

ADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

BY OSCAR WILDE

華文詳註

少奶奶的扇子

周其勳註釋

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## 作者傳略

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一八九〇年英國倫敦產生一班文人，當時的人因為他們行為怪僻，作品炫奇，稱他們為頹廢派 decadents，而且那個時代也就得了「世紀末」fin de siècle 一個輕蔑的名詞。

Wilde 可說是那派的領袖。他們裏面最負盛名的有畫家 Beardsley，詩人 Dowson, Davidson, 雜誌 (Yellow Book) 主筆 Arthur Symons, 善於寫諷刺文的 Max Beerbohm, 短篇小說作者 Crackenhorpe, 等等。Wilde 因犯了不名譽的事入獄，出獄不數年，便客死巴黎；Dowson, Davidson, Beardsley, 都不上三十歲先後患肺病或自殺 (Davidson) 去世。

頹廢文人的結局如是，固在意料之中，我們不必去為他們悼惜；但是頹廢文學究竟是什麼，這是應該探討的。

當時為頹廢文學作先驅，護符而又能剴切闡明它的首推 Arthur Symons。一八九三年 Harper's 雜誌上有他的「The Decadent Movement in

Literature」一文；在這篇文章內他說：「After a fashion it is no doubt a decadence; it has all the qualities that mark the end of great periods, the qualities that we find in the Greek, the Latin, decadence; an intense self-consciousness, a restless curiosity in research, an over-subtilising refinement upon refinement, a spiritual and moral perversity」。這寥寥數行頗能道破當時文壇上的風氣。Wilde 等輩都沾染 an intense self-consciousness, a restless curiosity in research, an over-subtilising refinement upon refinement, a spiritual and moral perversity 等通病。

結果呢，他們的戀愛必須摹仿法國的拉丁區，酒必須喝最濃烈的 absinthe，談話喜用一種警語 (epigram)，服式必求新奇，文體力追華美，用字酷尙奇特。

這種文學的命運當然很難久遠。到了一八九九年 Wilde 諸人所提倡的文派已有「明日黃花」之歎。是的，那時 Dowson 一首詩內已經感愴地歎惜這派文學的收場了：—

When this, our rose, is faded,  
And these, our days, are done,  
In lands profoundly shaded  
From tempest and from sun:



Ah, once more come together,  
Shall we forgive the past,  
And safe from worldly weather  
Possess our souls at last.

但是他們遺留下來的也有幾種不可磨滅的作品。Dowson 的詩如 Cynara, Beardsley 的素描, Symons 譯的法國象徵派的詩, 和 Wilde 的戲劇等在英文文學史上永遠有它們的相當的位置。

Wilde 的戲劇是現在研究戲劇的人所不可不讀的。他的劇本的特長是對話的生動和結構的縝密（對於 Wilde 的劇藝在本書內略有批評，此處不贅）。

少奶奶的扇子一劇尤爲 Wilde 的劇本中最好的一種。現在將它註釋出來或許對於賞鑑 Wilde 的作品稍有幫助吧。

其 勳。

## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

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LORD WINDERMERE

LORD DARLINGTON

LORD AUGUSTUS LORTON

MR. DUMBY

MR. CECIL GRAHAM

MR. HOPPER

PARKER, Butler

LADY WINDERMERE

THE DUCHESS OF BERWICK

LADY AGATHA CARLISLE

LADY PLYMDALE

LADY STUTFIELD

LADY JEDBURGH

MRS. COWPER-COWPER

MRS. ERLYNNE

ROSALIE, Maid

## THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

ACT I. Morning-room in Lord Windermere's house.

ACT II. Drawing-room in Lord Windermere's house.

ACT III. Lord Darlington's rooms.

ACT IV. Same as Act I.

TIME: The Present.

PLACE: London.

The action of the play takes place within twenty-four hours, beginning on a Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, and ending the next day at 1.30 p.m.



# LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

## FIRST ACT

### SCENE

*Morning-room of Lord Windermere's house in Carlton House Terrace. Doors C. and R. Bureau with books and papers R. Sofa with small tea-table L. Window opening on to terrace L. Table R.*

[LADY WINDERMERE is at table R., arranging roses in a blue bowl.]

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER

Is your *ladyship* at home this afternoon?

LADY WINDERMERE

Yes—who has called?

PARKER

Lord Darlington, my lady.

LADY WINDERMERE

[Hesitates for a moment.] *Show him up—and I'm at home to any one who calls.*

PARKER

Yes, my lady.

[Exit C.]

LADY WINDERMERE

It's best for me to see him before to-night. I'm glad he's come.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER

Lord Darlington.

[Enter LORD DARLINGTON C.]

[Exit PARKER.]

LORD DARLINGTON

How do you do, Lady Windermere?

LADY WINDERMERE

How do you do, Lord Darlington? No, I can't shake hands with you. My hands are all wet with these roses. Aren't they lovely? They came up from Selby this morning.

LORD DARLINGTON

They are quite perfect. [Sees a fan lying on the table.] And *what a wonderful fan!* May I look at it?

LADY WINDERMERE

Do. Pretty, isn't it! It's got my name on it, and everything. I have only just seen it myself. It's my husband's birthday present to me. You know to-day is my birthday?



LORD DARLINGTON

No? Is it really?

LADY WINDERMERE

Yes, I'm *of age* today. Quite an important day in my life, isn't it? That is why I am giving this party tonight. Do sit down. [Still arranging flowers.]

LORD DARLINGTON

[Sitting down.] *I wish I had known it was your birthday, Lady Windermere. I would have covered the whole street in front of your house with flowers for you to walk on. They are made for you.*

[A short pause.]

LADY WINDERMERE

Lord Darlington, you annoyed me last night at the *Foreign Office*. I am afraid you are going to annoy me again.

LORD DARLINGTON

I, Lady Windermere?

[Enter PARKER and FOOTMAN C., with tray and tea things.]

LADY WINDERMERE

Put it there, Parker. That will do. [Wipes her hands with her pocket-handkerchief,



goes to tea-table L., and sits down.] Won't you come over, Lord Darlington?

[Exit PARKER C.]

LORD DARLINGTON

[Takes chair and goes across L.C.] I am quite miserable, Lady Windermere. You must tell me what I did. [Sits down at table L.]

LADY WINDERMERE

Well, you kept *paying me elaborate compliments* the whole evening.

LORD DARLINGTON

[Smiling.] Ah, nowadays we are all of us so *hard up*, that the only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They're the only things we can pay.

LADY WINDERMERE

[Shaking her head.] No, I am talking very seriously. You mustn't laugh, I am quite serious. I don't like compliments, and I don't see why a man should think he is pleasing a woman enormously when he *says to her a whole heap of things that he doesn't mean.*

LORD DARLINGTON

Ah, but I did mean them. [Takes tea which she offers him.]

LADY WINDERMERE

[Gravely.] I hope not. I should be sorry to have to quarrel with you, Lord Darlington. I like you very much, you know that. But I shouldn't like you at all if I thought you were what most other men are. Believe me, you are better than most other men, and I sometimes think you pretend to be worse.

LORD DARLINGTON

We all have our little *vanities*, Lady Windermere.

LADY WINDERMERE

Why do you make that your special one? [Still seated at table L.]

LORD DARLINGTON

[Still seated L.C.] Oh, nowadays so many conceited people go about Society pretending to be good, that I think it shows rather a sweet and modest disposition to pretend to be bad. Besides, there is this



to be said. If you pretend to be good, the world takes you very seriously. If you pretend to be bad, it doesn't. Such is the *astounding stupidity of optimism*.

LADY WINDERMERE

Don't you want the world to take you seriously then, Lord Darlington?

LORD DARLINGTON

No, not the world. Who are the people the world takes seriously? All the dull people one can think of, from the Bishops down to the *bores*. I should like you to take me very seriously, Lady Windermere, you more than any one else in life.

LADY WINDERMERE

Why—why me?

LORD DARLINGTON

[After a slight hesitation.] Because I think we might be great friends. Let us be great friends. You may want a friend some day.

LADY WINDERMERE

Why do you say that?



LORD DARLINGTON

Oh!—we all want friends at times.

LADY WINDERMERE

I think we're very good friends already, Lord Darlington. We can always remain so as long as you don't——

LORD DARLINGTON

Don't what?

LADY WINDERMERE

Don't spoil it by saying extravagant silly things to me. You think I am a *Puritan*, I suppose? Well, I have something of the Puritan in me. I was *brought up* like that. I am glad of it. *My mother died when I was a mere child.* I lived always with Lady Julia, my father's elder sister, you know. She was stern to me, but she taught me what the world is forgetting, the difference that there is between what is right and what is wrong. She allowed of no compromise. I allow of none.

LORD DARLINGTON

My dear Lady Windermere!

LADY WINDERMERE

[Leaning back on the sofa.] You look on me as being behind the age.—Well, I am! I should be sorry to be on the same level as an age like this.

LORD DARLINGTON

You think the age very bad?

LADY WINDERMERE

Yes. *Nowadays* people seem to look on life as a speculation. It is not a speculation. It is a *sacrament*. Its ideal is Love. Its purification is sacrifice.

LORD DARLINGTON

[Smiling.] Oh, anything is better than being sacrificed!

LADY WINDERMERE

[Leaning forward.] Don't say that.

LORD DARLINGTON

I do say it. I feel it—I know it.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER

The men want to know if they are to put the carpets on the terrace for tonight, my lady?



LADY WINDERMERE

You don't think it will rain, Lord Darlington, do you?

LORD DARLINGTON

I won't hear of its raining on your birthday.

LADY WINDERMERE

Tell them to do it at once, Parker.

[Exit PARKER C.]

LORD DARLINGTON

[Still seated.] Do you think then—of course I am only putting *an imaginary instance*—do you think that in the case of a young married couple, say about two years married, if the husband suddenly becomes the intimate friend of a woman of—well, more than doubtful character—is always calling upon her, lunching with her, and probably *paying her bills*—do you think that the wife should not console herself?

LADY WINDERMERE

[Frowning.] Console herself?