

MY AWARENESS

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Sitting in the armchair I let the subpersonalities, that appear with pressing or subtle demands, flow through the imagination. Each of these does not esitate to present itself as a guiding spirit, which can offer a bit of color, of diversion to existence. There is then one who asks with vehemence to be defended and revenged for the negativities that others suffered.

There is the guiding spirit that tells me books and studies in which it would be desirable for me to delve deeper in to try to keep up with culture. There is the face of the one smiling at me, without talking, because it knows I share and know how to behave to accomplish its project. There is room also for the subpersonality that drives me to the knowledge of psychosynthesis. It is a subpersonality that does not delay to show me in the imagination not only the flashes of the Ego, but also the Self that shines over my head. On some occasions it is wrapped in the white sail of an old wiseman that drives me, alternately, to turn his inner voice into light for my awareness and operativeness. It has certainly a power that I do not underestimate: it is a subpersonality that I have decided to make an integral part of my personality.

Even the rational part of my psyche, attracted to the goals it presents, does not escape from speaking sermons that remind me that one thing are the spiritual guides that meet the needs and expectations of the personality in which I move and spend the days, and another thing are the messages that the old wiseman sitting next to the fire in a mountain cave whispers to me. All subpersonalities chat, whisper, complain, nerve themselves, or support their ideas in the room of the psychic realm, but I'm convinced that I did well to vote for the president sitting on the throne: Ego-Self. Personal psychotherapy, lectures, reading, meditation, reflections on Ego-Self now offer me a territory where I can move with relative security and without fear of

making macroscopic or destructive errors. Or, at least, I hope and believe this is the case, even though the guiding spirits of the subpersonalities occupying the salon of my psyche are not, thinking well on that, so subdued and remissive. Riots are on the agenda. They remind me of the powers exercised by patriarchal groups encountered in Middle East travels. The king is the sovereign, there on the throne in his palace. He deserves attention, listening, applause, but in daily affairs, in suburbs or oases, the ones in command are patriarchs and their tribes. The monarch and his power are far away. However, as far as I am concerned, I try to make myself master of the Ego-Self in thoughts flowing into mind.

There is nothing important at the moment to be decided upon that it is to swing my personality down and to the obscure, if not to consume a second grappa. The pure center of clear and limpid light, will and love addresses me to the mind sensible and helpful in relationships and acting. The pure Center of Pure Consciousness has no doubt, it knows to be the driving spirit chosen and put on the throne after the, initially a little contrasted and with doubts, election. Other candidates had interesting merits and programs, but not like its own. Ego-Self victory is not absolute, but victory.

The mind, when elected, did not delay to realize that the Ego-Self, and the project it proposes, are animated by a igneous and creative energy impregnated by unusual aspirations. From the first contacts with via San Domenico, The Ego-Self nourishes me with its energies that I try to put into the education of the heart so that the soul is saturated with subtle aspirations. The command that I give to myself is: "Refine the commitment that excites the spirit and the heart".

The presence of the bright lighthouse of the Ego-Self indicates the road to personal pschotherapy, daily study and engagement.

With the new government elements of personality, initially driven by passions, emotional states, needs and desires, often in conflict between themselves, over time are controlled and coordinated by the work of awareness

that makes them partially obedient to the existential chosen project. As the integration of my psychic dynamics, activated by awareness, proceeds, the key note I have chosen and I want is emerging. The passive evolutionary process, that is driven by conditioning, becomes a conscious effort of will. I'm happy with the personality that takes shape in me for the partial cohesion of the psychic elements in an organic whole that pursues objectives that are relevant to the projects undertaken. A decent adaptation to the world is dominating. But the more I look at this phase of the evolutionary process, the more I realize it is deeply sly.

The rational part of the psyche has clear, or thinks it is clear, personal and transpersonal aspects that distinguish it, but the more flattering of its own knowledge and of its action, the more involuntary aspects of it work subtly in virtue of a refined use of the psychic defense mechanisms. Pleasure, vainglory, egocentricity say: "I do, you do not."; "I know the psyche, its powers, its territories, its illusions while in you, dear neighbor, dominate confusion, embedded or superficially understood concepts. You still have to walk."

From the depths of my psyche, with psychotherapy, clearly emerge conditioned life patterns, inherited from family members, from relationships with peers in the playroom or school benches. They as thin ashes emerge and influence daily action. The behavioral modes of the present show clear correspondences with those early conditioning and guide relationships, vicissitudes, anxieties. Appears, among other things, the platform of the sexual instinct, that attracted Freud so much to make it the support of any existential aspect. However, my psyche evolves. Egocentricity fades. Altruism seems to take up space. Everything according to program. I think, with satisfaction, about the words of my guide, the Ego-Self.

But is the process of psychic change really in place? I realize that making changes to consciousness is complex, challenging and often illusory. It is difficult like removing a landslide that continues to fall on the road. Going into the unconscious, in addition to the instincts

that have classifications and patterns in psychology texts, I find shadows that are not just shadows. They influence crawling on the psyche. Below the instincts of reproduction, affirmation, group, dominate parts that are separating, humorous, boring, spooky, presumptuous, judging and expert in favoring and emphasizing alleged personal values. In this regard, the psychic difficulties brought in therapy sessions are noticeable, but of tissue paper. They remain the right time for then dissolve and let me assert, with the consent of the therapist, that we have done a good and fruitful job. But the larvae from the slums, which occupy the level underlying the instincts, and on which they stand, continue to judge, criticize, devalue, ironize, disqualify, undermine, etc.

This unconscious-conscious remains largely foreign to my psychotherapy work. I go further. I consider them 'nuances' that belong to human life. As an example, I console myself remembering what happens in congresses or conventions where the speeches duration is set in the program, the rotating speaker, usually a psychotherapist, goes further thinking that, the time he steals to whom will come after, in the end is stolen because what he exposes is, more than anything, more meaningful and valid than what will be exposed by who will come after him. This indicates the uncontaminated proliferating, not only in me, of the caterpillars of pride, presumption, abstinence, presumption, arrogance in the depths of the psyche, even if being certain of having a personality now in the solid dependencies of the Ego-Self. Psychic defense mechanisms are good experts in keeping active this creeping substrate.

The inferior subconscious uses such operative worms as it considers them essential, even more essential than usual instincts, to survive, to deal with the problems of existence and to feel to be someone in the world. The psychic defense mechanisms of splitting, projection, removal, isolation, displacement, reactive formation, pseudo-sublimation, identification, rationalization -and

I do not go beyond- offer their contribution so that conflicting storms do not form between the evolved and the involuntary part that exudes in the psyche and

so that we can continue confident and gloating beyond the time established for the relationship. Psychic defense mechanisms that are not addressed, and therefore unresolved, justify, authorize, and legitimize the thoughts and behaviors that originate from these districts, provide them with convincing and acceptable rationalizations. That's why when I sit on the throne, I should look at my psychotherapeutic path and stop worrying not so much about psychosomatic disturbances or depressive-anxious states but descending into the psychic depths that exude emotional states that are very similar to sewage and purify them with the fire of a real self-psychotherapy that dissolves the mists that obscure them. They are darkness that does not originate in the familial, social, or sexual history, but feed on the "frenzies of omnipotence and omniscience" that are part of the stage where personality is individualized and satisfied.

At the stage where you believe that you have an integrated personality, even more than the previous phases, the words, the reasoning you make with your friends or with yourself are unmistakably imprinted on the qualities of the Self. The sacrifice that I make, with a tear of complacency, of small possessions, objects or money, which are completely insignificant, offered to others, find in the psyche magnifying glasses that multiply their value. In operative and essential choices, the most eye-catching part of the gaze is always turned backward, anchored to the separative and egoistic visions that lie in the unconscious. Nevertheless, in describing the evolutionary path, I flaunt to myself the existential values of altruism, common good, the availability, the openness to others' ideas, acceptance, hospitality, etc.

I consider them certain, irrefutable possessions. They are always on the part of those who vigorously affirm the need to help others and understand their existential difficulties. I fight against those who think differently. I rarely strive to objectively confront myself with my ways of acting concretely towards those who are crushed by the miseries of the world. Separation, indifference and, above all, thought: "What can I do? I do not have the magic wand!", coming from my deep levels, guide and justify going beyond the situation that is ahead of

me because a major commitment awaits me in a hurry. Such aspects often remain apart in personality assessments, though, as well as being known, nervousness, incapacitation, irritation are winning on many occasions. Disidentification from these psychic levels is a process that is often unknown and hence unapplied. Mental camouflage and fake justifications for furies, angers, irritations, and bile spills are always operational so that they can be lived without remorse. The Self retreats into the attic. It pretends to be nothing and glows horizons of the future. In fact, I am convinced that the torches of light, waving in consciousness, are the only reality that belongs to my nature. Those crawling, disgusting and vomiting caterpillars of anger, hydrophobia, and fury are in me because others encyst them into me and I am forced to act them. When I am well disposed, devaluating commiserations take shape in me: they are consciousness at the first steps on the evolutionary path and therefore, with an intolerable act of goodness in their regard, I feel sorry for and pity them; they are doing their best to proceed and survive. They are, however, far from my limpid and clear vision. They cannot do better. To evolve this phase is part of it. The infinite path of the evolutionary process requires that this step be taken with the search for prolific, and often not recognized or denied, germs driven by the ideative delusions sustained by the psychic defense mechanisms. The theme requires personal and group reflections to proceed further, reapplying the disidentification and processing of unhealthy psychic content. It is required to recognize them and feed the needed fires to incinerate them and do not self-deceive even to consider oneself being right, true, objective, wise.

Awareness turn on lights, but cellar locations remain obscure and, above all, operate indefinitely. I do not most often express judgments, criticisms, devaluations, disagreements, but I point them to the inner pedestal of the psyche and blur the judgments and criticisms that I should direct to myself. How many doors open up and make me see innovative responses and roads, but how many doors remain closed and do not allow the lights of my consciousness to illuminate the dark corners where my creeping larvae farms are located. They are

well-protected corners that refuse purifying fires. On the evolutionary road, it is urgent to illuminate the cellars, especially if I consider myself living in a house without a cellar or having only a cellar like a little taverna where I can warm up to the fireplace.

According to the fundamental psychosynthetic canons, the most significant qualities of the Self are enclosed in the heart. Excluding the heart means building without soul. The heart accepts universal values and synthesizes them, and its guiding voice sharply emphasizes the pity it has for me when I give alms with the coins that annoy me in my pocket, or with a sigh of boredom I lower the window at the traffic light and, if I have not a euro coin but two euros, I give up and I do not offer it. It is easier to send the five-euro alms with the mobile phone to a predetermined number, even if at the same time conflicting forces oppose it. So it is for many other occasions.

Fortunately, another larvae from the unconscious helps me that, with a psychic defense mechanism, calms me down and points out that I satisfy altruism and goodness towards others donating hours of volunteering in the centers. In that case, I am careful not to put on the balance the gratifications of the personality I get there.

The heart is the judge and, like the sun, points out lights and shadows. It underscores with inexorable clearness the productive attitudes in the construction of the planet, the real premises of every action and, above all, reveals the false hypocrisies and affirmation and approval instincts that float in the unconscious, obscuring my role as co-creator of the planet. It is hard for rationality and personality to resonate in harmony with the tension of the heart. It's easy that its project and its principles break themselves up.

The creative power of the heart has no limits, it is powerful, but the personality is equally skilled in staying on the throne, ready to judge others and feel for them that silent pity that makes itself believe to be even higher. Getting out of the pedestal, hardly reached, aspiring to the awakening of the heart and having the courage to look into

the slums of the separative and egocentric unconscious allows to be in relation to more essential principles of life. In order to achieve this, it is necessary that consciousness must not be burdened by subtle, insignificant, viscous relational problems and win them daily in small events that, if trivialized or considered insignificant, overwhelm it. On the way of the Self they damage the whole work. In such streets I wonder if I'm inattentive, and that happens. I am required to distinguish tolerance, sensibility, clarity of vision from moods that, disordered and destructive, have the upper hand when I am distracted.

How do you think about reaching the initiation to the Ego-Self without struggling? In this path, the personality must remember that life is a purgatory not overwhelmed by ruins and rubbish but by subtle powders that consciousness tends to banalize, precipitating into psychic epidemics generated by those dark powders.