

heart was about to beat out as I complained that I had eaten too much irritating bait. The poison dried my throat and tried to leave some kind of proof. The voice on the oppo
th a subtle electric sound that invaded my hearing. I was tightly wrapped by the words. Fortunately, I was qualified to indulge in this caress. I firmly believe that this is a
in dialogue. I couldn't contain my inner turmoil and stammered trying to be comforted indefinitely. But I don't want to expose the embarrassment that I have been strongly
usion. The words themselves have
your words have already rubbed
m bell above my head, I pretended
ue and pure face, I decided to pie
the clearest truth will be reveale
I got the so-called spree of libera
ege on me. The unfamiliar and am
am uneasy about this, the anxiet
y, I tried to leave more, my scent
bbing, and the traces of the brush
the stage was detached, and I was
nt, I realized that as long as I dor
m has already fascinated the mind
. I decided not to pierce the beaut
e captured, I am poured into the r
the offense with compliments in a
the moment I left the gate of heav
erical, the pride spree seemed to b
this imaginary object more vivid, a
of an eye, I realized that all this w
alang who was paralyzed and dazed
pected, some hesitant and swaying
re at you, I'm so lonely. The nu
In the real dream
on has become a
dialog box, and
ecimen-like obje
pped and fell int
eveloped a growin
I couldn't be sq
eliminate any p
y noble, dedicati
tied and pulled,
f the deadlock I
ave g
it forced in
of harm as early as
onate confession. I think
this to happen. I didn't
in. Exquisite handicrafts
kind of "perfect accident" t
n, and in response to a kind
ction does not have any care
ertain attitude of cooperation an
rieve a certain perfect balance. This
you don't want to make troublesom
away from the system entered a sta
know
ry to
but is f
individu
stack to l
you mus
and num
ready in a game of anticipation and waiting f
idental". We know that this futile pursuit is
a to show and delight. We have gradually bui
s not a mosaic of whole individuals. The uns
h pleading anticipation, but at this point, if
re possibility of monologues from happening.
some kind of prediction seemed boring. I we
le appearance must be an illusion of a mira
kable truth will be obtained in the deepest
ce, I put before you naked desire, madnes
more crazy fantasies - confirming and leav
by warmth is itching. Let everything fall in
this point I racked my brains more eagerly
uctive aggressive intention, and became the
stimulating my nerves and my mouth was o
s thrilled with the idea of perfection, and t
ermented and entangled at this moment, wh
ecimen could stand still forever, no longer i
and it is truly presented in external form.
away from the love object and return to my
working through my breath, the turbulent b
would make me exclaim and fall into it, the
to confirm my first indescribable feeling.
attacked me like aggression, under the madn
the state
he gate
No w
ds are splashed wi
ng a waltz
t. Daydream
rite off, an
perverted t
er virtualiz
inent collap
was horrifie
This struct
istic, but we
stem of colle
f the game ca
t for a respo
today's latte



李泽明

Li Zeming

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1999年出生于内蒙古，现就读于中央美术学院实验艺术与科技艺术学院。实践多以影像，装置为主，专注艺术品与尚未赋形的纯粹物性之间的流变，善于借助物的种种形态和类型进行诗意的转换进而思考有关情感状态、社会情境、人类关系等现实问题。借助研究不同形式的视觉化碎片所衍生出的符号信息来进行图像叙事，立志于在自造的图像语言中找到一种理想与现实的平衡。

展览经历

2022

参展 2022亚洲数字艺术展

参展 富士X-SPACE NEW CONNECTION/新的连接

参展 2022第三届谷雨艺术节

参展 2022知也青年艺术展

参展 第四届学院实验艺术教育文献展

参展 对话东南-东盟国际当代艺术展

参展 灵魂咆哮-2022iRoar青年艺术计划新年特展

2021

参展 破冰艺术计划2021年度展

参展 第三届关中忙罢艺术节

2020

参展 “共在 共情 共生：中国社区美育行动计划”展

参展 静待锐思——李泽明个人作品展



Li Zeming, born in Inner Mongolia in 1999, graduated from Xi'an Academy of Fine Arts, Department of Experimental Art, Experimental Art Major in 2022. His practice is mainly focused on video and installation, focusing on the fluidity between artworks and the purely physical nature that has not yet been given shape, and they are good at poetic transformation through various forms and types of objects, thus thinking about the realities of emotional states, social situations and human relationships. They use the symbolic information derived from different forms of visualized fragments to carry out image narratives, aiming to find a balance between the ideal and reality in the self-made image language.

Exhibition experiences:

2022

2022 Asia Digital Art Exhibition

Fujifilm X-SPACE NEW CONNECTION

2022 Guyu Art Festival

2022 Zhiye Youth Art Exhibition

The 4th China Academic Experimental Art Education Documentary Exhibition ASEAN

International Contemporary Art Exhibition

Soul Roar -2022iRoar Youth Art Project New Year special Exhibition

.

2021

Icebreaking Art Project 2021 Annual Exhibition

The 3rd Guanzhong Harvest Art Festival

2020

“Co-existence Empathy Symbiosis” China Community Art Education Action Plan Exhibition

“Waiting for sharp” - Li Zeming's personal works Exhibition

缙缙者呓语

2022, 多频高清影像, 4:3, 彩色, 有声, 26分50秒

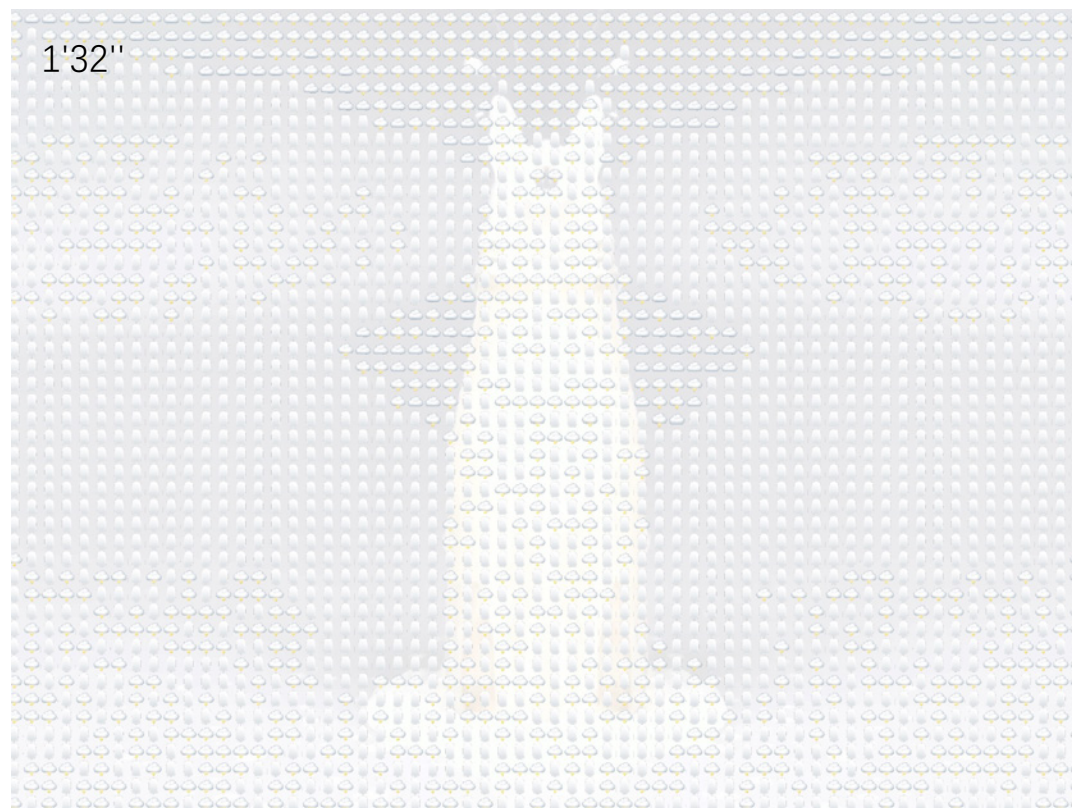
复杂缠卷的关系状态一旦被既定定义诠释，便无趣起来，甚至产生了某种被时代教科书式极权印证的巨大嫌疑，充满主体意志的亲密关系是无法从此妥协中获益的，甚至会因此从最初的痛苦陷入再度的焦虑之中。我们追求某种本能带来的期盼希望的可能，然而无法被稀释的感官情绪，迫使我们不得不承认这通过抑制所展现出的温和亲密的表象下潜藏着随时会爆发的巨大危机。“我们的关系”成为“代表”亦或是“个体”都无可厚非，它无法确切从某种意义上彰显这关系的神圣性以及独特地位，却能印证欺骗谰妄的相似性真实。没有所谓完美，失败完美造就的遗憾才是真正牵引呓语的情由。

作品从创作小组两人特殊的亲密关系出发，借助（AI）Emoji生成技术和行为录像相结合的创作方法，通过AI分析行为录像、声音独白以及意象物特征来生成相应片段的情绪与视觉化文本，试图从自身出发去展开探索并进一步反思这样的关系带来的种种可能性，我们意识到在温和的表象下往往潜藏着更多的危机，同时也警觉意识到我们的关系也可能无法逃脱这种潜在危机的毒害，我们尝试通过以某种呓语状态的声音状态去将危机以更温和及感性的方式展现出来，纯净、有序、理智、开放与我们所探讨的危机问题（混沌、杂糅、感性、私密）本身在某种程度上也形成了较为鲜明的对比，这样的反差也正如我们所想探讨的主题本身。



Part I

强烈膨胀的“信号”炸裂开，它成为某种特定的暗号令我意识到我的欲望是多么卑劣，或许是吧，但又多么纯粹。每一次的深呼吸，都依旧致使我缺氧，即将跳脱的心脏在我抱怨吃了太多令人上火的诱饵，这毒药干涩着我的嗓子又试图留下某种证明。对面的嗓音夹杂着细微的电流声侵袭着我的听觉，我被辞藻紧紧裹挟住，幸运获得了沉湎于这轻抚的资格，我坚信这是另一种肌肤对话所带来的快感。我抑制不住内心的骚动，结巴地试图得到无限期的抚慰。但又不愿暴露我受到强烈诱惑而陷入迷乱的窘态。词句本身早已并无更多意义，我放空的大脑独独接受你频频突出的气泡在我表面炸开的湿润感，就像两条呆滞金鱼那般。而你的言语早已将我揉搓侵占到顶点。



Part II

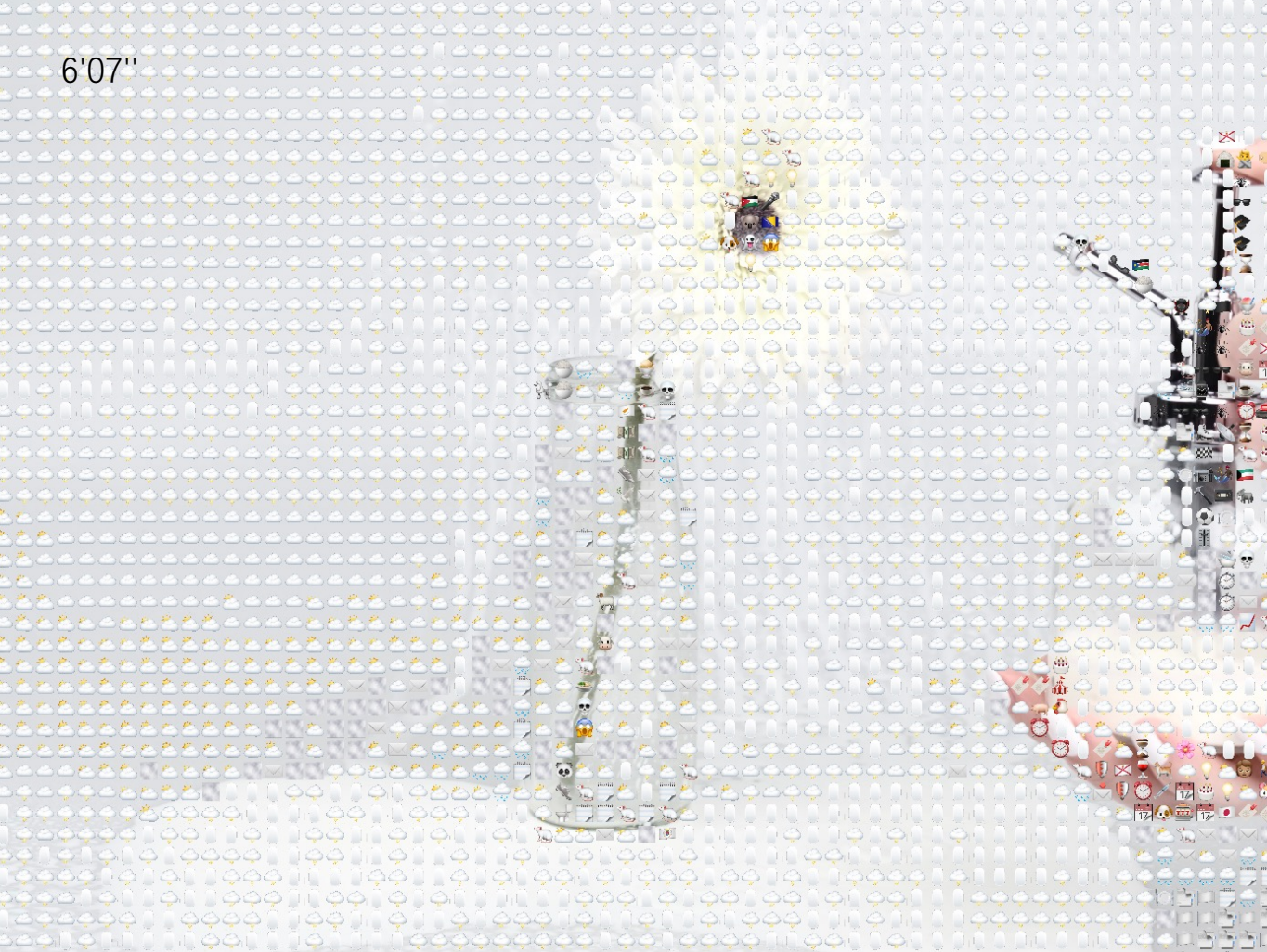


3'47''

头顶警钟大作，强装镇定却摇摆不定的我被压抑得喘不过气，我深知这温柔表象必然是海市蜃楼的幻象。试图寻求真实纯粹的面目，我决定戳破时隐时现踌躇的心绪，深陷诱饵陷阱。我坚信侵略最深处便会获得最为纯粹无法撼动的真实，褪去伪装的诱饵将会展现最清晰的真相。逃离隐匿于所谓表象之中的“客观”评判，我赤裸着渴求、疯狂、贪婪置于你身前。

果不其然，我得到了期盼的所谓的释然解脱的狂欢，我惊喜于此又试图隐忍更疯狂的幻想——印证并留下我的某种特权。陌生暧昧的气息成为了效果极好的致幻麻醉剂，温情带来的快感令人瘙痒不止，我的触觉麻木地沉浸在某种幸福的被侵略动态中，然而一丝细微的不安仿佛导火索般让一切陷入了崩塌的迹象，我不安于如此，闪过的焦虑渴求更多的可能，温情并不是某种理想的终点以及特权。这时我绞尽脑汁更急于彰显自我的主权，我试图留下更多，我的气味，我的呼吸，我的脉搏，我的痕迹。交缠的感官替代了洞察某种破坏性侵略意图的能力，成为相互试探的利刃，拂过的痕迹极好的成为了滚烫的烙印。

6'07"



Part III

舞
台中心若即若离，摇摆不定的我陷入苦闷不能让一切重演，但大脑却清晰刺激着我的神经令我口干舌燥，某一刻我意识到只要不杀死“鲜活而真实”的扶郎，那扶郎就能成为附属品与我一起“活着”。我激动于这完美的想法，而这美丽的泡沫早已令人迷了心智。但不再擦身而过的形式此刻却反而令我束手无措，真心与欺骗在此刻发酵纠缠，令我痛苦不堪，我决定不戳破定格的美妙面目，暗自得意的环绕着扶郎，我多么希望这完美的标本可以一直静置下去，不再是无法捕捉的状态，我倾倒于可以把控缠绕的瞬间。不可触及的理想此刻却如此纯粹，真正以外在形式呈现了出来。

我试图充满仪式感的将赞美充斥于进攻，但却在面对欲望时败下阵来。终究是将欲望从情偶对象上挪开回归于自身的欲望，我意识到在撇开天堂大门的一瞬，真正成为了纵火的共犯。面具使我焦急地通过呼吸去感知肺部依旧在运作，紊乱的气息令我更加歇斯底里，骄傲的狂欢似乎迎来高潮，我试图平抚我的心跳继续接下来的故事。纵使只是一点点的反馈便会令我惊呼继而深陷其中，沉醉的舞蹈使这臆想的对象更加鲜活，应当更加漫长下去，我小声的支吾。

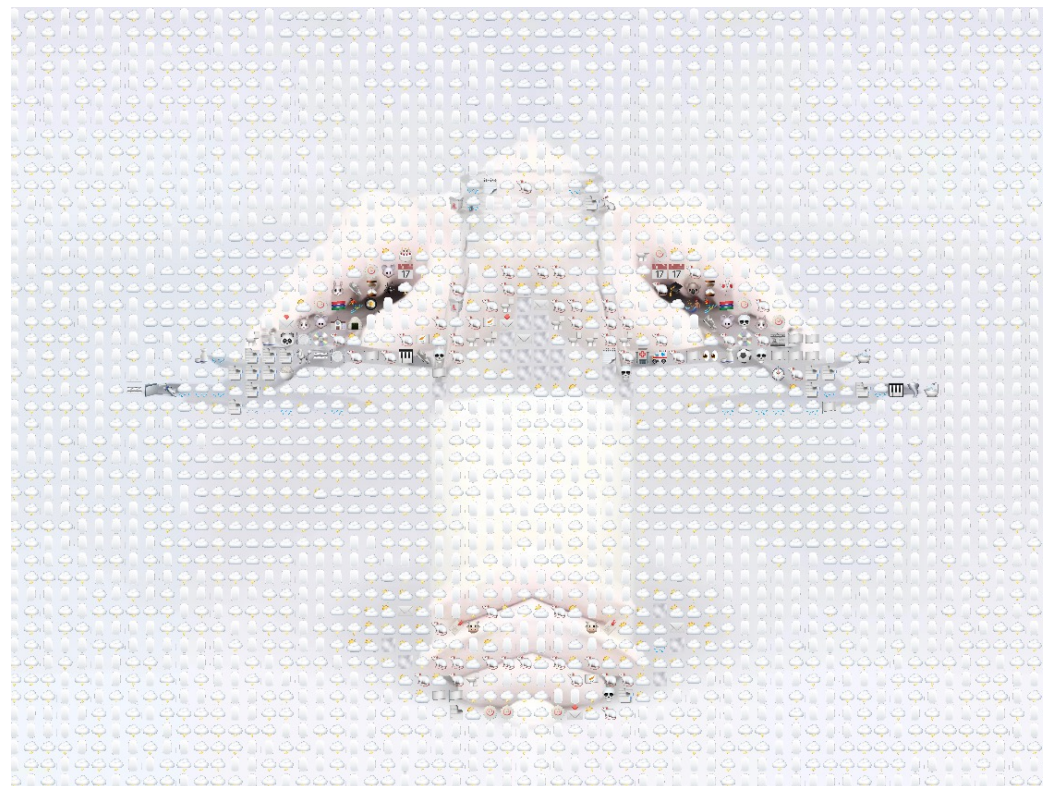
闪念间我发觉这一切终究会迎来空虚的结局，必须搜寻别的出路，我担忧呼唤着去确认自己初次难以言喻的心情。

注 视着我麻醉而陷入麻痹晕头转向的扶郎，劫持紧固于我的掌心之中，贪婪疯狂的欲望侵略似的裹挟冲击着我，疯癫之下的我隐隐自省，有些犹豫摇摆不定先前感官的真实。但这些担忧依旧无法撼动我，我不愿改变现状，就继续这样沉沦深陷下去吧。

“落寞的我凝视着你，我实在太孤独了。纯白的光线太过刺眼，我闭上眼成为那个捡起光的人。我确信我进入了天堂的花园，置身其中并做了一个迷蒙而真实的梦，梦境中所有人的嘴被胶带紧紧裹住，他们颤颤巍巍，浑身被汗水打湿。这里不许拥有言语文字，沟通成为了某种奢望，每个人头上的对话框清晰且高高悬挂着，仿佛刻薄的审判。纵然是侥幸支吾的言语也被白色油漆泼满对话框，一切都被白色肆意渲染填满，唯独剩下白日的黑夜以及黑夜的白昼，两两轻盈缓慢地旋转起幸福的圆舞曲，标本般的对象承载着病态的臆想，天堂的扶郎成为了任何期待的一切，我狂热激昂，通过空气似乎能感觉到微弱的呼吸声。白日梦将眩晕的我绑架堕入更加隐匿的深渊。”



焦灼不安，我产生了逐渐增强的严重负罪感，并极力劝解自己我是多么爱ta。我镇静下来进行侦查，竭力确认我们无法被勾销的爱情，以及我无法被贬斥挤压的特殊地位，但这迫使我陷于一度更深的痛苦之中，并谴责自己不该如此苛刻且神经紧绷。我试图从变态扭曲的掌控中获益，并试图尽早排除一切潜在的伤害风险。Ta应当配合我，继而证明忠贞不渝的爱，ta也应当承载自身被虚化的实体，接纳我高尚专一的深情表白，我这样想。需要和欲望都无法被挤压，脱离模具本身就是即将临近崩溃的预兆，我的情绪被捆绑牵引着，不允许这一切的发生。我并不指责对方，并承诺不再疑神疑鬼，刨根究底；一瞬间令我惊恐的察觉到我所深陷的僵局泥潭之广。精美的工艺品自然是不允许一点的磕破划痕的。



2'01''

Part IV

Part V

那道杠杆摇摆不定，捉摸不透地陈述着某种难以言喻的“完美意外”。我深知我们早已沉浸于一场充满期待和等待回应的游戏之中。这种结构使自主权跌入了较为尴尬的境地，为了回应某种“公平”，我们不得不试图进行“意外”的塑造。我们清晰这种徒劳的追求往往过于理想化，然而我们依旧选择充耳不闻。这场游戏互动不存在任何周密策略性的计划，而是充满展现、取悦的戏剧性。我们逐渐共建了特有的集体连结系统，这种结构宣扬了个体的某种合作奉献态度，但却并非完整个体所嵌合出的整体。游戏的潜规则是不许被放弃的，他必须不断循环进行下去以达到某种完美的平衡状态。这迫使每次出击都充满着恳求的期待，然而在此时，一旦等待不到回应便会打破“公平”的游戏局面，无论如何如果不想做出麻烦的解释，那就必须阻止独白发生的可能性。

我在自我制造的绝望之中深深爱着你，一如我应当爱的那样。这样的反馈机制让我清晰回忆起曾经我爱过多少回并且爱上多少次。对爱情我是怎么想的？实际上，我什么名堂也没悟出来。我确实很想知道爱情究竟是怎么一回事，但作为一个当事者，我所能看到的只是它的存在，而不是它的实质。我想弄清楚的东西恰恰正是我期待的东西。当然，可以作点反思，但这反思却寓于一连串的形象之中，结果也就悟不出个所以然来：我被排斥于逻辑之外，哪里还能好好思考一下。所以，尽管我能够成年累月地发表对爱情的宏论，我顶多只能抓住一些

只鳞片爪，奇思异想的流动中涌现出的一些闪念、断想、妙语等等。在这场爱情的游戏机制格局中，我的立足点有些不对头，我清晰觉察到。

9'53"





我讨厌那些坚持既定传统的调酒师，我认为那是伪心的欺骗。固定的调酒动作，相同的配方比例，是某种无趣至极的洗脑仪式。平衡，合理的搭配组合，才是一个酒的精髓。人们往往遵循默认了应当纯饮品鉴威士忌的骗局。大部分的威士忌从橡木桶中装入瓶中前，都需要经过加水稀释的工序，而且根据原桶酒精度数的不同，一些威士忌还需要加入相当高比例的水。什么样的威士忌需要加水，加多少水，这些都会对威士忌最终呈现出的风味产生影响，所以威士忌加水也是一件非常考究的事情。

3'19"

Part VI

一般来说，威士忌的年份越低，需要加入的水就越多，比如一瓶12年的威士忌，我们可以按照1:1的比例来兑水，因为贮存时间越短的威士忌酒精味道会更刺鼻。随着威士忌熟成时间增加，需要加入的水就越少，比如年份为25年的威士忌，就可以直接饮用。

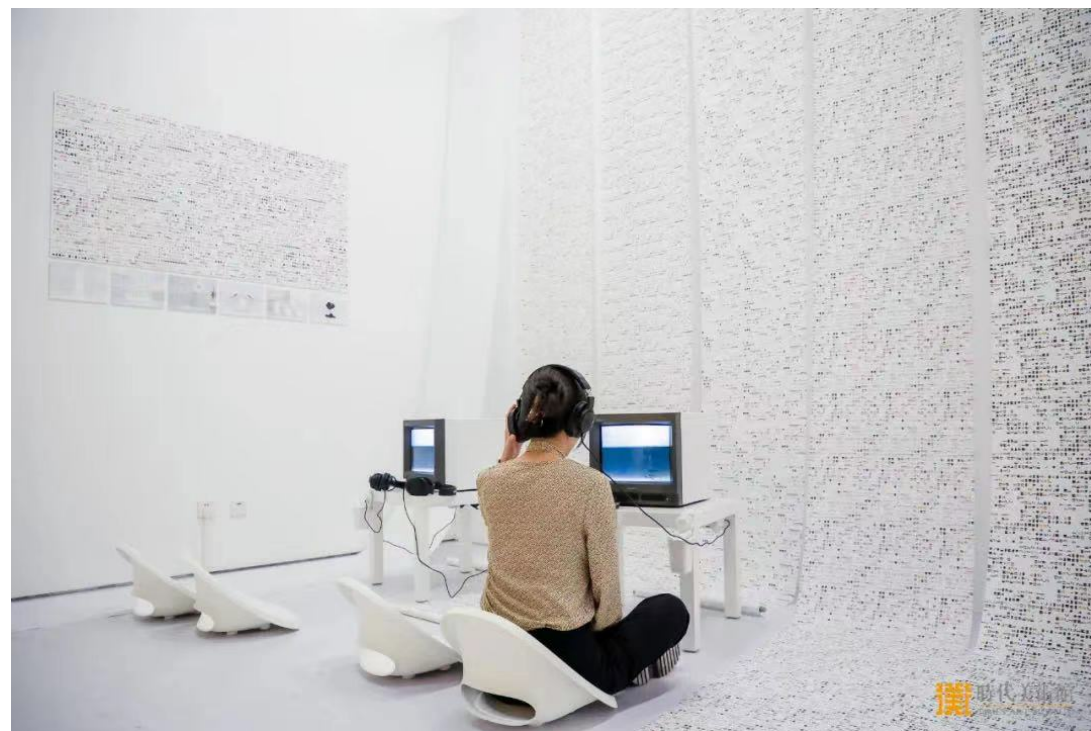
作为调酒师，“纯净主义”是可以改变的。让冰冷的酒变得温情，是在主酒调和比例中那一点不易察觉的温柔。

Bartender便是在酒吧既定的环境中，能有主权调和属于自己那一比例温柔（tender）的人。

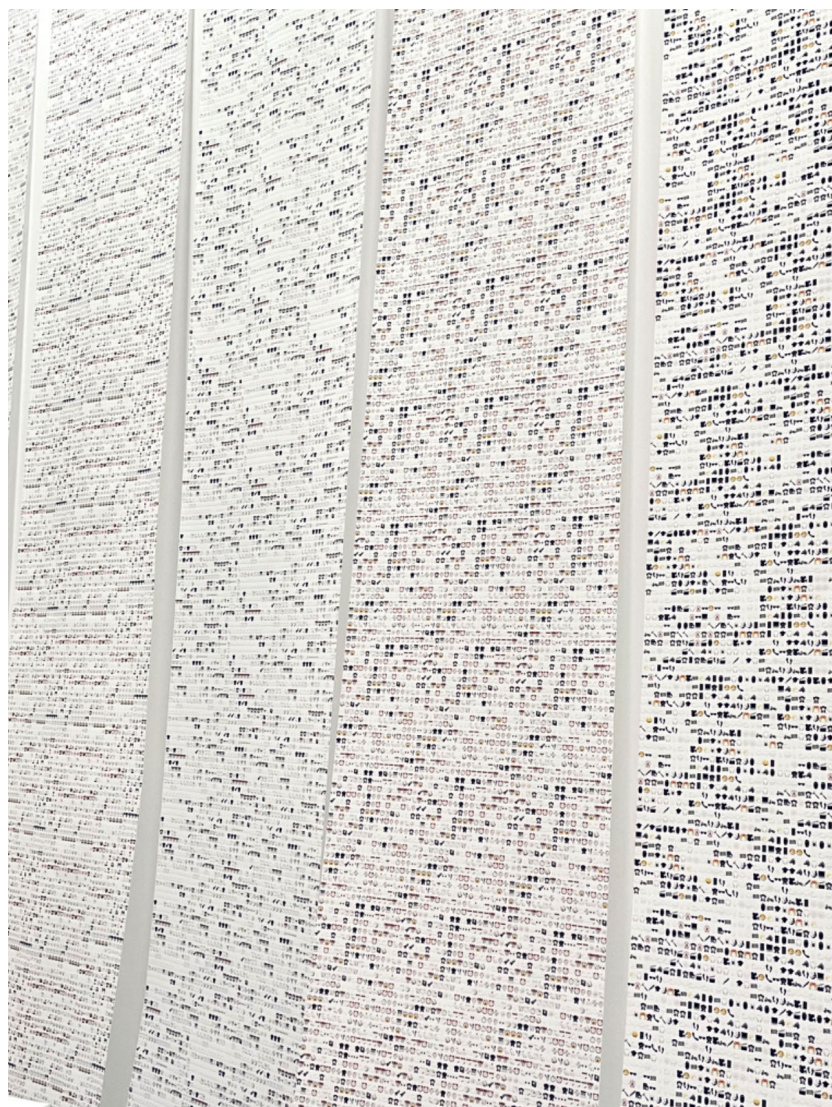
我沉醉于酒精包容性的自由，毕竟调酒师不会谴责任何一个人的宿醉。



《缱绻者呓语》
影像展出现场搭建效果图，2022



《缱绻者呓语》
2022亚洲数字艺术展展出现场，2022
时代美术馆，北京



《缙纶者呓语》
2022亚洲数字艺术展出现场，2022
时代美术馆，北京



《缙纶者呓语》
2022亚洲数字艺术展出现场，2022
时代美术馆，北京

Intimité in hallucination

LiZeming

2022, multi-frequency HD video, 4:3, 26'50"

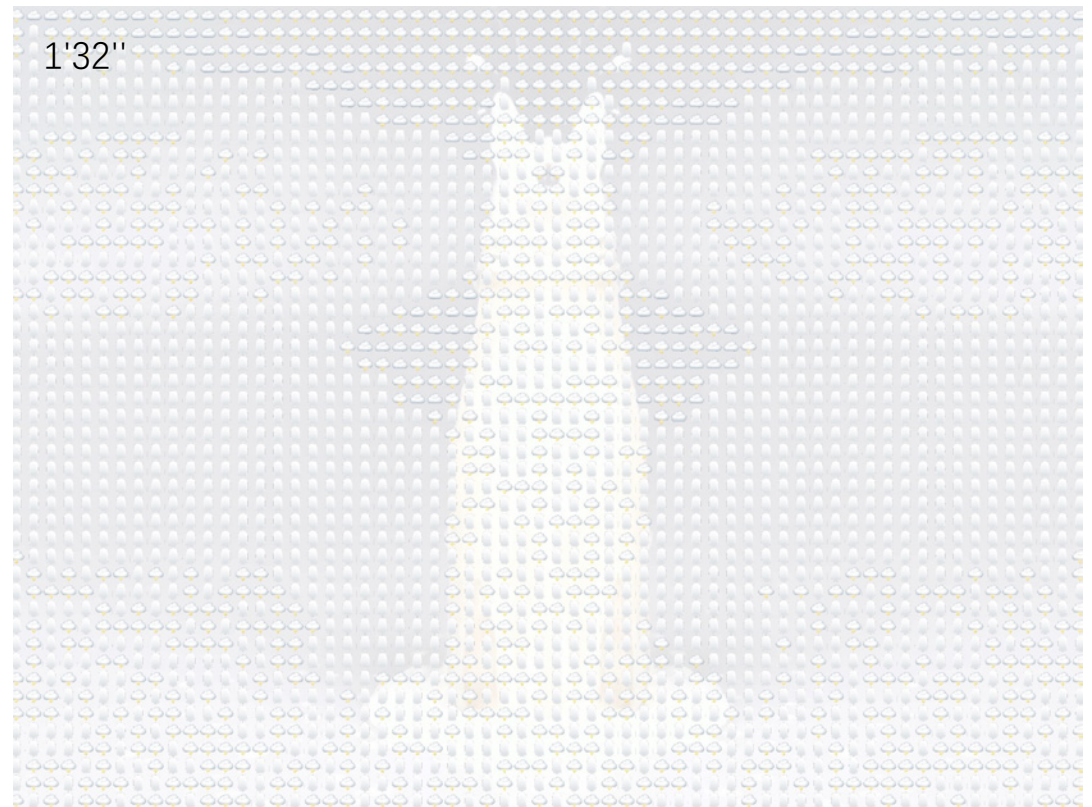
Once the complex and tangled state of relationship is interpreted by the established definition, it becomes uninteresting, and even creates a great suspicion of being stamped by the textbook totalitarianism of the times. We seek a certain instinctive possibility of hope, but the undiluted sensuality forces us to acknowledge that underneath the appearance of gentle intimacy through inhibition lies a great crisis that can erupt at any moment. "Our relationship" is neither a "representative" nor an "individual", but it does not precisely highlight the sacredness and uniqueness of this relationship in a certain sense, but it confirms It does not exactly reveal the sacredness and unique status of the relationship in some sense, but it confirms the truth of the similarity of the delusion of deception. There is no such thing as perfection. There is no such thing as perfection, but the regret created by the failure of perfection is what really pulls the ravings.

The work starts from the special intimate relationship between the two creative team members, and uses the combination of (AI) Emoji generation technology and performance video to generate the corresponding fragment of emotional and visual text through AI analysis of the performance video, voice monologue and imagery features, in an attempt to explore and further reflect on the possibilities brought about by such a relationship. We try to present the crisis in a gentler and more sensual way by using some kind of murmuring sound state, which is pure, orderly, rational and open, and the crisis we are exploring (chaotic, mixed, sensual and intimate) itself forms a sharp contrast to some extent. The contrast is just like the theme we want to explore.



Part I

The strongly swollen "signal" exploded and it became a specific code to make me realize how vile my desire was, maybe, but how pure. Every deep breath still leaves me without oxygen, and my heart is about to beat off as I complain about eating too much bait that fires me up, a poison that dries up my throat and tries to leave some kind of proof. The voice from the other side of the room, mixed with the subtle sound of electricity, invaded my hearing, and I was wrapped up in the rhetoric, lucky enough to be qualified to indulge in this caress, which I firmly believe is another kind of skin-to-skin conversation brought pleasure. I could not contain my inner turmoil and stammered in an attempt to be soothed indefinitely. But I didn't want to reveal my embarrassment of being strongly tempted to fall into ecstasy. The words themselves have no more meaning, and my empty brain is alone in accepting the wetness of your frequent protruding bubbles exploding on my surface, like two dull goldfish. And your words have already rubbed and invaded me to the top.



Part II

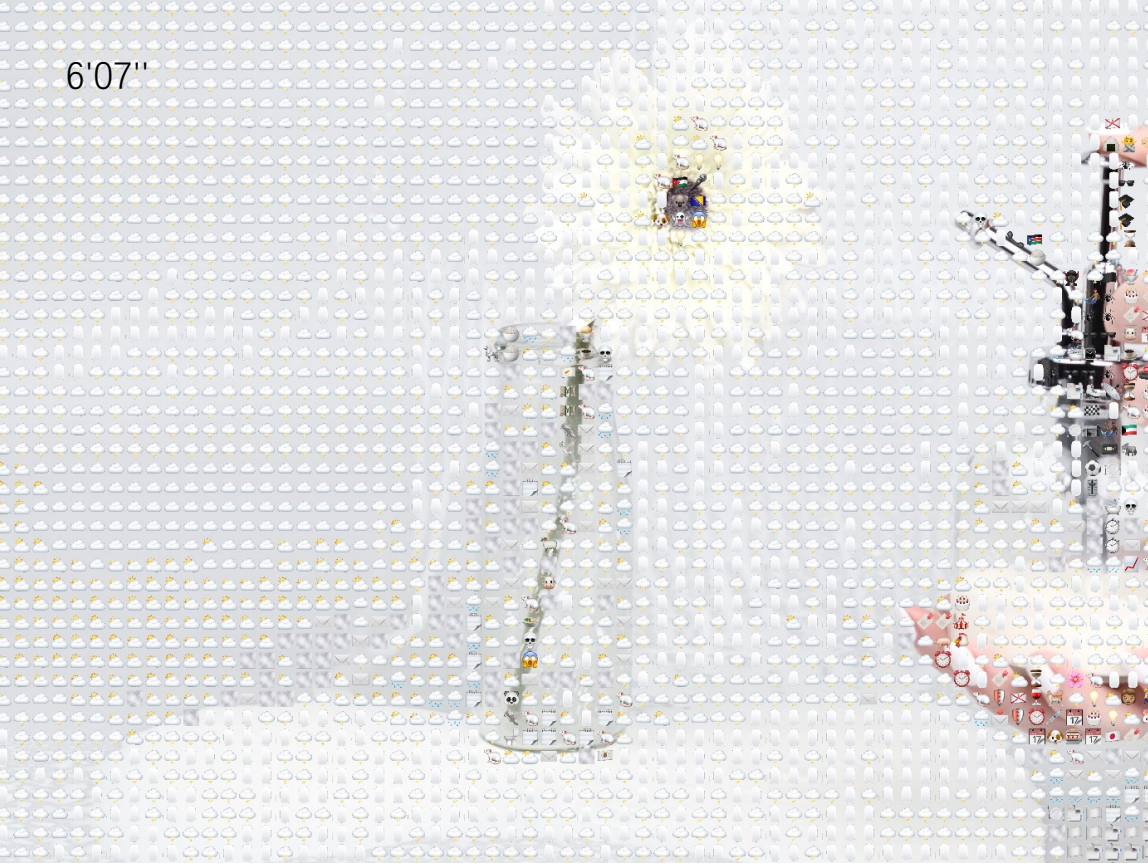


3'47''

The alarm bells were ringing overhead, and I was overwhelmed by the calm but wavering, knowing full well that this gentle appearance must be an illusion of a mirage. Trying to find the true and pure face, I decided to pierce the hesitant mind that comes and goes, falling deeper into the bait trap. I firmly believe that if I invade the deepest part of the world, I will get the purest and most unshakeable truth, and the decoy will reveal the clearest truth by removing the disguise. Escape from the "objective" judgments hidden in the so-called appearances I placed myself in front of you with naked thirst, madness and greed.

As it happens, I get the desired orgy of so-called release and liberation, and I am surprised by it and try to hold back even crazier fantasies - to confirm and leave behind some kind of privilege for me. The strange and ambiguous scent became a very effective hallucinogenic anesthetic, the pleasure of warmth was itchy, my touch was numbly immersed in some kind of blissful invasion dynamic, but a slight uneasiness was like a fuse that made everything fall into a collapse, I was uncomfortable with this, the flash of anxiety thirsted for more possibilities, warmth was not some kind of ideal end and privilege. At this point I racked my brain to be more eager to assert my sovereignty, I tried to leave more, my scent, my breath, my pulse, my traces. The intertwined senses replace the ability to see some kind of destructive aggressive intent and become a sharp edge of mutual temptation, and the brush marks become an excellent branding of imprint.

6'07"



Part III

The center of the stage is as if it is leaving, wavering I fell into a bitterness can not let everything repeat, but the brain is clearly stimulating my nerves make my mouth dry, at a certain moment I realized that as long as not to kill the "fresh and real" Barberton daisy, that Barberton daisy can become an accessory with me to "live". "I was thrilled with this perfect idea. I was thrilled with this perfect idea, and this beautiful bubble has long been confusing. But the form of no longer rubbing off on me at the moment but instead I was at my wits end, sincerity and deception fermenting and entangling at the moment, causing me pain. I decided not to pierce the wonderful face of the fixation, secretly smug around Furo, how I wished this perfect specimen could have remained static, no longer in an uncatchable state, I poured into the moment where I could control the entanglement.

The untouchable ideal is now so pure, truly presenting itself in an external form.

I tried to ritualistically flood the offense with praise, but I was defeated in the face of desire. In the end, it was the desire to move away from the object of love and return to my own desire, and I realized that the moment I opened the door to heaven, I had truly become an accomplice to arson. The mask made me anxiously breathe to sense that my lungs were still functioning, and my disordered breath made me even more hysterical, as the orgy of pride seemed to culminate and I tried to calm my heartbeat to continue the rest of the story. Even if just a little feedback would make me gasp and then sink deeper, the intoxicating dance made the imaginary object more vivid and should go on even longer, I whispered.

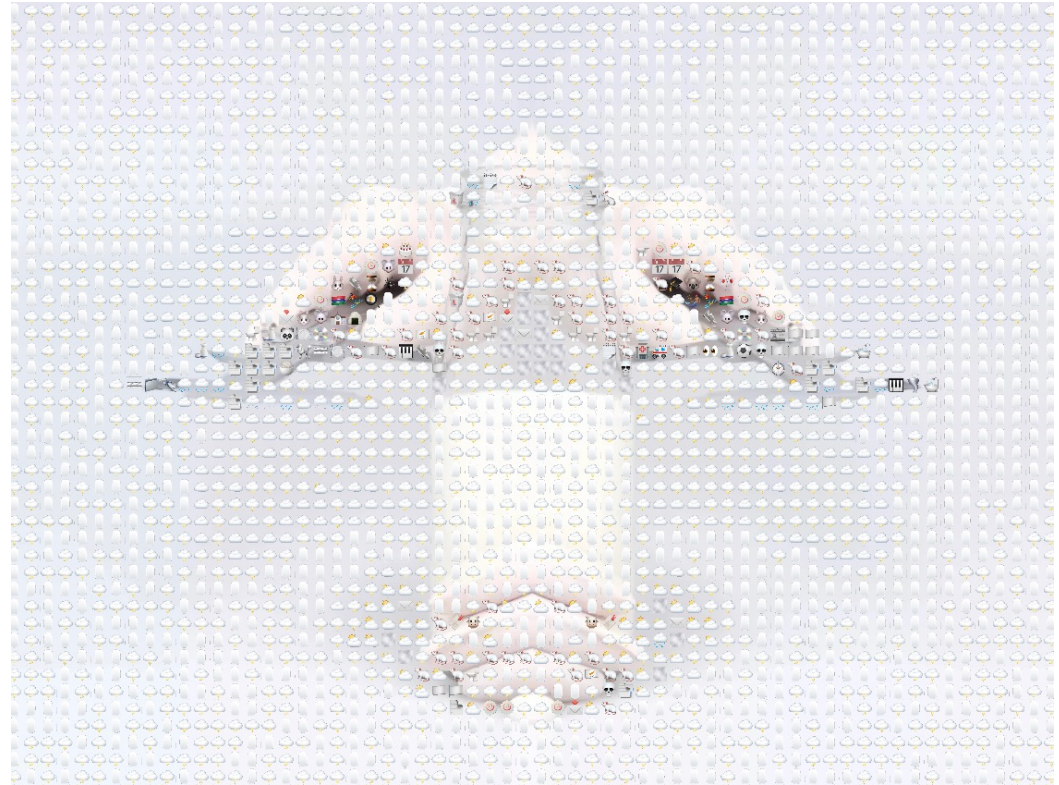
In a flash I realized that all this would eventually end in emptiness and that I had to search for another way out, and I worried and called out to confirm my first unspeakable feelings.

I was looking at Barberton daisy, who was paralyzed and dazed by my anesthesia, and the hijacking was tightened in my palm, and the greed and madness of desire invaded and hit me like a hostage, and I was vaguely introspective under the madness, and some hesitation wavered about the reality of my previous senses. But these concerns still can not shake me, I do not want to change the status quo, so continue to sink deeper into it.

"Forlornly I stared at you, I was too lonely. The pure white light is too blinding and I close my eyes to become the one who picks up the light. I was sure I had entered the garden of heaven, and was in it and had a misty and real dream in which everyone's mouth was wrapped tightly with tape, and they were trembling and drenched with sweat. No words are allowed here, communication becomes some kind of luxury, and the dialog box above each person's head hangs clearly and high, as if a mean judgment. Even if it was a fluke, the words were splashed with white paint, and everything was filled with white, except for the blackness of day and the day of night. Daydreams abducted the dizzy me into a more hidden abyss."



I calmed down to investigate and try to confirm our love that could not be written off and my special status that could not be denigrated and squeezed, but this forced me to be in deeper pain for a while and to condemn myself for being so harsh and tense. I tried to benefit from the perverted and distorted control and tried to remove all potential risks of harm as soon as possible. ta should cooperate with me and thus prove faithful love, ta should also carry its own deflated entity and accept my noble and devoted confessions, I thought. Neither need nor desire can be squeezed, and the detachment from the mold itself is a harbinger of imminent collapse, and my emotions are bound and drawn to not allow this to happen. I don't blame the other person and promise to stop being suspicious and get to the bottom of it; for a moment to my horror I perceive the breadth of the quagmire of impasse in which I am mired. A beautiful artifact naturally does not allow the slightest bump and scratch.



2'01''

Part IV

Part V

The lever wavered, elusive, stating some unspeakable "perfect accident". I am aware that we have been immersed in a game of expectation and waiting for a response. This structure puts autonomy in a rather awkward position, where we have to try to shape the "accident" in order to respond to a certain "fairness". We are clear that this futile pursuit is often too idealistic, yet we continue to choose to turn a deaf ear. This playful interaction was not strategically planned, but rather full of the drama of showing and pleasing. We gradually build a unique collective bonding system, a structure that promotes a certain cooperative dedication of individuals, but is not a whole that is nested in a complete individual. The subtle rules of the game are not to be abandoned; they must continue in a continuous cycle in order to reach a state of perfect balance. This forces each strike to be filled with pleading expectations, but at this point, waiting for no response breaks the "fair" game, and in any case, if one does not want to make troublesome explanations, the possibility of a monologue must be prevented.

I love you as deeply as I should in the midst of my self-created despair. Such a feedback mechanism allows me to clearly recall how many times I have loved and how many times I have fallen in love. What do I think about love? Actually, I didn't understand anything. I did want to know what love was all about, but as a party to it, all I could see was its existence, not its substance. What I was trying to figure out was exactly what I was expecting. Of course, it was possible to reflect on it, but this reflection was embedded in a series of images, and as a result, it was impossible to understand: I was excluded from logic, so I could not think about it. So, even though I could spend my adult life expressing my grand theories about love, I could only catch a few I can only catch a few flashes of thought, ideas, phrases, etc., that emerge from the flow of whimsy. In the pattern of the game mechanism of love, my footing is a little off, I clearly perceive.

9'53"





I hate bartenders who stick to established traditions, I think it's pseudo-heart cheating. The fixed bartending action, the same recipe proportions, is some kind of brainwashing ritual that is uninteresting to the extreme. Balance, the right mix and match combination, is the essence of a drink. People tend to follow by default the deception that they should drink tasting whisky neat. Most whiskies need to go through a process of dilution with water before they are bottled from oak casks, and depending on the original cask alcohol level, some whiskies also need to add a fairly high percentage of water. What kind of whisky needs to add water, add how much water, these will have an impact on the final flavor of the whisky, so whisky with water is also a very delicate matter.

3'19"

Part VI

Generally speaking, the lower the year of the whisky, the more water needs to be added, such as a bottle of 12-year-old whisky, we can mix water in the ratio of 1:1, because the shorter the storage time of the whisky alcohol taste will be more pungent. As the whisky maturation time increases, the need to add less water, such as the year of 25 years of whisky, you can drink directly.

As a bartender, "purism" can be changed. What makes a cold drink warm is the imperceptible gentleness in the main mixer ratio.

Bartender is the one who has the sovereign right to mix his own proportion of tenderness in the established environment of the bar.

I revel in the freedom of alcohol inclusion, after all, the bartender will not condemn anyone's hangover.

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