

# 緩慢的電影配樂 — 李傑個展

展期 | 2026.07.18-08.29

開幕 | 2026.07.18 (六) 4:30 p.m.

地點 | TKG+ (台北市內湖區瑞光路 548 巷 15 號 B1)



在慢和靜的某處，他在思考浮燥，日子過得像一部沒有旁白的電影。

他喜歡你把小石頭交給他的樣子，好像沒有事情發生過一樣，然後你變成花朵，避開了陽光，永不凋零。

因為你說了因為，所以有了所以。沉默和微笑很類似。微笑害怕自戀。沉默的微笑也害怕自戀。畢竟你不太了解，內疚感讓你知道的事情，比你想像中的多。他別過臉看到的委屈，高高低低，一片一片，像琅琅上口的日子。

—— (文/李傑)

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2026 年仲夏來臨之際，TKG+ 將推出藝術家李傑的全新個展《緩慢的電影配樂》。延續以往對日常細微情感的探索，李傑此次將視角轉向「社交」這座精巧的劇場，聚焦於那些滯留在日常互動中、無法被妥善消化的情緒感

受。那些未曾說出口的話語、停留過久的沉默，以及反覆浮現的內疚與委屈，並未隨時間消逝，而是轉化為幾乎聽不見的心理噪音——像一段緩慢的、沒有明確來源的配樂，在意識深處若有似無地循環播放，漸漸成為現代人壓抑的情緒堆積。

展覽透過投影、音樂與繪畫構築出一處半開放的私密場域。李傑將揀選出的一幀幀影像投射於現成物與空間表面，讓光影在物件表面游移、錯落，如同隨時會消散的幻燈片，留下若隱若現的細碎餘暉。作品中不時出現的文字片語，帶冷靜而銳利的浪漫。這些看似輕巧的安排，映照出社交場合中那些精心維持的心理防線。

展場中，李傑以自身拍攝與蒐集的影像片段為素材，搭配片段的隨筆文字，經由剪輯與轉化，投射在以養生膠帶鋪設而成的半透明布幕上。這種原本用於遮蔽與防護的工業材料，被大面積懸掛於空間中，形成一層曖昧的表面。半透明的材質既模糊了影像，卻也無法完全遮掩，像是保護著什麼，卻也被暴露的狀態。當空調的氣流輕拂而過，布幕便產生細微而謹慎的顫動，像是幾乎不願被察覺的身體反應。當觀者穿梭其間，於是被帶入一種極度私密、卻又略顯侷促與不安的觀看體驗。

空間中迴盪的聲音作品，以電子音色為基底，採取循環取樣的結構，在幾乎沒有明顯起伏的音頻中緩慢鋪陳，如同帶有旋律感的白噪音。規律而不張揚的音律，將聽者帶向一種「低度喚醒」的身體狀態，表面上似乎已經放鬆，意識深處仍在低速運轉，難以真正停歇。這種介於被安撫與被消耗之間的聆聽經驗，恰似現代社交中那場精湛演出的類比：在過度修飾的禮儀之下，人們習慣性地自我審查，以優雅的姿態掩飾文明焦慮，並在這漫長耗竭中，讓感知本身也走向麻木。

以不鏽鋼板為基底的噴漆繪畫，在金屬表面層層堆疊出厚薄不一的色彩暈染。低飽和的色調與帶有珍珠光澤的表面，呈現了經過修飾的淡然。然而，未被顏料完全覆蓋的不鏽鋼基底，會隨著觀看角度折射出細碎的反光，畫面因而隱約映現出觀看者自身的輪廓。於是，原本投向作品的視線，也悄然引導為一次向內探索自我的過程。

當坦率的感性顯得不合時宜，人們傾向將感受隱藏於得體的舉止背後。在《緩慢的電影配樂》中，李傑並不試圖揭露或對抗這種壓抑，而是選擇貼近、描摹那些「焦慮被修飾為優雅，消耗被偽裝成從容」的日常片刻，在展場中被轉化為可感知的氛圍與質地。現代人在漫長的社交規訓下，早已將心理防備內化為生活的第二層皮膚。作品並不提供撫慰的承諾，當觀者在展場中感到一絲侷促或遲疑時，它就如同一面不那麼清晰的鏡子，或許正映照出

那些平日無暇顧及、或刻意迴避的心理盲區。透過半透明的布幕投影、循環的旋律、柔和的色彩繪畫，李傑構築出一個既隱密的半開放私密空間，邀請觀者在此短暫停駐，允許自己辨認那些被長久掩藏的真實感受。

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## ***Lee Kit: Slow Motion Picture Soundtrack***

Dates | 07.18-08.29.2026

Reception | 07.18.2026 (Sat.) 4:30 p.m.

Venue | TKG+ (B1, No.15, Ln. 548, Ruiguang Rd., Neihu Dist., Taipei, Taiwan)



Somewhere in the corner of serene slowness, he pondered restlessness, his days drifting like a film without a narration.

He cherished the way you passed him the pebble, as if nothing had happened at all. You turned into flowers, shyly retreating from the sun, never fading away.

Because you spoke the word “because,” a “therefore” followed. Silence and smiles share a kinship; smiles are wary of narcissism, and silent smiles feel it, too.

After all, you don't quite understand, guilt reveals more about yourself than you know. The grievances he glimpsed when he turned away came in waves, high and low, piece by piece, like days that slip easily off the tongue.

—— (Text/ Lee Kit)

As summer unfolds in 2026, TKG+ unveils *Slow Motion Picture Soundtrack*, a new solo exhibition by Lee Kit. Continuing his sustained inquiry into the subtle emotional textures of the everyday, Lee Kit turns his focus to the delicate theater of social interaction. He examines the residual feelings that linger in our daily exchanges—emotions never fully processed. Unspoken words, prolonged silences, and recurring waves of guilt and grievance do not simply fade with time. Instead, they coalesce into a nearly inaudible psychological noise: a slow, ambiguous score playing on a subtle loop deep within the psyche, gradually hardening into the suppressed emotional bedrock of modern life.

The exhibition weaves a private, semi-open space through the interplay of projection, music, and painting. Lee Kit casts selected images upon the surfaces of readymade objects and the surrounding space, causing light and shadow to wander and overlap. Resembling ephemeral slides that might vanish at any second, they leave a faint afterglow of fractured light. The phrases of text that appear throughout the works carry a detached but piercing romanticism. These seemingly effortless compositions allude to the carefully constructed psychological barriers of social interactions.

Inside the gallery, Lee Kit projects a collage of his own footage and collected clips, interspersed with phrases, onto semi-transparent veils crafted from painter's tape. This industrial material, typically used for shielding and covering, is suspended in vast sheets to form a liminal plane. The translucent surface blurs the projected images without fully concealing them, evoking a state of guarded vulnerability. Stirred by the gallery's airflow, the veils shiver with a delicate, discreet tremor, an almost involuntary response at the edge of perception. As visitors navigate the space, they are immersed in a mode of spectatorship that is at once profoundly intimate and subtly unsettling.

A soundscape woven from electronic textures reverberates through the space. Built on a looping structure, it unfolds with almost no discernible dynamic shifts, like a form of ambient, melodic static. This steady, unobtrusive rhythm lulls the listener into a state of 'hypo-arousal'—a physical calm that belies a mind still idling at low speed, incapable of genuine rest. This auditory experience, caught between solace and exhaustion, serves as an analogy for the intricate performance of modern social life. Beneath the gloss of hyper-refined manners, we reflexively conceal ourselves, coexisting with our civilized anxieties through an elegant poise. And in this prolonged, slow attrition, sensation itself begins to numb.

On stainless steel plates, layers of spray-painted color accumulate, forming atmospheric washes of varied opacity. A desaturated palette and a lustrous, pearl-like finish evoke a polished sense of detachment. Yet where the pigment yields, the raw steel beneath catches the light, casting back fractured reflections that dance in response to the viewer's movement. The spectator's own silhouette flickers into view, subtly superimposed upon the painting. And so, the act of looking outward quietly transforms into an inward journey.

When a frankness of feeling seems out of place, we learn to sheathe our emotions beneath a veneer of propriety. In *Slow Motion Picture Soundtrack*, Lee Kit makes no attempt to expose or resist this repression. He chooses instead to trace the contours of those daily moments where 'anxiety is refined into grace, and depletion is masked as ease,' distilling them into a tangible atmosphere, a texture that can be felt.

Through the long discipline of social life, our psychological defenses have become a second skin, an internalized armor. This work offers no promise of comfort. Instead, should a viewer feel a flicker of confinement or doubt, it serves as a dim mirror, reflecting the inner territories we habitually overlook or consciously avoid. With his translucent screens, cyclical soundscapes, and muted paintings, Lee Kit fashions a sanctuary: a space both private and permeable. Here, he invites us to linger, and grant ourselves permission to finally acknowledge the feelings we have held so long in hiding.

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