

intuitive or depicted with symbols. St. Francis and Mother Teresa, for example, are symbols on which we can reflect and meditate in order to really see through and hold the energy of humility. Each definition distorts. Only he who guesses it, going into these or other symbols (searching his own symbols on which to reflect), can capture its fragrance, colour and energy.

Piermaria Bonacina

ROBERTO ASSAGIOLI AS A MAN

As many of us know, the “at the Source group”, which I’m part of, has been working for some years in organizing, classifying, digitizing the scattered set of Assagioli’s writings, the autographic ones above all, which lied in the Psychosynthesis Institute’s basements.

The purpose was to let it be within reach for everybody. This demanding and frustrating job, as for its technique and organizing problems, got up to an affair which stirred up all of us.

We had the opportunity to get inside the great work of Roberto Assagioli, first on his Conscience.

By handling, reading, trying to interpret and to understand the characters of the small sheets of paper, where he used to write his thoughts, we can perceive a living, intimate presence.

A presence which sets up an inner dialogue with our Conscience, more and more increased and strengthened. A Conscience which is getting more and more involved in new comprehensions and intuitions.

His thoughts, his enlivening writing, the inner smile, the sympathy, his childish, authentic, mystical open-heart, the deep, joyful, hopeful research, his tension towards soul service, his humble compassion, the subtle fire, the inclusive attitude, his esteem for the work of others, the interdependence and brotherhood, his large, eclectic deep knowledge, his planetary and open wide acquaintance, his vision, personality and soul, the loving purpose of supporting the human fulfilment, his own life, which could testify he had some hard experiences and painful

moments, the simplicity, the empathy and loving contact in all senses, his learning ability in every occasion in order to train new different qualities, the respect for the other, the continuous inner work, where the acquaintance comes out from the inside experience, the meditation, the reflection, the insight and thanks to the direct contact with the inner realities, turning into a concrete action.

Everything gradually becomes alive inside ourselves, it directly evokes our soul’s qualities.

It doesn’t belong to Assagioli the presumption of some spiritualists, nor the cold knowledge of the occultists, he doesn’t care for the detachment from the events of the “poor ignorant men “, who need to be enlightened by an advanced soul.

He doesn’t undertake the mission of inculcating a new, complicated, obscure knowledge, which can be transmitted as an absolute Truth and which can sometimes burden with mental overtones inside Consciences weakened by life obstacles. They are eagerly looking for any solution....

Assagioli: our Friend, our Brother, our Father, our Teacher

Assagioli is a Man.

Thank you, Roberto !

As a group, we are trying to organize some meetings in order to diffuse this experience to other people

Luce Ramorino

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SO THAT ULYSSES CAN RETURN...

Telemachus was standing and deeply breathing the air coming from the cliffs. His bare feet had sunk in the earth while his eyes were following a small flock of seagulls coming from west and their cautious retreat from the black heaps that were covering the horizon.

In that same moment his every single thought was entirely absorbed by the odd stillness, by the suspension of the present moment that could erase every distance and quieten the waves surrounding the ship of the future and his heart could finally remain almost still, yet simply free to beat.

He dried his face and neck with a slow and delicate movement of his hands while the water vapour from the cliffs were reflecting in the air the last rays of the setting sun that had almost completely disappeared under the heaps which now appeared charcoal gray. The reddish-orange sun was diluting the blackness of the sky.

Thus the red beats of his heart were slightly clearing the dark presentiments, the darkness of the anguish that was bringing him and burying him in other worlds every time he dared to think about the future.

And yet everything was flowing like an underground