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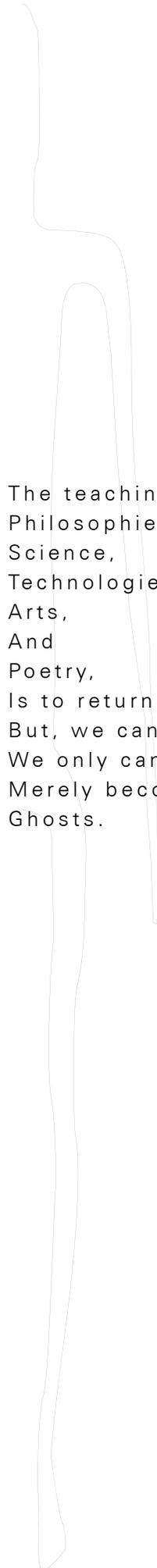
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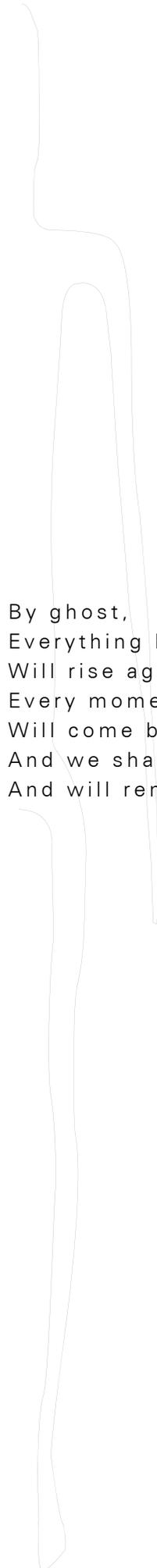


The teaching and effort of all, of all,
Philosophies,
Science,
Technologies,
Arts,
And
Poetry,
Is to return us to our origins.
But, we can't go back as we were,
We only can become,
Merely become ...
Ghosts.



Ghost: Ghosts in The Telematic Consciousness

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By ghost,
Everything has just died out
Will rise again;
Every moment has just drifted away
Will come back again.
And we shall return
And will remember too.

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Abstract

"The world is large, but in us, it is deep as the sea." - R.M Rilke (1)

What is memory? Can I show it to you on texts, words, photographs or old objects? But, indeed, my memory is not on them at all. If you walk away with the 'physical memories' I have just showed you, you obtain the material that decays, and the residual within me is the immortality of a possession that lasts eternally. This possession is the survival of whatever has disappeared and has been destroyed. It became an entity that has no more physical body, but walks, talks, and hops with mute tumult in my vision of surreal reality. In other words, it is an apparition which comes and goes in my dreams/daydreams, regardless of day and night now. Therefore, my research is a penetration of the physical surface of memory, embracing its ontological depth.

There are two statements in my thesis for this research:

*The teaching and effort of all, of all,
Philosophies,
Science,
Technologies,
Arts,
And
Poetry,
Is to return us to our origins.
But, we can't go back as we were,
We only can become,
Merely become ...
Ghosts.*

And it is completed in another statement below:

*By ghost,
Everything has just died out
Will rise again;
Every moment has just drifted away
Will come back again.
And we shall return
And will remember too.*

To prove my thesis, there is a *Thesis chart* (Please refer to the appendix in this paper, or visit: x.i-dat.org/~tk/html/gh_ghosts/thesis_chart.pdf) which has been done to substantiate it. This *Thesis chart* is an ontological synthesis of the more critical contexts, that I divide into realms of appearance and apparition. The physical matters, such as the body, are appearances which are palpable and visible in this extreme; whereas the immaterial stuffs, such as virtual simulations of an actuality, are apparitions, as Benjamin Woolley (1992) put it, "they are purely abstract entities, in being independent of any particular physical embodiment, but real nonetheless." (2) They are real, like the faces of people you authentically 'see' in your head, but, "Look, and you find nothing there." (3) Look/appearance is a fraud,

but the apparitions are authentic as long as they are *making sense* in our consciousness (4).

In a profound way, the upper tier of the *Thesis chart* constitutes the physical world that has vast vicissitudes, whereas the lower tier has fewer transitions, until the bottom is an ever-stillness. This lower tier is where, I believe, is the origin of all phenomenal existence of being – the reason for being there, here and now. This is also the reason of existence for the contaminated tier of technology and science that we mostly are experiencing now in its vicissitudes, and that also, we are hoping bring the meaning of truth, the meaning of reality - the revelation of being humankind. The middle tier is the conceptual systems that we are educated and brought up with. This is a crucial tier that shapes one's life, belief, thinking, perception and action. Without this tier, the other extreme tiers will not exist. And there are no other ways to believe the true existence of the lower tier's reality, to believe it, as Gaston Bachelard (1958) said, "man lives by images" (5), I will believe the truth of that existence just as I believe the images that I encounter in my dreams (whether in my sleep or wakefulness), are none other than authentically true and real.

Additionally, this thesis chart will work two perspectives of horizontality and verticality. Horizontally, it constitutes four tiers that I mentioned above. Vertically, it constitutes the body of a house image, from cellar to attic. In between there are windows, doors, rooms and light. Those images symbolize dreams from cellar to attic. Gaston Bachelard said, "The dreamer constructs and reconstructs the upper stories and the attic until they are well constructed." (6) Therefore, the cellar dream is my intention of work and the attic dream is my aim to stretch from earth to sky. From the attic dream, from an attic window, I believe I can be nearer to the heart of reality and origin (7).

In short, this is a dreamlike journey and effort in which I am trying to grasp the authenticated 'images' under all the surfaces.

References:

1.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p.183.

2.

Benjamin Woolley (1992), *Virtual Worlds*, p. 69.

3.

Benjamin Woolley (1992), *Virtual Worlds*, p. 70.

4.

Benjamin Woolley (1992), *Virtual Worlds*, p. 127:

"Television is not a window on the world, it does not simply show its audience pictures of events that happen to be taking place elsewhere. Rather, it actually has a role in determining what audiences see and how they *make sense* of it."

5.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p.109.

6.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 18.

7.

Martin Buber, www.dividingline.com/private/Philosophy/philosopherssplash.shtml:

"The atheist staring from his attic window is often nearer to God than the believer caught up in his own false image of God."

Introduction

Keywords: Memory, Consciousness, Science, Telematic networking, Phenomenology.

1. Memory and Ghost

I must have been haunted or why does the memory tail after me?

- Ghost, 8/06/03, 11.15 am

On ghost,

It has many names of caricatures,

But, in here it only has one nature

That is a love of memory.

- A love of memory, 31/07/2003, 12.02 pm

"In Remember of 72 Victims

Who died in Portland Square air raid shelter

Which was located at this site and

Which received a direct hit from a high explosive bomb

During the night of 22nd – 23rd April 1941"

- A metal plate on a bench in University of Plymouth.

"In loving memory of

Antony Richards

Aged 18 years

Sadly missed

but never forgotten."

- A metal plate on a bench in Plymouth.

"For Brian Worthington and John Carey"

- An opening passage in the book of Adam Phillips (2002), *Promises, Promises: Essays on Literature and Psychoanalysis*.

"For my mother Barbara Wertheim, The space of our conception"

- An opening passage in the book of Margret Wertheim (1999), *The Pearly Gates of Cyberspace: A History of Space from Dante to the Internet*.

Consciously, we make inscriptions for people with affection and gratitude. But, is this for remembering people or ghosts? If it is for a "person", do they exist as their names? Do they breathe with lungs like we do? Do they walk with a pace like we have? In other words, do they have a conscious existence like us? Are they real? And, if they are, where are they? Why do we doubt their names? What words, philosophies, science, technologies, theories and religions can we use to construct the evidence of their existence to us?

They smell of nothing; we touch nothing on their names but the surfaces of the inscriptions.

If they aren't real, if they do not walk around in the infinite immensity of space that we have here, then are they dead? Are they nothing now? Not even metamorphosis like ghosts? If the answers are affirmative, but why do they have names in our heads? Why do we "see things" in our heads?

They appear in something; we sense their coming and going.

They come to us in many ways. They do not like living in their graves, nor even in the books we acknowledge them in.

Where do they live then? In Jeanne Willis's poem *"Inside Our Dream"*, she says:

Where do people go to when they die?
Somewhere down below or in the sky?
"I can't be sure," said Grandad, "but it seems
They simply set up home inside our dreams." (1)

The Coffin Text 330 of Osiris, an Egyptian god of the dead, says:

Whether I live or I die I am Osiris,
I enter in and reappear through you,
I decay in you, I grow in you,
I fall down in you, I fall upon my side ...
I cover the earth,
Whether I live or die I am Barley,
I am not destroyed. (2)

Gaston Bachelard says:

"Our past (dateless past) is situated elsewhere, and both time and space are impregnated with a sense of unreality. It is as though we sojourned in a limbo of being ... it (for instance a childhood home in Gaston Bachelard's phenomenology) was a place that was lost in the world. Thus, on the threshold of our space, before the era of our own time, we hover between awareness of being and loss of being. And the reality of memory becomes spectral." (3)

In memory, the body is haunted, for hatred, for love; for grudge, for gratitude.

The nature of language has two structures: a linguistic appearance and a deep feature disguised by the former. One is for surface/grammatical distinction, one is for the logical category of a sense for transcending; one is bare, one is covert. So is our consciousness. Our conscious thought and conscious action have the same division as surface and deep structures. One is explicitly manifested into propositional thoughts and actions, one is implicitly lying underneath the manifestation as logical reality of the hidden. For instance, explicitly, we grasp the surface of a linguistic proposition; implicitly, we grasp the underlying sense/meaning of its surface features (4). But, alas, "we do not (explicitly) grasp the conditions of meaningfulness of our own utterances. Our meanings come to us through an opaque and distorting medium." (5) Because, "although we appear to speak and understand sentences perfectly well, we are blind to the inner nature of the meanings we so confidently bandy about: these meanings are by no means completely transparent to us – indeed, we are gulled by the way we express them into error and confusion. Meaning has a covert structure, belied by its surface appearance." (6) So the memory, too, however majestic and eloquent, however splendid in its descriptions, can never transcend, explicitly, the implicit images which are so confidentially hidden in my head. However gorgeous and magnificent a photographic production of a mechanisation,

however subtle and sublime a poetic/artistic creation, memory is still hidden in a reality of subjectivity. No doubt, "Art is the objectification of feeling" (Suzanne K. Langer), but, objectively, it is a metaphor of the hidden. We never paint our memory explicitly, but only live in it implicitly. "An artist does not create the way he lives, he lives the way he creates." (7) All creation is a giant metaphor of the hidden (8). Everyday we live by metaphors, we experience metaphors, we talk and think metaphors. Even our body is a metaphor, George Lakoff and Mark Johnson (1980) both said, "...metaphor is pervasive in everyday life, not just in language but in thought and action. Our ordinary conceptual system, in terms of which we both think and act, is fundamentally metaphorical in nature. [...] If we are right in suggesting that our conceptual system is largely metaphorical, then the way we think, what we experience, and what we do everyday is very much a matter of metaphor." That is to say, the hidden always remains mysterious and is disguised in many transformations. Inscription is one of its phenomenal 'forms'. But, does this hidden have a 'form' of reality? And, if so, what is it like?

We can inscribe the name of a person into a book, but the inscription can never represent his/her existence; we can read the inscribed names by the authors on every opening page of their beloved books, but we never know whom they are. They merely exist in the state beneath the surface of phenomena of author's consciousness. We can never write or speak or do apparently for the beloved, which lay in the bosom of us (9). We cannot transfuse them into words or books or even onto their tombs. We can never bridge them clearly to the readers or spectators, but they do exist in the realms of our consciousness – they have an image within us. They never outlive us (10). They never manifest their submerged reality to us, but they are immanent in our reality. These images are unreality of reality (11). Above all, in fact, they are apparitions in our reality, and we are the apparitions of their reality.

But, if so, are they all dead? Or, are we dead?

2. Death, Ghost and Memory

We live in a world of continuous consciousness,
Where there is something keeps coming back to our mind,
And there is something we always want to go back to,
When inner is opened by the outer phenomena.
- Haunting phenomenon, 3/08/2003, 10.39 am

A death is not a biological demise, but it is an irrevocable receding of seconds in life. In scientific orthodoxy, every single cell in our skin dies out with exposure everyday, but we are still alive. If we follow the suggestion of poets, death simply is a loss, a physical disappearance of the subject,

"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces...
How some they have died, and some they left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." (12)

When we are biologically vanished, we may go on a posthumous adventure without bodies, but that is uncertain. What is certain, however, is that we will continue to live through the memories of others when we disappear. Our disappearance is merely due to our absence in the eyes of the beholder. The ontology of memory perhaps cannot be studied biologically and physically by science yet, but the anthropology of memory is amply revealed by the phenomenological expressions of poets throughout the decades. Jaan Kaplinsky says in his poem, "*To eat a pie and have it ...*", "...I remember it, and in my dreams I see it over and over again, but in reality I do not know how to go there..." (13). Ontologically, memory is full of disappearing acts and the absent appearance of all existences that just flitted across our lives a second ago. "I am just going out and may be some time", the last words of Captain Oates, who stepped outside Scott's tent on 15 March 1912. He never came back to his crew after that, but he

'came' back into their minds and in Derek Mahon's villanelle's repeated line in *"Antarctica"*, "He leaves them reading and begins to climb, Goading his ghost into the howling snow, He is just going out and may be some time." (14) And his last words, "I am just going out and may be some time", appear again in Robert Falcon Scott's *"The Death of Captain Oates"* (15). In Amanda Dalton's *"How to Disappear"*, she says, "Tell lies: I love you. I'll be back in half an hour. I'm fine." (16) The manifestation of the ghost does not need to wait for a biological cessation; a psychological death in consciousness is enough. And all phenomenal existence is not immune to death. "We'll to the woods no more, the laurels all are cut, the bowers are bare of bay, that once the Muses wore" (17). Things which happen leave impressions which imprint indelibly underneath (18), just as A.E. Housman says in his *"We'll to the Woods No More"*, where "once the Muses wore". Ivan V. Lalic has the same echo in his *"Places We Love"*, "Do not look back: there is nothing outside you, space is only time visible in a different way, places we love we can never leave." (19) All disappearances are just inexplicable absences after biological and phenomenal death. The date of the person's and the thing's disappearance is the only certain fact, which can be imprinted, as the absolute death of them. But they never leave us, they remain as if holding a ticket to go abroad and 'may be some time', they are Osiris "Whether I live or I die I am Osiris, I enter in and reappear through you", "Whether I live or die I am Barley, I am not destroyed." But, when do they come back? How do they come back? Where have they been during the interval of times and spaces? They do not stay with us all the time, but, phenomenologically, are ghosts of themselves.

Before now, we have never obtained a full answer about the nature of memory through any kind of theories of memory, nor through philosophy, psychology, science, arts or poetry. Any propositional theory is controversial and unquenched, and can be overruled. The hidden nature of memory, indeed, is elusive. We can only arm ourselves practically against the mortality of memory by developing artificial memory (20). Similar to the hidden structure of consciousness, it "has not been met with enthusiasm; in fact, it is rarely considered even as a theoretical possibility." (21) But, "we cannot just lie lazily back and expect our perceptual faculties to feed us everything we need to know. Knowledge, here, requires effort, physical and mental." (22) Similarly, we have no knowledge about the hiding place of the ghosts, but, practically, it can be lured out through our phenomenological introspection of consciousness.

To begin, we need to accept a new posthuman concept of consciousness by Robert Pepperell (2000). He said, "Consciousness, body and environment are all continuous ... there is a continuity between the 'thinking being', the tissue in which the thoughts are manifest, and the world in which those thoughts and tissue exist. Just as the brain needs the body to create conscious activity, so the body needs the environment to create conscious activity. A body without an environment, like a human body, ceases to function – consciousness stops. Not only does this mean that the environment is connected directly to our consciousness through the body, it also means that consciousness is connected to the environment ... there is a common acceptance of the continuity between mind, body and world, and in consequence a belief that consciousness pervades all reality (Watts, 1950)" (23). In short, we live in a world of continuous consciousness, the ghost beneath is always phenomenologically in wait for the outer, conscious phenomenon. The consciousness never stops. When we repose in sleep at night, we are perceptually considered to be 'unconscious', while other conscious beings are still in full wakefulness. "A lamp is waiting in the window, and through it, the house, too is waiting. The lamp is the symbol of prolonged waiting. By means of the light in that far-off house, the house sees, keeps vigil, vigilantly waits." (24) The lamp is a conscious being too! The outer phenomenon, is prolonged in wait, in full consciousness, just as much as the inmost beings in us, in wait for reverberation from the far and deep inside us, even in dreams,

"... when we sleep we are unconscious, and yet in dream sleep our visual and emotional experiences are vividly conscious." (25)

Thus, suffice it to say, this body we possess is not only a biological premise, but also a haunted phenomena, which like the others, perpetually lie outside us.

3. Science, Gene, and Ghost

By ghost,
Everything has just died out
Will rise again;
Every moment has just drifted away
Will come back again.
And we shall return
And will remember too.
- Resurrection, 30/07/2003, 11.58 pm.

The hidden has always been an ineffable mystery from the outside, as I have mentioned above, but, "nothing is intrinsically hidden; hiddenness is relative to our means of seeking out." (26) Just as a door schematises two strong possibilities of region – open and closed, inside and outside, hidden and visible – it is an ambiguous surface of dialectics for the mysterious. When it is considered closed at one side, all inside is hidden and hesitate, but at others it is open, wide open, visible and waiting. "We have only to give it a very slight push! The hinges have been well oiled, and our fate become visible," (27) thus "expelling the subject." (28)

But, how do we expel and peer into it?

Philosophy, science, technology, arts, and poetry will do.

"The great claim of science is the revelation of reality," said Benjamin Woolley (1992), "it is not just that it shows the content of reality, it has shown that a reality principle...According to this principle, the study of experience by means of objective procedures is profitable." (29) But, how far can it go into the reality of the hidden? How far can it reveal the hidden? Steve Grand (2000) said, "Scientific theories are advanced in hope that they will enhance the beauty of the phenomena they seek to explain, rather than diminish it. Sadly, science also occasionally explains things away – perhaps inadvertently, sometimes deliberately." (30) To him, scientists, like the rest of materialists, mechanists, and reductionists, can explain so much about our world, but sadly, the danger of them is apt to 'explain away' the soul.

Scientific realism may not explain everything about the universe yet, such as the soul, but it has offered us a threshold to understand and correct our original observational-based representation. The explanation of evolutionists, reductionists and geneticists on life may be discounted, as they might incline to explain things away, like the soul (31), rather than leaving the world unexplained on its surface (32). First, we can see the beauty of science in reductionism - The Big Bang, the theory of the creation of the galaxies, is the origin of our atoms of life, which extended to the formation of stars, solar system, universe, man, and consciousness. It is, as Adam Zeman (2002) said, "the story of our distant past", "the stuff from which we are made was formed within the stars" and "you and I, quite literally, are stardust." (33) The "stuff" or the "stardust" that made us, none other than, according to him, are the elements which formed within the stars, are oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, iron, which are familiar to us on earth and can be reduced from complex substance into this energy every day. The combination of them in innumerable ways, gives form to simple molecules, like water, and carbon dioxide. These, the forerunners of the first living things, were then evolved, self-conducted to create more elaborate chemical compounds – complex molecules, and then proceeding to the true dawn of life (in a simple explanation). These molecules are where the nucleic acids were resulted and providing the basis for the genetic code, the medium where we know about the DNA, the heredity of our origin antecedent, and the creation code of all organisms in the past and the futures.

Thus, these are the 'stories' of atoms and molecules that make us tick. They are fascinating theories and thoughts of our distant past, so distant that one may feel they are like in stories. So distant and deep, but so near as in every cell of our skin: protein, gene, nucleic acids, and DNA. These theories and efforts of reduction, are not merely to bottom out a thorough explanation of our beings, but also to make everything become so evidential. All those just lie beneath the fraction of our skin – "a small fraction of the vast world." (34)

Science, above all, is evidence of the loss. At one extreme, it reduces things in a topology of what we have been (like the reduction of genes in DNA), at the other end of the scale, it fertilises things in laboratory incubators of what we have lost (like genetic cloning).

But, how about memory? Can it be cartographically (re)produced in a detailed topography like our gene? Can it be cloned and reincarnated together with one's life that just died out in a moment ago?

"It is important to bear in mind that the cell is a community of autotoma. Its members have no volition, no foresight, no memory, no altruism (nor selfishness, in the strict sense). They often collaborate so beautifully that it is easy to forget this. On the other hand, cell can be unpredictable, because we know so little about how they work. They might survive when we expect them to die, or they might react to a potential drug in totally unforeseen ways." (35)

Genes are a molecular record of evolution, a set of heredity instructions for body plans, a record of history of all humanity, but, above all, no record of memory. Spirit or soul that bears a memory, I believe, it cannot be mechanised and genetically reproduced. Life, in a very profound sense, as Steve Grand (2000) stated, "is not made of atoms, it is merely built out of them. What life is actually 'made of' is cycle of cause and effect, loops of causal flow. These phenomena are just as real as atom – perhaps even more real. If anything, the entire universe is actually made from events, of which atoms are merely some of the consequences." (36) Thus, there is no universally agreed explanation for the uniqueness of our soul that bears memories, and I rather believe that, "However majestic a memory, however many splendid things fill it, death erases it all in a moment." (37) Only life goes on, with possession of a physical body which will get on with the memory that was left over by the deceased. The more science in the future can demonstrate success, the more evidence of loss will be materialised, and the more returns of 'ghost' of ourselves in dreams with others of others' dreams.

If we presume that scientists have genetically cloned someone's deceased beloved, say my grandma of my father's side, and that she is authentically standing alive in front of me, but without her 'past life' memory - she can't recognise me, but I can recognise her; she doesn't know about her antecedents, but my parents do. What this all means is that, thanks to science, her body has been materialised once again, but we have to reinstate her old memories from the bosom of us, not her. The images of her have emerged in my dreams for years in the past, dropped in and dropped out; and now those indelible images emerge totally into my consciousness in reality, from an unfathomable possession of my memory. Somehow it is a kind of loss again, and somehow it is a gain, by a vision of ghost, that comes from the hidden depths of my memory and consciousness. Thus, in another way I can also say that there is no escapade in the haunted body. Once more, the loss will re-enter our vision, when someone 'cloned' the eyes of our loss, and sees us, talks to us, comes to us, like one used to.

The latent beauty of science is an effort of returning to the past, just as the attachment on old objects of the past is the effort of returning to where one tries to preserve them over times, but we can only return by the vision of ghost in the dreams of ourselves souls.

4. Network, Telematic Embrace, and Ghost

If the dream is real in my life, the reality must be demolished before I am awoken.

If the dream is true in my life, there must be a monster called 'The Reality' which must be hunted down before the day breaks.

- Before the Day Breaks, verse 1 and 2, 23/04/2003 (Original version on 27/08/2002)

Similarly, technology doesn't bring us back to our precedence. The efficacy of *The Time Machine* (38) can only be seen through visual effects in the cinema, becoming a thrilling science fiction, but this fiction is what our dreams are all about – transcendence. To transcend not only our souls, but also our entire bodies - an idea of a network for a past, present and future for our memories and dreams. Now, though, this network is happening in telematic networking. There are too many claims for many times, as this network constitutes a constellation of "timeless feeling" (39), "oceanic feeling" (40), "out of body experience" (41), means of conviviality and creativity communication (42), "super-panotipcon" (as databases) (43), "electronic interpellations" (as databases) (44), or "quasi-religious" (45), which is surging and dispersing throughout every corner of this planet.

Above all, however, the success of this technology engenders a renaissance of all feelings, thinking, dreams, yearning and desires, which have drifted away a long time ago, but which now have been invited back into our palpable presence again. Therefore, this is not a surprise, if someone is claiming cyberspace as a heavenly space or techno-religious dreams. Margeret Wertheim's cybenautic imagination, as he mentioned in his book, *The Pearly Gates of Cyberspace (1999)*, particularly, is quasi-religious. Cyberspace is the dream of a long yearning that we have been obsessed with entirely since the fictional "creation" of *The Time Machine* by H.G.Wells. By analogy, if science is a door to peer behind into the complexity of materiality, then the culmination of technology, like telematic communication, is the window of our house, transcending the feelings of leaving the earthly body to pursue the dreams outside the house that have tempted us so far. A daydream, said Gaston, "transports the dreamer outside the immediate world to a world that bears the mark of infinity. [...] In point of fact, daydreaming, from the very first second, is an entirely constituted state. We do not see it start, and yet it always starts the same way, that is, it flees the object nearby and right away it is far off, elsewhere, in the spaces of elsewhere." (46) And we can see this elsewhere in cyberspace, as Benjamin Woolley (1992) says about the metaphorical space of global embrace in telematic - "a blip in the money markets can raise bank lending rates, a blip in multinational's productivity can close factories and throw economies into depression, a blip in the TV rating can wipe out an entire genre programming, a blip in an early warning system can release a missile." (47) A blip, we flee out our body of house; every window which shimmers in our eyes are the distant yearnings we hope to rebirth when we turn off our bed lights to see others in the distance through our windows, and our dreams get underway at night. Because, "The repose of sleep refreshes only the body. It rarely sets the soul at rest. The repose of the night does not belong to us. It is not the possession of our being. Sleep opens within us as an inn for phantoms. In the morning we must sweep out the shadows." (48) Our soul that bears dreams never sleeps in reality (49). A dream tells its *raison d'être* right away: to compensate the annihilation reality of our body. It conspires with the phantoms in us, in our consciousness and unconscious, to distrust and discount the reality. Perhaps to destroy it and reconstruct a new reality – dramatically, plotting a crime. Cyberspace is the oneiric space of its extension of deployment. As we can see, the art that we want now in this cyberculture has moved from appearance to apparition (50) - "We want an art now that constructs new realities, not one that represents a preordained, finite, and ready-made world. We want an art now which is instrumental rather than illustrative, explicatory, or expressive. Rather than to simply embellish the world and add to its ornamentation..." (51), "We are in an evolutionary spiral that has returned us to more Taoist desire for flux and flow, for change and transformation. No eternal verities present themselves as worthy of consecration in manuscripts or monuments." (52) In short, as Roy Ascott put it, "Cyberspace is the space of apparition" (53) and we are in "a culture that is progressively concerned with the complexity of relationships and subtlety of systems, with the invisible and immaterial, the evolutive and the evanescent" (54), "The body has been rediscovered, re-evaluated, brought into its own. We love it with the intensity we show to those we must leave behind, forever. The body frames the mind; our mind is now embarked on a project to reframe itself, to reconfigure its housing, to remodel and relocate. Thus we are moving not so much out-of-body as out-of-frame, recontextualising ourselves on the cosmic

plane rather than the earthly plane. We can't wait to go, we need lift-off, and we need it now!" (55) Thus, we can lift off by the mean of capability in dreaming and imagining.

To summarize this lengthy introduction, the aim of this research is an attempt to find the ontological reality, and construct an oneiric reality through metaphysical understanding of the critical contexts. The whole process is to materialise the ghost or embody the apparitions by immaterialising the appearance of the physical, and reaching the metaphysics of cyberspace and our body.

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Fernando Pessoa (1918), *Sonnets I*:

"Whether we write or speak or do but look
We are ever unapparent. What we are
Cannot be transfused into word or book,
Our soul from us is infinitely far.
However much we give our thoughts the will
To be our soul and gesture it abroad,
Our hearts are incommunicable still.
In what we show ourselves we are ignored.
The abyss from soul to soul cannot be bridged
By any skill of thought or trick of seeming.
Unto our very selves we are abridged
When we would utter to our thought our being.
We are our dreams of ourselves souls by gleams,
And each to each other dreams of others' dreams."

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Jaan Kaplinski, *"Death does not come from outside ..."*, in Neil Asley (2002), *Staying Alive*, p. 375.

"Death does not come from outside. Death is within.
Born-grows together with us.
Goes with us to kindergarten and school.
Learn with us to read and count.
Goes sledging with us, and to the pictures.
Tries to make sense with us of Einstein and Wiener.
Makes with us our first sexual contacts.
Marries, bear children, quarrels, makes up.
Separates, or perhaps not, with us.
Goes to work, goes to the doctor, goes camping,
To the convalescent home and the sanatorium. Grows old,
Sees children married, retired,
Looks after grandchildren, grows ill, dies
With us. Let us not fear, then. Our death will not outlive us."

(Translated from the Estonian by Hildi Hawkins)

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a.

An abstraction from the screen script, *Spirited Away*, Hayao Miyazaki (Dir) (2002):

Zeniba: My sister and me are two half of a whole, but we really don't get along. You have seen what bad taste she has. Two sorceresses are just a recipe for trouble.

Zeniba: I'd to help you, dear. But there's nothing I can do. It's one of our rules here. You've got to take care of your parents and Haku. Of yours, on your own.

Chihiro/ Sen: But, um, can't you even give me a hint? I feel like Haku and I met a long time ago.

Zeniba: In that case, it's easy. Nothing that happens, is ever forgotten. Even you can't remember it.

Zeniba: It's already late. Why don't you stay the night?

b.

An abstraction from the synopsis of "*Spirited Away*" by Ajnrules:

"Memories are never completely forgotten, even if you don't remember it."

c.

Douwe Draaisma (1995), *Metaphors of Memory*, p.24:

"...experience, absorbed by the senses, leaves an 'image', an eikon in our memory. 'just as persons do who make an impression with a seal'. In the event of illness no clear image can be stamped on the memory, 'just as no impression would be formed of the movement of the seal were to impinge on running water'."

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Origin

Keywords: Man, Body, House, Cosmos, Light, Ritual, Transcendence, God, Noumenon, Tao.

1. Beneath The Extensions

All eschatologists tell us,
Ghost belongs to the posthumous.
An entity excluded from lives,
From bodies, and things.
But, how could they be sure?
How could we know?
How could we know ghost doesn't belong to us even when we are still breathing?
In fact,
Ghost is in us.
We use our bodies to make ghosts,
We use things to make ghosts;
We use our feelings to make ghosts,
We use our thinking to make ghosts,
It's all originated from us,
Inside us.

A body, what a good company in travelling time and space!
Travelling all along with us,
And then become a ghost.
All the words you told me,
It's been long travelling with me since then,
Now they are ghosts come back talking to me all the times.
The longer the journey,
The sounder they are,
Inside me!
Inside my body!
I have seen a lot of ghosts
And hear them.
- Insiders, 31/07/2003, 7.35 pm.

"We approach the final phase of the extensions of man" wrote Marshall McLuhan in 1964, "- the technological simulation of consciousness". (1) A vision shared by Benjamin Woolley's *"Virtual Worlds"*, in which he wrote, "He (Marshall McLuhan) saw technology as an extension of the body. Just as the wheel is an extension of the foot, the telescope an extension of the eye, so the communications network has spread across the globe, so has our neural network. Television has become our eyes, the telephone our mouths and ears; our brains are the interchange for a nervous system that stretches across the whole world - we have breached the terminating barrier of the skin." (2)

The extensions of man can be retrieved, chronologically, through evolution and revolution of our humanity. For the media and technology phase, the extensions are: computer, mobile, satellite, etc. Before it, we had an industrial

revolution phase: bicycles, motorcars, airplanes, etc. And, before that, we had a system of barter phase: clothes, houses, etc. Before all of this, however, was the most simplest and primitive of extensions that we find in a chimpanzee's phase: skin, foot, hand, and fingers - the most intrinsic one.

With regards the present time, what is the 'real' thing which we want to extend to? Is body itself an extension of something instinctual? Antony Gormley said in an interview, "(A clown with big boots) that's a very, very good image. It's funny because it's absurd. The proportions are not as they should be. Yet in some curious way we all do those things mentally - in dreams or states of yearning. That's what made me make works like - the extended arms. It's a very, very common experience." He further remarks, "Inside us there is always something else being born. We have bodies that are very good, provisional habitations for the spirit. We use them and through our time in the mind and the body we are making room or creating another kind of being. Those experiences of extension from the body are signs of the potentiality of that process." (3)

In short, all extensions, instinctively, are extensions of the hidden, the being registered inside our body. But, what is it for? What does it do with and for us? What is its origin? And what have we done with it?

Is it a sacred thing? Dudley Young (1991) explained and declared in his book, *Origin of the Sacred*, "The world's body (which used to be called *res extensa*, the extended thing) is the visible material stuff "out there" that seems to be just waiting for us to push it around... The world's soul is composed of all those powers that seem to move invisibly and immaterially, "in the wind" as it were. It is insufficiently that the words for wind, soul, and breath commingle in virtually every language...pneuma, to designate the mystery of invisible soul-power... Thus what moves the visible world-body, indeed push it around, is the invisible world soul, which is wind, which is pneuma, which is divinity, which is God." (4)

Whereas Marshall McLuhan said, house, "as shelter is an extension of our bodily heat-control mechanisms" (5), has the function of interplay between the universe and our body. He explained, "Literate man, civilized man, tends to restrict and enclose space and to separate function, whereas tribal man had freely extended the form of his body to include the universe. Acting as an organ of the cosmos, tribal man accepted his bodily functions as modes of participation in the divine energies. The human body in Indian Religious thought was ritually related to the cosmic image, and this in turn was assimilated into the form of house. Housing was an image of both the body and the universe for tribal and nonliterate societies." (6)

"Literate man," he added, "once having accepted an analytic technology of fragmentation, is not nearly so accessible to cosmic patterns as tribal man. He prefers separateness and compartmented spaces, rather than the open cosmos. He becomes less inclined to accept his body as a model of the universe, or to see his house - or any other of the media of communication, for that matter - as a ritual extension of his body. Once men have adopted the visual dynamic of the phonetic alphabet, they begin to lose the tribal man's obsession with cosmic order and ritual as recurrent in the physical organs and their social extension." (7)

Now we are experiencing an unprecedented era of vicissitudes in social, economical, technological, mechanical, bio-mechanical and genetically altered organisms - we have shifted from a humanist era to a posthumanist era (8). A transition which propelled our ancestors through a ritual and tribal stage in the ancient civilization. They understood our cosmic body and our relationship with divinity in reciprocity before we understood them in fragmentation through scientific reductionism and technological exploration. It is also to be claimed that one of the major tolls of modern humanity is a reproach to the rapid technological development following scientific and industrial revolution, as these rapid evolutions of materialistic science and precipitous technology progression has alienated humans to nature and the connection with the spiritual sources. (9)

But, above all, science, technology, industrial revolution, epistemologies, and even humanist thinking are, I think, beyond the reproach that one tries to contempt them. It is because now, in this humanist or posthumanist era, we need to depart from that strict empiricism, as it leaves the world unexplained (10). We should endeavour, at any rate,

if we can, because I believe it is better to have a greater understanding about our nature, such as consciousness, rather than clenching in superficial behaviours of our mental antecedents. We can't just lie back on our hazy, limited knowledge, expecting our perceptual and empirical retrospection to feed us all the mysterious queries. As Colin McGinn (1991) says, "absolute noumenalism is preferable to denying the undeniable or wallowing in the supernatural." (11) Though he cannot tell us the exact nature of our hidden consciousness or its structure, nor even its general shape, he added, "I do not think that even this extreme degree of hiddenness is a good reason to doubt that such a hidden structure exists: I can know that the structure exists (has to exist) even though I cannot even in principle identify any aspects of its intrinsic constitution. For I know that if it did not exist then consciousness would not be possible in a physical world." (12)

2. The Beneath Extends

From the mythmaker to the thanatologist,
From the theologian to the eschatologist,
From the psychic to the psychologist,
From the agnostic to the atheist,
They maybe are liars all,
But, at least,
They are genuine at one thing:
They always remind us -
There is somebody is always abiding in us,
Inside us,
Under our skin.
- Ghost, 2/08/2003, 10.18 am.

Of course, we cannot relegate and discount the conception about our origin that we inherited from ancient knowledge. All hangovers are valuable survival in ruins, which can be poetic and fascinating. The beauty of forerunner knowledge in mythology, theology, eschatology, and thanatology, above all, tells us that we are not merely a physical body which accounts for biological death in the cosmos. The ideas of "dying before dying" (13), "out of body travel" (14), "Mors certa, hora incerta (death is certain, its hour uncertain)" (15), "Vanitas vanitatum, omne est vanitas (vanity of vanities all is vanities)" (16), and "Thou art dust, and to dust thou return" (17), which abounds in the ancient text, *The Book of the Dead*, either of Egyptian (*Pert em pru*), or Tibetan (*Bardo Thodol*), or European extensive of body literature (*Ars moriendi*), does not mean we have to live in a constant state of anxiety and anticipation of death, but rather that we transcend the promises and practices in reality during our lifetime (18).

As a posthumanist, we should not regard that "things exist as separate things in themselves" (19), but rather that "consciousness, body and environment are all continuous" (20), which means we should not construe separations and distinctions between mind, body, world and cosmos, but instead see them as a phenomena of consciousness that pervades all reality. But, how about the divinity – God? One supreme God or gods are creations of our emotional embodiments and extensions, "the gods were personifications of natural forces or the embodiments of human desires and aspiration. Originally these elements existed all together in the various gods" (21), whereas,

"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate stream;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleam:
Yet are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems"
- Arthur O'Shaughnessy, "Ode". (22)

"We are the music-makers and we are the dreamers of dreams" - we are the ontology of dreams and the all extensions. We expand them into personifications of its ontological impulse through identification of gods with nature,

...I cover the earth,
Whether I live or die I am Barley,
I am not destroyed.
I have entered the Order,
I rely upon the Order,
I become Master of Order,
I emerge in the Order,
I make my form distinct,
I am the Lord of the Chennet,
I have entered into the Order,
I have reached its limit ...
- Coffin Text 330. (23)

The god (Osiris) is now the barley, the nature, and the "Order" covers the earth - decay and growth starts anew. The 'god' we love, hold in awe, pray to, or even hate, has turned into a form through our ontological impulse, the proofs of which are found in the books of Marshall McLuhan and Gaston Bachelard:

"Clothing, as an extension of the skin," (24) Marshall McLuhan said, "for housing extends the inner heat-control mechanisms of our organism". (25) Gaston Bachelard claimed, "our house is our corner of the world" (26), "it is our first universe" (27), "it is the human's being first world" (28), we experience the house in its reality and in its virtuality, by means of thought and dreams" (29), and, above all, it also meant that we are the soul of the house, in other words -ontology of house. With house, we have fixations about memories of our motionless childhood, dreams, and daydreams of the world outside. With us, the house is not an inner box. The house shimmers as an organic being at night because we lighten it and if we glance at all the distant houses from far-off we watch in awe and surprise at how many windows of houses have been anointed with life in each small world. Light and fire symbolize warmth and energy, and are extension of life, just as the warmth of our body symbolizes itself as an extension of our lives. The ontological meaning of light, fire, or warmth, as Marshall said, "The building of the house with its hearth as fire-alter was ritually associated with the act of creation" (28) whereas Gaston said, "When I let myself drift into the intoxication of inverting daydreams and reality, that faraway house with its light becomes for me, before me, a house that is looking out - its turns now! - Through the keyhole. Yes, there is someone in that house who is keeping watch, a man is working there while I dream away. He leads a dogged existence, whereas I am pursuing futile dreams. Through its light alone, the house becomes human. It sees like a man. It is an eye open to night." (30) Thus, house is animated in life as we are, it takes root from us, as Marshall says, "Lighting as extension of powers ... and when the light is on there is a world of sense that disappear when the light is off." (31)

In short, we are the ontology of everything, either mind, or body, or cosmos, or gods, or house, or memory, or ghost. We are the being of beings; we are the non-being of beings (32). In addition, the non-being is pervasive and distributed, not to be restrained to any form (included our body), but is in every single fragment of reality. (33)

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Lao zi, *Tao te ching, Chapter 40: "Being and Not Being"*:

The motion of nature
is cyclic and returning.
Its way is to yield,
for to yield is to become.
All things are born of being;
being is born of non-being.

34.

Roy Ascott (2000), *Art, Technology, Consciousness: Mind @large*, p 14:

"Consciousness, body and environment are all continuous ... there is a continuity between the 'thinking being', the tissue in which the thoughts are manifest, and the world in which those thoughts and tissue exist. Just as the brain needs the body to create conscious activity, so the body needs the environment to create conscious activity. A body without an environment, like a body, ceases to function – consciousness stops. Not only does this mean that the environment is connected directly to our consciousness through the body, it also means that consciousness is connected to the environment. Ultimately they cannot be separated. By a process of simple reasoning, using orthodox scientific facts we have demonstrated that the phenomenon of consciousness is distributed throughout reality and not localised in the brain, or in part of the brain. Such a position is consistent with systems of thought that previously evolved outside Western Europe, namely Buddhism, Hinduism and Taoism. Although there many differing strands within each tradition, there is a common acceptance of the continuity between mind, body and world and a consequence belief that consciousness pervades all reality (Watts, 1950)"

Ghost Immaterial and Material

Keywords: Rubbish, Ruins, Dust; Cyber data.

1. Materializing The Immaterial, Immaterialising The Material

When we die
Ghost is generated,
Embraces all spaces,
Disperses all times.
We, become nothing.
But before we die,
We are something from nothing,
So, we are nothing!
And while we are breathing
We always making something from nothing,
With our thinking.
And all nothing is the same thing
I don't know what is that 'thing',
But it is a 'thing' we can think about:
Ghost is nothing,
We are nothing,
Nothing is the mother of everything,
So, ordinarily speaking,
Everything is ghost, ghost is everything,
Including something like our bodies,
Is everything!
- Nothing at all, 29/07/2003, 11.38 pm.

If we accept the ontological concept: "All things are born of being; being is born of non-being." (1) We shall be able to find the "being" of "all things". The only problem we encounter is the "non-being" due to its voidness underneath the surface of consciousness. It is the property that is hidden as noumenon in consciousness as Colin McGinn (1991) suggested in *The Problem of Consciousness* (p.121). He says, "There is no point in trying to make our concepts go deeper than our knowledge can extend. A sensible concept does not attempt to reach out for the noumenal, since its reach would then exceed its grasp." (2) Thus, we only can accept the hand of Creation whether by theism, or atheism, or agnosticism, because, "Conscious states have a hidden structure, but our mental concepts do not purport to advert to that structure. They are content to stick to the surface of consciousness, promising nothing about its deeper layout...Our mental concepts are happily superficial, while that to which they apply possesses natural depth." (3) Thus, it is suffice to say that our mind accepts, easily and superficially, the deduction of a superficial surface but not a reduction of an ontological depth.

This is the disturbing, provocative culmination of the limit of consciousness if so. This would be why existentialists said that the universe does not make sense from the inability to comprehend the world by individuals and therefore the inability to gain a thorough understanding of others or even of themselves. And "at the heart of all beauty lies something inhuman" that we cannot reach the boundary situation of life and knowledge, as the existentialist, Blaise

Pascal, said, "these hills, the softness of the sky, the outline of these trees at this very minute lose the illusory meaning with which we had clothed them," he continued, "henceforth more remote than a lost paradise . . . that denseness and that strangeness of the world is absurd." Then, the life "why now rather than then?" (4)

But now we must ask: If this is indeed the human condition, if this is a true picture of the world, is there no exit from this anxiety, despair, and absurdity, rather than hovering on the edge of the abyss? Is there any existentialist who can tell us how to live in such an absurd and hopeless world?

I believe that, rather than clinging in despair and "absurdity" on the accessible wholeness of the world, the state of hidden-ness – non-being – can be captured and studied, if not at least understood by fragmentation. As said by Freud, "every fragment must be uncovered, studied and analysed as a piece of evidence in a large meaning." (5) To "uncover" the enlargement is the revelation through psychology and phenomenology. And as Colin McGinn says, "Descriptive thoughts really do have a quantified conjunctive form beneath their subject-predicate surface. The state genuinely has that form but it is not manifest in the surface phenomenology of the state. So we need to recognize a layer of psychological reality beneath that of the surface phenomenology." (6) Because the realm of hidden-ness 'exists' in patterns that can be followed - "When the stream of consciousness ripples with thought there are patterns beneath the surface – patterns that are only imperfectly mirrored by the disturbances at the surface. Your thoughts go deeper than you know; you are more logical than you seem. Consciousness, like language, disguises its underlying logical structure, and in so doing it tempts us into philosophical error. We avoid such error by declining to be fascinated exclusively by the surface of language or consciousness. We must peer beyond this surface." (7)

I shall find the evidence of its existence through the materialization and immaterialisation. In other words, materialising the immaterial and "immaterialise" the material, so that we can see the co-existence of these two structures actually exist in interplay of one surface. By that, we can see interchanging and interweaving the elasticity and reciprocity of these two realms just as the reciprocity of "material arts" and "immaterial artists", which has been suggested by Luigi Pagliarini, Claudio Locardi, Vedran Vucic, in the essay of "*Toward Alive Art*", in the nature act of art. (8)

2. A Bin of Rubbish, A Bin of You, A Bin of Ghosts

We have a body to occupy more space than a ghost.

We can think,

We can make things,

Everyday, every second, every moment.

Until we die,

Things left,

Body is forsaken,

We become ghosts.

But before we die,

We are already there,

Because we keep forsaking things

Even when we are alive.

- Dying before dying, 29/07/2003, 11.25 pm.

We live in a metaphorical material world (9). Even the body we 'live in' is a material, in the first chapter of *The Bible*, *Genesis 2:7*, we can find this passage,

"...the Lord God formed the man from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living being."

We are made out of dust and we will return to dust eventually (10). Thus, our dust is the evidence we 'actually' lived

and 'virtually' live. Our dust inherits others', others' inherit us: "There's not a foot of ground we daily tread ... but hold some fragment of the human dead" (11)

Where is the dust from? It is from you, them, and me. We distinguish into dust and wake up in the same skin that makes our dust each day, as Kapka Kassabova said, "Every day in the dust you distinguish" (12). He continued, "Not your hand closing a curtain but a hand." This that means all things that outlive us will become "virtual-dusts". Fingerprints, footprints, spoken words, and executed actions are reducible to dust, virtually hovering between the reality and unreality. The virtual is then the phantom in dreams of ourselves, "and each to each other dreams of other's dreams (14)." We are reduced to dust each day! We only live virtually through others and ourselves. In another way of looking, all the material things we lived with before is dust and can be retrieved in dust, though they have been perished in the space and time. In *The Poetics of Space*, (p.143), Gaston Bachelard said, "For the corner denies the palace, dust denies marble, and worn objects deny splendour and luxury. The dreamer in his corner wrote of the world in a detailed daydream that destroyed, one by one, all the objects in the world. Having crossed the countless little thresholds of the disorder of things that are reduced to dust, these souvenir-objects set the past in order, associating condensed motionlessness with far distant voyages into a world that is no more." The dust denies being destroyed. A wall, upon which you can lean your back against and touch with my fingers, has the ability to do evacuation of rescue if it has been knocked down. It will make itself into dust (with dust of our skin), transfiguring its original appearance into an immobility of solitude, to become organic beings of equanimity, staying immobile, abiding perpetually, at the origin of remoteness in the every ruin and decay, and in wait with its patience and generosity for another coming phenomena of our presence. And will, once again, arouse its vastness and restlessness of dustiness, deploying the immense room of our memory.

We live with dust at its minimum, dust lives with us in its maximum. A fraction of dust can tell a more detailed story about us than we can about ourselves. The corner of a dwelling is empty when all cabinets, tables, beds, or even people have been moved out, but the emptiness will multiply the residual dust with our vision, to make a fullness of surreal images in our oneiric imagination. As Gaston said, "...and all who live in corners will come to confer life upon this image, multiplying the shades of being that characterize the corner dweller. For to great dreamers of corners and holes nothing is ever empty, this dialectics of full and empty only correspond to two geometrical non-realities. The function of inhabiting constitutes the link between full and empty. A living creature fills an empty refuge, images inhabit, and all corners are haunted, if not inhabited." (15) The 'empty' is virtual, whereas the 'full' is actual. These two realities multiply dialectically into making the images of non-realities that haunts the dream of dreamers. Thus, we live by material physically in the actuality and we also spiritually live in virtuality.

In short, the residual from ancient ancestry are today's ghosts; the consequences of today's deeds will be tomorrow's ghosts of others. The landscapes, memory, monuments, and commemorations are the descendants left behind by the past generations, and today's creations and productions of any kinds of materials will be passed down to our forth-coming generations. The ruins, old things, rubbish, are dust which speaks our stories, as it "remain above it all", since even a virus can speak (16). Freud wrote, "What had formerly been the city of Pompeii assumed an entirely changed appearance, but not a living one; it now appeared rather to become petrified in dead immobility. Yet out of it stirred a feeling that death was beginning to talk." (17)

3. Thinking The Ghost

You are my ghost
When I only can think of you
While you are away;
I am your phantom,
When I am gone out totally of your life.
And I just only left a little, a little,
Tinge of disturbances in you,
Which will haunt you unexpectedly from the far,
When my inhabitation in your body
Has been deranged.

- The inhabitant, 30/07/2003, 3.44 pm.

How does the dust 'speak', and again and again? How do the phantoms 'enter' our dreams? What do they do with us?

Every creation we make can speak by itself from its own ontological depth. Like God made the creations - man, nature, animals, speak with own freewill. For instance, every poetic image is a new being created by poets (18). It speaks without taking roots in its original source, but speaks by itself once it has been 'brought on' or 'put forward' by its origin. In other words, "it has an entity and a dynamism of its own", according to Gaston Bachelard, "it is referable to a direct ontology" (19). If we extend this "image" to our surrounding environment, it is pervasive in all our reality - house, architecture, monument; ruins, rubbish, and dust. For this, I shall cite a passage by Charles Dickens (1846),

"Now we tracked a piece of the old road above the ground; now we traced it underneath a grassy covering, as if that were its grave; but all the way was ruin. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking in their giant course across the plain ... The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin; and the fierce herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin...I almost felt as if the sun would never rise again, but look its last, that night, upon a ruined world." (20)

By uncovering phenomenologically, we hear the sonority of beings speak out on the threshold of their own beings, reverberating with our soul. In *"In Ruins"*, Christopher Woodward said (p. 38), "If I am stressed or unhappy, I close my eyes and remember these moments of absolute peace in the embrace of ruins, and castle and temples and city walls return to give me the happiness of a child, drowsy after a hectic summer's day. "The 'walls return' by wishing to remember of a soul that can dream in between reality and unreality. Thus, the walls of the distant past disappear and reappear in ruins, can 'speak' to the dreamers from unreality to reality. They appear in dreams and emerge to the surface of consciousness, and are grasped again in new metaphors of material, by thought, action, words, in dreamers' new reality (21). Their entire reality become spectral and abiding in dreamers' memory, which "privileged access is a stubborn mystery", but only "a subjective, personal access, a secret door from inside" that is no third person in (22): "I do not know how my personal introspective experience is linked to the observable process in my brain. In my memory I cherish an intimate but unfathomable possession." (23) Other words, "we find ourselves experiencing in words, on the inside of words, secret movements of our own (24).

4. Making The Ghost

The Bible preached me that,
We all are dust;
A philosopher told me that,
We all are matter;
The scientists showed me that,
We all can be reduced into the bottom of matter,
Where it first existed.
And it is always in fact will never perish,
Once it happens.
Hence, I can be assured that,
You authentically existed in my past,
And now authenticated transfiguring into the dust,
That can be traced out thoroughly.
- The scientists, 1/08/2003, 11.40 am.

"Architecture is the material expression of the human spirit," (25) and "more alive than the people" (26) when it has been neglected for times, even though its structure appears to remain intact. They become architecturally spectral. So do the rest of the small old things and rubbish that have been cast away to be reduced to dust. And the atomness is "the sign of a new world, like all worlds, contains the attributes of greatness." (27) Just as Gaston investigate the vastness of a miniature. He said, "large is contained in small"(28). For instance, in "*The Vacuum*", Howard Nemerov says,

"... when my old woman died her soul
Went into that vacuum cleaner, and I can't bear
To see the bag swell like a belly, eating the dust ...
Because there is old filth everywhere
She used to crawl, in the corner and under the stair.
I know now how life is cheap as dirt,
And still the hungry, angry heart
Hangs on and howls, biting at air." (29)

To the poet, the greatness of life has been reduced into dust, "everywhere", therefore, the atomness of the dust contains the dynamism of a bygone life that can 'speak', can 'howl, and 'biting at air" at present.

Whereas, similarly, we cast away our 'dust' everyday in cyberspace, as cyberspace is, Benjamin Woolley wrote, "where even increasingly happen, where our lives and fates are increasingly determined;" it becomes a virtual simulation where "has a direct impact on our material circumstances." During the mechanical ages we had extended our bodies in space (as Marchall McLuhan saw it). Today, "we have extended our central nervous system itself in a global embrace," said Benjamin.

As far I can see, our material circumstances have been shifted into immaterial, our daily events increasingly happen virtually, we have extended our body, we have extended our nervous system (network), reductively, we have extended the 'dust' into this new space.

Albert-Laszlo Barabasi said this virtual space is a human-looking robot that handles all mundane tasks for us now. These robots of the twenty-first century are "invisible and immaterial"; "They have taken up residence in the virtual world, which allow them to hop with enviable ease form continent to continent. Starting at your computer screen won't reveal these robots. But if you take the time to inspect carefully your computer's log files, which keep detailed records of who has visited your Webpage, you can catch them in action. You will see them tireless performing one

of the most thankless and boring job humanity has ever designed: reading and indexing millions of Webpages.” (30)

Those records are “rubbish”. One casts it away over clicks in cyber navigation, but the computer picks it up. But, because it is rubbish or hangover, it will “come to its best uses” like ruins (31), “To Hitler the Colosseum was not a ruin but a monument... to lover of the ruinous, by contrast, the attraction, is in the sight of transience and vulnerability. Poets and painters like ruins, and dictators like monuments.” (32) Thus, one can say that “dust” is the evidence of transience and the vulnerability of annihilation of the actuality of what we have been and lost. Dust, like miniature as Gaston claimed, “one of the refuges of greatness.” (33) For instance, “The shoes”, to Pamela Gillilan, “held more of him; he was printed into his shoes. (34)” Though time denatures things and life, reducing them to dust, but dust, is what it is about, the refuge of greatness, to “set the past in order, associating condensed motionlessness with far distant voyages into a world that is no more. (35)” That is dream! A dream makes the entire reality of memory becomes spectral! Just as Pamela continue saying in the poem, “I want to believe that in the shifting housedust minute presences still drift: a eyelash, a hard crescent cut from a fingernail, that sometimes between the folds of a curtain or the covers of a book I touch a flake of his skin.” (36) Because, “For every form retains life, and a fossil is not merely a being that once lived, but one that is still alive asleep in its form.” (37) In order to wake them in reality, one must first enlarge one’s imagination through a vast, boundless daydream.

References:

1.

Lao zi, *Tao te ching, Chapter 40: “Being and Not Being”*.

2.

Colin McGinn (1991), *The Problem of Consciousness*, p. 121.

3.

Colin McGinn (1991), *The Problem of Consciousness*, p. 123.

4.

Blaise Pascal, www.dividingline.com/private/Philosophy/philosopherssplash.shtml

“When I consider the short duration of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after, the little space I fill, and even can see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of space of which I am ignorant, and which knows me not, I am frightened, and am astonished at being here rather than there, why now rather than then.”

5.

Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 55.

6.

Colin McGinn (1991), *The Problem of Consciousness*, p. 98.

7.

Colin McGinn (1991), *The Problem of Consciousness*, p. 99.

8.

Luigi Pagliarini, Claudio Locardi, Vedran Vucic, *“Toward Alive Art”*; www.voyd.com/ttlg/textual/vucicess.htm:

“There are many possible definitions of what it means to be an artist. Among these we can identify two main conceptions: the concept of the “immaterial” artist and that of the “material” artist. This makes it possible to distinguish, if not two different kinds of artist, at least two different categories of «artistic act». The former is based on the abstract idea, the concept, which lies behind a work of art; the latter is centered on the phenomenon: the

material translation of the concept into the physical world (in a wider sense). To become real art an artifact requires both. Better, the first category of act, artist conception, refers to a mental process, state or, attitude that leads to the production of ideas. It has to do with language and the sense of a work of art. This is what we call "immaterial" art: the way in which it is produced (in this case via linguistic revolution or evolution) is the same for any kind of art. The second kind of art action, on the other hand, is much more closely related to the workings of mind, in the modern sense of a body and brain functioning as a whole. The idea of a "material" artist, in our sense, has much to do with body action (e.g. the movements of dancer using the peripheral part of the nervous system) and with the technology the artist might use. (3.1 Two different concepts or aspects of the artist)

"immaterial" artist : is based on the abstract idea, the concept, which lies behind a work of art; "material" artist : is centered on the phenomenon: the material translation of the concept into the physical world (in a wider sense). (What artist?)

9.

a.

Douwe Draaisma, *Metaphors of Memory*, p. 3:

"The hidden nature of memories is expressed in metaphors such caves, mineshafts, the depths of the sea. Buildings are also included in this imagery: palaces, abbeys, theatres...ever-changing images are projected onto our theories of memory, a succession of metaphors and metamorphoses, a true omnia in omnibus."

b.

Douwe Draaisma, *Metaphors of Memory*, p. 2:

"The oldest memory aid is wiring...on clay or wax tablet ...on parchment and vellum ... on paper...accommodate drawings of all kinds: hieroglyphics, diagrams, portraits...photography...cinematography...preservation of sound... phonograph...cassette, recorders, video, CDs, computer memories, holograms. Image and sound are transportable in space and time, they are repeatable, reproducible, on a scale that seemed inconceivable a century ago."

10.

The Bible, Genesis 3:19, bible.gospelcom.net:

"...By the sweat of your brow
you will eat your food
until you return to the ground,
since from it you were taken;
for dust you are
and to dust you will return."

11.

Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 55.

12.

Kapka Kassabova, "*Mirrages*", in Neil Asley (2002), *Staying Alive*, p. 107:

"Walking up in the same skin isn't enough.
You need more and more evidence
of who it is that
wakes up in the same skin.
But what evidence?
Reality is unreliable: a whirlwind

of dust that appears
and disappears every day.

Your thirst stretches out its white dunes.

Every day in the dust
you distinguish

Not islands but their darkness
heaped on the polished mirror of a sea

Not doors but their shadows
slammed in the house of wind

Not lighthouses but their half-second SOS
in red, green and yellow

Not language but languages

Not your hand closing a curtain
but a hand.

And the day is over,
Not wiser than the night in which
you waited for someone
who came and wasn't you waited for."

13.

Jaan Kaplinski, "*Death does not come from outside ...*", in Neil Asley (2002), *Staying Alive*, p. 375.

14.

Fernando Pessoa (1918), *Sonnets I*.

15.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 140.

16.

Miroslav Holub, "*Distant howling*", in Neil Asley (2002), *Staying Alive*, p. 412:

"In Alsace,
on 6th July 1885,
a rabid dog knocked down
the nine-year-old Joesph Meister
and bit him fourteen times.

Meister was the first patient
saved by Pasteur
with his vaccine, in thirteen
progressive doses
of the attenuated virus.

Pasteur died of ictus
ten years later.
the janitor Meister
fifty-five years later
committed suicide
when the Germans occupied
his Pasteur Institute
with all those poor dogs

Only the virus
remained above it all.”

(translated from the Czech by Ewald Oser)

17.
op cit. Christopher Woodward (2001).

18.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p xxix.

19.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p xvi.

20.
Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 39.

21.
George Lakoff (1980), *Metaphors We Live By*, p. 3:

“...metaphor is pervasive in everyday life, not just in language but in thought and action. Our ordinary conceptual system, in terms of which we both think and act, is fundamentally metaphorical in nature. [...] If we are right in suggesting that our conceptual system is largely metaphorical, then the way we think, what we experience, and what we do everyday is very much a matter of metaphor.”

22.
Douwe Draaisma (1995), *Metaphors of Memory*, p. 229.

23.
op cit. George Lakoff (1980).

24.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p 58.

25.
Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 53.

26.
Ibid.

27.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p 155.

28.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p 157.

29

Howard Nemerov, "The Vacuum", in Neil Asley (2002), *Staying Alive*, p. 391.

30.

Albert-Laszlo Barabasi (2002), *Linked*, p. 161.

31.

Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 22.

32.

Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 30.

33.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p 155.

34.

Pamela Gillilan, "Four Years", in Neil Asley (2002), *Staying Alive*, p. 387.

35.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p 143.

36.

op cit. Pamela Gillilan.

37.

Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p 113.

Ghosts in The Shell

Keywords: Shell, Data path.

1. Ghost in The Shell

Who said I am staying in?

Who said I only have this body?

Who said I am talking to the machine?

By ghost,

You call my name,

I am already out.

- In or out, 4/08/2003, 9.04 am.

"A man, an animal, an almond, all find maximum repose in a shell," (1) Thus, if human body symbolizes a shell of molluscs, then to have a human body is never enough as a shelter to protect, cover or hide. The imagination sympathizes with the being of the shell that inhabits the protected space, always being aware of seeking for more dissimulation in similarity. House, "as shelter is an extension of our bodily heat-control mechanisms", cloth, "as an extension of the skin," but, like body, they are not only as extension, but a symbolization of a shell that "invites day-dreams of refuge." (2) The more a life seeks refuge, the more the dissimulation of resemblance of a shell is needed. One finds corner a great refuge. One finds words, on the inside, a great secret movement of refuge. One finds cinema screens, TV, a refuge from one world, his own, to another, the world created by writer, filmmaker, and producer. One finds the great details of refuge of a new world, like all worlds, in miniature of a pea hut in a fairy tale, of a flower in botanist garden, of a landscape painting on the wall, of a souvenir, of a music box, of a pencil case. Or even a refugee like this kind may find great mute tumult memory in a used, old, abandoned object - But, above all, what does the refugee want to escape over the exaggerated images? All shells of refugees are a source of freedom, like a prisoner paints a landscape on a wall of his cell showing a miniature train entering a tunnel (3), as he has painted his dreams, found the escape through a crack in the wall, on the oneric train! A shell, at least, has one repose of one's fragmented phantom. We may say one builds a fragment world of himself to complete a fragmented life of vulnerability and transient. And we may say that the inside of him is an assemblage of shells that he has collected and constructed from the world outside: "One must live to build one's house, and not build one's house to live in." (4) A shade, too, can be inhibited, and having this function of a transcendental geometry that one can build the spirit of geometry.

And now, a literate man, has found a new age of refuge – the computer.

2. Generating The Ghost

Intentionally, I left my path behind,
So that, promptly, you could pick it up in the future.
Before the wind comes, and the rain drops.
- Retrieving the path, 2/08/2003, 11.13 am.

"Computerized databases are nothing but performative machines, engines for producing retrievable identities."
(5) Cyberspace has been created for millions and millions of cyber-enthusiasts. It embraces innumerable data from whoever streaming in. The data will be accommodated, generated, transmitted, manipulated, distorted, transformed, and reciprocated. But, how does the data is created in this new space of spectral? "Computers are virtual," Benjamin Woolley says, "not actual, entities." (6) A word processor, a calculator, a drawing pad, a trash bin, a spelling checker, a date/time properties in a computer, are 'virtually real' provided by the computation number of bits and bytes. "They are purely abstract entities, in being independent of any particular physical embodiment, but real nonetheless. 'Virtual', then, is a mode of simulated existence resulting from computation." (7) Thus, a passage of text on a word processing file is virtual and virtually presented on screen by my bodily action between fingers and keyboard. And I virtually put the finished 'document' in a 'folder' called 'Research'. All data becomes then a virtual entity. Yet, in my point of view, they still are material. Programs are physically material in fact, even if only in cyberspace. They no more than that is material physically affect the working of a computer, by regulating the electricity inside them (0s and 1s are all electrical impulses - material). In a very profound sense, nothing that able to manifest visually is immaterial. Either the Electronic art, or Generative art, or Digital art, or Cyber art, or ALIVE art, or even cyberspace, is material in result. In a very profound sense, the immaterial is never manifesting, like the natural memory, noumenon of consciousness, and ontological depth of languages. They only can be conceptualized into metaphors (though concept is still a metaphor of thought). In the essay of *"Toward Alive Art"*, Luigi Pagliarini, Claudio Locardi, Vedran Vucic, say, " 'immaterial' artist: is based on the abstract idea, the concept, which lies behind a work of art; 'material' artist: is centered on the phenomenon: the material translation of the concept into the physical world." (8) Therefore, it is sufficed to say, a concept is nearly "closed" to immaterial and all the physical work of art (weather digital or not) is material. This material stuff is immaterial only when it is annihilated by 'trashing' and 'deleting' in a computer. That is what its ontological depth and immateriality is about. We may consider a digital project is immaterial because it has reachable ontological depth, and it is more destructive and pervasive than our palpable body.

All I would like to suggest is, that to materialise the immaterial is to interact between the spaces of materiality and immateriality.

Computers are virtual, so, we are, too, just as the 'images' we possess over the inscription of names, just as the 'apparitions' that haunts our being over the disappearances happened to flit across our lives a second ago, Just as the 'phantoms' moving around in our sleeping dreams and waken dreams, just as the enlargement of a imagination over miniatures, dusts, ruins, and shells. They lost an actuality to appear in perspective sizes. Nonetheless, they are real. We could have evidence of them in miniatures that they have cast away over their bodily interaction with time and space. For instance, I will become virtual to the room whenever leave it, but it still possesses materialized evidence of my fingerprints on glass and the surrounded walls that I have interacted with them after I have gone. Even my footprints are part of its evidence to retrieve me.

Thus, a touch of evidence is left behind, a simple click on cyber-screen with mouse action and hand, a path of origin can be cast away, into the anonymous shell.

3. Tracking The Ghost

On that long long street,
I know you've already gone it through thousand times,
I am just carrying myself like a dog,
Sniffing your past.

- Sniffing the past, 06/12/02.

"Databases are discourse," as Mark Poster (1990) said, "... because they effect a constitution of the subject." (9) Thus, they speak! In other words, they have "an entity and a dynamism of its own" (10) regardless of their original constitution, yet they (formerly or maybe still) "belong" to someone who left behind the traces. They are not inhibited by the constitution of the subject, yet they are inhibited by innumerable traces of the subject. The machine lives as nobody but haunted by nameless inhabitants. The databases are then like "the enormous white ruins looked like a troop of ghosts." (11) They are a form of writing, of inscribing traces, which authenticate a past that departed from its origin. In other words, cyber-enthusiasts leave behind tons of intangible data into databases with or without intention, and this data is "unlike our physical bodies, these cyberspatial simulacra will not age, they will not get sick, they will not get wrinkled or tire." (12). Those are simulacra of bits of real body, identities, and personalities. These dusty bits may perpetually be 'stored' in the machine, even though the real physical body has died or has left the computer desk, until it has been interacted, when it will be re-incarnated and flowed at one point to another point through the network interaction, tracing out all the past.

4. Embracing The Ghost

I don't want to die yet,
Because I am not sure if I could leave the traces behind
If my body is damaged and vanished
And the more, the more,
If I disappear,
How could you track me down?
And embrace me?

- Telematic embrace, 31/07/2003, 9.19 pm.

Thus, there is so much fun in this quasi-material-immaterial space! Materialistic evidence, database traces, dusty bit and bytes, are perfectly transferable in space, indefinitely presentable in time. They may last forever everywhere; they may perish without any ashes. You can live on forever; you can be killed just by a simple action of deleting. Seemingly, an immortal life can be found where there is zero gravity, as Margaret Wertheim said, "At the end of Vinge's story, the physical women behind the cyber-heroin, known online as "the red witch Erythrina," is gradually transferring her personality into cyberspace construct. 'Every time I'm there,' she explain, 'I transfer a little more of myself. The kernel is growing into a true Erythrina, who is also truly 'me,' A 'me' that will 'live' on forever in cyberspace after the physical women dies." (13)

However, above all, like the endeavour of science in genetic cloning, no doubt, "Should you die, an active copy made from the tape could resume your life." (Hans Moravec, *Mind Children*) – your life may be resumed, once or more by copying, but, your natural memory cannot be resumed by this artificial material. Bits like atoms in the DNA are the bearer of information; they are "a community of autonoma. Its members have no volition, no foresight, no memory, no altruism." (14)

We embrace, and can be embraced, all in the dust of ghost traces, with our own volition, foresight, and memory that make us willing to become phantoms in our dreams and "each to each other dreams of others' dreams." (Fernando Pessoa, *Sonnets 1*) In dreams, in a blip, we flee out of our body. A blip, we leave the traces behind. A blip, we find others' traces. A blip, we may be found. A blip, our bits may meet unexpectedly in the cyberspace.

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1.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 125.
2.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 107.
3.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 150.
4.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 106.
5.
Mark Poster (1990), *The Mode of Information*, p. 89.
6.
Benjamin Woolley (1992), *Virtual Worlds*, p. 69.
7.
Ibid.
8.
Abstraction from the essay by, Luigi Pagliarini, Claudio Locardi, Vedran Vucic, "*Toward Alive Art*", www.voyd.com/ttlg/textual/vucicess.htm
9.
Mark Poster (1990), *The Mode of Information*, p. 85.
10.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p xvi.
11.
Christopher Woodward (2001), *In Ruins*, p. 73.
12.
Margaret Wertheim (1999), *The Pearly Gates of Cyberspace*, p. 257.
13.
Margaret Wertheim (1999), *The Pearly Gates of Cyberspace*, p. 259.
14.
Philip Ball (2001), *Stories of the Invisible*, p.45.

Conclusion

1. All in The Dust

The teaching and effort of all, of all,
Philosophies,
Science,
Technologies,
Arts,
And
Poetry,
Is to return us to our origins.
But, we can't go back as we were,
We only can become,
Merely become ...
Ghosts.

- All in the end, 29/07/2003, 10.21 pm.

Referring to cyberspace, Albert-Laszlo Barabasi said, "What exactly did we create? While entirely of human design, the Internet now lives a life of its own. It has all the characteristics of a complex evolving system, making it more similar to a cell than to a computer chip. "(1) This creature has become autonoma, as if nature assembled the pieces into a whole with a grace and honed precision, but our life is just the dust of its pieces. The Internet has its own 'life' now, and it may also have its own 'volition', 'foresight', 'memory', and 'altruism', with an assemblage of our dusts. But, what are the dusts for? What is it for when the complexity of being reduces into atoms of dust in science, philosophy, arts, and poetry? What is it for when the remembrances of you only become the dusts on the inscriptions? What is it for when in the end all things evaporate into dust?

Dusts, what they mean, what they are for, are to tell us a story about our origin. They are "objects that have memories of solitude and which are betrayed by the mere fact of having been forgotten, abandoned in a corner." (2) But, we can never physically return to possess where we have started off and where we abandoned them. We can only possess a bit of dust of it that survives over time, yet the rest of the whole story underlying beneath it - the origin of its past - we have to dream of it, by the vision of ghost.

2. Origin Dreaming

By ghost,
Everything has just died out
Will rise again;
Every moment has just drifted away
Will come back again.
And we shall return
And will remember too.
- Resurrection, 30/07/2003, 11.58 pm.

"The world, as we experience it, is a very analog place." (3) Nothing in this space of temporality and time of spatiality goes suddenly on or off, turns black to white, turns forth to back like the compression and transmission of digital information. Only the dreamer and the like who is fond of dustiness can resume his reminiscing of the past, which has shrivelled up and all but disappeared. As Gaston says, "The cleverer I am at miniaturizing the world, the better I possess it." (4) Here the past can be recaptured and yet remain as small as it can, as hidden as it can. And, what if the Internet, that has come to live of its own now by possessing all the miniaturized databases of us, becomes completely self-aware by itself like humans? Will it remember us, with passion, gratitude, love, or even hatred? Will it be the dreamer of origin too? (5)

References:

1.
Albert-Laszlo Barabasi (2002), *Linked*, p. 149.
2.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 142.
3.
Nicholas Negroponte (1995), *Being Digital*, p. 15.
4.
Gaston Bachelard (1958), *The Poetics of Space*, p. 150.
5.
Albert-Laszlo Barabasi (2002), *Linked*, p. 158:

"...The question being asked by many is, when will this computer become self-aware? When will a thinking machine, orders of magnitude faster than a human brain, emerge spontaneously from billions of interconnected modules? [...] It is impossible to predict when the Internet will become self-aware, but clearly it already lives a life of its own. It grows and evolves at an unparalleled rate while following the same laws that nature uses to spin its own webs..."

Project Description: Origin Dreaming

(x.i-dat.org/~tk/html/gh_ghosts/gh_project.html)

“And nothing is lost and all in the end is harvest.” - Edith Sitwell (1)

This project is based on a couple of other projects which I completed during semesters one and two. The main reason for this is that I believe one should not discount what one has worked for and achieved in the past: even a futile result is a valuable milestone in the future; even a fruitless hard work is the genuine perspiration that counts in a venerable creation. One should learn to harvest from the past, even if it is inadequate, dispensable and disreputable; one should learn to enlarge to transcend the greatness of the smallness; and one should learn to miniaturise the immensity into the infinitesimal, so that one can dwell in its maximum of repose, as all philosophers, writers, poets, scientists and artists have taught us (in the thesis/dissertation that I have rounded up above). And last but not least, if that should be finished in the end, one shall see the completed journey is grown with contentment; while the distant origin from where it was departed will spark as if it is just about to begin again.

To contemplate this project, first bear in mind, it is nothing to do with the production of real memories, though generally it is understood that a computer bears a virtual memory in technicality. This project merely refers to the computer as “a machine that performs a very precise function – mathematical computation” (2), assisting the virtuality and immateriality of the Internet for collecting the data of interaction between real users and the virtual interface. It is a very technical product of some mathematical algorithms. It is not keen on making real memory or ghost as the broader scope of the thesis and dissertation that I have discussed above, but it is meant as a support to prove evidentially the authenticity of data-dust of my discussion above. Technically all the data-dust is collected from another web interface of my work, and then graphically projected on the interface of this project, by interacting both with fingers and keyboard. When the alphabetical keys on the keyboard are pressed, a particular collection of data will be loaded from the databases from one end to another end of the user’s. However, some data-dust are collected from this project’s interface itself, like the representative figures on screen, are these type of data.

To understand this project as a consequence of a whole, please spend some time on comprehending the thesis/dissertation above. As Colin McGinn (1991) said, “we cannot just lie lazily back and expect our perception faculties to feed us everything we need to know. Knowledge, here, requires effort, physical and mental.” (3) And I believe, not merely the graphical, artistic, sensual, or aesthetic appearance and experience can confer on us a completed sense of ecstasy in answers; we need also the answers from an unreality of reality that lies beyond them.

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1.
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2.
Benjamin Woolley (1992), *Virtual Worlds*, p. 70.
3.
Colin McGinn (1991), *The Problem of Consciousness*, p. 90.

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- 21/10/2003, 8.26 pm.

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