

We are beings, that is, who continually create the world with every act - even if we ordinarily take it for granted that the world exists as we have found it. As Ortega says:

What has been done by others, executed, perfect in the sense of concluded, advances towards us with a particular anointing: it appears almost consecrated, and, since we have not elaborated it, we tend to believe that it is not the work of anyone, but let it be reality itself. There is a moment when the ideas of our masters do not seem to us the opinions of determined men, but the truth itself anonymously descended on earth. On the other hand, our spontaneous sensitivity, what we think and feel with our own means, never appears to us complete, concluded and rigid as a definitive thing, but as an inner flow of less resistant matter. ⁽¹⁰⁾

Heidegger was very fond of Pindaro's famous phrase: "Become what you are!". In fact, he believed that making a *change* means rediscovering one's *essence*. Today, under the fire of an epochal crisis, we are called to reinvent the man and the world under the banner of being. But transforming the way we *live* ourselves and the world means creating a new home. It means realizing that our world (internal and external) is not made, but created. And therefore - as Vico said - that *the world is still young*. But above all it means realizing that creating consciously is, perhaps, our greatest gift. Perhaps, the very nature of our essence.

We receive many gifts, of many kinds. But the highest and truly lasting gift that is given to us is always our *essential nature*, with which we are endowed in such a way that we are what we are only through it. It is for this reason that we must thank for this gift, first and foremost and without ceasing. ⁽¹¹⁾

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For the footnotes and the bibliography see the article in Italian.

OUT OF LOVE

Translation by Achille Cattaneo / Gordon Leonard Symons

Love grabs us like an ocean wave; it overwhelms us, takes us far, out there into deep waters. Fear, trembling – still the wave supports us, plays with us, embraces us, floods us...

and then, it abandons us, and dumps us on the shore, like wrecks, or broken branches.

What must we do? Find our breath again, feel the ground firmly - and get up again, heavy with wet sand, salty all over? What must we do?

Here on the shoreline, I wander among scraps of seaweed and emptied shells. Not even the sand keeps my footsteps. The ocean roars far away. An autumn mist rises; from the muffled sky a passing seagull calls to me.

Estranged

on the stretch of sand

I am

where an old sea left me, naked.

I drag my barefoot steps – and do not progress,

but always wandering, I stoop to pick up

the pearly shells of my laughing

days – or intentions – and all are used up

and empty and I find them broken, and I rummage

and hope and chuck, hooks

and tangles of brown and heavy algae

uprooted and then discarded

and never caring,

and a lot of grudges and many still

scattered around, broken pebbles

and my steps become entangled in it,

and it becomes heavy,

sore and limp. The wind is silent

and flees the day to rest.

Out of love I remain. Closeness?

I no longer even dare ask.

...and I find myself alone, on the expanse of sand that the retreating tide has left uncovered. I wander slowly, I feel the sand sink under my step, then take shape again. I see shells emerge, of every color, of innumerable shapes – I bend down, I take them up to admire them – but they are empty, broken, dead.

I feel that they are the remains, all that remains, of my loves which ended up in pain: people, animals, passions, places, interests to which I gave my heart, and they hurt me.

And how many they are, how many! They relive in the memory, here in this desert of sand, and I still feel the pain, even if it is muffled, far away.

And I know: in the garden of my heart they stand like broken, burnt, uprooted plants; and in their place I have over time allowed thorny bramble bushes to sprout, and sadness and resentment.

What should I do now, I torment myself, what should I do?

The gentle whisper of a wave reaches me, and I understand. Let the ocean of compassion rise and fall: for me who suffered, and for the pain I gave; and for anyone who has given me pain, not through wanting it but because, pressed by his own needs, his fears, his weaknesses. And for all the pain in the world.

Here, the wave covers the desert, and life turns to dance. In my heart, the brambles bloom: the scent of splendid roses.

LEARNING TO COOPERATE WITH THE INEVITABLE

From the Casa Assagioli Library

Let's try to see what we are learning and what initiatives we have managed to implement in these strange times that we did not expect and that have caught us quite unprepared.

A proposal from Spring last year was the Magazine Marathon. What is it about? We invented the possibility of participating in doing cataloguing work together, despite the distances imposed by the situation that we are well aware of.

The initiative had multiple objectives and different facets, but let's start from the beginning. For some years now, the Library Group has started and implemented an indexing of all the articles published in the magazine *Psicosintesi*, the one you are reading. As you know that since 2004, with the launch of the new series, the entire magazine has been directly digitalized and is available free of charge to all on the pages of the Institute's website. Furthermore, the issues of the previous series have all been digitalized, and in part also published, on the same pages. We can then scroll through an entire issue at will, read, save and print any article that interests us. But you also know that, in order to track down a particular article, you need to know what number it is in. It was necessary to build a specific DataBase that would allow searches and so we did. Browsing the Institute's website, on the presentation page of the magazine <http://www.psicosintesi.it/pubblicazioni/rivista>, you have already found this term for some years:

The index of articles of the journal can be consulted online by clicking on this link.

Try it! You will see that it is not necessary to register, just click on "Accedi nell'area pubblica". A table opens, a long list with various possibilities: the most direct is to write in the simple search field the name of an author or a word that may be present in the title of an article and