

**MINOR ADJUSTMENT  
/ GHOST**

**Ghost Tour / Treasure Hill**

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## **MINOR ADJUSTMENT /GHOST**

### **Ghost Tour/ Treasure Hill (Taipei, Taiwan)**

November 2nd 2014

### **Ghost Tour / Itaewon (Seoul, Korea)**

August 31st /September 1st /September 2nd 2012, 8PM

Each tour grows out of a quality or atmosphere we want to work with in a place, a kind of sensing or feeling for what is there...

Each tour is a minor act of ethnography.

Each tour consists of a small group of participants performing in a public space. People signed up to a tour become, by default, participants in the tour. Participants perform for one another as well as for the public who act as observers.

Each tour involves a variety of materials that are worked with or abandoned throughout the tour.

Each tour is normally under 1 hour duration and is divided into a number of episodes or events.

**Ghost Tour / Treasure Hill** is connected to the Taiwan International Video Art Exhibition **The Return of Ghosts** at Hong-Gah Museum.

November 1st 2014 ~ January 25th 2015

[twvideoart.org](http://twvideoart.org) / [hong-gah.org.tw](http://hong-gah.org.tw)

## **INTRODUCTION**

**Where** Temple

**Theme** An appeal to Gods and Ghosts

For the sake of Treasure Hill and more importantly for the sake of ART, we begin our tour by beseeching the Gods to show mercy on us as we invoke the ghosts of ART - Improvisation, the Unformed and the Chaotic - to take up residence on Treasure Hill and to help us expel the ghosts of ART - Harmony, Order and Good Taste - who are currently resident there and who have, we believe, begun to make themselves at home on Treasure Hill.

GuanYin, Mazu: Goddess of Mercy, Goddess of the sea, Goddess of Luck and Fortune, Protector of fishermen, sailors and air travelers... we ask for your help tonight in the name of and for the sake of art!

We ask for your help to expel the ghosts of harmony, order and good taste from this hill. By indulging these ghosts, artists have led art away from the Improvised, the unformed and the chaotic! From the true path of art.

And we also ask for your help to invoke and make welcome to this hill the true ghosts of art, the ghosts of the Improvised, the unformed and the chaotic to come and claim what is rightfully theirs.

This hill was already a work of art... a circumscribed, partly cultivated area of land.... But you new arrivals, you artists, cultural bureaucrats and consumers, yes! You! You came looking for an area you could mould, an area where art could be put in the service of harmony, order and good taste.

In contrast we exalt improvised action, chaotic insomnia, the mortal leap into the unformed. We sing the love of danger, energy and fearlessness, courage, audacity, and revolt!

We call on these ghosts to come and claim this hill, to claim the treasure that is rightfully theirs. COME Ghosts of Improvisation, COME Ghosts of the unformed and

COME Ghosts of chaos COME NOW

Our eyes - leaving the Temple - reach up to the moon, reach out to the mountain, reach down to the river, reach into the jungle... Introducing new words, we bring new content, where everything begins to slide and shift...

Dyr      bul      shehyl  
Ubesh shehur  
Srum  
Vyee      sooo      buuu  
Ri      i      ez

In art there must be unresolved dissonances – something unpleasant for the ear – because there is dissonance in the soul ...

You have objections? – Enough! Enough! We know them ... we understand! ... --- But who cares! We don't want to understand! ...

We worship fire, but we don't always need to respect the ashes, that's why we shape our lives and exercise our hearts - minds and balls - with the poker. The flames shoot forth.

## **NARRATIVE 1**

**Where** Performance stage

**Theme** Improvisation

These next three narratives flatter and celebrate each of the ghosts of ART we invite to take up residence on Treasure Hill - namely the ghosts of Improvisation, the Unformed and the Chaotic – we tempt and seduce these ghosts by appealing to their power, intellect and vanity. This first narrative is an appeal to the ghost of Improvisation.

The placard, the sandwich man, the poster, the sign, the advertisement, the leaflet, prospectus, ticket, handbill --- all these methods of performing, of calling out, of shouting, are devices of circumventing traditional language, imitating the sound of speech, and restoring the original improvised spoken rhythm which has been abstracted by written language...

Improvisation is discourse whose beginning is what matters, because to improvise is to begin without second thought, and under the rules there is no turning back ... Improvisation is the performance of a composition at the moment of its composition. One preserves such a moment by refusing to revise the results ... it is discourse that proceeds independently of reflection: it does not stop to check itself. It is deliberate but undeliberated.

We believe that a thing is valuable to the extent that it is improvised (hours, minutes, seconds), not extensively prepared (months, years, centuries) ... WE ACHIEVE AN ABSOLUTE DYNAMISM THROUGH THE INTERPENETRATION OF DIFFERENT ATMOSPHERES AND TIMES ... this is a preference for the unfinished, the unformed, the potential, for girders that are the colour of danger, a preference that characterises the form as well as our ideological stance.

LET INSECTS LIVE LIKE KINGS

LET GHOSTS REIGN

THIS ETHER,

THIS NOISE,

THESE MOLECULES ARE FOR  
SALE FOR NOTHING

LONG LIVE IMPROVISATION,

LONG LIVE THE UNFORMED,

LONG LIVE CHAOS

## **NARRATIVE 2**

**Where** Garden in the ruin

**Theme** Unformed things

This second narrative is an appeal to the ghost of the Unformed. Again we tempt and seduce the ghosts by appealing to their power, intellect and vanity.

To a finished house we prefer a house unformed, a house permanently under construction whose girders are the colour of danger ... landing platforms made for aircraft ... anti-aircraft platforms made for ack-ack guns ... with their numbered arms that claw and comb the stars and comets, aerial platforms from which the eye embraces a vaster horizon ...

The Unformed reveals our burning passion for the coming-into-being of things ... Everything sensitised. All within range of the eye. You can almost touch it... A copper wire makes the frogs leg jerk. The gesturing of protozoa more vivid than a pool of vomit. The lives of plants more moving than a detective story. The proportion, angle, appearance of everything is changing. Everything moves away, comes closer, culminates, misses the point, laughs and asserts itself. Stuff from five corners of the world turn up in the same pool, in the same dish, on the same dress. Everything is artificial and real. Eyes. Hands. Your ear is a trumpet. Your sense of direction. Your rhythm. You melt the world into the mould of your skull. Your brain hollows out. Unsuspected depths, out of which you pluck the flower of explosives...

...Like a glycerine suppository, a mysterious pill activates your digestion. You get lost in the labyrinth of the Unformed where you renounce yourself to become everyone.

This ruin should be destroyed to music and that wall, that poem of ingenuity should be the first to go...

GHOST OF THE UNFORMED

GHOSTS OF ART WE BESEECH

YOU

COME NOW

### **NARRATIVE 3**

**Where** Cross Plaza

**Theme** Chaos

This third narrative is an appeal to the ghost of Chaos. Yet again, we tempt and seduce these ghosts by appealing to their power, intellect and vanity.

When I call out! All my senses light up and I want to violate everybody. And when I abandon myself to these chaotic instincts, I find the triangle a metaphysical solution.

Inexhaustible coal mines! Extravagant beasts flying low over the multicoloured city, howling monkeys holding one another by the tail, and the orchid-coloured clusters of architecture that falls on top of them and kills them. Raw matter as well trained as a two-headed fish. But be careful not to force human feelings onto matter. Instead, divine its chaotic governing impulses, its forces of compression, dilation, cohesion, and disaggregation, its crowds of massed molecules and whirling electrons... The human brain until now has been hopping around on four legs! We intend to remove its fourth leg –Poor three-legged little puppy! Poor lame puppy! Poor poor puppy! Your obscene barking will no longer grate on our ears! We are uncompromising carpenters, and once again we throw ourselves and our names into the chaos of unprecedented projects...

Ghosts of art - of Harmony, Order and Good Taste - another 'ism' to outlast the other 'isms' - your 'ism' the vilest of all in its cheap crumpled pants. Hands trembling. You want me to walk side by side with you. I like to walk but not with you. You cannot tyrannise me with your well-meaning looks. You slut-bellied obstructionists. I rebel against the tyranny of your harmony, order and good taste and other loose expressions which can be used to shred my already tattered hole, and destroy our good work. I walk away from you and your fungus, your gangrenous limb, your piss-stained underwear.

I stumble, I shout, stumble, shout, stumble, shout, stumble, shout .... Stumble, shout, stumble, shout, stumble, shout...

**CHAOS**

**NOW!**

#### **NARRATIVE 4**

**Where** Motorway view

**Theme** The future-past

The future-past is NOW. This narrative takes place in sight of the light filled motorway in order to celebrate matter in all its forms! It celebrates what we have at our disposal and how we can work with this with all its power and energy and in all its diversity.

Rivers of piss, multitudinous motorways – FUTURE-PAST - We reaffirm the world's magnificence through the diversity of matter and our monument to this. Mater neither fixed or given nor the mere end result of different processes. Not mere static arrangements in the world, but rather a dynamic reconfiguring of the world.

Monuments adorned with great pipes, a snakes exploding breath – a roaring engine powered by missiles from an invisible drone is as beautiful as a urinating elephant.

The roar of beasts, the brilliance of arc lights, the growling of aircraft, awaken the soul, which was suffocating in the tomb of harmony, of order, of good taste, has emerged at the intersection of the paths of heaven and earth. If all artists were to see the crossroads of these heavenly paths, if they were to comprehend these monstrous beasts, runways and intersections of our bodies with the clouds in the heavens, then they would not be painting chrysanthemums ...

Have you ever thought about the sadness that streets, squares, stations, subways, hotels, cinemas, motorways and nature would exhibit without the infinite billboards, neon signs, and endless drone of beasts and loudspeakers...

MORE NOISE, MORE LIGHT, MORE MATTER... MORE, MORE....  
EVEN MORE

If you like we can go by plane and fly over the land of the thousand lakes.

The nights are fantastically long.

The prehistoric ancestors will be afraid of the noise.

I'll land.

And I'll build a hangar for the plane out of fossilised mammoth bones.

The ancient fire will warm us.

And we will fuck like a good bourgeois couple.

Oh, come! COME NOW!

The future-past is NOW!

## **NARRATIVE 5**

**Where** Empty house

**Theme** What we're against...

This narrative is about what we are against! What we want to expel from Treasure Hill, but more importantly what we want to expel from ART. What we want to save art from when we call on the ghosts of Improvisation, the Unformed and the Chaotic to take up residence on Treasure Hill by expelling the ghosts of ART currently resident there.

We don't need manifestos – our art is in the process of taking its full place in life – that is a matter of fact. And if we sometimes write them, that is by way of a gesture to public impatience. We let sleeping dogs lie, we don't bring fools to their senses, we call trivial things trivial to their faces, and we defend our interests actively.

Simple, corrupted things are closer to us than the artistic husk that clings to contemporary art, like flies to shit. To our way of thinking, the mediocrity that proclaims long familiar so-called artistic truths is as unnecessary and vulgar as if it were proclaiming tired ideas we are against.

We are against hill-forming, community-building, social-working, well-meaning art, for this leads to stagnation and death.

We've had enough Kings, Queens and Knaves of Diamonds. We've had enough of their miserable art, their harmony, order and good taste. We've had enough insults from the mouths of babies suffering from old age. We spare no time in making the unformed tree of chaos and improvisation grow to great heights, and what does it matter that the little parasites swarm in its shadow – let them, they know only of the tree's existence from its shadow. We advance our work and principles. We ceaselessly change them and put them into practice. We wish to leave strange shaped holes behind us. We have no modesty – we declare this bluntly and frankly.

We've had enough of this manure,  
now we need to sow.

We are joining forces with contemporary artists from the EAST!

Art for life – life for art!

Long Live ART,

Long Live the East!

## **NARRATIVE 6**

**Where** Mise-en-scène

**Theme** The extraordinary

This narrative attempts to perform / narrate something extraordinary through a familiar everyday scene being acted out in an unfamiliar context.

She came out

In a blue dressing gown,

And said:

Sit down,

I've been waiting a long time for you.

Would you like a glass of tea before you tell me how it all happened...

We say that space is infinite and since the first condition of infinity is infinity in all directions and in all possible respects, we must assume that space has an infinite number of dimensions... I'm no longer certain whether I'm looking at a star filled sky with the naked eye or at a drop of water under a microscope...

In the museum you find deposits of order labelled "philosophy" and in glass cases unknown lumps of harmony labelled "Aesthetics." You walk down ruined hallways and see the remains of good taste labelled "Glory." Tiredness finally overcomes you in the room labelled "Ancient History." ....

The DESIGN of the future is in the grip of the human vortex. All the past that is vital, all the past that is capable of living into the future, is pregnant in the vortex, NOW.

Green arsenic smeared on an egg-white cloth.

Crushed strawberries! Come let us feast our eyes!

## **NARRATIVE 7**

**Where** Riverside area

**Theme** Some reflections / recommendations on what we have done

This narrative brings the tour to a close through looking back at the hill and leaving participants with some further work to do.

Observe the form! Observe what we have made! How pleasing it is!

### Recommendations

1. Wear gloves - for several days - during which time the brain will force your hands to desire difficult tactile sensations
2. Swim underwater- once a week - Try to distinguish interwoven currents and different temperatures
3. Sleep in complete darkness - every fourth night - remember and list every object and its place in your bedroom
4. Stand upside down – for two minutes every day – in a different corner of the house. Describe what you cannot see
5. Break – once a year – into a small insignificant public building. Leave something personal where it can be found
6. Talk – once a month – without stopping for as long as it takes for this to turn into gibberish then continue this gibberish for a further two minutes
7. Pick up and smell– each day for one week– two small to medium size animals

There is no better antidote for the terrible feeling of powerlessness which clutches modern man by the throat than a vigorous exercise of the imagination. It is the allurements of the imagination which has allowed all those ragtag guerrilla outfits of the last thirty years to succeed, that and the will to endure for the sake of the future.

If I were a painter I would spill great splashes of yellow and red over the end of this trip.

## **Slogans**

**Frogs that croak the loudest come closest  
to bursting**

**I AM THE FLY, I am the fly in the ointment /  
I can spread more disease than the fleas  
which nibble away at the window display**

**The parts of a city are, at a certain level,  
legible. But the meaning they have for us,  
personally, is incommunicable, like the un-  
derground world of private life, of which we  
possess nothing but pitiful scribblings...**

**ART is life without carpet slippers! ART is  
against the unity and order that makes peo-  
ple's brains turn into downy pillows**

**I feel skilful new beings are with me... ar-  
ranging and even building a new universe**

**I have released the animals from the eter-  
nal cage and flung open the gates to the  
asylum**

**We warn you in advance that we work on a  
scale bigger than Cheops. Our task is bold,  
majestic, and uncompromising**

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