Thank you!

Vancouver Opening for the Touring Exhibition
Celebrating the Life and Work of
Professor Chia-ying Yeh
on her 90th Birthday

Hosted by
University of British Columbia
Asian Library
Centre for Chinese Research
Department of Asian Studies
Institute of Asian Research

With the kind support of
UBC Irving K. Barber Learning Centre & Chinese Canadian Writers’ Association

Saturday, July 26, 2014
1:00 – 4:00 p.m.
Asian Centre Auditorium
University of British Columbia
The Program 節目流程

1. Ross King
   Head, Asian Studies Department, UBC
2. Peter Harnetty
   Professor Emeritus, Asian Studies Department, UBC
3. 肖逸夫 Yves Tiberghien
   Director, Institute of Asian Research, UBC
4. 齊慕實 Timothy Cheek
   Director, Centre for Chinese Research, UBC
5. 劉靜 Jing Liu
   Chinese Language Librarian, Asian Library, UBC
6. 陳浩泉 William Chan
   Vice President, Chinese Canadian Writers’ Association
7. 詩歌朗誦 Recitation of Yeh Chia-ying’s poems and lyrics
   《思君》“Missing You”
   《浣溪沙》To the Tune "By the Silk Washing Stream"
   《瑤華》To the Tune of "Flower Most Pure"
   《樊城秋晚風雨中喜見早梅》

主持人 Emcees: 王健 Jan Walls
   Professor Emeritus, Simon Fraser University
   梁麗芳 Lai Fong Leung
   Professor Emerita, University of Alberta

樊城秋晚風雨中喜見早梅

天涯木落正凄然，
况值寒風凍雨天。
忽見嫣紅三四點，
喜他梅蕊報春先。

朗誦者 Recited by
   王立 Ally Wang
   PhD, University of Malaya
   王健 Jan Walls
   Professor Emeritus, Simon Fraser University
   施淑儀 Jenny Tse
   Director, Chinese Canadian Writers’ Association
   陶永強 Tommy Tao
   Legal Advisor, Chinese Canadian Writers’ Association
瑤華 (一九八八年)

當年此刹，妙法初聆，有夢塵仍記。風鈴微動，細聽取，花落菩提真諦。相招一簡，喚遼鶴歸來前地。回首處，紅衣凋盡，點檢青房餘幾。

因思葉葉生時，有多少田田，締約臨水。猶存翠蓋，剩貯得月夜一盤清淚。西風幾度，已換了微塵人世。

忽聞道，九品蓮開，頓覺痴魂驚起。

To the Tune of "Flower Most Pure" (1988)

that year at this temple,
I heard for the first time
words so wise and gentle
I can still remember, like
dust the dream floating
tinkling the wind chime
intently
I listened to the lesson
of falling petals
a letter beckoned the migrant crane
to come back to this place
and now, upon returning,
the red garments have all withered
how many green shelters still remain?

I think back on how
leaves upon leaves they grew
so many, so many they stood
soft and slender over the water, like
jade canopies
still there are a few
left just to gather platters full of moon-lit tears
many times the west wind has come and gone
and the bustling world keeps turning, turning
but suddenly a window opens
showing the purest lotus blossom
and wakes me from my stupor
Biography

Florence Chia-Ying Yeh is Professor Emerita of Chinese Literature at the University of British Columbia and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. Born in 1924 in Beijing, China, she graduated from Furen University in Beijing in 1945, taught Chinese classical poetry at National Taiwan University, Tamkang University and Furen University in Taiwan in the 1950’s, and at Michigan State University and Harvard University in the 1960’s, before coming to teach at the University of British Columbia in 1969. Retired since 1989, she has donated half of her pension fund towards the establishment of a scholarship program, and founded the Institute of Chinese Classical Culture Studies at Nankai University in Tianjin, China, where she teaches in fulfilment of her dream to pass on the torch to the next generation and to rekindle the love and appreciation of classical poetry in the young people of China. Every summer, she returns to Vancouver, where she never fails to continue her research at the UBC Asian Library, and to give poetry lectures in the local community.

Professor Yeh is well-known for her numerous scholarly publications and her captivating lectures on classical Chinese poetry. She has written poetry in the classical styles of shi, ci and qu from a very young age. The 623 poems in her Jialing Poetry Manuscript (Taipei: Locus Publishing Company) date from 1939 (when she was fifteen) to 2013.

浣溪沙

無限清輝景最妍。
流光如水復如煙。
一輪明月自高懸。
已慣陰晴圓缺事。
更堪萬古碧霄寒。
人天誰與共嬋娟。

To the Tune "By the Silk Washing Stream"

Boundless bright clarity,
the most beautiful scene
Brightness flowing like a stream,
or mist in the sky:
One bright full moon
hangs up high.

I've grown used to rain and shine,
to waxing and waning,
And I could endure the eternal cold
of the deep blue sky,
But who in Heaven, or on earth,
could share in the beauty of the moon?
思君 一九四二年仍在淪陷中

倚遍闌干幾夕陽，
秋懷暮景共蒼茫。
思君怕過離亭路，
春草年年減故芳。

"Missing You" (1942, in occupied Beiping)

Many sunsets I have watched
leaning on balcony rails
as the feeling of fall and the darkening scene
merge into a blur.
I miss you so, and dare not pass
rest stops on the road,
year after year spring turns green
but former luster fades.

師弟因緣逾骨肉
書生志意托謳吟
未曾磨染是初心

Through karma, my young fellow students
and I foster a bond
stronger than my
relationship with my
own flesh and blood.

Through his poetry, a scholar cherishes his aspirations.

An original mind is one
that has neither been grinded nor dyed.

翻譯: 謝琰
Translation: Yim Tse
鷓鴣天 (二零零零年)

偶閑戴恩艾克曼所寫《鯨背月色》一書，謂遠古之世大洋未受污染前，藍鯨可以隔洋傳語，因思詩歌之感人，若心性空靈，殆亦有時空所不能限者歟。

廣樂鈞天世莫知，伶倫吹竹自成痴。郢中白雪無人和，域外藍鯨有夢思。明月下，夜潮遲，微波迢遞送微辭。遺音滄海如能會，便是千秋共此時。

To the Tune of “Partridge Sky” (2000)

By chance, I read Diane Ackerman’s The Moon By Whalelight. It says that long ago, before the oceans were polluted, blue whales could communicate across oceans. It makes me think that, likewise, if our hearts are pure and uncluttered, poetry can move us beyond the limits of time and space.

Music celestial from heaven’s heart, to this world unknown; Linglun played his bamboo flute, ethereal, alone. No one would play the difficult tunes it seemed, But, yonder, a blue whale dreamed.

Under the silvery moon in the evening tide, Gentle waves carry afar the whispering sighs. Should one hear the voices lingering in the deep blue seas, Then in this hour the twain shall meet across a thousand years.
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