

The People

Talks about *internal durée*

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NASSER

52 | Terrace builder & farmer



Most of my time is quiet, I choose silence, yes. Sometimes I sit under a tree after I've finished my day, quiet and relaxed. I look at something, not my phone, and then night comes and the smells, the embers. For example, in the winter when I work and I feel the sun appears, I stand near a rock, the trees, the wind, everything connects. This moment in nature is the healthiest. Sometimes I think about everything in this moment, yes.



So now I am 52 years old and I started working at a very young age, I loved it. At 10 I had a donkey and then I learned how to plow, and I still plow. They say after many years I am still the same, I don't get tired from it.



When I build a terrace, it is like painting. Rocks that I see, the mind is clear, and I know how to

place them together. The things that I touch with my hands, give me the opportunity to think about other things. My hands work and my mind divides between thinking about other things and thinking about what I am doing. My thoughts are freer, it's more pleasant for thoughts to arise, yes, good thoughts.



I play the flute. Going out into nature, sitting under a tree in the company of my donkey or my goat, sitting there, playing, purifying. It is like a filter, the air cleans me. The flute does me good, it is fresh. It revives, soothes and renews me. One who plays music can see things: the birds hear a flute in nature, they are on the trees and they join and sing with my flute. This is something that makes me feel good, really, healthy.

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I think of every stone I find; each one has its shape. The stones for terraces are ones that exist in nature. Everything exists, nature has everything, there are many things in it. These are my thoughts as I work.

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I barely watch TV and I don't look at my cellphone to catch up. So, they don't take all my concentration, or my mental strength. I have the perfect day; I can feel the day.

I don't drive a car, I don't have a car. I would ride on a donkey and I would see every stream and every valley in the winter. Then came the sun and after a few days the rain, then the spring and then the summer. I see the real thing.

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Today with these iPhones, the mind is distracted, and people

can't see the real things as I see it. They are busy with other things and see things but don't live them. One who doesn't have these distractions to concern him, has a clearer view and his mind has more time.

Yes, that's what is going on around me.

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My kids learn from the internet. Not like me, I learned from books. I try to disconnect them from the devices, I want them to experience a free and calm mind. For an hour or two, so they won't lose their ability to see and that their minds will not be lost in their devices.

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One will always experience boredom and then he can choose and find interest in it.



If I am not mistaken it was while walking, and when I walk, I think.

I am not creative and suddenly I was creative in my imagination and it made me very happy. I thought maybe I will create something I never did before. This dream made me very excited. I said to myself, this can happen.



I am a very practical person. At work as a nurse, I don't have space for thoughts, everything is very practical. Then at home I am in the doing mode. Somehow, I don't give myself the freedom and room for that. I am very sisyphian in what I do, if I am inactive it stresses me and brings me to dark places. I shower in two minutes, I never read a book in the middle of the day, I feel it is forbidden. It's crazy.

I rarely experience free flying thoughts. If my thoughts wander, they go to very practical things.

I never sit and think, I am always in motion. To deviate from practical thoughts to other worlds is something unknown to me. I never experience it, it is unfamiliar to me, I am not there.



I think we were repressed as kids because we always had to follow instructions. The operating instructions didn't include free time, free thoughts. Nothing bad will happen if you don't do anything. I followed the instructions and that's how I continue, its very hard for me to let go. You get up in the morning and must be practical. But in the evening, and only in the evening, when it is dark and you can't do anything anymore, the cleaning and cooking is done and... only then!

But then I am terribly tired.



Once in a while I walk at night, I am alone, I can see nothing in the dark, I don't listen to music, just me and the silence. Then I feel my head clears from daily distractions and worries and my mind is more open for thoughts that arise. Then it is easier for me to "just be". It activates things that are unusual in my everyday life .I think of these times as a treat that I deserve, it's a time that I take for myself. Now something good is going to happen, something creative. It's a real trip, I love it.



When you talked to me about wandering thoughts, about internal lingering and suddenly I said, Oh it's awful, horrible, you are examining yourself in terms that you didn't realize existed. I knew about them, but I never owned them. I was never there at all. It gives you self perception, what does it mean that it is not a part of you, that it is not expressed in you. I said to myself, you must make a change, to give yourself more freedom for flying thoughts. That nothing bad will happen if you don't do anything.



It was in the shower when it came up, this idea. I was so excited, as excited as I was when I was 18 and suddenly found out or came up, on my own, upon some such big topic. A new discovery or something that is very interesting for me now to explore or think about.



At the age of 27, I have now completed a Bachelors Degree in both Psychology and Philosophy and am beginning a Masters degree in Clinical Psychology in The Hebrew University in Jerusalem.



Many times I go into the shower with the intention of thinking, as if to clean my head, because it really is a place without cell phones or distractions. The monotonous background noise helps me think.

On the bus when I hear music and many times even when I go on a hike to a spring. I think it's the environment of nature, it's not close to the road, so there is no noise and

making coffee is the only activity I do. The most I will do is play with stones, I have no important things to do.

When it is with close friends there is no need to talk all the time and then my mind really wanders.

It's not decisions, it's not thoughts I have to think about, it's thoughts that pop up. In the shower too. It is most of these thoughts that come to me in my spare time. I am often surprised by them. Things that I clearly didn't think of everyday, that were very different from the thoughts when I need to decide something.



The rocking of the bus, lets me think and disconnect from my surroundings. While riding on the bus, I look at the landscape. Between looking and gazing, really without any focus. There's this divider that separates the road so I look at it. Watching it run, go up, down, disappear, come back. And then I really have time to think, also deep, profound thoughts, meaningful things, as well as very nonsensical thoughts about things I

experienced, a kind of processing of things.

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So I started writing in the phone under the heading of I Think therefore I Exist. Yes it is fun for me.

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A series of podcasts that the interviewer talks with an object, and one of the episodes was with a grain of sand. And he talked to it about boredom. The sand tells him it doesn't have the function of being bored. He can be on the beach for a thousand years, and he reflects on how he sees the humans, who after half an hour on the beach are already bored, or they have to play a game, or they hardly come alone and they walk fast and they complain that it's not interesting enough and the grain of sand does not have this function. So we really got to talking about boredom and how much it doesn't happen to us because we're half escaping from it and half are in some kind of life continuum that we don't even have time to get bored. It's a kind of experience that we no

longer know how to experience.

Obviously when we have the phone available all the time.

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My life is pretty busy. I don't have enough time like that, and I totally wish I had more. Then it really dawned on me that I had to experiment a bit with boredom and see what it brings with it.

I told myself I'd set myself an hour a week, two hours a week.

My plan is to do nothing, I have no plans. And by definition I'll sit alone with coffee and get bored. I will try to get bored with no phone and nothing. Having time for thinking, processing things that I've been through.

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Boredom is the negative connotation of an internal stay. That inner stay can bring boredom and can bring something else. I want to see what else it can bring, this free time. And then it kind of frees me from those guilty feelings.

I also deserve not "to do" sometimes.



Sometimes when I have an analytic problem I face the blackboard, and the time that I clean the board helps me clear my head for a moment. And as soon as the board is clean I'm ready to start working on the problem. My hands, my eyes, I usually stop hearing things happening around me. I'm busy with it now. Me and the board and the equations and I can work quietly on the problem.



I am a physicist, I am forty-four, I did a PhD in photonics.



I feel like I have no time to think about any problems I have.

I define it to myself as "I need quiet, just need quiet".

I spend a lot of time driving, I turn off the radio, and that's when my thoughts start running and racing independently. I love this quiet

time, it's the quiet I need.



I am so busy with work that I can not even see the possibility that I will stare into space now and I will not think of anything or allow my thoughts to run free.

Then there is a struggle between two situations. One is the completely silent state, and the other is the one that I'm trying to solve defined tasks, physical problems and math problems.



My thoughts direct themselves to what I need and not what I want.



During the 'time war', the phone takes up much of that time. Today we go to the bathroom with the phone and only sometimes the battery runs out and we find ourselves with nothing to do in the toilet, which surprisingly is a strange feeling.



I don't know how to evaluate the gain, how much more I would gain if I gave myself more quiet time.

This is something that if I could evaluate, may have given me more of a measure for the decision: "okay, I am restraining myself from the phone for so and so hours a day".



Around sleep, when drifting into sleep, I notice that if a problem bothered me a lot during the day, it became a significant thing, and the brain was busy fixing it, and

sometimes ideas or solutions of the same problem came.

While doing my PhD, I was in some kind of situation that I didn't know what to do. There were some elements but they were not connected to anything coherent. One evening I put the children to sleep in their room, at the end of the story I fell asleep. At some point, I woke up, and I remember the first thing when I opened my eyes was - I know what the solution is! I realized immediately that it was something that was conceptually different and worth publishing. Worth going on with it.

I felt great pride, yes.

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I was intent, searching, listening, and then it came.

Something that was not in the mold, came from somewhere else, and I suddenly made the link. A piece of the puzzle that one can't find and suddenly appears. It is such a moment that you are stunned and for me it is such a precious moment. Something is smiling from the inside, from another dimension. These are amazing moments ...

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I write, I am a Feldenkrais teacher, I have been involved in movement and dance for many years.

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Swimming is to get yourself completely into a place where you have no interaction with people. It's a kind of attention to the body, it's exercise and it's water. What is happening in the swimming

pool is this kind of thought. These are thoughts that come without interruption, and I really, really need it. Just as my body needs swimming and exercise, so my mind needs this thing.

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And he told me that every time he went for a walk on the mountain he writes. He inspired me and I also started doing it. Every time I came back from walking I would write down the thoughts I had while walking. I called it Diary of a Mountain, I would write everything. A kind of stream of consciousness, without any filter and without thinking it would make sense, but just pour it out on paper. I think that I wrote one of my first stories while walking. I would come home and type my thoughts.

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A lot of times I decide to just wander. I mean, I feel like I'm missing some of my inner wandering and then I say, I'll

go somewhere, to wander in the streets of Abu Ghosh or Tel Aviv.. I have to be in some kind of physical activity and then suddenly some thought comes and I start to be with it, and stay with it, and then something happens.

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This dimension that is another dimension, of an inner world, that comes to my mind and I observe it. I really feel that I 'live for it'.

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I live in nature and nature is a very significant part of my life. I always do the same walk on the same path, on the same mountain. Something about walking, the pace of the steps, the sound of the shoes on the ground ... It's a place that protects me, that I'm safe there, it's a path I know, and on the other hand it's not four walls, it's the world.

In this familiar place, a place of repetition, I don't have to struggle

because I already know this path - as if there is such a visual reception of what's going on, but without focus. I don't need to look for it, it just comes. And then there is some opposite direction - if the direction was from the outside, then an inside thought starts to flow. I am interested in it and it continues on with me, I have the time and I have the place and I go, so nothing stops this thought, it's just there, along with me and evolving in some way.

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At first they come in a kind of chaos, and then some thought suddenly descends on me, and then I look at it and it comes back again, and again I look at it and something develops there. It's not some orderly thought. It's often a picture that comes in or an emotion, or a feeling and then when I type it and give it some reality on paper, I can start working with it. Without this process I could not create.

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There were places and times
in my life that it wasn't this way.
When I coordinated a highschool
dance department or when I was
a dance producer, it wasn't this
way and I can say that I suffered.
I didn't know why I was suffering.
I realized that this process was
a necessary thing for me and
I embraced it. It was a huge
drama. I know when it came into
my life. And after it happened I
can say that I am a person who
does not suffer and I am much
happier.