

Me and a Giant Kinesthetic Bee

An Attempt at an Autobiographical and Metaphoric Study of a Totalitarian Psyche

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Abstract

This paper provides a personal view of the Bee archetype as something lying behind concepts as different as: (1) the principle of form; (2) genetical memory; (3) collective unconscious; and (4) several related concepts. The darker side of the Bee archetype embraces retrovirus remnants and other "Egoistic DNA" sequences, collective paranoia, and the practices of a totalitarian "communist" state. The author describes his own ambivalent contacts with a Kinesthetic Giant Bee — as a metaphor and a recurrent visual image, but also as a very real aspect of the repressive machinery of a State. Some other archetypes of personal importance to the author — Spider (Wisdom/ Hate) and Worm (Call of Another/ Healing-Wholeness) are treated in two other works to appear in this Journal.

*You cannot face it steadily,
but this thing is sure...*

— T. S. Eliot

...goodness is timeless.

— W. H. Auden

*...I wished they'd stay away.
In those dim countries where they go,
What word had they, for me?*

— E. Dickinson

Introduction. (A real-life) meeting with the metaphoric giant hairy bee (in a Gurdjieff-related context). The Bees (or would one be scared enough to say — flies, the little zebubs) of Beelzebub. Overcoming of fears. A dualistic manifestation. I remember: A phone(y) story, 1996. One has forgotten almost everything about the Bee, so what I will say is mostly about this world and about me (a fluid, Proteus-like ME it is).

UP TO the end of our reproductive age we live in a world, if not constructed then at least heavily censored by natural selection. And then, in the not-too-long interval between the tyranny of our mature ego to the Omega point of the final degradation of body and personality, one by one our chains start breaking. Are we ready to use this new

freedom — this new room, this new space that keeps changing and growing? What is this new world governed by? Mostly by some hidden deep structure of consciousness itself. I suppose that some basic facts about the organization of our memory (the inner structure behind the "tabula rasa" of our starting-point of memory/ consciousness) are closely related to the basic facts about our genotype. In our genotype, we have the retroviral remnants, all the sequences labeled egoistic DNA. Junk DNA, selfish DNA, both a bondage and a source of material for evolutionary innovation. (See a balanced treatment and some key references to the problem in Watson et al., 1987.) If some component of our memory is pre-recorded (inherited), then almost certainly the selfish DNA will be represented in our psyche — this way or another. Isn't it the "not-me" that is carried in "me," that is slowly being utilized, and that is at the same time penetrating "me"? — Of course, I don't know. But isn't something alien related to the very inner core of my existence? — Not-me's, the little bees of my psyche...The alien must be mostly included in what is mythical, what is timeless in our memory. I have speculated (Soidla 1995a,b,c)

about how the timeless is possibly being actualized in terms of our own individual and collective cultural experience. We give to the timeless, to myth-seeds, one more lifetime in us. We can even use this lifetime for an attempt at fully re-writing, or at least drastically changing, our timeless, creating a New Kingdom in the realm of consciousness. Can this New Kingdom ever be free of the Alien? And in what sense could we inhabit such a kingdom? Would the answer also tell us how we can travel along the different branches of the world tree (the branching worlds) of unenlightened consciousness? Body and personality degrade, limitations are falling away. In quickly developing a half-marasmus of my half-still-most-trivial-half-already-soaring-psyche, I am looking at the new mindscapes. What do I see in this crack between the mature ego of the rational mind and the zone of annihilation? The mindscapes hint at important things, I suppose. Here is one myth that I seem to discern rather clearly in the half-degrading world of the memory of this old man who seems to be Me, a true son of my country and of my time. Alas! But still, would you follow me for some more pages of this text, O.K.?

There is the Bee of Bees, the Bee behind all Bees, the Bee-all-and-End-all, unfallen, uncolored, the Mother of all Being (Bee-ing), the uncorrupted power and gluon and seed, chaos and order, primordial nucleic acid and the AUM hum behind Being. I salute You the arch-archetypal Bee. The above is not metaphysics, just a song that I found in my Mind. What can I add to this song? Practically nothing. And still...And still I have some stories. The first, the shortest one, is about how I met a herald of Bee-nature, real and metaphysical, a hairy message that hit my lips one day when I was thinking about Beelzebub of the Gurdjiev-world. A follower of the late J. G. Bennet responded to me in a letter — “Many of us know this Bee.” So it obviously is. But possibly it is not so easy to identify the Bees of different life styles and countries. My story is a true Russian story, and, indeed, our country has served as a real metaphysical testing ground to materialize different seemingly sound concepts, teachings, utopias, only to see that in

practice they are quite destructive. But, of course, the Giant Bee has countless different manifestations. My stories are not dramatic, but they can appear in a way quite marginal, as our country itself is possibly a country of marginal stories. And still, possibly you can see the same archetype lurking behind some seemingly rather everyday stories of your own?

There is a beautiful essay concerning the timeless Bee by Travers (1983). A more ambiguous Bee archetype seems to emerge in the traditional shamanic worldview (Harner, 1982). My personal mythological anthology is even gloomier, colored by the painful experience of our country's Soviet years and some recent post-Soviet years. Mine is mostly a story about a dark Kinesthetic Giant Bee of dark, very dark worlds.

One used to live in centuries of Behemoth and Leviathan. This century is a century of the Iron Age Bee. Bee stings of terrorism, hive discipline of totalitarianism, honey of unprecedented scientific and technical progress. The number of people around me in the Megalopolis I live in is oppressive. Anyway, the quintessential Bee, the Bee of Bees, lives in my very heart. Daydreaming me's, daydreaming bees — and the moments of activity, coordination of activity, failure and cessation of activity. I look through a seemingly endless corridor of bee worlds, rooms behind rooms. At one end of the corridor, one is involved in the direct dialogue of teaching; at the other end, gathers the heaviness, the general pressure of the everyday aspect of this world and, on an endless window glass, roams the negative quintessence of this all — the Bee — Kinesthetic, Giant; who forces, seduces, kills. Who in my Megalopolis is living in the Big-House. Who almost seduced me, his enemy. The Bee-me in me; you are not me, being independent, alien, seducing, and nevertheless controllable...and still you are me. Me — who keeps looking at the dance of the Bee. Quintessence of the Bee — the ghost of a Giant Kinesthetic Me. Heavy pressure: pain and pleasure, quiet teaching. Bee(ing) — and Teaching. The Bee will behave as a protector of Teaching when my heart is pure, when I understand. Only with the Source will I

understand. The Bee is a Protector of Teaching. This is true not only just now, but always...when I know.

And now, I don't know...Indeed, You cannot face it steadily.

I thought that I am living in a world where the concept of Bee of this world no longer makes any sense. I even wrote a kind of a spiritual autobiography (Soidla 1995a,b,c) where the Bee topics were barely touched; most of the really important stuff was left out. But one with my background does not feel quite whole in a simulated world devoid of or even depleted of bees. One way or another they keep returning. I decided to start writing this paper some months ago, when a small incident happened during a very trivial telephone conversation. Lines are noisy in Russia and one does not usually pay attention to various background noises. But my vis-à-vis did. — “Hey,” she said. “Someone seems to be recording our talk.” That very moment I also grew aware of a curious “echo” — some voices resembling our own were repeating the conversation with a delay of some seconds. One usually does not expect effects like this. Most likely not a regular recording, possibly, some equipment malfunctioning. For me, it felt as if in a quiet place someone had managed to approach me undetected — and suddenly I become aware that someone is standing behind me. It is not a pleasant experience. I shuddered. There was a momentary recognition, and a swarm of bees entered. I have no choice of my own by now; I must write down certain things to get free of these yellow and black tiger-colored little beings...

...Who gathered on my window of perception — humming and zooming in various directions, and back again, as if again and again projecting an immense three (or higher) dimensional picture they seemed to feel behind the window — to the 2-dimensional plane of their habitat — the imaginary window glass. (I treasure the picture of bees or flies on the window as a sympathetic recognition of my own repeating & repeating attempts of creating some at least personally convincing order in this immense world, or at least in my own experiences — using scientific, philosophical, at present, also

transpersonal concepts and approaches, including less respected, idiosyncratic, and rather still vague ones. This Bee world in me — in my very scientific activities — what a joke, what a reminder!)

Sometimes the Bee worlds seem to be a simulation of the I-Thou world (Buber, 1958). We seem to have a built-in drive towards the world of I-Thou experience, mostly taking over in the postmature-ego period. I guess that the parasites of our psyche, our memory, who do not count or even exist in the I-Thou world, often switch in the powerful drive towards this world in “abortive” situations when the Source end is clouded — as if substituted — by dancing crowds of forms. Possibly being a cosmic failure (see curious variety of this universal story in Harner, 1982) — the parasites are always here on a local level, as eukaryotic genomes have not been able to delete retroviral remnants and other egoistic DNA, but are possibly able to use them to make evolutionary progress. (Maybe also parapsychological phenomena are a kind of sometimes locally productive pathology around drives that normally function in the after-personal-omega-point world?) Locally speaking — at the very point where the Bees gather, You can find an entrance to the Timeless I-Thou world, never mind that the doorway part in this world often serves their own Bee ends, but, lo! here it is. Only to pass it — to cross the border between different worlds, the one of forms and the formless one — one must be guided by the certainty of the super-passive will. When one has crossed the border along this — yes, quite unnecessarily long way, one can just be with the Source — the bees are like shadows...Yes, here I am, leaving the bee swarm behind. Good-bye, small boys, my worst enemies, my friends, my shadows! And now I am back again at my lab computer — listening to the Bee-hum of my life-story world.

Some more circles of speculation

WHEN MEMORIES are humming in the repository of my mind, I would still spend some time at metaphysical speculations that have grown up from my life story and possibly want to return to. This paper is not a study of anatomy & physiology of the Giant Kinesthetic

Bee, but of my own soul — or better...of my soul as related to the fuzzy but energetic, active, aggressive, feared, and delightful Bee concept. Rather obvious social considerations determine the limits of verity of this text when other people are concerned — in some critical points I had to change a detail here and there.

How does my story begin? With being stung by a golden small creature whom I knew supplies us with honey? Not so, not quite so...Stung I was, but real honey entered my life later. There was no place for honey in the life of my family in the post-war Soviet Union. As a result, from the very beginning, the Bee was possibly first dangerous and then anything else. Possibly, yes, but I am once more not quite sure. I seem to remember that for me bees always appeared to be not evil or good but rather something very special, in a category of their own. I suppose the real beginning was with a seemingly unrelated story when, as a small boy, I found a cubic meter or so of “bourgeois” pulp fiction under the roof of the house we lived in — cheap books that were published in my native Estonia before the Soviet occupation of this small country in 1940. What stories they were, what food for my imagination! But the main impression I got from this reading was a kind of mild bewilderment. There was something I just could not understand. Why were the heroes I was identifying with always opposed to these fascinating guys who had some really interesting ideas — to conquer the world, to destroy England etc.? I felt that it was a kind of plot of different authors against the readers...Living the following 50 years or so in the Kinesthetic Giant Bee country, I learned much more about the attractiveness of these kinds of ideas — even at the later stage of decline and fall after their initial victory in our country in the beginning of this century. But also I learned about an inevitable inner resistance to these ideas in my soul. It seemed that there was a different kind of consciousness behind all this that I had to oppose in order to survive as a personality. And there emerged strange ambiguities when I wanted to deal with this kind of consciousness in me and in other people. One must pay for the dualism that was needed for mature ego development. And one

is able to overcome it. But what was left behind in the world of dualism that I cannot keep from returning to? What is the structure of the — at some point as if transcended, but from the standpoint of my everyday self, still almost all-embracing — dualistic world of my Psyche? Again and again I make attempts using different vocabularies.

Who is the “philosopher” Bee I cannot help thinking about? At some level this is possibly even the very principle of dualism, a creator of this controversial world below some vacuum-like Ultimate Reality that in a way is still available to comfort us. On a somewhat lower level, Bees can be visualized as “gluons” of a world of forms. Indeed, the Bee hive seems to show us a metaphor of continuous creation of order in Chaos and dissolving any created hint of order back to Chaos again. Or is it a cytoskeleton-like movable skeleton of the World? In a way, Bees seem to be another side of the principle of wholeness. Providing a “fluid,” temporary, movable skeleton, they “organize” the seeming wholeness, but their very existence demonstrates the constructed nature of this manifested, still dualistic, “wholeness” — there is something forgotten behind the forms at the scene, something that one cannot describe or analyze or even clearly speak about. Here philosophy ends and so there is no holistic philosophy: one can have philosophy — OR this “original wholeness” — or...one can ask the bees and have a good “simulation” (illusion). But one cannot quite speculate this way, for even the Bee world reaches deeper than speculations can account for. In the Bee world there seems to be some very deep energy one can just love, and a very deep danger touching some very basic fears of ours. I speak of Bees, and the interpretations keep changing. Bees unite and Bees separate. Let’s take the level of living organisms. Genomes are punctuated by seemingly “egoistic” sequences. The same possibly applies to hypothetical memory engrams — the macromolecular level of memory coding that is missing in the contemporary picture of this problem. I have been speculating about this level for some years (Soidla 1993, 1995a,b,c, 1998a,b). According to this speculation, the

memory record in every recording cell is also repetitive, not quite unlike the genome structure. Memory repetitions contain the realm of the “timeless” that unites different families of repetitive stuff. Genomic repetitions are often made of retroviral remnants, often seemingly devoid of function. Are they “selfish,” are they “junk,” are they still a source of danger, or of possibilities, or both? Imagine all this in deep levels in our own memory. Isn’t it an ancient basic message of some “outer darkness” (Harner, 1982) that has penetrated the very basis of our existence? If so, must one feel some “fundamental hate” against this level of oneself, or is it just a basic fact one must take into account? Deep emotional levels, of course, are touched, and still...Ask the Source! And back again — to develop the above statements — aren’t Bees humming behind our basic Serpent power? Serpents are clever; tiger-colored bees are working, full of the honey of wisdom and some very old, very basic venom. The Giant Kinesthetic Bee is projected on a cosmic screen, surrealistic, impossible, yet present.

Humming kinesthetic bees on the window glass seem to be busy with some painful project of projecting us into higher missing dimensions. (Maybe this is a project of some all-embracing evolutionary theory...)

On the level of everyday reality, I see the Bee as a principle of group, national, state, imperial consciousness — a swarm of gluons from the part of our consciousness that builds the wholes of nation and state (that only too often means also creating catastrophic divisions between them), of phenomena that cement together large groups of people. Consciousness grows from Memory, from memory’s timeless parts; archetypal universal myths emerge as forces and energies, and if we find these terms useful why not also “elementary particles” of our psyche? Darker and darker are the bees; hazards pile up. Daniil Andreev (1997) visualized the monsters of some other side of national feelings and imperialistic passions. I speak about carriers and builders of the basic reality of this level in different terms, but possibly the deep structures are isomorphic. Something both attractive & dangerous seems to be in the very basis of the myth-reality of

imperialism. Even being an idiot not burdened by ideological constructs one is still able (and even more at ease) to live by powerful national and leader-centered feelings that our country has most convincingly demonstrated and George Orwell and others have brilliantly described. Are we brave enough to look deeply into this state-directed passion of ours that only few are immune against? The feeling of deepest danger in the Timeless level is always nearby, when one is not under spell of this level. For me, an important archetypal figure of this level is the Giant Bee Party and its revealing, fierce face — the Kinesthetic Giant Bee (KGB) whose presence was so all-pervading in our country. A result of some revealing re-arrangement of the basic Bee principle? I don’t know, but, yes, I suppose that it is not just an episodic epiphenomenon of one or several countries during some 73 years or so. The demonstration is over in my country (I hope it is so), we are returning to our homes of rationality to analyze, at least honestly to describe that which we have witnessed. Analysis stops at the limits of scientific method that, at least for me, means that it does not lead us deeply enough to heal us. Am I healed myself? Never a Giant Bee Party member, seemingly independent-minded — I know the power of the Bee world well enough not to be overenthusiastic about my powers of discrimination, of growing really free. But still I would ask you — if not to trust, then at least not to take too lightly, the strange leaps of the overtired, even marasmic imagery of my post-Soviet mind that will follow.

C(hrist)-consciousness said: There will be a new timeless (& no in-linear-time). We’ll build the radical new timeless in every individual as yeast builds the dough.

Yeasts are our new bees, the centauric, apocalyptic bees. Their hum is the sound of last things. The old retroviral-corrupted timeless will be destroyed and this will be the end of linear time as we know it.

B(ee)-consciousness answers...but who/what is speaking and acting as the Bee-consciousness? There is the important question of mapping this consciousness, of understanding its quality. It is not the newest consciousness as it often pretends to be, but nor

is it the oldest — “original” — consciousness. This consciousness is often good at destruction but pretends to be constructive (with rather mediocre results). It is neither destructive nor constructive, I would say. It is not religious, but certainly not free and individualistic; not too effective in its works, but for some time spans capable of manipulating large masses of human beings. There are things about this — “another,” “gray,” “half-crazy” — consciousness that one can make perceptible by using one’s crazy mind. Encountering this consciousness one finds oneself fighting it (possibly after some time-lag). But one cannot effectively fight this consciousness either by one’s rational or crazy mind. (Proteus-like, it even gets mixed up with me, and one good day I find that I am fighting with myself.) And still it can be transcended!

Some more words of explanation: my “style” (or better — the very spirit) of my writing is growing more and more “impressionistic” (maybe “minimalistic,” or — neo-taoistic?). In my recent papers that means using continuous shifts of meanings, colors & voices — aiming not so much to communicate some message, but rather — at least with some few sentences — attempting to live together with the reader in some more general message of the World/Source.

What about the results — the crude or partially purified extracts of my life story? I hope it is useful as a mental dietary supplement. In spite of the mumbo-jumbo naming of presumable components of the extract, I suppose some of these components can be of real help to you. The names can be misleading, the mental vitamins (or whatever) are real.

Let’s take the transpersonal dimension both in individual life and also in human history. One is usually quite aware of the limits of rational, scientific analysis of this realm. Why not attempt to capture the important elusive traits of this realm — universality, (w)holism, uncertainty of rational guesses, some basic (not reducible) fluidity of concepts — in some total discipline of metaphoric language & imagery when telling a concrete human life story? Why not? I would even say that one cannot escape this metaphoric level, the images of the timeless

will still reach us not only if we evoke this level. A sudden powerful flow of revealing or puzzling coincidences from this source — that can feel even like a destructive waterfall of synchronicities — can reach us under different guises in the realms of different cultures and in different states of consciousness — with heavenly lack of any regard for small trivial matters such as — does one want it or not? (At the same time one seems to be invited to interpret it as a flow of — often quite unconventional — teaching, a recital of some personal Hell Bible...at least for the first moments/days/years.) Wouldn’t it be reasonable to learn to keep one’s hands consciously on (/brains in) this flow — to be taught something — before the flow grows powerful, destructive — no longer individual but collective, possibly carrying on its waves some emblematic mad horseman (mad pilot) of the kind we have already seen in this century. Our country has been a training ground for this kind of ultimate apocalyptic teaching stories — but how to tell of these experiences to people of different backgrounds? — only metaphoric language remains, as inner truths are often occluded by the illusion of realistic details. (Act in local terms, describe your life in the most global language you can master!) Or one can reach it from quite another side: There are some special “places” — worlds of experience — that one would prefer to provide for exercising the instruments of science in their first and oldest function — to turn all this shaky swamp to some safe or at least frozen place on our inner map (— instead of the open spaces of the eternal and timeless). Bees know better, and, indeed, these are often just the places where one sees the swarm of bees (flies?) — that seem to gather just here to learn about the very air they are flying in. Here they seem to smell, to intuit the essence of the air. All creatures (powers, instruments) seem to be suddenly learning here. Still, in other terms, these are the places that have always fed our imagination — from the strange stories of simple-minded persons to the civilized industry of fiction. These local “worlds of bee hum” are exactly the places where one can feel the flow of the timeless — “behind the filmiest of screens” — and to start

one's learning. This paper of mine is an attempt to describe one of these focal Bee worlds of the timeless in a language of metaphors and personal life stories.

The experience of my life in the totalitarian world could not be but overdualistic, and so my natural Bee has been the Giant Kinesthetic one. This was a story about the illness of my country and of myself. I have started becoming whole; I have started learning other meanings behind the word "Bee." The bias behind my approach is symptomatic of the problem. What is awkward often reflects old scars. This paper is a document of a painful long-lasting farewell to the heritage of my Memory — a record of breakthrough towards the understanding of a soul so heavily colored (if not just painted!) by the experience of the Giant Kinesthetic Bee years.

The Source, help me in this undertaking of mine.

To learn the logic of the timeless is possibly not unlike studying Zen koans. Merged with the timeless, one erases some components, some "themes" of one's life-story engram, possibly some whole associative memory engrams.

A Science Fiction type thought that keeps returning to me: (Individual /limited aspect of) consciousness is free to travel the worlds (the branches of the world) that are compatible with (limited by) one's memory.

An even stranger idea: Since for some years of the recent past I have never been quite sure who is dead and who is alive among the people I have known, sometimes I think that the impaired fuzzy memory of old age can allow one some disoriented drifting into multiple branching of the totality of something allowed by the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics. I don't understand the physical theory, and the fact that I have memory problems, of course, cannot be considered as any kind of "knowledge" (or some "first-hand" experience) in dealing with these problems...but still...but still...My sclerotic brothers and sisters...One is possibly even waiting and wanting some dementia grandiosa for a final inter-fate, inter-individual, cross-species, inter-cosmic travel. Most destructive these last thought-constructions certainly are!

And they don't add to the credibility of my other speculations...

Why not admit some unpleasant facts not only about memory but about my command of scientific method and logic? — Why not, my dear reader, of course, I would prefer to keep fooling myself and you for some coming years, but if you insist...But maybe you can still continue reading this crap for some more pages? Thank You!

According to some of my speculations (Soidla 1995a,b,c, 1997a,b,c) our prerecorded individual human life story engram, with the option of free will, creates (or rather unfolds) both our memory (reality) and our editor of memory (Self merged in time). The Timeless — being in a biochemical sense important for the recording-editing process, and written within the filled commas of master memory record and/or in the universal myth engrams — adds some intangible "yeast" to this process as a catalyst. Here one must keep in mind (remember) that the Numinous-Timeless, as any other catalyst, speeds both directions of a reaction, and the key choice between the alternative directions must be made on a different level. (With all the controversy involved, it seems to be left for us, atmans.) There remain some important practical questions: Can we also count upon some prerecorded helpers, or upon helpers from the cultural narrative (coming to us with hidden handfuls of pain and pleasure skillfully mixed to help us)? And, must we be aware of the existence of some other middle-world entities: "viruses" ("yeast" versus "viruses," a biologically crazy dilemma it is!) — from really dangerous & most active to selfish-but-near-neutral inhabiting either of the above mentioned (pre-recorded and cultural) levels? Gathering together the pseudogene and virus-like entities, what kind of Mind, what kind of Power, will one see behind it? A polytheistic god among other gods and still seemingly so special a figure emerging at a moment of unprojecting — a honey and venom-smelling God of Bees...God of myxomycetes and killer-cells, God of Transposons and Retroviral Remnants and Introns, God of Planetary moons? — I don't know You, but I have possibly met some very special illusions serving as representatives of

You — several times. See below, and also my other papers of the past several years (Soidla 1993, 1995a,b,c, 1997a,b, 1998a,b).

Too heavy, too awkward! Dance, my ME, whirl...and feel the Center — the Source...! Fly! Hum! — Help me, please!

About my (involuntary) continuous consciousness education program — there have been months and years of a middle-age syndrome of a seeming deficiency of (and really just “resistance to”) the flow of teaching by the Source (Ground). In acute moments it has been as real as sleep (or rather REM-sleep) deficiency — even like thirst — but often I have been not quite aware of the nature of this “syndrome.”

When my teaching-assistant — my toilet — spat in my face, I was involved in a fierce inner argumentation with S-n (Soidla 1995c). As eagerly as a child yearning for some good beating — a need that is not always satisfied in politically — and otherwise — too correct, Western civilization these days — I was evoking some fierce form of compassion. From another side one could see that I was possibly not just questioning some particular views of his, but rather the totality of his personality, his achievement — (one would possibly say: some very best stuff in the memory records of some Great Mind). Of course, I was not consciously aware of what I was really doing, but some unrecognized program of unconscious knew it and created the teaching story I needed at the time. Let me say it this way — to recognize the un- or rather transpersonal element of this adventure of consciousness. The mechanisms in action are rather precise. Some days ago, when cleaning my teeth, I visualized a scenario of a possible quarrel with my best friend — in the same inner dialogue format — and what I managed to do was sending a small drop of toothpaste exactly to a corner of my eye, and it gave me some problems for the next two hours or so. What a precise action it was; what a potentiality that seems to be always with me. Of course, this potentially dangerous Mind-over-matter-faculty must certainly be strongly limited to cases like this. Do we really need a wish-fulfilling tree — to remind you of the famous Indian story — if we are not sure we can abstain from thinking about tigers? Do we

really need a conscious control of our heartbeat if this also brings the responsibility? Here I would like to remind you that according to yogic and Buddhist lore, people with paranormal abilities seem to build up the greatest thirst for teaching and end up with finding teachers like Ramana Maharshi, Ramakrishna, Marpa. The thirst for teaching is the thirst for being in contact with the Source (or rather recognizing one’s being in contact with the Source).

A foretaste for such a contact is well known to many seekers — the fleeting moments of being in contact — when all problems disappear, worlds dim to something quite unimportant. Positive aftereffects of these moments are felt for a long time. With me, this is the highest point of my experience. But still I would take a risk and propose that the flow of teaching continues even after self-realization — maybe not needed then and just humorously tolerated, but here it is — and maybe sometimes of some help even to a spiritual master — to clean the mirror of the bee-shit that are both really not there — or whatever. One could consult a remarkable book on this by Chadwick (1994). The responsibility for this interpretation, is, of course, mine.

Teaching is a nourishing flow that reaches us day and night. Even the part of a Realized Being that is here in the world with us seems to be continuously washed by this flow on the mirror/window of perception. What a gift! What a not-deserved gift...Thank You!

What is certain is that my thick skull needs repetition upon repetition of the spiritual lessons that I appreciate but manage to turn into heaps of spiritual materialism. And still — is my persisting albeit not too productive yearning, created by the pre-record life-story and Universal Myths engrams that need some complementary personal/universal (in-time/ timeless) material — for growth? My life could have been quite different...

Where one sees dual (Bi — “Bee”) one does not see non-dual (Mono — Source). The Bee world is dualistic, “below” the level of the great unity of Tao, also “below” the duality of I — Thou (that is just a dualism at the very verge of unity). I cannot provide any better cartography than this. And still — can writing

(or reading) a paper help one to be with the Source? For me the answer has been — yes!

How afraid have I been of Being & of real dogs and bees & of the all-powerful Kinesthetic Giant Bee. Something has changed. The extreme terror has gone. Not so much afraid of bees, not so much limited and conditioned by bees. With the passing but returning moments with the Source, aiming at Moksha, the images of the Bee world are what they are — just pictures. I can only hope to keep this perspective.

Dualistic (gluonic) bees — my brothers and sisters in-the-picture — roaming in the (w)holistic stories the world is made of. — “The Universe is made of stories, not atoms” (Muriel Rukeyser, in Kornfield & Feldman, 1966, p. ix). — The real story is a timeless story.

Back to speculative mind. Possibly in the dualistic world there are two systems of the timeless. The first (“bodily”) one is shared with retrovirus remnants, the second one belongs to the consciousness — “spiritual body” — realm. Or is this second timeless still in the process of creation in some hyperdimensional time world — in countless individuals and little helpers of this process, yeast, apocalyptic bees, who are to be hydrolyzed (pyrolysed) at the door of the new reality to come?

Being aware of “another,” as when living with a danger — is a way veering toward reality — toward realizing the timeless. So a Russian businessman who lived with a household tiger ruined his business and started reading Schopenhauer (TV-1, Vzglyad, 3.15.1997). But we must return back now — to the Imperialistic '60s, '70s, & '80s that I witnessed in my country. The following is a story of the inner power of the Giant Killer Bee over countless people — shown in my own case — that maybe looks rather limited, but for me is most revealing (and reviling) and certainly is the only one I can claim to have any detailed knowledge of. Painful stories these are, especially before writing them down. Am I to add, that only the “Gurdjiev’s” Bee hitting my lips opened me to the names and forms used in this paper. If these images of my personal transpersonal feel too idiosyncratic — well, a back translation is usually possible and often quite obvious.

Paranoia: personal, social, governmental. A remarkable calendar reader repeating a talk by Sec. Gen. Library, Office, December and the (Vice) Dean who kept asking questions.

I^N OUR country in the last 75 or so years almost everything was simulated. Only paranoia was — and still is — quite authentic & real. Not only political clowns, but seemingly very brilliant people, can in these — as if post-Soviet (post-imperialistic) days — suddenly start speaking about some global plot against Russia. No wonder — we grew up in the very atmosphere of paranoia. When switching off a TV set that spoke about some global plans of the CIA that none seem to believe these days — we went to the kitchen to discuss political topics at a maximal distance from the telephone. The Kinesthetic Giant Bee (KGB) was listening to us — using our own phones — as popular rumor was telling us. The experience of the last 50 years or so convinced us that it was practical to believe rumors like this. As a result, we were in a constant search for some safe place to speak our hearts off — of course, with people whom we believed we could trust. Most often — in a children’s book ostrich — head-in-sand-like manner — we finally hid in kitchens. Wisely or not, this gave to our collective paranoia some domestic, cozy feeling, a most homey kitchen air that many of us feel still nostalgic about — or ultimate surrealism — if one wanted to see it this way.

We had an illusion of being free of the Giant Bee ideology that surrounded us. Of course, real life was a life of one or another level of compromise, even with very independent and creative individualities. To have some glimpse of the pressures of these years and of the compromises I speak about, one can consult a biography of a man of rare integrity — DDSH. (Wilson, 1995). How easy it was (at least for those of us who were only 20-30 years-old in the '60s) to hate and to despise this Soviet world, the world of the Giant-Bee-of-old-days. And how difficult it was to see that we — being seemingly so independent — also really carried this very world in us. Only dreams, strange occurrences, unexpected turning points of one’s life could hint at the unpleasant truth. We were the last ones to see (to listen to) these signals of the timeless. Can you, my reader, living most



likely in a democratic country, agree that in more subtle form this is also the problem with you — in your, seemingly much more happy country? The Giant Bee is always and everywhere with us — at least with our group, nationality, state, and whatever other way limited consciousness: in the “other” of our consciousness.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago in our Institute, we had a meeting with a remarkable youngster — a calendar reader (a person who can instantly answer such questions as: “What date will the first Monday of April 2014 be?”). He demonstrated his fantastic abilities and then was asked if he would like to relate something that he knows by heart. This was a mistake. He froze, and then with a metallic tone of “partycratic” speeches and official announcements, he began: — “A talk that the Secretary General of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, comrade Brezhnev, gave at...” — We were scared of a most likely ideological scandal — you see, we were working in a University; we were teaching the younger generation, and for any of us, even for a non-party member, this was a position of special responsibility in the eyes of party authorities. Several women’s voices intervened and hardly managed to stop him. There was another side to this all. For practically every one of us, these speeches of late Brezhnev were just a great joke — at the level of our kitchen talks consciousness at least — and this was a REAL level. No reasonable person took B (Brezhnev) seriously. But here it was — an Idiot who saw his speech as something important. But it was not just silly. The strange mind of our calendar reader was a sensitive detector of what the whole country unconsciously felt — the power hum of the Giant Bee behind the speech — that in a way penetrated all of our giant country, and against our conscious will also resonated with our very nature. Totalitarian rituals are powerful and meaningful — even in times of decline and fall. Of course, no one of us was ready to get the message at that moment.

The wave of the Giant-Bee-of-this-world world reached and hit me 40 years or so ago. A warning it was, and a real danger, too. A fellow student of mine whom I secretly admired (he

had passed the world of forced labor camps) was agitated and energized. See what he found in the University library! — he showed me a rather incoherent text leaflet — Let’s crack a joke and show it in the Bee-house. It was rather a liberal time — the ’60s; a lot of people had been freed from camps and further liberal changes seemed to be just a matter for some coming years — and it sounded to me like an adventure and overcoming social taboos in this far away country of my student years. And, of course, to see the source of venomous power hum while remaining in a seemingly safe position. Or was I also really attracted? The Bee-house in Tartu, a small town centered around a more than 300-year-old university, was a small building. It was easy to find an officer in charge. He laughed reading the leaflet. (Nice!) — “It is good that you came to us. You are always welcome here. By the way, what are your names?” — Some panic. Never to be in a place like this any more! My friend knew better. It was pure formality. “They’ll trouble us no more. — You’ll see!” he said. But it was exciting! — In a way he was right. Yes, they never contacted me again. But the vice dean of our faculty suddenly grew interested in me. He called me in several times for friendly conversations. He was mostly interested in my general impressions concerning university life. Nice! “By the way, what is the opinion of your friends?” “...” “Most interesting. And what do your fellow students think about this and that?” It took me not too long to understand. I tried to answer with very general platitudes. As a result, what I said happily did not satisfy him, and our meetings came to an end. Soon our faculty was divided into two smaller ones, and as a result we got a new dean and a new vice-dean. In the following years no one else ever troubled me. And still, how easy it was to come into contact with the yellow and dark-brown hairy, stripe-carrying giant bee, how gentle but firm was his grip, how dangerous, how burning was the very air he exhaled. This was a world that was most hostile. Now I knew it! And still this story did not give me any lasting psychological immunity. The invisible, but in a way most real, aura of honey and venom smell embraced us at every turn of our life story

during those years in our country. The forces of revulsion created by this experience did not cut through strange threads of attraction that remained — invisible, denied by myself, but still real.

And once more, I wonder how would this prerecorded story of my life that I was — and still am — not too successfully editing, correspond with other life-stories staged under a different set of cultural and political realities? I don't know. But there are other Killer bees — they are not limited to our country. Venom, honey, and powerful manipulating forces of the swarm are global: In a way this world is a Giant Bee world.

YCL (Young Communist League) world fading, dawning of the adult world of no Party, no Growth. A passive will that somehow did not allow me to join the ranks...

TO BE involved in the Giant Bee Party: It meant the sweetness of much quicker and easier professional growth (and contrariwise, elastic but powerful limits when one was not with the Party). Quite paradoxically, it meant also the then so fantastic possibility of foreign travel — to leave the dark hive for the bright world around. Stochastic these rules were, but the greater the thing one wanted to do, not being one of the Giant Bee world — the greater & greater was the resistance of organized bees, more anxious their humming, more and more of their small venomous bodies in the air around. But at the same time, when one made a choice in favor of the honey of the Giant Bee world, it meant to live with a killer bee — a hairy, small golden body — sitting permanently on one's forehead, ready to sting. This meant — not my but THEIR will be done...The very decision — to allow the bees some intimate contact with the very essence of one's existence — was most painful if there still remained a place for mystery in one's mind-body. But people (how well I understand them now and how easy it was to scorn them in those days) just learned to grow to be less sensitive, not giving a second thought to the permanent bee-on-the-forehead; and, why not, they were happy! Some way I managed not to take this Giant — but for many people of our country most natural (and almost

unnoticed — like one's next breath) — step to the Giant Bee world. But I cannot congratulate myself with being adamant on this topic: I was not. The attraction of Giant Bee-energies was in the very air and I drifted from some general passive resistance and intellectual despicement of the Kinesthetic Bee world to invisible sweet & shameful inner submissions — but happily always returning from the very verge of the homey, comfortable inner (or possibly outer) darkness with killer bees. Not my will won the small battles but some undeserved, invisible help. It is a mystery, as many people, who are certainly better people than I, gave up, apparently choosing a path with Giant Bee footsteps. And what? — they often still remained pure, my heart feels. The world of appearances can be most misleading!

Paranoia peaking. Merry-go-round the B(ee)g-House, or Inner Safari and Narrow Escape. The archetypal room of Gold and Iron that is waiting — an Alchemical Tower with 49 or so entrances and no exit.

MY INTERACTIONS with the Giant Bee world were strangely automatic. Yes, some contacts I happily managed to escape, and at the same time, a kind of inner, rubber thread seemed to draw me to the very middle of the tiger-colored (or better “tyger-colored” to appreciate the not too realistic, but in a way most authentic, image created by W. Blake) world of honey-sweetness and venom-danger. Lower and lower into the spirals of the inner Giant Bee world did I descend in my first, seemingly just so young and happy St. Petersburg years, when during the white nights I wandered around the city enchanted by the irresistible Moon-spell of its streets and buildings.

“What is it that prompted the murderer to commit the crime? The same power awards him the punishment. Society or the State is only a tool in the hands of the power” (Anonymous, 1972). These words Bhagavan spoke in a very different society. But one can feel what remains invariant after making all the necessary changes. Thank You!

Italy has a curious place in my life — people from this beautiful country have twice helped

me to see my own real but hidden face of those days. The first time was thirty years ago. Two colleagues of ours visited us. In a conversation they mentioned as a joke — an idea to (...) — what a kind of biological warfare would result! Their casual remark started an obsessive train of mad thoughts in me. This is something I must report to some Kinesthetic-Giant-Bee-officer. This sounds good enough to hunt for some “special resources” from our country to start some real independent work. At the same time I still felt — as if through some thick veil of numbness — some undifferentiated danger in these thoughts of mine. Offer “them” one finger...and they’ll snatch away your whole arm. And then, this (but — why not!) meant betraying the colleagues who had been most amiable, starting a kind of dishonest game that would possibly involve more controlled contacts with them. I see by now much more clearly the possible ways a game like this can develop. But even in those years I was, in a way, aware that my role would be most immoral, and still I wanted this as a kind of adventure that would have been so easy to start. I even went out to the “Big” (Giant Killer Bee) House, a monstrous, grim building; I even called an officer on duty from a street phone...though I put the receiver back immediately and quickly returned home. Enough with me. What I am obviously able to do — the awful Me?! In a way this attempt towards some real action catapulted me back to sanity. I realized my inner darkness...and made no more such compromising attempts. But behind the filmiest screen (indeed!) lies a train of events that I so easily could have taken. Me, who never was even a Bee Party member! Indeed, the people who took this honey and venom smelling path are my brothers and sisters. Possibly I am myself among them in some parallel world — be this Sci-fi-smelling idea just a metaphor — or something much more serious.

As serious as my sclerotic inability to tell dead people from living ones, on the one hand — and the evangelical witness of dead saints wandering once more in Jerusalem after the jolt of Christ’s death and resurrection — on the other hand. — Help me, please!

My advice to N. about K. that was based on my own experience

SOME STRANGE overtones of this story echoed in my world some years later. A younger colleague approached me with a question. — “Sorry but you know, the situation is not normal in our laboratory. The head of lab — K. — creates an atmosphere I cannot work in. And we need a real Russian science in our country, isn’t it so?!” — (My readers have possibly already guessed that K. was a Jew.) — “I want to write a letter to Giant Bee Party district officials. Do You feel that I will be right in doing this?” — How did he select me out of more than 100 people working in our department as his confidant about this point? But this was another question — possibly to be addressed to the collective unconscious. Anyway, I remembered so well my own balancing on the verge of entering the Bee world in the above related story. So I was ready to speak with him from a point of some deep, inner compassion (that I still seem to carry in me — more active and real than a usual memory). Possibly, as a result of this, I was able to find the right words to persuade him not to write this letter concerning his head of laboratory. (But can I be quite sure that my words were effective? — There are no archives that would allow one to prove it. But I hope they were. Maybe an illusion, indeed. And still I believe, yes!)

My imperialistic dreams

I HAVE NOTICED many varieties of the Giant Bee stories with the people whom — via the fateforming forces (or via the Bee magic) and certainly due to the Source — I have met during these years. Here I have used only a few of them that felt most important, and painful, for me — personally. To protect other people mentioned, I have changed some key details attempting only to retain the inner psychological truth. Any remaining coincidences with real people and facts must be considered accidental, or better yet, a fragment of Maha-Leela of a Greater Mind I can not claim any responsibility for.

During the last Kinesthetic Bee years of our country, I, as most of our Intelligentsia, felt we retained our inner freedom, having grown

beyond any influence of the official Giant Bee ideology. Did I? Here are two dreams of mine of these years that I perceived not only as strange but almost physically shocking when I pondered on them after awakening. First dream: My wife and I are Soviet spies in some Latin American country. After so many years, I still remember the old building of an Institute I was formerly working in, with worn-out stony plates as a corridor floor. I was exposed, arrested, but after some adventures that used elements of my real biography (one of the gendarmes who arrested me turned out to be Estonian, and speaking this native language of mine allowed me to play a trick and to get free), I reached the Ocean shore, and here on tropical blue waters, a white ship appeared with a red banner and a yellow sickle & hammer emblem. I was so overcome by emotion upon seeing these symbols of power that I burst into tears. I woke up and was most puzzled with these genuine emotions. I must stress here that for many intelligent people in our country (including myself) these symbols were “hollow” and despised if not hated in these years. I was sure that my feelings on this point just cannot be any different. But the “me” of this dream was so real, and so different from the everyday reality “me.” A “me” of some virtual (parallel) life story it was, from behind some filmiest screen. Had I to admit that the seed for this different personality was in me? Yes. In another, just as convincing dream a few years later, I was a high official standing with my wife at a parade of huge strategic bombers at a military airdrome. And once more, genuine, powerful emotions and tears almost filling my eyes surfaced upon seeing the power of the military air forces of my country. The feeling of another “me” was most convincing, authentic, in a way very organic and “positive” — not a trace of some primitive, brainwashed, seduced, wicked, unhappy, or suffering person. What I felt honestly counted among my most pure emotions. Most natural, human, positive, was this Giant Bee world! And at the same time, nothing could seemingly be more alien to my waking personality. What a power of Maya, of the world illusion of the yogic lore! What a demonstration! But for many years I was most unhappy with this lesson of mine, shattering

so many illusions about myself. Now, at last, I seem to really like it.

There was a slogan in our country: “Trade Unions are a school of communism.” — There were (and are) many schools in the house of the Giant Kinesthetic Bee. Graduates of these schools are the very leaders of all the spectrum of activities in our democratic country now. Sometimes this gives me pain. But what else would one expect? Of course, I am happy that the editor of my life story took the path less traveled by the Giant Bee students. — A lot of silence around, views seem to be less obscured. — But human paths they certainly all remain and our meetings at the crossroads are just meetings of one human being with others — what else could they be?

And I must not forget that all these paths, more and less traveled are just here — in me.

A comedy of being visited by a friendly little Italian soul

AN AWKWARD story now about a most touching human being, characteristic of the Bee world we lived in...and a comedy wherein my role was that of a shy quack exposed near the finale of the play. This is the second Italian story that I promised above. One day, many many years ago, a phone rang, and a hesitating, English-speaking voice said that she had a talk with B in Moscow who told her about me. Could we possibly meet later this day? The name of B made it unnecessary to ask any more questions. A spiritual seeker (and quite likely a healer) she must be. We met at the square in front of St. Isaac’s Cathedral. I told about my very preliminary experiments with healers — about my study of back mutation rates of various yeast strains (Soidla, unpublished), then about my experiences with “energies of different levels” (see Soidla, 1995a). “Are these materials published?” was her quick question that took me aback. To publish anything like this then? In our country!!! No comment! Not published. (I don’t think anyway that she was impressed by my ideas and activities, but — being a little busy-soul-bee — she wished to take with her any small pollen grains from these foreign fields.) I was keeping an inner distance during all this conversation.

The Bee of this period of our country still had a lot of means to fight unwelcome contacts with foreigners, and most contacts were unwanted. I had some grounds to suppose that I had recently irritated the Giant Bee of our city. At a philosophical seminar in a building of a certain institute of Leningrad University, I had spoken about the autobiographic works of John Lilly — the Scientist of the Center of the Cyclone. And after some weeks, I had been warned not to repeat anything like this. (My talk had been very conservative and square, but I think the very name of J. Lilly was used in those days to catch the criminals of consciousness in our country. “There is an opinion...” I was told, and warned that my talk had been considered very controversial and that I must be very very careful in the future. “There is an opinion...” — these words were a popular figure of speech then, a kind of emblem of the Giant Bee world of those years.) It was rather certain that for some time I was, if not on a black list, then on some grey list of serious practical consequences. But possibly it was also the very atmosphere of these years, not too repressive, but still conducive to total fear, making one easily accept that any activity not directly approved by the Bee Party must not pass some rather narrow limits. (A real Giant Kinesthetic Bee power field it was, cementing the huge Empire together, and a real art it was learning to be one of the Giant Bee State citizens.) Be all this as it was, anyway, I declined a proposal to meet with a remarkable local healer together and quickly left the scene of my “crime.” After many years, possibly in 1992, a telephone call reminded me of these years. “I had a conversation with B in Moscow...” a strangely familiar voice said — and after a short pause, the same, still unrecognized voice asked for permission to see me. We had entered the post-Soviet era, and so I invited her to my home. Strangely familiar was the old woman who entered, this time accompanied by a younger one — a person who obviously was a personification of our country’s imperial past — as judged by unmistakable emanations of self-confident Giant Bee power. (And also — “When I was in Italy many years ago...” — she said. Not many people among scientists could say anything like this if they

had no close connections to the Giant Bee world of those years. But most important was that stylistically I felt her to be if not 100% then 90% or so Soviet. In this matter most of us had become real specialists.) I was so oppressed by this representative of the Giant Bee Party that I could barely connect two words together in a meaningful way. Some helpless babbling ensued. I felt so ashamed of myself, of my whole life. How powerful was the radiation of the Bee world even in these days! I did not even ask this small Italian soul for her address. Only just before her leaving did my mind faculties return so that I recognized her as my vis-à-vis of many years ago. Byebye. What could she possibly think about this crazy scene? Maybe she will read this paper of mine one day? How are You? And...excuse me!

But thinking once more about this very story — most likely it was not only the Giant Bee Lady who, in a way, kept holding up to my eyes the mirror that told me the dark 50% of truth about myself. It was a painful but useful hour or so burning away many of my illusions. I am now inclined to see that both she, and possibly even the whole Bee world, were, and have possibly always been, just some more instruments in the hands of the Timeless, parts of a much larger process. It is due to this greater perspective that I have grown able to see the representatives of the Giant Kinesthetic Bee world as not only a part of My-Problem-In-This-World...these co-instruments, these sisters and brothers of mine from some other mansion of the Timeless.

Who is who and who is me? All forms are the forms of Truth

ONE MUST possibly not worry about the dualistic, but at the same time elusive, Proteus-like nature of the Bee of this paper. Universal Myth Seed Archetype engrams grow by repeatedly hybridizing with different cultural, personal, and even with other timeless — universal myth — memory stuff. Some original traits of the Bee archetype have been multiplied and enhanced with my life story in my country, other ones were just recognized but did not directly interfere with my life. A nice source of materials to see some possibilities

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Photo by Philippe L. Gross

*Students achieving oneness
will move ahead to twoness.*
—Woody Allen