see you will learn nothing.

Though I have never much liked men I have found them so interesting that I am almost incapable of being bored by them.

I have no natural trust of others. I am more inclined to expect them to do ill than to do good.

I have most loved people who cared little or nothing for me and when good people have loved me I have been embarrassed.

It is dangerous to let the public behind the scenes. They are easily disillusioned and then they are angry with you, for it was the illusion they loved.

I have more character than brains and more brains than specific gifts.

The only important thing in a book is the meaning it has for you.

Some fortunate persons find freedom in their own minds; I, with less spiritual power than they, find it in travel.

Imagination grows by exercise and contrary to common belief is more powerful in the mature than in the young.

The common idea that success spoils people by making them vain, egotistic and self-complacent is erroneous; on the contrary it makes them, for the most part, humble, tolerant and kind. Failure makes people bitter and cruel. Success improves the character of the man.

On the South Seas: What excited me was to meet one person after another who was new to me.

On the sanatorium where he was sent to recover from TB: I discovered for the first time in my life how very delightful it is to lie in bed.

The reading public has enormously increased during the last thirty years and there is a large mass of ignorant people who want knowledge that can be acquired with little labor.

The point of the writer is that he is not one man but many. It is because he is many that he can create many and the measure of his greatness is the number of selves that he comprises.

I chiefly wanted to be let alone, but I had discovered that not many wanted that, and if I let them alone they thought me unkind, indifferent and selfish.

I have only found one explanation [for the existence of evil:] that appealed equally to my sensibility and to my imagination. This is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls [reincarnation:]. I can only regret that I find the doctrine impossible to believe.

Men are passionate, men are weak, men are stupid, men are pitiful; to bring to bear on them anything so tremendous as the wrath of God seems strangely inept.

Shaghayegh.13 says

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Chrissie says

I was seriously contemplating dumping this book, but then it turned around. It improves after a while. I am definitely glad I read it, but I would not recommend the book to any except true fans of the author.

This is not an autobiography. Instead, at the age of sixty-four, the author is ruminating about his career choices, the theater, literature, religion and philosophy. He avoids discussion of his personal life, saying nothing about his marriage, his child, his homosexual relationships and very little about his parents, his youth, his initial medical career, or his work as a British intelligence officer during the First World War.

The focus of the book **is** his writing career, but it does not detail his own short stories, plays or books. He talks about authors he admires and what exactly he admires about them. He has studied other authors to improve his own writing. He writes about different kind of literature—their idiosyncrasies and what they require of an author. When discussing drama, for example, he discusses the use of verse or straight prose, the differences between drama and cinema, how an audience, a director and the actors influence a theater performance. A playwright must take all these aspects into account when writing a play. He analyzes meticulously different literary forms. He explains why he grew bored with drama and returned to fiction.

Anyone interested in Maugham's writing will surely have noted his ability to write in different genres, on different topics and in different styles. That in this book he focuses on the requirements of each is scarcely surprising. Given the wide scope of the author's own writing, it is not strange that he felt the need to analyze the characteristics and requirements of each. That the book is as it is is what you would expect given his writing career.

The final third veers off into an analysis of the author's life philosophy and religion. He was an agnostic. How and why he came to be so is discussed. A wide range of philosophical ideas are discussed, as are the concepts of evil and goodness, life after death and the essence of love, truth and beauty. His reading of world literature and his study of religious and philosophical beliefs were extensive. He read to answer his own queries on religious and philosophical beliefs and on the art of writing. Such reading, along with his life experiences, have molded him as an individual and as a writer, and this is why he discusses his views here.

The book's chapters are exceedingly short. The first ones felt disjointed and messy. They started, they ended and I was left wondering what had been their point. Topics are thrown at the reader and then abandoned—not gone into with adequate depth. At the beginning, we are not even told that he was born in 1874, at the British embassy in Paris, France. We are told that his mother died when he was eight and his father when he was ten. Later he mentions that he stammered. He died at the age of ninety-one in 1965, many years after this book was written.

The audiobook I listened to was narrated by Andrew Wincott. It is not difficult to follow, but I cannot say I am in love with its sing-song timbre. I have given the narration three stars of five.

My ratings of Maugham's books :

- *Then and Now 5 stars
- *Mrs Craddock 4 stars
- *Cakes and Ale 4 stars
- *The Painted Veil 4 stars
- *The Verger 4 stars
- *Liza of Lambeth 3 stars

- *The Razor's Edge 3 stars
- *The Summing Up 3 stars
- *The Gentleman in the Parlour: A Record of a Journey from Rangoon to Haiphong 3 stars
- *The Magician 3 stars
- *Up at the Villa 3 stars
- *Christmas Holiday 3 stars
- *Theatre 2 stars
- *The Moon and Sixpence 2 stars
- *Of Human Bondage 2 stars
- *The Merry-Go-Round 1 star

You can see I appreciate W. Somerset Maugham's writing, if not all of his books. Each has different content and style. His writing is not lyrical, but he is adept at dialog and observant of the world around him. His humor is most often ironical. If someone were to ask where to start, I would say Cakes and Ale or Mrs Craddock.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Summing up, W. Somerset Maugham

The Summing Up is a literary memoir by W. Somerset Maugham, written when he was 64 years old, first published in 1938. It covered his life from 1890-1938. The subject matter includes his childhood, his initial success in theater, his transition from theater to fiction writing, and other miscellaneous topics such as travel, and philosophy. It is a small book filled with memorable quotes.

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Brook says

This book gives you the experience of sitting down with an accomplished old man, and listening as he beautifully explains his life story and the wisdom it gave him.

Elham Ghafarzadeh says

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Will says

"You can get a great deal of entertainment out of tedious people if you keep your head. I remember being taken for a drive in a foreign country by a kind lady who wanted to show me round. Her conversation was composed entirely of truisms and she had so large a vocabulary of hackneyed phrases that I despaired of remembering them. But one remark she made has stuck in my memory as have few witticisms; we passed a row of little houses by the sea and she said to me: 'Those are week-end bungalows, if you understand what I mean; in other words they're bungalows that people go to on Saturdays and leave on Mondays.' I should have been sorry to miss that."

Nicole~ says

I must write as though I were a person of importance; and indeed, I am- to myself.

-W. Somerset Maugham(1874-1965)

The Summing Up (1938) is an introspective attempt at bringing together Maugham's thoughts on subjects that had primarily interested him through the course of his life- ideas on literature, art, religion, ethics, and philosophy- in a conclusive, coherent manner.

Maugham began by stating that this book was neither intended as an autobiography nor a book of recollections. In fact, he clearly noted that certain aspects of his life would remain unmentioned, private; and provided no license for any biographies in his lifetime. He felt that to give them weight would detract from the important life points upon which he wished to focus.

He was always bothered by setting down his thoughts in the first person, considering that he was more comfortable speaking through the characters in his novels.

"Fact and fiction are so intermingled in my work that now, looking back on it, I can hardly distinguish one from the other."

Mixing fact and fiction, Maugham's characters and themes were "created" from many of his acquaintances and experiences. Not one to be enamored of celebrity or fashionably co-mingling with the famous, he felt that *"the prestige you require by being able to tell your friends that you know famous people proves only that you are yourself of small account."* Maugham was more interested in the socially obscure, *"since they have never been in the public eye, it has never occurred to them that they have anything to conceal. They display their oddities because it has never struck them that they are odd."* To him, the less distinctive group proved a writer's more fertile ground.

Maugham shared his memories of his childhood with brevity (much more of it was written in *Of Human Bondage*), his natural writing instinct and developing flair for writing easy dialogue. He acknowledged strong literary influences by writers such as De Maupassant, Dryden, Voltaire, Swift, among others.

Of particular interest to me, and which left an indelible impression, was the attention he gave to explaining

his philosophy, for this was the backbone of all Maugham's works. Of the worthiness of his writing (or writing in general), he contemplated that *"it is hard not to ask oneself whether it is anything but futility to write plays and stories and novels..when men in millions all living on the border-line of starvation, when freedom in great parts of the inhabited globe is dying or dead, when a terrible war has been succeeded by years during which happiness has been out of the reach of the great mass of the human race, when men are distraught because they can see no value in life and the hopes that had enabled them for so many centuries to support its misery seem illusory."* He would later reflect that he felt born to such a purpose: *"some of us are so made that there is nothing else we can do. We do not write because we want to; we write because we must."*

With confidence in his moral standards, religious and agnostic views, of human behavior- humanity's bad vs good attributes, of purpose in life, Maugham's words ran fluent with clear meaning, in spite of the obvious constraints he exercised to ink the personal convictions he strongly held.

"It may be that in goodness we may see , not a reason for life nor an explanation of it, but an extenuation. In this indifferent universe, with its inevitable evils that surround us from the cradle to the grave, it may serve not as a challenge or a reply, but as an affirmation of our own independence."

The Summing Up is a marvelous (albeit miniature) self-portrait , colored boldly with feelings and opinions. I felt it was too short to do justice to an author successfully accomplished in so many literary forms (novel, short story, personal narrative, literary and art criticism, drama, book travel, essay). Maugham ended the book with a quote by Fray Luis de Leon: *"the beauty of life is nothing but this, that each should act in conformity with his nature and his business."*

As a Maugham fan, I do feel that he might have undeservedly sold himself short in **The Summing Up** of his life. It is, however, a great starting point to gain insight into the philosophy that shaped such novels as the Razor's Edge, Of Human Bondage, Cakes and Ale, The Moon and Sixpence.

Extensive biographies have been published without Maugham's stylized eloquent input(Maugham by Ted Morgan,1980; and The Secret Lives of Somerset Maugham: A Biography by Selina Hastings, 2010) - posthumously, and authorized through his estate, after some legal foot-work.

Doroti says

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Sunny says

W Somerset Maugham has got to be one of my favourite writers. And this book which is essentially a summary of a lot of his philosophical thoughts was exquisite as well. I was first introduced to W Somerset Maugham when I read "Of Human Bondage". The simplicity with which he writes and his acute sense of word usage is what makes his writing style so easy to engage with. Of Human Bondage has got to be one of my top 20 all-time favourite books. In this book W Somerset Maugham talks about a lot of his different philosophies and the work is part autobiographical in that it discusses a lot of his youth and how the different things he read influenced him throughout the course of his life. In fact a lot of the things that happens to the protagonist in Of Human Bondage are replicable and parallel to what happened in some of the earlier stages of W Somerset Maugham's life himself. He was also sent to live with family members when his own parents died at quite young an age and he also studied medicine and lived in other European countries; all of these things happened to the protagonist in Of Human Bondage. Here are some of my best bits from the book;

- "And the gift of speech as we know is not often accompanied by the power of thought".
- "I've always wondered of the passion many people have to meet the celebrated (celebrity). The procedure acquired by being able to tell your friends that you know someone famous proves only that you are yourself of small account".
- "I've been more concerned with the obscure than of the famous. They (the obscure) are more often themselves. They've had no need to create a figure to protect themselves from the world. The idiosyncrasies have had more chance to develop in the limited circle of their activity and since they have never been in the public eye it never occurred to them that they have anything to conceal".
- "And yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness maybe ... The flashy effects distract your mind. They destroy the persuasiveness; you would not believe them and yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness maybe: it may result in the tiresome acrobatics of Meredith. McCauley and Carlisle were in the different ways arresting; but at the heavy cost of naturalness. These flashy affects distract the mind. They destroy the persuasiveness; you would not believe a Man was very intent on ploughing a field if he carried a hoop with him and jump through it every other step. A good style should show no sign of effort".
- "For my part I do you not think I'm any better or any worse than most people but I know that if I set down every action in my life and every thought that has crossed my mind the world would consider me a monster. I want to how anyone can have the face to condemn other people when he reflects upon his own thoughts".
- "Yes surely our reveries are as much part of us as our actions and if they were known we might just as well

be held responsible for them as for our deeds".

- "When I've heard judges on the bench moralising with unction I've asked myself whether it was possible for them to have forgotten humanity so completely as the words suggested. I wish that beside his bunch of flowers at the Old Bailey his lordship had a packet of toilet paper. It would remind him that he was a man like any other".

- "I'm not my brothers keeper. I cannot bring myself to judge my fellows I am content to observe them".

- "I do not want to spend too long the time with boring people but then I do not want to spend too long the time with amusing ones. I find social intercourse fatiguing. Most people I think are both exhilarated and rested by conversation; to me it was always been an effort. When I was young and stammered badly to talk for long singularly exhausted me and even now speaking at length can be a strain. It is a relief to me when I can get away and read a book".

- "Selfishness and kindness idealism, shyness, courage laziness nervousness obstinacy and diffidence they can all exist in the single person and achieve harmony. It's taken a long time to persuade readers of the truth of this".

- "I heartily wish that in my youth I had someone of good sense to direct my reading. It pains me when I reflect on the amount of time I've wasted on books that were of no great profit to me".

- "By taking thoughts by deliberate effort the artist must enlarge deepen and live for us his personality. Then the soul must follow. Like the bride of Christ the artist waits for the illumination. I shall bring forth a new spiritual life. The unconscious does its mysterious business; and then suddenly springing you might think from nowhere the idea is produced".

- "In great cities men are like a lot of stones thrown together in a bag; the jagged corners are rubbed off in the end they are as smooth as marbles. These men have never had the jagged corners rubbed away I was one of the stones in a bag. I got back my jagged edges. I was at last myself. I ceased to travel because I felt the travel could give me nothing more. I was capable of no new development. I asked from others nothing more than they could give me and I learnt toleration and I was pleased with the goodness of my fellows; I was not distressed by the badness and I had acquired independence of spirit. I learnt to go my own way without bothering with what others thought about me".

- "I'll give you my opinion of the human race in a nutshell: the hearts in the right place but the head is a thoroughly inefficient organ".

- "The great critic should have a sympathy as wide as his knowledge is universal it should be grounded not a general indifference such as makes men tolerant of things, but an active delight in diversity he must be a

physiologist and a psychologist and he must know how the basic elements of literature are related to the minds and bodies of men and he must be a philosopher for from philosophy he will learn serenity impartiality and the transitoriness of human things that ephemeral nature he must be familiar but only with the literature of his native land with standards found in the literature of the past and studios of contemporary literature In other countries we will see clearly the trend that literature in its evolution is pursuing".

- "In some deep recesses of my soul lingered still the old dread of hellfire and for long my expectation was tempered by the shadow of the ancestral anxiety. I no longer believed in God I still however in my bones believed in the devil".

- "I came to the conclusion that man aimed at nothing but his own pleasure and that when he sacrificed himself for others it was only an illusion leading to believe that he was seeking anything but his own gratification".

- "The absolute is the richer for every discord of all diversity which embraces just as in the machine which tells us the resistance and impression of the parts subserve an end beyond any of them it may be with the absolute and if this is possible it is indubitably real that evil also subserves a wider scheme and in this they realise they play a part in a higher good and in this sense unknowingly they are good. Evil is a deception of our senses and nothing more".

- "The work of arts I decided were the crowning product of human activity and the final justification for all the misery the endless toil and the frustrated strivings of humanity so that Michelangelo might paint certain figures on the Sistine chapel ceiling so that Shakespeare might write certain speeches and Keats his odes it seemed to me worth while the untold millions should've left and suffered and died".

- "The great values of life must teach men humility tolerance wisdom and magnanimity; the value of art is not beauty but right action".
