

未央・夜

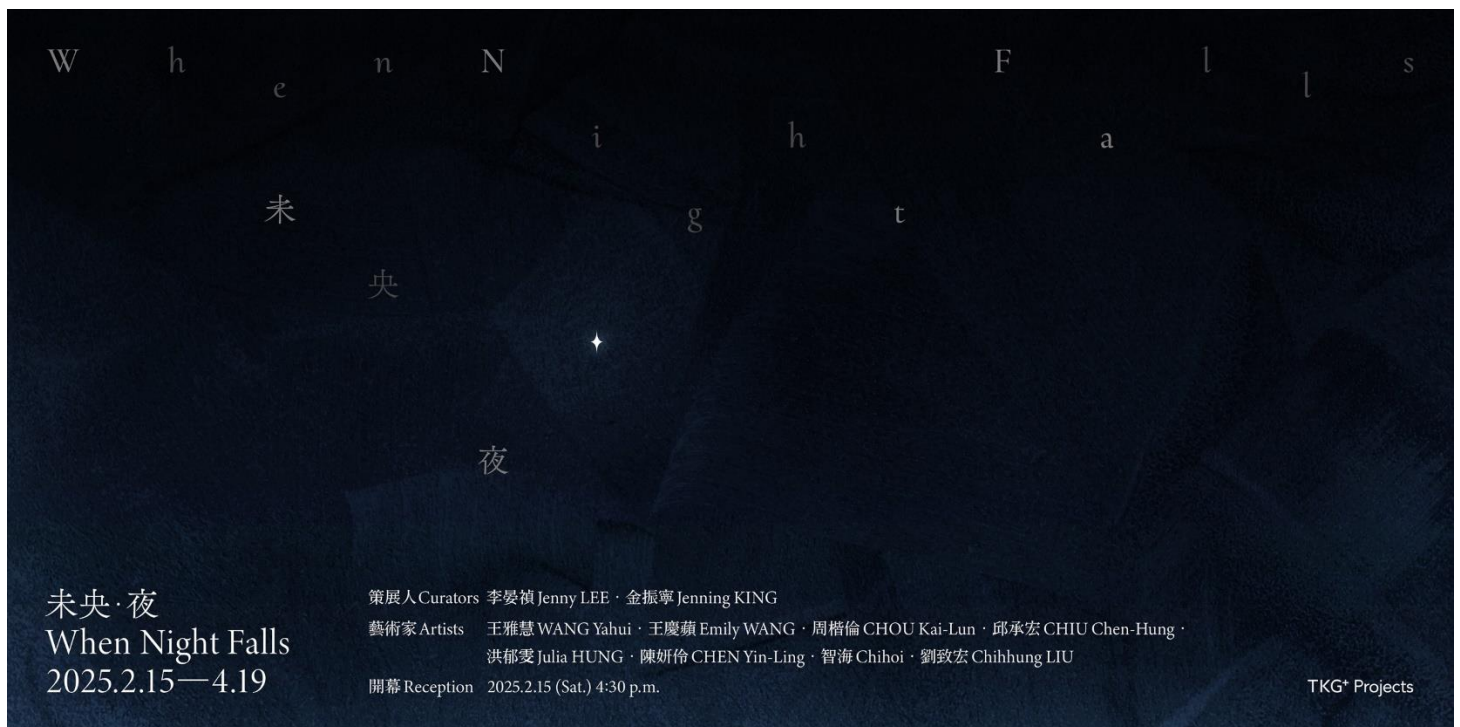
展期 | 2025.02.15 - 04.19

開幕 | 2025.02.15 (六) 4:30 p.m.

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

策展人 | 李晏禎、金振寧

藝術家 | 王雅慧、王慶蘋、周楷倫、邱承宏、洪郁雯、陳妍伶、智海、劉致宏



倘若黎明帶來光，讓我們的視線得以與外在的世界相遇，當夜晚降臨，我們的視野則導向了自身的內在輪廓。

「夜的空間作為一種純粹的進深，它沒有側面，它籠罩著我們，使得我們感受到自己的偶然性，使得我們回溯到在白天的秩序框架的束縛下難以觸及的原初的經驗領域」，吳娛在《夜：黃昏後的哲學》（杰森·巴克·莫哈格著）譯序中如此形容。在黃昏之後，白日生活中多數人習以為常的理性秩序與勞頓逐漸走到盡頭，進入萬籟俱寂的子夜，黑暗吞沒了一切，時間似乎悄然而止。然而對某些人來說，這標示了全新的甦醒。他們在夢的幻境採掘現實的隱喻，在唯我獨存的時空我與我對話，與此同時夜貓子在印象派的星夜下出沒，以無目的的恆動打發無眠的夜。

此展覽是思與欲伏伺的夜，八位藝術家關於夜的絮語：「洪郁雯——載夢」、「陳妍伶——窺探」、「王慶蘋——冥冥中的彩排」、「王雅慧——一首詩」、「劉致宏——迷湯」、「周楷倫——隱市」、「邱承宏——夜與靈魂」、「智海——鹵素：明珠」，猶如一塊塊拼布縫製成充盈的天幕，鋪蓋了探光燈都無法觸及的穹蒼，也像懸浮在宇宙中的繁星點點，在光年之外閃爍。

洪郁雯——載夢

我編織著對夜的想像，一絲絲線條如雲霧般飄渺而纖細，靜止於空氣中，然後在各自築起的小宇宙，幪上夜紗，從中窺探和被窺探著。

黑暗，矇矓了一切，寂靜襯出細微的事物與心念。

光，也顯得黯淡亦燦爛，映出時間的流動。

萬物在暗影中交融，悄然蛻變，靜默中潛藏著生命的律動。

夢與現實、存在與虛無的界線漸漸模糊。沈浸於漆黑中，空氣凝結的瞬間，仿若承載著永恆，卻也似幻影，稍縱而逝。

周楷倫——隱市

我平日的底片攝影就像是我行走的痕跡，我存在的證明。

我也會因當下的激情拿畫筆寫生，在工作室對著照片投入情感和主觀意識繪畫，或者轉印照片，讓它成為一種既非繪畫也非攝影，又同時兩者都是的狀態。

這些重複面對既有影像的辯證方式，既是強調個人的自我意識，也是我在現代化進程，以及潛藏各種規訓的現代社會這樣的情境底下，不斷對「創作者」身分的提問。我一直希望留下一些唯一以及能夠並存的重複的瞬間，讓我跟我處的周遭的環境達到某種平衡狀態，不多不少。

王慶蘋——冥冥中的彩排

我處在人生擺渡的空間，這裡晦暗未明，而創作之於我，有如張著眼做夢。

圖像空間是意象與非意象流轉、淬煉的磁場，我在彼此交會的火花裡，窺見並召喚臥藏於我靈魂密林的靈動之物。

王雅慧——一首詩

當我偶然在書架上拿起多年前在日本買的谷川俊太郎的日英對照詩集，翻到影印自他筆記本原稿的那一頁時，在看了那麼多次的書本上，好像有什麼感覺突然浮現，於是過了幾天，我將這翻開的頁面放在工作室久未清理的黑色桌布上，一幅奇妙的景象出現了，時間在這裡彎成一道迴圈。

攝影的影像成為雕塑的元素，與現實中的物件透過某種方式組合成一個整體。所謂的組合並非只是把不同形式的東西放在一起，來得到某種愉悅的圖像，我思考的是我們對物的感受是如何構成的？這些感受包括重力造成的型態，包括時間（運動的軌跡）、影像的視覺及記憶中的時空、移動的步伐與投射在物件上的眼光、不同的質感（粗糙的、反射的、光滑而堅硬的），甚至我們對事物的成見。在這些不同階調的反射中，我們得到了一個世界，而人在其中。

然而去找到組合他們的方式是不容易的，像是在漆黑的夜空中指認出一顆新星那樣的困難，因為我們對世界的理解是那樣地充滿成見，但這也是充滿可能性的空間。

陳妍伶——窺探

這是關於一個窺視者與被窺視者的故事。我在我的屋內成為一個窺探者，放大了每一格入夜之後亮燈的窗，窺探別人也把自己擺了進去。

夜的迷人之處，於我是在夜幕低垂之後，那一盞盞燈背後的情事，猶如安德烈亞斯·古爾斯基的《巴黎·蒙帕納斯》（Montparnasse, Paris · Andreas Gursky）和法國攝影師羅曼·雅凱《天台故事 II》（Romain Jacquet-Lagrèze · Concrete Stories II）作品裡的一格格小窗，激起我無限的好奇，屋裡正在發生什麼？又在賀照緹的紀錄片《暍袂之際》中，我嗅吸到白天奔忙於生活，無暇思索的人們，到了夜晚赤裸裸面對自己的恐懼而無法成眠的窒息感，而最終每個人都孤單地睡去。

夜讓你毫無防備地鬆懈，退去白日的武裝，再以迎接明日的白晝，日復一日。

劉致宏——迷湯

當黑幕降下，海就更靠近一些。不分春夏秋冬時晴或雨，我跨上那台快二十年的打擋車，戴上安全帽、點燃火星塞、催了油門，迫不及待沿著海岸巡遊前進，就像大廚檢視料理過程的每個環節與角落：安全島上乾炒爆香瑣碎的裝飾燈，鎢絲燈泡的光逼出梅納反應（Maillard Reaction）的熱烈，隨細雨落一點塩、煮一鍋鹹水，沸騰的

陽明山上蒸氣繚繞，榕樹與棕櫚葉利用川燙保持顏色清亮，隨後海堤上釣魚的人們撒下點點螢光、紅黃橘綠。接著轉文火慢燉一晚，將那片海煨成流連忘返的迷湯。

邱承宏——夜與靈魂

我試圖進行一項「填補工程」，將夢境中透露的失落之物與留下的空缺補上。

我尋拾地震災難中倒塌建築的破碎建材，像是扭曲的鋼筋與混凝土，重新塑造成書架及書本造型的雕塑，並在這些裂痕與斷口之間，嵌入我從周遭環境中感知的光影與情緒。它們如同索引，隱含夢境中的低語與記憶片段，也映射出現實世界的某些樣貌。

在夢中，我回到熟悉的海邊，前方的黑暗宛如一雙無盡放大的眼睛，從遠方注視著海面上的倒影。影像從深處浮現，帶來過往記憶的碎片，伴隨著低沉的海浪聲和不斷擴散的波紋，最終化作一縷靜謐、深邃卻又難以維持的月影。

那畫面如同波赫士筆下那輪如明鏡般璀璨的《月亮》，盛滿了世世代代人凝視它時流下的淚水。它像是一個平行時空的庇護所，安放著那些因失去依靠不斷滑落的東西。

智海——鹵素：明珠

自 2022 年起的《鹵素》繪畫系列，取材自我個人歷年收藏的舊香港幻燈片。這些幻燈片大多是 1960-70 年代香港的風景名勝，但因年代久遠而褪色，剩下偏紅的單色調。我將之投影於工作室牆上，並對著這些我未曾經歷過、但已然逝去的景色即席「寫生」，繪成一系列油畫。而後，把畫作轉製成幻燈片，再投影展出。

我集中繪畫舊香港幻燈片中的城市夜景，題為《鹵素：明珠》，為香港這曾被譽為「東方之珠」的璀璨都市，留下今日的回眸。

媒體垂詢

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When Night Falls

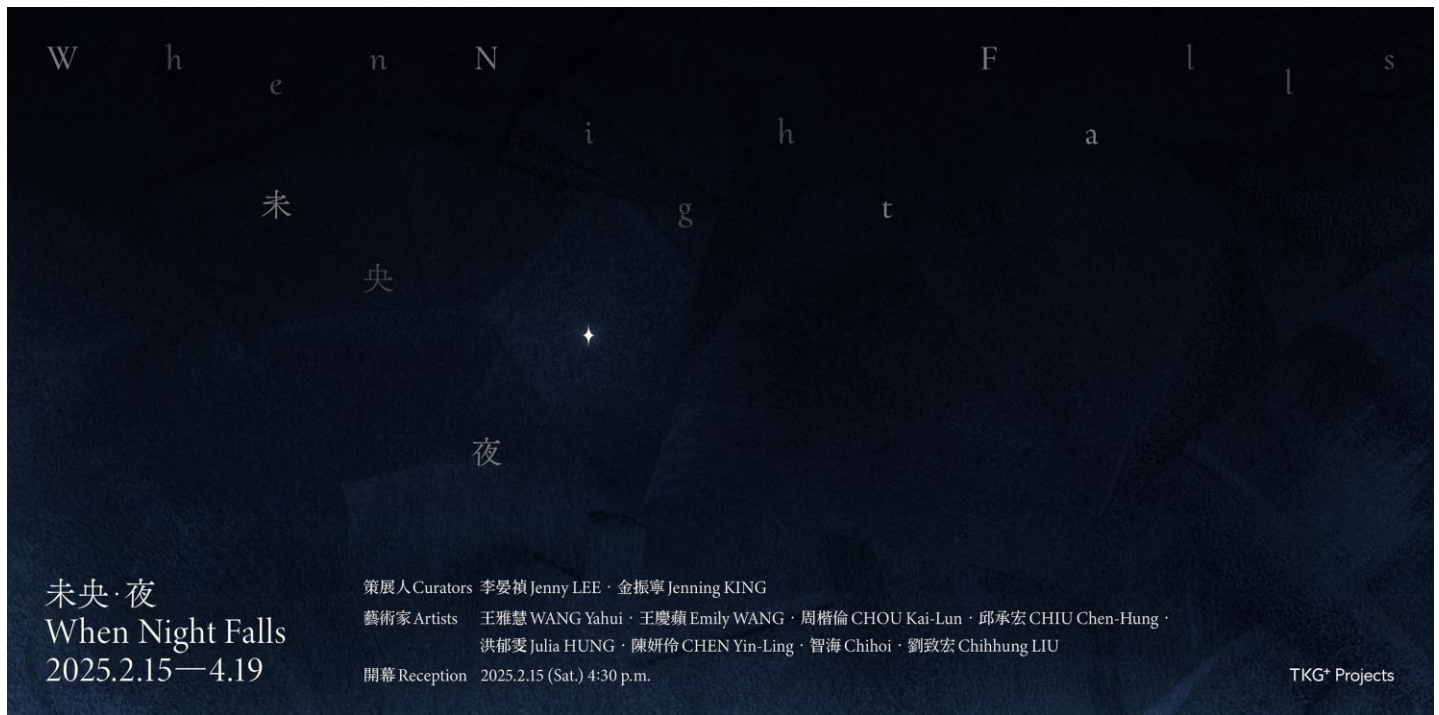
Dates | 02.15-04.19.2025

Reception | 02.15.2025 (Sat.) 4:30 p.m.

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

Curators | Jennings KING, Jenny LEE

Artists | CHEN Yin-Ling, Chihoi, CHIU Chen-Hung, CHOU Kai-Lun, Julia HUNG, Chihhung LIU, Emily WANG, WANG Yahui



If sunrise opens our eyes to the world around us, our gaze turns inward to our inner selves when night falls. “Night, as a pure depth, has no sides. It envelops us, making us aware of our fragility, drawing us back to a primal realm of experience that escapes the structured order of daylight,” writes WU Yu in the preface to *Night: Philosophy After Dark* (by Jason Bahbak Mohaghegh). As the sun sinks below the horizon, the weight and structure of the day begin to wane. By midnight, silence thickens, darkness engulfs all, and time seems to hold its breath. For some, however, this is the hour of awakening. They engage in quiet conversations with their souls in the stillness of the night or unearth metaphors that mirror reality in their dreams. Meanwhile, night wanderers drift beneath an Impressionist sky, moving endlessly and aimlessly to fill the sleepless hours.

This is an exhibition about the night—a time and space where thoughts, emotions, and desires quietly shimmer. Eight artists share their reflections: “Julia HUNG—Wisps and Whispers,” “CHOU Kai-Lun—In Faint Light,” “Emily WANG—Rehearsal in Liminality,” “WANG Yahui—A Poem,” “CHEN Yin Ling—The Quiet Eye,” “Chihhung LIU—Placebo,” “CHIU Chen-Hung—Night and Soul,” and “Chihoi—Halogen: The Pearl.” Their visions are stars flickering in a darkened vault beyond the reach of searchlights—a constellation of whispers that echo across eons.

Julia HUNG—Wisps and Whispers

I imagine the night as I weave, with threads as delicate as drifting mist. Suspended in the still air, they form tiny universes cloaked in darkness, where they are both observers and observed.

Darkness softens everything it touches, while silence sharpens the subtlest details and thoughts.

Light fades into a pale brilliance, softly illuminating the flow of time.

In the shadows, all things merge and silently transform, and the rhythms of life are hidden, inaudible.

The boundaries between dream and reality, presence and absence, blur and nearly diffuse. In the depths of darkness, when time feels frozen, it seems to cradle eternity—yet these universes slip away like phantoms, vanishing as quickly as they appear.

CHOU Kai-Lun—In Faint Light

My negatives are the daily footprints of my life—a quiet record of my existence.

Beyond photography, spouts of inspiration often lead me to pick up a pencil and draw from life. Or in my studio, I could be reinterpreting photographs through painting, infusing them with emotion and subjectivity, or transforming negatives into works that hover between painting and photography—neither fully one nor the other, yet somehow both.

This process of revisiting and reworking images allows me to focus on self-consciousness while questioning the role of the “artist” in a modern world shaped by progress and unseen systems of control.

I seek to capture fleeting, unique, and repeatable moments, striving to find a delicate balance between myself and the world—not too much, not too little, but just enough.

Emily WANG—Rehearsal in Liminality

I'm in a phase of transition, a liminal space. It is a time of waiting, and creating is like dreaming with eyes wide open.

The pictorial space is a magnetic field, where the tangible and the elusive collide and coalesce. Of forms invoked and morphed into new beings, I glimpse. Emerging from the depths of my psyche, an invisible forest, they are what they seem and also something else, beastly but soulful.

WANG Yahui—A Poem

One day, I pulled a bilingual Japanese-English poetry collection by Shuntaro Tanikawa off my shelf—a book I'd bought years ago in Japan. Flipping through its familiar pages, I stopped at a facsimile of a handwritten draft from his notebook. I had seen it many times before, but something about it was suddenly arresting, as though an unnoticed feeling had surfaced. A few days later, I placed the open page on a slightly dusty black tablecloth in my studio. At that instant, an image miraculously unfolded—time seemed to bend and loop back on itself.

The photograph of that instant became an element of a sculpture, somehow blending with real-world objects to form a unified whole. But this was not merely about arranging different forms of objects to please the eye. It prompted me to ponder: How do we perceive the objects around us? How does gravity shape their forms? How does time leave its subtle traces in motion? How do images exist between memory and vision, and how does movement—or even a gaze—interact with them? Textures, too, come into play—rough or reflective, smooth or solid—alongside the quiet biases we bring to what we see. Within these layered reflections is a world where we are no longer passive observers but part of its fabric.

Finding ways to bring these elements together is not easy. It is as elusive as identifying a new star in the vast blackness of night. Assumptions and preconceptions shape our understanding of the world, yet it is in this uncertain space where possibilities thrive.

CHEN Yin-Ling—The Quiet Eye

This is a story about a voyeur and the ones being observed.

What fascinates me most about the night is the stories that unfold once the night falls and the lights are on. Inside my own room, I become a voyeur. This feeling reminds me of Andreas Gursky's *Paris, Montparnasse* and

Romain Jacquet-Lagrèze's *Concrete Stories II*, where every small window in the frame stirs up an endless curiosity: What is happening inside those rooms?

In He Chao-ti's documentary *The Sleep Goddess*, I sense the suffocating feeling of people who, during the day, are too caught up in the rush of life to think, only to face their fears and restlessness at night, unable to sleep. In the end, each person falls into solitary slumber.

I magnify every lit window, peering into others' lives, but in doing so, I also place a piece of myself within them. The night makes you let your guard down, shedding the armor of the day, leaving only the fatigue and waiting for the dawn to come, over and over again, day after day.

Chihhung LIU—Placebo

When night falls, the sea seems to draw closer. No matter the season or the weather—spring's gentle warmth, winter's sharp bite, rain or clear skies—I climb onto my good old manual bike, strap on my helmet, ignite the engine, and rev, eager to follow the curves of the coastline. I am a chef, meticulously tending to each step of a recipe:

Traffic islands glow with the flicker of decorative lights, their tungsten bulbs smoldering like the slow burn of a Maillard reaction. A drizzle falls, sprinkling salt into the briny air. Steam rises from the slopes of Yangmingshan, while banyan and palm leaves, kissed by the mist, flash their greens—crisp, vivid, alive. Along the seawall, fishermen cast their lines into the night, scattering flecks of red, yellow, orange, and green like embers drifting on a breeze.

As the night simmers, the sea becomes my placebo, or a fragrant and unforgettable elixir, beckoning my return time after time.

CHIU Chen-Hung—Night and Soul

This is a "restoration project," my attempt to fill the void left by something lost in a dream. From the wreckage of earthquake disasters, I collect fragments of destruction—twisted rebar, shattered concrete—and turn them into a sculpture in the form of a bookshelf and its books. I carve marks within the cracks and fractures inspired by my observations of the world around me. These carvings become indexes, capturing the murmurs and fragments of memories from the dream while reflecting traces of reality.

In the dream, I stand on a familiar seashore. Ahead lies an immense, unfathomable darkness, vast and still, like a giant eye silently watching the water's surface. Images begin to rise from the depths—fragments of memories

carried by the resounding waves and widening ripples. Slowly, these fragments coalesce into a single moonlit shadow—fragile, quiet, and profound.

That vision brings to mind Jorge Luis Borges' *The Moon*, gleaming like a polished mirror, heavy with the tears of generations who have gazed upon it. It feels like a sanctuary in a parallel universe, a place that gathers all that has come unmoored and all that slips away when their anchor is lost.

Chihoi–Halogen: The Pearl

“Halogen” is a painting series I began in 2022. It draws inspiration from my collection of vintage Hong Kong slides. Captured in the 1960s and 70s, these slides document the city’s landmarks but have since faded; their colors have softened to a reddish monochrome. In my studio, I project these images onto the walls and replicate them as they are—long-gone times and sometimes places I have never experienced and never will. The resulting oil paintings are then converted back into slides and projected anew.

Entitled “Halogen: The Pearl,” the work lingers on the nightscapes of old Hong Kong, a long look at the city’s past brilliance when it was still the “Pearl of the Orient.”

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