

CONVERSATIONS WITH MYSELF

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I have blogged here for a long time. In general, I only blog about something that I have thoroughly gone through and feel confident to report on. My topics are, for me, "safe" topics. Yet now I am in the middle of what I can only call new experience, so the returns are not all in. This experience is not safe, in that sense. So, I can either not blog much, rehash the same old stuff, or dare to blog without a safety net, without having tried and tested my topic.

I will try to blog here at this experience level and see what happens. It may be too raw or contain more questions than answers. Let's just see, and we can go from there.

When I ask myself who is nearest and dearest to me, of course I think of my family and friends. But if I had a time clock, the person I most talk with has to be myself. I am not sure whether I am always that friendly with me or would even call myself a friend, but why not? I more or less like myself, at least on the good days... I am OK with me.

Just how one talks with oneself, I can't exactly say, but somehow I manage to do it. As for who does the talking and who the listening, well, that would be another topic. There is a long tradition of "talking with yourself," so I don't have to prove that it takes place. We all know it does.

Or perhaps I just think something out there, look at it, and then respond with another thought or comment? And what about when I don't agree and start to argue with myself? And then there are matters of conscience, and so on. Who is whom (however we might phrase that)? It is complicated, right?

Yesterday I blogged about that part of me that is forever drawing lines in the sand and daring the world to cross the line. It seems I redraw those lines endlessly, which only goes to show me that at heart I am bluffing. I don't really mean to be hard-lined at all. Obviously myself and I are thicker than thieves and we spend an enormous amount of time in serious conversation as well as the constant chit-chat.

I have devoted many past blogs to the nature of the self, so I really don't want to go over it again here. Let's just say that the self, like an old dusty closet, is where I stick all of my various attachments (likes and dislikes), and the result is by now a fairly unwieldy montage that I call me, myself, and I. Yes, I refer to myself as separate from "me," however that works. Like playing chess with yourself, it appears that I somehow play both positions.

I can see that I am not getting to the point here, which is simply to say that it appears that I am on the verge of just dropping some of the small talk with myself and going off-line, semi-silent. I guess that in a way I am calling my own bluff and seem somehow to

have worn out my welcome with myself. Not sure when that happened.

I don't hate myself or even dislike myself, nothing as strong as that. And I am not even just neutral. Let's just say that I know myself sufficiently to begin to see a bit through my own shenanigans enough to focus on something beyond myself. Oh yes, I am tired of all this too.

In other words, my self is becoming more transparent, something not so much to endlessly focus on as to just see through and beyond. What do I see beyond myself? Well, this is where things begin to get tricky.

For starters, I don't see anything (any "thing") through my growing self-transparency. It is more like I have finally worn through or worn out interest in myself and am just taking a break from all of that constant chatter, letting my mind rest a bit.

One earmark of all this is simply relief. It feels good to just stop pinching oneself. Then there is the emptiness of clearing out or just dropping all the white noise and the static of chatting and referring to myself endlessly -- a huge waste of time. Empty of self-chatter is good. And what do I do instead?

Well, the short-term answer is nothing. I do nothing instead. Right now, I just rest.

As what I call myself becomes increasingly transparent, more like a window pane I can see through rather than the sole object of my attention, this in itself is a relief. And what do I see when I look through the window of the self and beyond?

That's what I am working on, and I will (perhaps) attempt to describe it in another blog.

I apologize if this is just too intellectual. I am just trying this out, trying to see if blogging-in-the-moment is meaningful to readers or not. As mentioned at the top of this blog, nothing is written in stone, so do give me feedback please.

