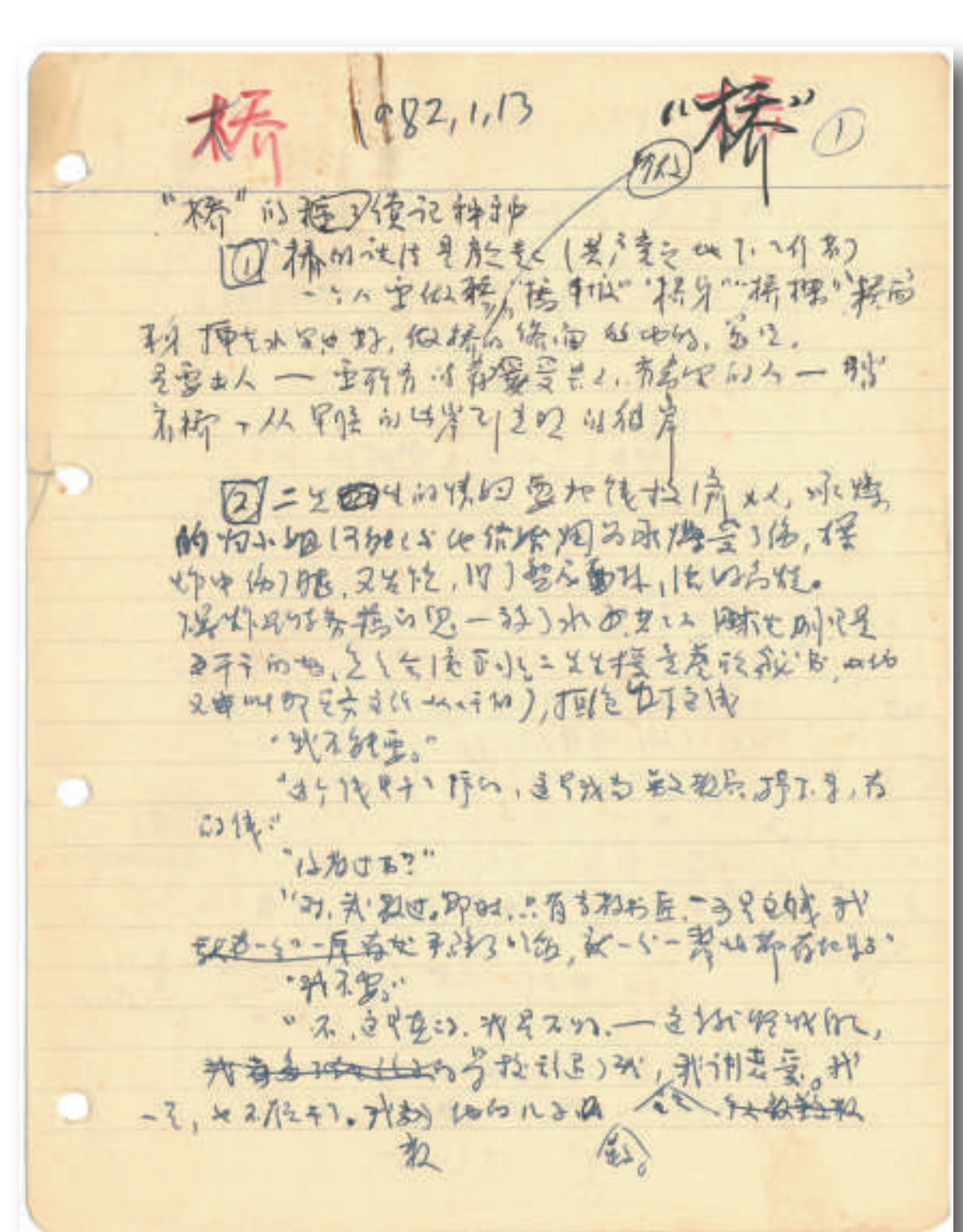
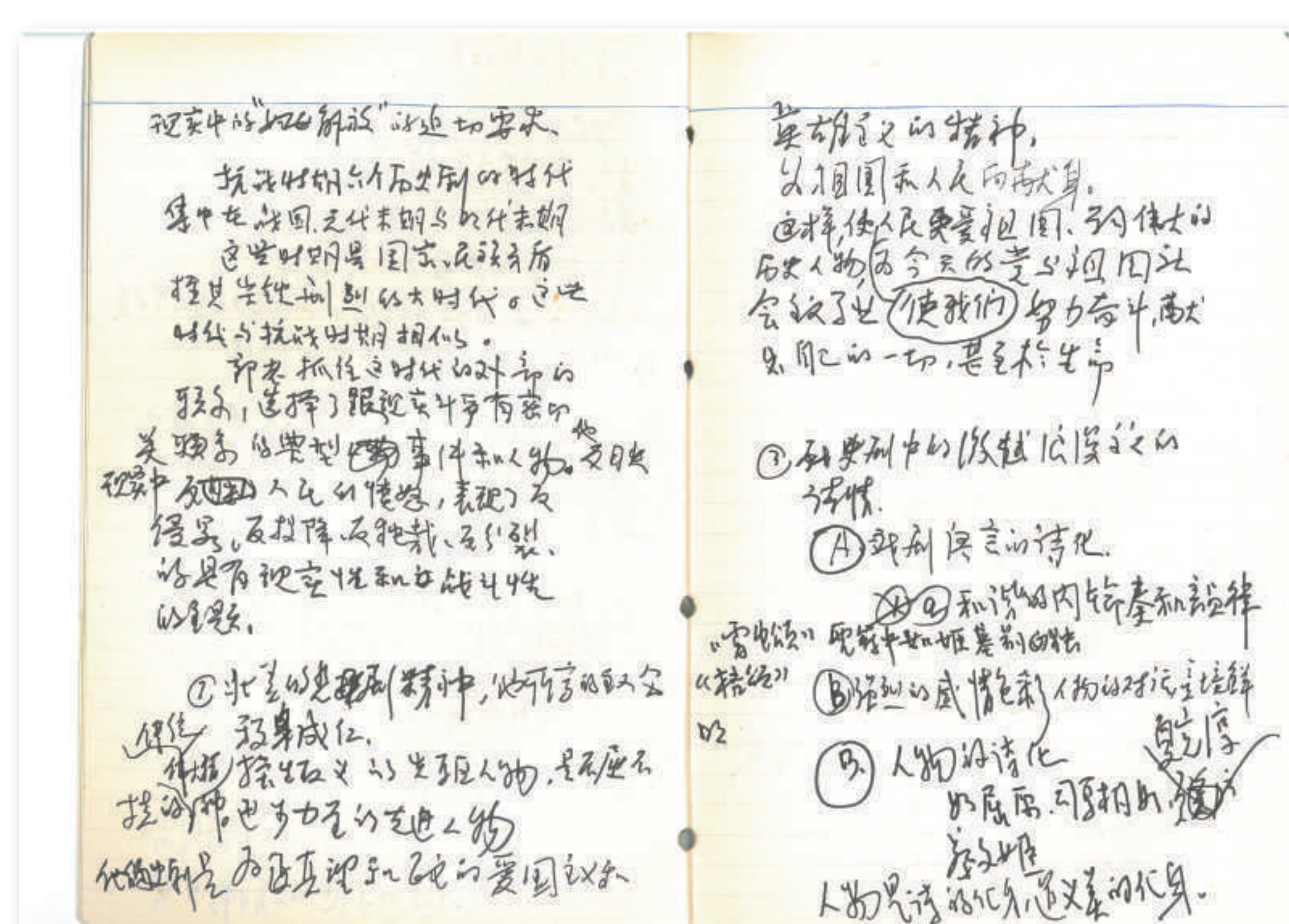


# FINAL YEARS ...

Although crowned with glory in public, Cao Yu criticized himself and remained deeply troubled by inner distress, suffering particularly due to his inability to write more plays in his later years. The legacy of much of his thinking has been left in unpublished writings.



Draft of Cao Yu's uncompleted final play:  
*Bridge*

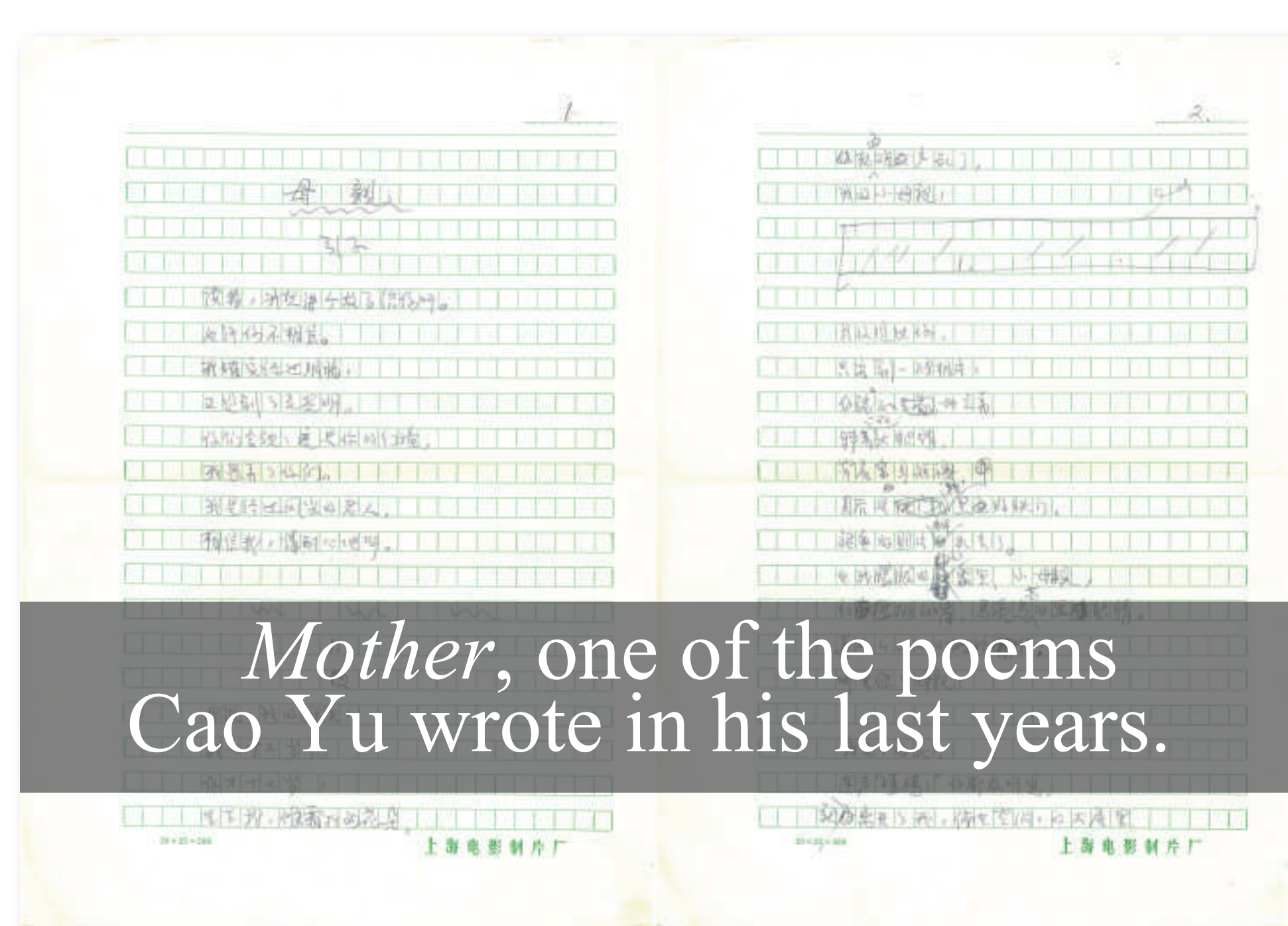


Cao Yu's notebook full of his impressions, observations and ideas

“

Mother

”



*Mother*, one of the poems Cao Yu wrote in his last years.

Readers, I'm telling you a story.  
You may not believe me,  
I did indeed go through the darkness  
And then I saw the brightness.

...

My little mother!  
I've never seen you,  
I only saw a photo of you.  
You stand there tidily,  
With a pair of big eyes.

...

- Cao Yu



Cao Yu with Huang Zuolin, one of the greatest Chinese directors



Cao Yu with Ba Jin



Wu Zuguang, a renowned playwright, visiting Cao Yu in the hospital



Cao Yu and Xia Yan (second from the right), a Communist arts administrator and playwright