DANCING “BEYOND THE BEYOND”

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Ahh, loneliness,  
your character is so cruel:  
you locked me into a cold iron circle...  
Dusts of your libraries,  
requiems of your orchestras  
make me forget those  
who I loved once...  
(Bella Ahmadulina, Russian poetess)

Artistic and social forms of expression can  
create the conditions for promoting self-acceptance,  
self-esteem, resilience, and synergy within  
and between human beings  
(Diamond and Mullen, 1999)

I sit by the ocean with a pencil in my hands and a clean sheet of paper. My story, while floating vaguely somewhere in the depths of my inner universe, is not born yet into an explicate form of words and sentences. The ocean, while trying to reach and embrace me with all its wavy hands, is loud and persistent. The ocean has its own story; it readily shares this story through every wave jumping into the shore. Just listen. I hear it, but I do not understand. What a pity. I wish I did. I wish I knew the story told to me. Maybe some secrets about fragility, fluidity, and poetry of spacetime and beyond would be opened to me. But the ocean and I speak different languages. No interpreter is available. Years and years of education have not taught me to understand the ocean, but at least I can draw some inspiration from its loud whispers. So, back to my story, which is about to be born.

This is what happened. I invented a graduate course entitled Postmodern Science as a Framework for Holistic Education: Integrating Science, Humanities, and the Arts. I invented the course, which in a sense re-invented me as a Self with all my dreams, hopes, weaknesses, idiosyncrasies, uncertainties, and aspirations. It re-invented me as a teacher. At this point, I do not comprehend entirely what happened to me and how it happened. So, I invite my story to become my co-researcher in my educational explorations. Thus, both my story and I will “write the world together” (Leggo, 1997). I danced…
I danced
and it was beyond,
and even “beyond the beyond”
of what I would normally do
when teaching science
I danced
and…
not just my body danced
my soul did too
I danced in the literal and metaphorical sense
if someone told me several years ago
that a time will come
when I will dance in front of my students
I would perceive this to be a cute but not very funny joke
because
just several years ago
the only language I spoke during my science lessons
was the language of facts, concepts, equations, and formulas
this was the only scientific language I knew
but I danced…
in the midst of blooming May bursting through the window
in a room full of candlelight shadows
that readily danced with me
and it was my new scientific language
which gave me a powerful means to express
what needed to be expressed
believe it or not
but my dance illustrated
the results of my scientific inquiry
which I conducted
with the purpose of internalizing
at a personal level
a new vision of the universe
emerging from avant-garde science
according to which
we are not isolated islands
but all connected with the rest of the world
through a deeper “ocean”
a quantum vacuum holofield
without going into scientific details
this means that new science
is gradually re-inventing
our place in the universe
elevating our very Being
into a status
of being “the one” with the world
but do we really, truly feel
“the one” with everything else?
what kind of experiences and explorations
could convince us that it may be so?
how do I
separated from others by my skin
having my own dreams, pains, aspirations
feel connected with stars, landscapes, and other beings?
I invited my class to join me in
conducting a scientific inquiry
through a journey of self-exploration
of our own experiences
of being connected with human and more than human others
“Am I the World?”
was our research question
I gave my students full freedom of expression
in presenting the results of their explorations
in their own most powerful way
my students brought….
a voice of a best friend who just recently died
stories of intuitive, almost telepathic connections
a poem about a single rose
pictures of a magical sunset
a painting of butterflies
which are seen through an open window
video segments of pain and violence across the world
many students went beyond
of what they would normally do
writing poetry
producing videos
or painting
I was happy to see
their willingness to explore
deeper dimensions of “self”
vis-à-vis the world…
these deeper dimensions
merged somehow into the synergy
of our togetherness
the class evolved into a living organism
that was more than sum of its parts
within the world of organic connections
teacher inside me danced
I danced
I danced “loneliness”
a little freckled girl
danced in me
the girl who danced alone
in front of the mirror
dreaming to dance someday
for the public
but never did
I danced
materializing the little girl’s dream
I danced “loneliness”
because
our emotional capability
to suffer from being lonely
is perhaps a good illustration
of our being “the one” with the world
if we were “isolated islands”
why would we care
whether we are lonely or not
loneliness is our longing for connection with others
I had suffered from loneliness a lot
as a strange child
as a single mother
and as a woman who
immigrated into a different world
so…
I know, I know, yes I know
how loneliness feels…
it feels like an emotional hunger
like a coldness and tightness in my very within
like something…so implicit
that is difficult
to express through words…
to me
the dance was a powerful way
of expressing to and sharing with others
my experiences of loneliness,
this is how my scientific self-exploration
of a new, state-of-the-art vision
of the interconnected world
resulted in an artistic expression
of loneliness as a hunger for unity
next day I received an e-mail from Branca
one of my students
she wrote “it was beautiful”
reflecting on my dance
she wrote she feels inspired
to go “beyond the beyond”
she painted chaos and butterflies
she never painted before
she wrote:
"it does not matter if I paint or you dance again
we both know now
that
everything is possible"
I doubt my dance was beautiful
I never took any dance classes
I never danced for the public before
but in a sense, I agree, it was
beautiful
because I danced my heart
Branca wrote she felt my relief
and my transformation
“there is nothing that you cannot do now”
she was right
this is how I felt
while dancing in front of my students
rhythms of a song of Enigma
“I feel loneliness in my room…,”
enjoyment of movement,
fascination about the scientific concept
of interconnecting quantum holofield,
my feelings and emotions
the eyes of my students
shadows from the candlelight
all swirled into a single galaxy
of oneness
this was another experience
on behalf of a new scientific worldview
I did not feel lonely
dancing away my loneliness
sharing my experience with others
I did not feel lonely
and I felt that no one else did
this fact alone deserved celebration
of our connectedness

I danced
moving deeper and deeper
into my inner dimensions
“beyond the beyond”
I danced
toward a transformed me
“there is nothing that you cannot do now”
wrote Branca
I danced
into the land
of never and always
where
my tears
my happiness
my students
my “scientific” dance
subatomic particles
suns and galaxies
a pink beauty of a single rose
brought by my lover
all of this
dance
the tango of unity of my inner and outer cosmos
and…
I dance
on
the edge of chaos
beyond the beyond…

References: