

## 家庭理髮 — 王鼎曄個展

展期 | 2024.11.09 - 2025.01.18

開幕 | 2024.11.09 (六) 4:30 p.m.

地點 | TKG+ Projects (台北市內湖區瑞光路 548 巷 15 號 2F)



小瀧說：「我在一個很暗的地方一直哭，突然間門開了，有一個聲音要我出來，有一個很長很長的樓梯，樓梯的盡頭是地球，我往下爬，最後就爬到你們家了。」

這是小瀧在很小的時候，有天晚上睡覺前所說的一段話。自小瀧誕生到地球的那刻起，透過這雙眼睛，王鼎曄再次認識自己和這個世界，這個在過往積累了四十幾年的光陰，那些不可動搖的時光中的一切，都因為小生命的出世而被重新感受、理解。八年的時光成為了展覽「家庭理髮」的基礎，藝術家將視角轉向他與兒子的關係，透過錄像與繪畫，銘刻時光的飛逝與記憶。

假設記憶的狀態可能有多種，自 2017 年後開始探索自身家族與生命史，從「勇為」、「唸塵 - 一顆飛行的石頭與一首漂浮的詩」、到「家庭理髮」，記憶與關係始終徘徊於其底層創作。「勇為」起源於祖父王元芳在家族回憶中的空缺，為何我們選擇遺忘？祖父的逝去牽引著過去白色恐怖的歷史，藝術家以社群軟體蒐集家族長輩們的記憶，那些被靜置的感受透過文字訊息，再重新轉化成慣常使用的錄像、黑畫、與塵土書寫的臺語羅馬字裝置。原本的空白記憶，像塵土般被重新擾動，於是我們開始有了故事。

從前是面對著那些消逝，經歷生育，然後是王小漣的到來。2022 年的「唸塵 - 一顆飛行的石頭與一首漂浮的詩」，透過四則故事——「漢奸」、「塵土」、「飛行的石頭」、「死亡」，串聯起祖父母、自己、兒子王小漣，三代之間的時空和記憶。這些故事探索著生命的不可控，彷彿有股引力牽引著我們，如世間的不可逆轉，時光飛逝，聚散無常，而後是新生，死亡。「勇為」是找尋、採集家族回憶，「唸塵」則是多了兒子面對世間萬物所賦予的新意，裡面有著上一代祖父母輩的過去，鼎暉的此時此刻，以及小漣的未知想像。

在小漣上小學後，成長的很快，有感時間突然變得很珍貴，本次展覽「家庭理髮」回到父子間最日常的當下，展覽以時間作為基本測量，並加入孩童般的奇想來建構彼此關係，從剪髮、畫畫、量身高、遊戲，透過白底錄像裡全白衣裝的鼎暉和小漣，到油彩、壓克力、石墨組成的黑畫，兩人在黑與白間來回映照。當黑色將所有可見頻率的光吸收，白色則成為了所有色光的結合，像是一面鏡子相互反射著，錄像與繪畫成為觀看彼此的鏡身，鏡中自我是父親也是男孩，兩者互為主體。

錄像與繪畫將時間和生命的流逝交疊成多個層次，兒子微小的感官變化也成為了時間的度量。錄像《家庭理髮》中，披著剪髮斗篷的小漣正在被剪下一根一根的頭髮——「每隔一段時間我就會幫這個小生命剪頭髮。我看著他，一刀一刀仔細的剪，剪下來的不只是頭髮，是一段段的時間、記憶還有我們的關係。」在 24 小時循環播放的錄像《我們的一天》中，這些剪下的頭髮隨著每一分鐘的流逝，被小漣重新拼湊成下一分鐘的時間，由頭髮組成的時鐘，成為了父子之間的時間記錄。

在這之前的創作，是藝術家回望自己與大人的關係；如今他作為大人，凝視著兒子。這些日復一日的時光，就是鼎暉和小漣的家庭日常——「當此刻過去，剩下的只有回憶。生命經驗就是記憶的堆疊，日常中我幫他理髮，他也會幫我搥背，我們一起做一些事情。拿時間交換成記憶，輕輕的、淡淡的日子讓記憶美好。」

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## ***Wang Ding-Yeh: Home Haircut***

Dates | 11.09.2024-01.18.2025

Reception | 11.09.2024 (Sat.) 4:30 p.m.

Venue | TKG+ Projects (2F, No.15, Ln. 548, Ruiguang Rd., Neihu Dist., Taipei, Taiwan)



“I was crying in a very dark place,” Xiao Lu said. “Suddenly, a door opened, and a voice told me to come out. There was a very long staircase. At the end of the staircase was the Earth. I climbed down and eventually arrived at your house.”

This is something Wang Ding-Yeh’s son Xiao Lu said one night before going to bed when he was very young. From the moment Xiao Lu was born, Wang has come to see himself and the world through the eyes of his son. The 40-plus years he has lived and the enduring moments of his journey have been cast in a new lens upon the arrival of this new life. The past eight years became the bedrock on which his latest solo exhibition *Home Haircut* is based. Pivoting on the relationship between him and his son, this exhibition chronicles the fugitive moments and memories they share through video and painting.

For Wang, memory comes in varying forms. Since 2017, the artist has begun to explore familial and personal history in his solo exhibitions, from *Confronting Memories* (2017), *Monologue from Dust: A Flying Stone and a Floating Poem* (2022), to *Home Haircut* (2024), where memory and relationship underpin his practice. *Confronting Memories* traces the absence of Wang Yuan-Fang, the artist's grandfather, in the family memory with a question: Why do we choose to forget? The passing of his grandfather draws him back to the White Terror, a time when the Kuomintang government repressed Taiwanese civilians and political dissenters. Using social media, the artist collects memories from senior family members. The long-dormant feelings conveyed through instant messages are then encapsulated in his common mediums of video, black painting, and installation of romanized Taiwanese Hokkien text rendered in clay or dust. What was absent from memory begins to stir like drifting dust, and a story unspools.

Faced with ephemerality of the past, the artist experienced childbirth, and the arrival of his son Xiao Lu. *Monologue from Dust: A Flying Stone and a Floating Poem*, his 2022 exhibition, weaves together four stories — “Traitor,” “Dust,” “A Flying Stone,” and “Death” — connecting his grandparents, himself, and his son across three generations. These stories delve into the uncontrollable in life, where humanity — driven by an unseen force — confronts inevitability and evanescence, life and death. While *Confronting Memories* seeks to find and collect familial memories, *Monologue from Dust* introduces new meaning bestowed upon the world by Xiao Lu, suffused with the past of the artist's grandparents, the present of the artist himself, and the imagination of the unknown of Xiao Lu.

After Xiao Lu started elementary school, he grew up quickly, and Wang felt like time became precious. *Home Haircut*, his latest solo exhibition, returns to everyday moments between father and son. Revolving around the idea of time, the exhibition incorporates childlike imagination to conjure the duo's relationship: from doing a haircut, drawing, measuring height, to playing games, Wang and Xiao Lu dressed in all white against a stark white background in the video, form a strong contrast with Wang's black painting rendered in oil, acrylic, and graphite on canvas. When black absorbs all visible frequencies of light, white becomes the combination of all colors in the spectrum. The video and the painting mirror each other, where the self thus portrayed is both the father and the boy, serving as counterparts to one another.

A palimpsest of time resides in the video and painting, where subtle physical changes in the son become a measure of temporality. In the video *Home Haircut* (2024), Xiao Lu in a barber cape, is having his hair cut — “Every so often, I cut this little guy's hair. Watching him, carefully I cut his hair strand by strand. What's being cut is not just hair, but segments of time, memory, and our relationship.” In the 24-hour loop of the video *A Day in*

*Our Lives* (2024), the hair that had been cut is reassembled into the next minute as time passes: a clock made of hair; a reminiscence of father-son time.

Wang Ding-Yeh's previous bodies of work are a look back on his relationship with the adults in his life. As an adult himself, he extends a loving gaze at his son. These day-to-day moments constitute the family life of Xiao Lu and him — “When this moment passes, all that remains is memory. Life experience is a layering of memories. In our daily life, I help him with his haircut; he helps me with my back rub. We do things together. Trading time for memories. These tender, fleeting days shape our fond memories.”

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