



李杰在美国的首次个展让观众感觉不到画廊现场司空见惯的那种单调，展览虽大体接近极简风格却更加温馨。画廊前窗上悬挂的淡蓝纱布从天花垂落地面，而墙上则陈列着他的纸板作品，画面颜料涂层下隐隐显现药店各色商品的标志——既有强生婴儿润肤膏也有妙莲眼药水。与这些一同出现的是几面格子纹布，有的像壁毯一样挂着，有的叠放一边，与阳光明媚的家居场景照片搁在一起展示。同时，展厅中间摆着一个晾衣架，上面挂着几条染成蓝色的布，每条上面印有一句选自流行歌曲的警句。

有迹象表明，这几组主题松散不一的作品在艺术家的心理以某种方式彼此相连，然而具体是以什么方式呢？一个线索是他作品中一以贯之的主色调，即粉红、白色和淡蓝。某种程度而言，饱满明亮的色泽代表了艺术家的某种意愿——例如坚持选用更昂贵的颜料，意图保持涂绘的干净等等——然而李杰作品里隐褪的淡色似乎暗示着一种相反的心理状态：或许，是对顺其自然的态度的坚守。展览作品中放松的乐观主义让人好奇他是否像有的艺术家那样因为被某种生活节奏所吸引才选择了这个职业：也许他喜欢工作室里的阳光，散漫的时间，或者是一边工作一边播放最喜爱的背景音乐。事实表明，桌布和窗帘上的每根条纹都由他手绘而成；不难想象，这种重复的描绘动作使他抵达了某种佛教中的正念——一种经过计量的对个人行为及其外部环境的体悟。印在布上的歌词因此更像是另一种磨练力量的方式。李杰在创作自述里谈到，由于我们对歌曲越来越习以为常，以至于歌词

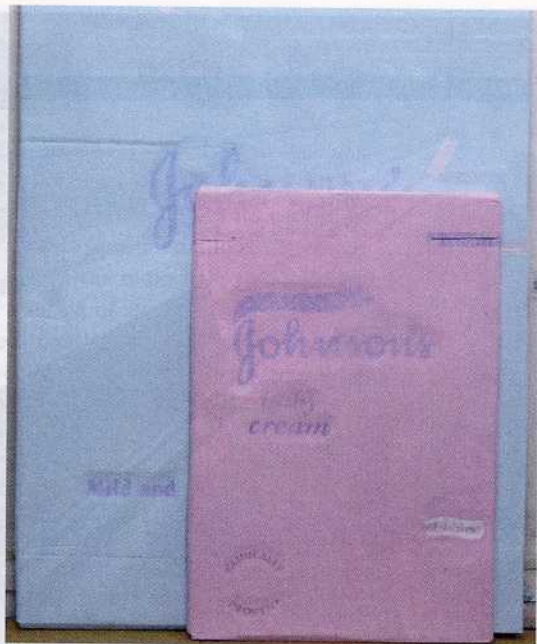
都被我们忽视了。然而当歌词以放大的衬线体的方式印成简短引文出现在我们面前时，它们突然看起来具有一种令人不安的真实，它们自身的矛盾与特性再也无法被音乐旋律所掩盖了。

展览标题（“1,2,3,4……”）可以代表任何事情中的数字：冥思者默念的咒语，抑或是鼓手以四四拍的喊叫声为一首歌开场。无论如何，这越发让人相信，李杰所感兴趣的是事物的进程——尤其是时间的过程，这点明确体现在他的成对照片中，它们拍摄了两个不连续的时刻中的同一场景，在这些场景中（一张厨房餐桌；一次海滩野餐）有他手绘的桌布和窗帘，照片一旁展示的桌布实物上还带着食物掉落和饮料泼洒所留下的污渍。如果依照李杰的意图，他的艺术物品从被手工制作出来到被展示，度过了长久、有趣并被记录的一生。而他纸板作品中提及的药店商品所唤起的并不是大规模生产带来的非人性化，相反却暗示了亲密的个人历史，这就如同它们不是呆在药店陈列架上，而是某个朋友的化妆包中一样。

展览提出了一个老生常谈的问题：一个更关心过程而非结果的艺术家如何在画廊语境中平衡这些不同的重点呢？也就是说，在一个更适合展示结果的场所如何处理这个问题？李杰采取了一种独特的应对方式：在展厅空间靠前的地方支起一张桌子，几把椅子，然后邀请观众坐下来喝杯茶。他不是仅仅做出这些展品然后让观众凭直觉去揣摩他的想法，而是有效地创造出一个小仪式，让观众自己可以用些时间来体验某种类似的东西。 Dawn Chan（由戴伟平翻译）

展览现场
2011年
纽约隆巴德—弗莱德
项目画廊

View of “1,2,3,4……”
2011
Lombard-Freid Projects,
New York



《强生(强生)》

2011年
丙烯、乳胶、纸板喷墨
113×86厘米

Johnson's (Johnson's)

2011
Acrylic, emulsion paint,
and inkjet ink on cardboard
113 x 86 cm

The customarily stark ambience of art galleries took on a warmer if still largely minimal feel in Lee Kit's first solo show in the United States. Gauzy cerulean cotton sheets hung over the gallery's floor-to-ceiling front windows, while cardboard pieces lined the walls, featuring layers of paint half-obscuring the logotypes of various drugstore products, from Johnson-and-Johnson baby cream to Murine eye-drops. Appearing alongside these works were gingham fabrics—either hung like tapestries or folded and set aside—as well as photographs of sunny domestic scenes. A drying rack in the center of the room offered up an array of dyed-blue sheets, each printed with an epigrammatic line from a pop song.

These thematically disparate works were apparently related in Lee Kit's mind, but how? One clue was the palette of pinks, whites, and pale blues that remained constant from piece to piece. To the extent that saturated, bright hues express a certain resolve on the part of an artist—a commitment to more expensive pigments; a determination to keep paints unadulterated—Lee's faded pastel colors seemed to suggest something of the opposite mindset: a decision, maybe, to go with the flow. Given the laid-back optimism in the work on view, one wonders if he's

the sort of artist who chose his vocation because he's drawn to a certain pace in life: perhaps he likes unstructured days, or sunlight in a studio, or his favorite songs playing in the background while he works. As it turns out, he hand-paints each stripe on the tablecloths and curtains; it's not hard to imagine him arriving, via this repetitive act, at some version of Buddhist mindfulness—a measured awareness of one's perceptions and actions. The song lyrics printed on fabric thus start to seem like another means of honing attention. His artist statement notes that, as we grow accustomed to songs, we come to overlook their words. By printing lyrics on cloth in a large serif font, then, he renders them disconcertingly real, their contradictions and specificities no longer smoothed over by the flow of music.

The exhibition's title ("1,2,3,4...") could represent any number of things: a meditation practitioner's counted breaths, or the holler of a drummer kicking off a song in four-four time. Regardless, it adds to the sense that Lee is interested in progression—the progression of time, in particular, as portrayed explicitly by his pairs of photographs that capture the same scenes in two discrete moments. These tableaux (a kitchen table; a beach picnic) incorporate his hand-painted tablecloths and curtains. Displayed near the photographs are the actual fabrics, which still carry stains from dropped food and spilled drinks. Lee's art objects live long, interesting, documented lives, as they go from being made to being exhibited. Likewise, the drugstore items referenced in his cardboard works evoke not the impersonality of mass production but instead imply intimate histories, as when they reside not on pharmacy shelves but in a friend's toiletry bag.

This show raises an often-considered question: How does an artist who cares more about process than product share these priorities in the context of a gallery—that is to say, a venue best suited to showcasing outcomes? Lee had an unusual approach: Set up a table and chairs near the front of the space, and invite visitors to sit and drink a cup of tea. Rather than merely leaving an audience to intuit his state of mind when he made the works on display, he effectively created a mini-ritual via which viewers themselves could take a moment to experience something similar.

Dawn Chan