Daniel Chak-kwong Lau Associate Professor, Hong Kong Baptist University

劉澤光於加州大學聖地巴巴拉分校及香港大學分別取得哲學博士及 哲學碩士(藝術史)學位。現任香港浸會大學視覺藝術院副教授及 中國書法家協會會員。加入浸大前,劉博士曾任教美國加州理工州 立大學聖路斯奧匹斯堡及加州大學聖地巴巴拉分校,並獲加州大學 聖地巴巴拉分校2005-06年度GSA人文學及藝術傑出教學獎,又於 2011和2012年獲浸大分別頒發學院傑出青年研究學者獎和學院卓越 教學表現獎。他曾獲邀為北京大學訪問學者(2012年)及中央研究 院近代史研究所訪問學人(2008年)。2010年,獲香港政府研究資 助局資助其有關二十世紀香港書法之學術研究,並獲香港藝術發展 局資助其雙語出版《和:劉澤光古今相生書法篆刻》。劉博士著有 四十多篇論文和展覽圖錄,曾為二零零一年版的《大英百科》修訂 了有關中國書法的條目,並曾在美國及香港舉辦6次個人書畫篆刻展 覽和參與多次本地及海外的重要聯展,作品為中國、香港、美國等

地著名藝術博物館所收藏,並曾獲多項全國及國際書法獎項。

Member, China Calligraphers Association

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雜卷 浓格 不傷不用存低同 一种順利道安能不想頭唇 增簡顏一百百百百一曾一一曾曾

top road through trees, and past the "camps"--summer cottages occupied by families mostly from New York. Occasional vistas of a lake reveal blu water and motor boats pulling water skiers. But he wishes to put these behind him, to enter a purer realm of mysterious force, the spiritual world of the mountain! Soon the entrance to the path appears, almost invisible among the trees across the road but familiar to him. He turns and ent climbing rapidly, not bothering to moderate his pace. The slope ascends sharply at first; in just minutes he is broken out in sweat. Already he feels all around him inhabited silence--not as if there are hidden people around him but as if the trees, the stones, the ground, the very air are not only alive but--aware. Up, he continues up, yearning to reach the fantastic outcropping of rock called Rattlesnake Point and from there to gaze down upon the lake, a denizen now of a world unsullied, flush with sp. Brahman--pure consciousness, Subject only with no Object. . . . And he will soon be there.

Just as Wei Yingwu and others made the mountains personal to their lives, I attempted here to show the role they had played in mine; for example, the fact that Chinese poets saw history everywhere in nature—nature as an arena for human action of historical importance—enabled me to imagine Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys hiding in caves as they fought the British.

The Chinese poems I was now able to read in the original became foundation stones And so, in doing my translations of Chinese poetry, I have always wanted to of my life, not merely in the "professional" sense, but in the personal sense at the bring these inspiring voices to as many readers as possible, not allowing myself to be "cooped up" in the purely academic world. I was particularly happy to learn last year (2012), for example, that American poet Daniel Rossiter and his friends were publishing a book of original poems that were partly inspired by my translations of Chinese poetry, calling the volume, In the Spirit of T'ao Ch'ien [Tao Qian]!⁴ Th Mountains of Vermont have meant to me: invited me to write a "blurb" for the volume, which I was glad to do: "One of poets in this book speaks of 'First Breath' and 'Last Breath.' Here are American p who have 'breathed in' the breath of such Chinese poets as T'ao Ch'ien, Han Shan, and Wang Wei. And here they breathe it back out again where it mingles with the breath of America."

Yan Shu was a friend of another great poet, Mei Yaochen 梅堯臣 (1002-1060) In 1971 at Columbia University, I, an American born in Brooklyn, New York in 1943 defended my dissertation on Mei, the first in English, thus obtaining a PhD degree in Chinese literature. In the course of this thesis, later published by Columbia University Press as Mei Yao-ch'en and the Development of Early Sung Poetry (1976), Ya Shu is mentioned several times. And thus his influence has been felt, not only modern China, but in the modern West as well. While in China in 2011, I purchased a copy of Lyrics of the Two Yans. I also visited the city of Xuancheng in Anhui, because it is the birthplace of Mei Yaochen. And there I found a huge bronze statue portraying Mei, recently erected as part of a theme park dedicated to the Mei clan, which was under constructio How did a man such as myself come to visit China—in fact, as a visiting scholar at Shanghai University, where I delivered three lectures in Chinese on my research and to purchase books of Chinese poetry, while paying homage to one of the great Chinese writers by going on literary pilgrimage to his hometown?

Lyric by Wei Yingwu 韋應物《東郊》 deepest level. Without the example of the natural imagery in Chinese poetry, for example, I could never have written some of my own poetry and prose, entirely

outside of academia. The splendid array of descriptive phrases for the mountain came to me as I tried to capture in a prosepoem of my own what the Green Mountains in Vermont do not lie still. They crouch or stretch,

bunch up or uncoil, slowly gather force and then unfold like landscape screens in sections. Blue-green of kingfisher feathers, deep green of spinach jade, they breathe and shimmer, float or hang, then settle solid the land, gently drawing the whole topography taut around then Some are like benevolent lords, supine on couches; others are proud Green Mountain Boys emerged from their caves, mustered and ready to follow Ethan Allen, protecting the land from invasion. Camel's Hump, shape transforming with the traveler's every step; Moosallamoo, name 微雨靄芳原 explained by the silly story of a near-deaf woman calling her cow: "Moo, Sally, moo!"--lost forever on tree-darkened slopes.

A boy of fifteen is approaching those slopes. The darkness draws him the mountains' soft power pulls him to its embrace. He walks the black-

The Eastern Suburbs

Cooped up in my office all year long,

Willow trees waft a gentle breeze,

In woods I enjoy a moment's rest,

Green mountains calm my worries.

Strolling along streambanks, randomly.

A thin rainfall darkens the fragrant plain;

Rushed by duty, still hurried in my life. . . .

Truly then, I will emulate T'ao Ch'ien!3

Here, here someday I'll "build my hut:"

Out past city walls—bright morning far as I can see!

Spring doves are singing—I wonder where they hide?

The act of entering the world of such a poem in the original text, and th

remaking it in my own language of English, has been so enriching that it is har

put in words; indeed, T'ao Ch'ien himself famously wrote in a different poem, "I

these things there lies a deep meaning:/I wish to explain, but cannot find the words!"

Loving the solitude, my heart lingers frequently;

I spent much of my adolescence alone, reading whatever I could find of the literature of the world in translation, driven by an eagerness to find out what my fellow human beings had committed to written form. Arthur Waley

韋應物《東郊》

青山澹吾慮

process I found fulfilled both my "scholarly" and "artistic" yearnings. The Wei 樂幽心屢止 Yingwu poem which I had read in the popular anthology, Three Hundred Poem of the Tang Dynasty, translated in full by American poet Witter Bynner as Th Jade Mountain (and recently beautifully rendered in calligraphy by Daniel I was now accessible to me in the original, and I could do my best to enter

4. Daniel Rossiter et al, In The Spirit of T'ao Ch'ien (FootHills Publishing, 2012).

lived a thousand years ago!" exclaims Zhu Xi 朱熹 (1130-1200) with specific Small-standard-script calligraphy by Daniel Chak-kwong Lau (劉澤光) reference to the great poet, Tao Qian (or T'ao Ch'ien) 陶潛 (365-427). Ink on paper, 35 x 37 cm, 2014 read Tao's complete works in English translation, and felt the same. It was as if he, and the other Chinese poets I was discovering at the age of 15 of 16, had read my mind! The love of nature! The sense of underlying sadn of ultimate loneliness which could be consoled only by nature! "T mountains calm my worries," 青山澹吾慮 wrote Wei Yingwu 韋應物 (737

> the twentieth century, reading this and thinking, "Yes! This man is my friend!" And so I decided to pursue the study of the Chinese language, starting in college at the age of 19, continuing with graduate work at Columbia University, and then becoming a professor of the subject, teaching at the State Universi of New York—Binghamton, Cornell University, and utimately at The Geo Washington University in Washington D.C. where I continue to teach.

in the eighth century, and here I was, in the Green Mountains of Vermont

translations of Chinese poetry seemed to fall naturally from the library

soulmates of mine: "I was born a thousand years too late! My best friends

shelves into my hands, and I fell in love. I sensed that these writers were

I could now return to my favorites poets, and do my own translations,

mind and heart of this "soul-mate" of the past:

Yan Shu (991-1055), wrote this poignant "lyric" (Chinese ci 詞)in the eleventh century in China. In 2010, a slim volume was published in China, entitled Lyrics of the Two Yans, these being Yan Shu, and his equally talented son, Yan Jidao 晏 幾道 (1030-?1106)¹. On pages 7-8 of this book, the poem is given with annotations and lengthy appreciations by modern Chinese critics. After a prolonged drouth of publication in the field of classical literature, because of Marxist ideology carrie

But poetry has not only been loved for centuries in China. It has also provided

Jonathan Chaves to a fanatical extreme, the last three decades have seen a welcome burgeoning of publication of the classics in China, where they are once again being read and loved Professor by a new generation of readers. A young female graduate student recently exclaimed The George Washington University to me, "I love Yan Shu's poems!" I despair of hearing any of today's American students speaking in such terms of, say, Chaucer or Spenser!

inspiration for artists—painters, calligraphers, seal engravers—and in 2009, just one year prior to the publication of the new collection of poems by the Yans, father and son, Daniel C.K. Lau selected one of Yan Shu's poems—the one I have translated above—as the text for an elegant, expressive calligraphy in semi-cursive script on paper².

晏殊《浣溪沙》

小閣重簾有燕過

晚花紅片落庭莎

曲闌干影入涼波

一霎好風生翠幕

幾回疏雨滴圓荷

酒醒人散得愁多

Tiny pavilion, doubled blinds,

swallows flying by. . . .

on round lotus leaves?

the time of greatest grief.

in words and in images.

1. Wang Zheng 汪政, Wu ke nai he hua luo qu: Erh Yan ci 無可奈何花落去 -- 二晏詞 (Beijing: Renmin

in the chilly ripples.

A brief breeze passes pleasantly, born from greenish curtain: How many scattered raindrops falling

"Green Mountains Calm my Worries"

Late blooming flowers, reddish petals, fluttering to courtyard sedge, Winding railing, now reflected

Gazing at these vibrant characters dancing delicately down the page, it is impossible not to ponder the perduring vitality of China's age-old civilization,

Sobered up, guests all gone—

To Dr. Chan Yung (陳用), a devoted expert of Chinese calligraphy and major Hong Kong calligrapher, for his postscript and his unceasing encouragement.

Daniel Chak-kwong Lau

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Tang poems, and his scholarly advice on adopting some different Chine

Baptist University, for reading my calligraphic handscroll and correcting

the inappropriate Chinese characters in my calligraphic transcription of

characters in better editions of the Tang poems.

His introductory essay sheds light on how Chinese poetry has provided

poems have had a deep effect in the contemporary world.

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小楷唐詩三百首(卷一及卷二

In Small-Standard-Script Calligraphy

Volumes 1 & 2

Daniel Chak-kwong Lau

Dr. Chan Yung

300 Tang Poems, volumes 1 & 2, in Small-standard-script Calligraphy

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Prof. Jonathan Chaves

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Volumes 1 & 2

Daniel Chak-kwong Lau

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