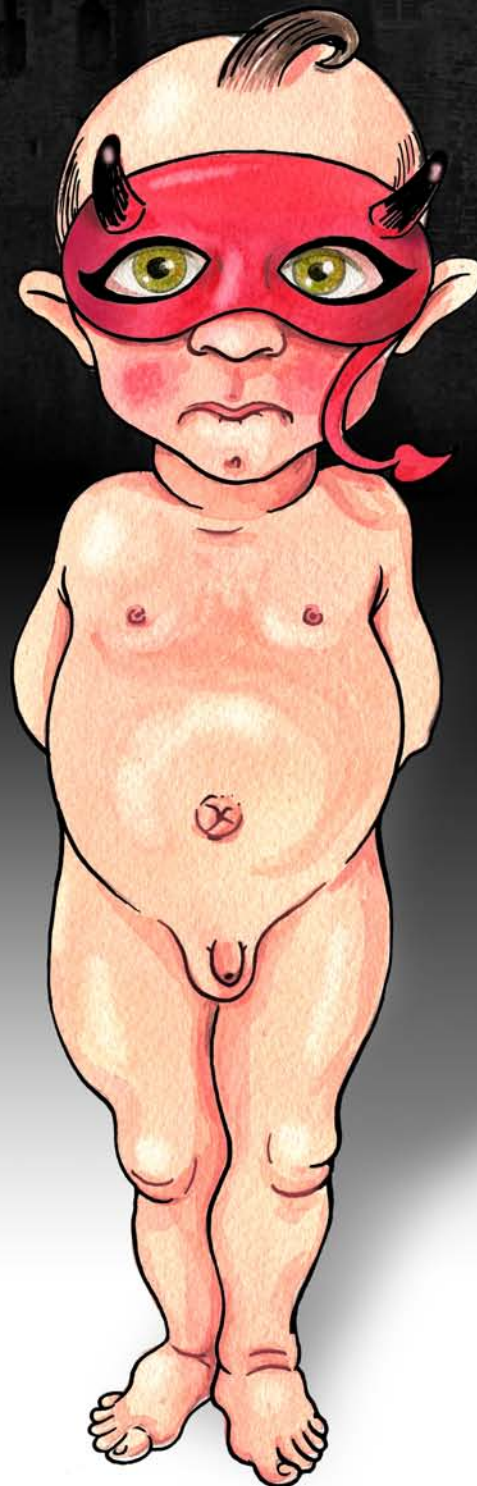
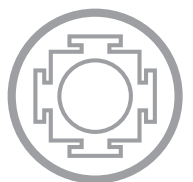


The ENEMY in the MIRROR

From Self-censure to Internal Freedom



Story to
Simone Casu

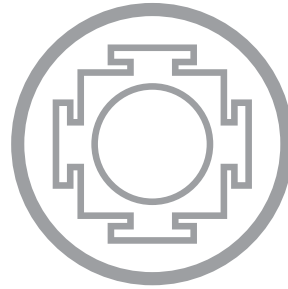


This story is the result of my path of meditation inspired by Silo's Message and the work of the school as the Master of Morphology.. In November 2011, I began to meditate and start personal transformations that would take me to advance in overcoming self-censure towards greater inner freedom. This work of meditation, changes in behaviour, experience of contact with the Profound and openness to the world, is documented in the study and analysis of the process of the moods of self-censure and inner freedom.

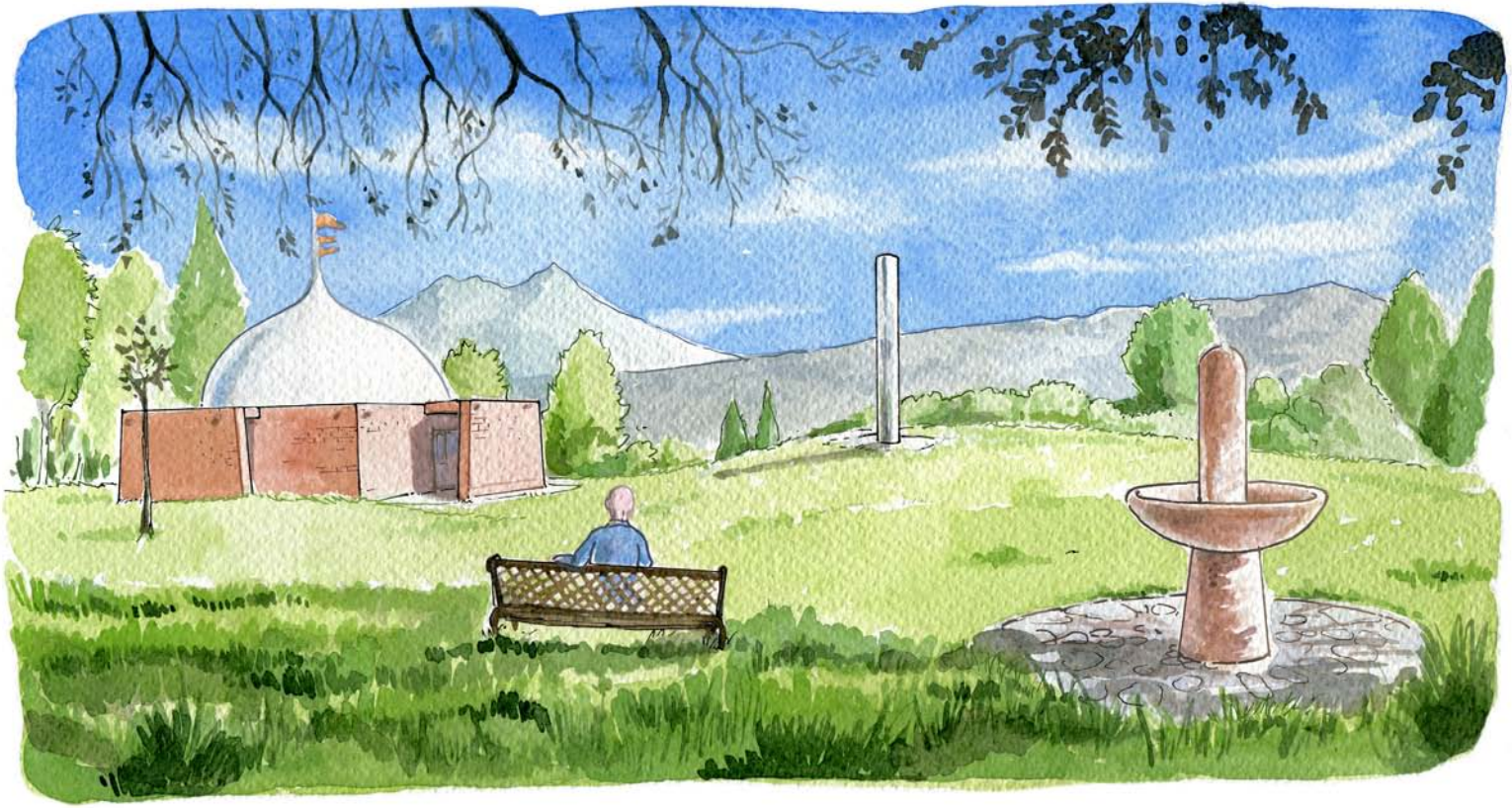
The full study can be downloaded on the
website of the Park of Study and Reflection in
Attigliano

www.parcoattigliano.it

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Grazie, gracias, thanks, merci... a Manuela Widmar, Cecilia Fernandez, Nicolas Di Marco e Francois Giorgi.



It was about noon, the sun was shining in a deep crystalline blue and nature seemed to infinitely appreciate those rays, giving the sky the new emerald green leaves and exquisite juniper, elderberry and rosaspina flowers. I was strolling slowly in the park, but none of those gifts could warm up my unhappy mood.

I had known the feeling for a long time. They were those little and countless acts of daily treason that gave me the clear feeling that my life, like water, would slip from my hands every day. Of course, if they were great acts of treason I might be able to oppose firmly but those small, incessant daily contradictions were a trickle of energy.

So for years I filled myself with purpose, large or small they might be, which I was betraying regularly.

And to think I thought I had overcome all the obstacles that society company had put in front of me, but I had not anticipated that the most obstinate ones lived inside me... and without paying rent for 43 years!

I did not know what to do, I could certainly start a visceral struggle with myself, I knew that doing so would only fuel tensions, practically a suicide.

I decided, therefore, to take this day to reflect on my pathetic situation. I sat down on a bench near a spring, closed his eyes, looking for the inspiration inside me. I see a glimpse of a completely naked child. I open my eyes in a jerk... there was nobody. To think of it, how could I have seen it if I had my eyes closed!

I breath deeply, and I lay back in my meditation position, close my eyes, and there that child reappears. I open again my eyes in astonishment. I do not understand. I get up, I look around me in vain... I sit down again a little shaken. I don't know whether to close my eyes, an absurd suspect brushes my mind. Yet, that child does not seem to be outside, or rather, not outside in the park, but an "outside" in my mind.

I close my eyes again. Nothing. It was all a strange effect of my imagination. I calm down and start to breathe deeply. I move my head to straighten it, I turn to the right and to the left... !!!! A little

pink and fleshy bum appears before me. I do not open my eyes, I do not get frightened. I stop, I feel it, I recognize in that child my own sadness.

- *Will you help me? I got lost! I do not know where to go and what to do.*

I do not see well the child who continues to be turned around and left in a dark part of my mind, I see just some of his features.

- My little one, do not worry. Tell me, where do you come from?

- *I come from outside, but I live inside.*

- Inside where?

- *Inside here! I need to know what is right to do? Do you know?*

- Well! Yes, there are things that I know to be right...

- *And how do you know?*

- I've tried them and I know they free me and make me feel good. I have experience having done those valid actions.

- *Lucky you to know that... at least, can you do many and every day?*

- My little child, unfortunately it is not what you think. Despite having this experience, unfortunately I do not behave from morning to night to perform these actions.

- *Why not! Someone's stopping you?*

I've been asking myself the same question for a long time: "Why do I not do what I feel is right, that frees me and makes me feel happy, stronger, more human...?"

- I do not do them because... I do not know exactly why!

- *You too are afraid like me then...*

I feel that it is not the fear to act, as in those situations where I do not know the outcome or where there are many difficulties. In this case, I know very well what will be the outcome inside me of these coherent actions.

- Yeah, maybe you're right, I have some fear because, even when knowing what actions are coherent, I do not do them.

- *And what are they?*

- They are gestures that make me feel good, make me full, but even though every day there are small or big occasions to build coherently my life, **I do not do them!** On so many occasions I'd tell you that the events help in smoothing my way so that I could do these things and yet... nothing! I know what I say is very strange to understand... In fact, in most cases, I am not even faced with the problem because I forget about myself and my intentions, living lost in the world of useless things. I betray myself very naturally, you know!

- *Then it is not true that you know what is right, otherwise you would do it!*

- It's true! I do not understand why I give up wealth, beauty, the good of the world to embrace the contradiction of betrayal.

- *Maybe you got lost like me!*

- Ah, ha ha... my little love. I don't know you, but I adore you already. Yes, they are in full contradiction, I know what is right for me, but I do not act decisively when the opportunity presents itself. And I'm lost! Ah, ha ha.

- *How do you feel when you do that?*

- Bad, very bad. Something stops me, and I know that the only real impediment is inside me. But I cannot understand why I give up a good hearty food for a poisoned food! And how do you feel now that you're lost?

- *Here is so dark... but now you're here to help me. True that you will help me?*

I do not know what to say. I stop in my mind. Maybe I want to cry, I do not know what got me.

Will you help me, won't you?

I open my eyes. I do not dare to lie to the poor friend, but do not really know what to say. What could I give him if not my incoherence, of

someone who inhibits himself, boycotts himself.. I cannot stand to leave him alone in the dark. I close my eyes to find my little friend.

- I knew you'd come back, I know you're a good person, you know? You would never have left me here alone...

- I can't see you, where are you?

- Now I'm behind you. Turn around.

This little devil complicate my life, how could I turn around with my eyes closed...

- Come on, turn around your look!

What an idiot, with my mind's eye I can look everywhere!

- There, yes now I see your legs and feet! Do you like fairy tales?

- My goodness how I like them, you don't know how many I invent here by myself.

- I'll tell you the story, but I've never understood the meaning, if you like we can look for it together. Do you want to?

- You do love me, I really like this guessing game.

- We should not guess, but try to understand... but that's okay, after all the two things are not so different...

- There is a story about a lover. Orpheus was a singing poet, and his art touched every being, no one could not feel grateful and happy with his music and poetry. But one day he lost his beloved one who died bitten by a smart snake that wanted her to be with him in the realm of the dead. Orpheus was desperate. He couldn't find her, he searched all over the world. But then he learned that his beloved Eurydice was in the realm of the dead: in Hades, bitten by the king of the underworld Pluto, turned into a snake, who wanted her all for himself. No one could get out of Hades, but his love for her was so great that he decided to face all the great difficulties to free her.

- He had to save her for sure, he was sad... nobody likes to be sad.

- He decided then to descend into the bowels of the earth to come in front of the God and Goddess of Hades in the place of eternal suffering of the damned. Before them he sang a poem so touching and heavenly that even the damned could stop for a moment the execution of their condemnation. Everything in that pit of pain stopped for a moment to contemplate such beauty.

- Even the gods of Hades, Pluto and Proserpina, were moved and were freed from their most cruel intentions, faded and dissolved to the divine chant of art and so granted him to rescue Eurydice.

- What a lovely story, they could now go back to love each other...

- No, my little friend. One more trial was awaiting Orpheus. A trial of which I have never understood the meaning, and that always makes me sad. I ask you to help me to reveal it because I feel that this story has to do with the two of us who are lost.

- This then is the riddle?

- Yes, let's say I would like to figure it out with you. Do you want to?

- Sure, I like games... you don't know how many I do here alone...

- Orpheus could bring Eurydice to the world of the living, but until it he was out of Hades he should not have turned back to see if she was following him, he had to trust, otherwise he would have lost her forever.

- But that's simple! I thought they would had given him a trail of a hero, not to turn back does not take anything.

- Ah, ah, ah! It's true... the amazing thing about this story and that he was seized with doubt and turned around, losing forever his ability to embrace and live with Eurydice. He never forgave himself, and his pain and his anger led him to live and die in eternal torment.

- But this story is nonsense!



- Mmmm... tell me why?

- *But because what he lost is a thousand times greater than what he was asked to do. All this seems so stupid to me!*

- Well, I'm glad you understand! This is what happens to me too. I know I can give myself great emotions, things, situations, that would make me completely happy... but I do not it. I do not do it despite not having any real impediment. I continue to turn as Orpheus, losing Eurydice every day.

- *You too have lost Eurydice?*

- Yes, somehow I lose her every time I betray myself.

- *But how many Eurydice are there? Wasn't she lost forever?*

- Of course, my little one, I have one every day, but I know that sooner or later they will end and there will not be another day.

- *So that's why you lose them, you have so many. One every day is really a lot!*

- I tell myself not today, not tomorrow, but the day after tomorrow I'll do it for sure. I think of myself as eternal, while I am not. I get lost...

- I get lost in a thousand things, which basically are not important. I get lost in the noise that I create myself. A constant and disturbing noise made of images, tensions, daydreams.

- *Then you're like me, you too lost in the darkness of yourself! You know, I also have so much noise inside, so many voices. Before I was alone with myself, then voices began to rise out of nowhere... The most talkative one is a man who looks at me from above. He started to put doubts into me about everything I did... always telling me I have to do things right... I have to prove something, but I do not know what this "right thing" is, that he is asking of me! And so I was hoping you knew.*

- And what does he ask you?

- *To do as normal people do, like everyone else.*

- But you're not alone in here?

- *Once here it was sunny and there were many friends, all so beautiful, smiling and not sad like the two of us. I started watching them to understand if I did well or bad, if they approved or disapproved. But it is impossible that everybody will say to you that you are doing well, there's always someone who wants you to be different. I tried to please everyone, but then I got lost.*

And now I do not know what to do and where to go...

- You know, I too have this voice inside... and what struggles I do against her! Sometimes I can put her aside, not to listen to her until she disappears... but as soon as I make a mistake, here she comes promptly! When I am lucid and attentive, when I'm well, I feel no voice, but when I am in trouble it is always there to judge me.

- *I believe, you know, in what it says, I think she is right. She is so sure and I'm so fragile... I think she can help and I ask for advice, I listen to her and she helps me.*

- A judge who helps you!

- *Yes, of course, in the end he protects me, he is a magician! If necessary he changes the whole of reality, he is so good and does so much to change everything for me, he always finds the error, he always finds the culprit.*

- Ah! What a friend! One who sets you against the world.

- *No, he protects me, he builds around me high stone walls, so that the world cannot do me any harm. But then I get bored in here because I am lonely... I'm so happy to have met you!*

- Are you sure that he protects you? And when the guilty one is you?

- *Sssh, shut up, do not say anything to him, please!*

A wave of adrenaline and fear springs from the little friend.

- *When he realizes that I was the one to make a mistake he starts treating me badly, very badly. He tells me that I'm bad, incompetent, an idiot. That I do not deserve anything in life, so that making mistakes will teach me and this is the just punishment... and he locks me up in the tower of this castle.*

An acorn falls on my head, then another one and another, I get distracted for a moment, I am sitting under the oak tree and the wind does its duty by helping to seed the large plant. What a strange dialogue, with that child so much like me, scared and locked in his world to protect himself from the ghosts of his own mind.

But I liked him. I decide to change place to avoid the rain of acorns. I choose another bench. I sit comfortably and close my eyes in the hope of finding again my poor friend.

There he is, he is there far, I am happy to be with him. He runs towards me, now I can see him better, he is getting closer... how strange, he has the mask of a devil like the ones used during the carnival!

- There you are... do you feel like telling me what errors you make to be locked in the tower?

- *I can't...*

- You cannot what?

- *I want all for myself! Yes, yes really all of it! But I can't.*



- But if you have nothing here? You live in nothing!

- *How you understand me! I have nothing and that is why I try to have it all!*

- But all what?

- *Everything that a child can have. Games, attention, cuddling, many friends and always people telling me how good I am, beautiful, cute, wonderful, just like when I was smaller. When I was super little all loved me, you know?*

- I can imagine! You were very beautiful, I know.

- *But then something bad happened, and everything started to change, everything seemed to disappear, fly away, mum, dad, my friends and girlfriends, my room with the games... everything vanished...*

- You're trying to say that since then you live in this place with nothing and lost...

- *There's nothing left you know, just my big castle.*

- The castle? I don't see anything...

- *Of course you don't see anything, because you're in it, and from inside you cannot see it, you can only feel it.*

Something began to trouble me... a strange fear of death like in hopeless Hades, a stench of desperation came into my heart. I was scared. I also have spent my life trying to control it rather than actually living it.

- *You know that we all die?*

- Well! Yes, although I do not often think about it...

- *You know that everything we do is taken away by the eternal darkness? There will be nothing left, all the emotions, memories, desires, all the people I love, the stars, the sun, everything is taken away. As it happened to me...*

- But then you're dead?

- I don't know, help me to find out? What should I do? I got lost.

I open my eyes, terribly shaken by the words of that little devil. Memories of my childhood began to surface, when I betrayed myself for the first time. The first time, yes, the step number one of my self-censure. I do not remember the situation, but I have a very clear sense of that betrayal, of that violent action against myself.

Can I ever forgive myself?

I look at the sun high in the sky and the beauty of nature. Everything is wonder and magic, but in me there are now only sadness and desolation. What a difference between the two landscapes. How my state resembled that of my little prisoner in his own castle. I felt fragile, insecure, weak, at the mercy of events... yet even so deeply human in my misery...

A profound desire rose from my heart: I want unity with myself, with others and with the world. The lost paradise, the joy of life that gave meaning to my days was just a blurred memory of my early childhood? Or was it to achieve in a bright future?

How that little devil looked like me. I am also alone in the park with my toys, my beliefs, my values and my fond fears of letting go, of flying, of breaking off with my painful betrayals. Divided inside, on one side Mr. Hyde and on the other Dr. Jekyll. A part that wishes to live and the other slowly committing suicide every day.

Yet many times I've had the taste of freedom, the energy and the strength of sense, how was it possible to fall from there so many times? How was it possible that I kicked myself out of heaven?

No, this argument is inadmissible, it would mean that I am my own worst enemy! It is not possible that I have betrayed myself voluntarily, I was a one year old creature... Could it be that I'm erroneously considering past events? In this

cycle, what really happened? What can I not forgive myself?

- What is the mind betrayed from?

- What?

- From what is the mind betrayed?

A strange voice without a voice speaks to me, his language is special, rising from within as a telepathic transmission, immediate. I listen to it once more.

- What is the mind betrayed from?

I ask myself if really in those moments I had been well or if it was an illusion and that, therefore, then I went back to the senselessness as usual.

- What is the mind betrayed from?

- I thought maybe to have overcome suffering. I deluded myself, there, I deluded myself to have achieved happiness. There I began my descent. The reality is that I find it very hard to live, in fact I want all immediately, I really do not like to suffer, there!

- What happened inside you, deep down?

- I don't know, I believe I have betrayed something, I have made a mistake that made me fall again.

- What happened inside you, deep down?

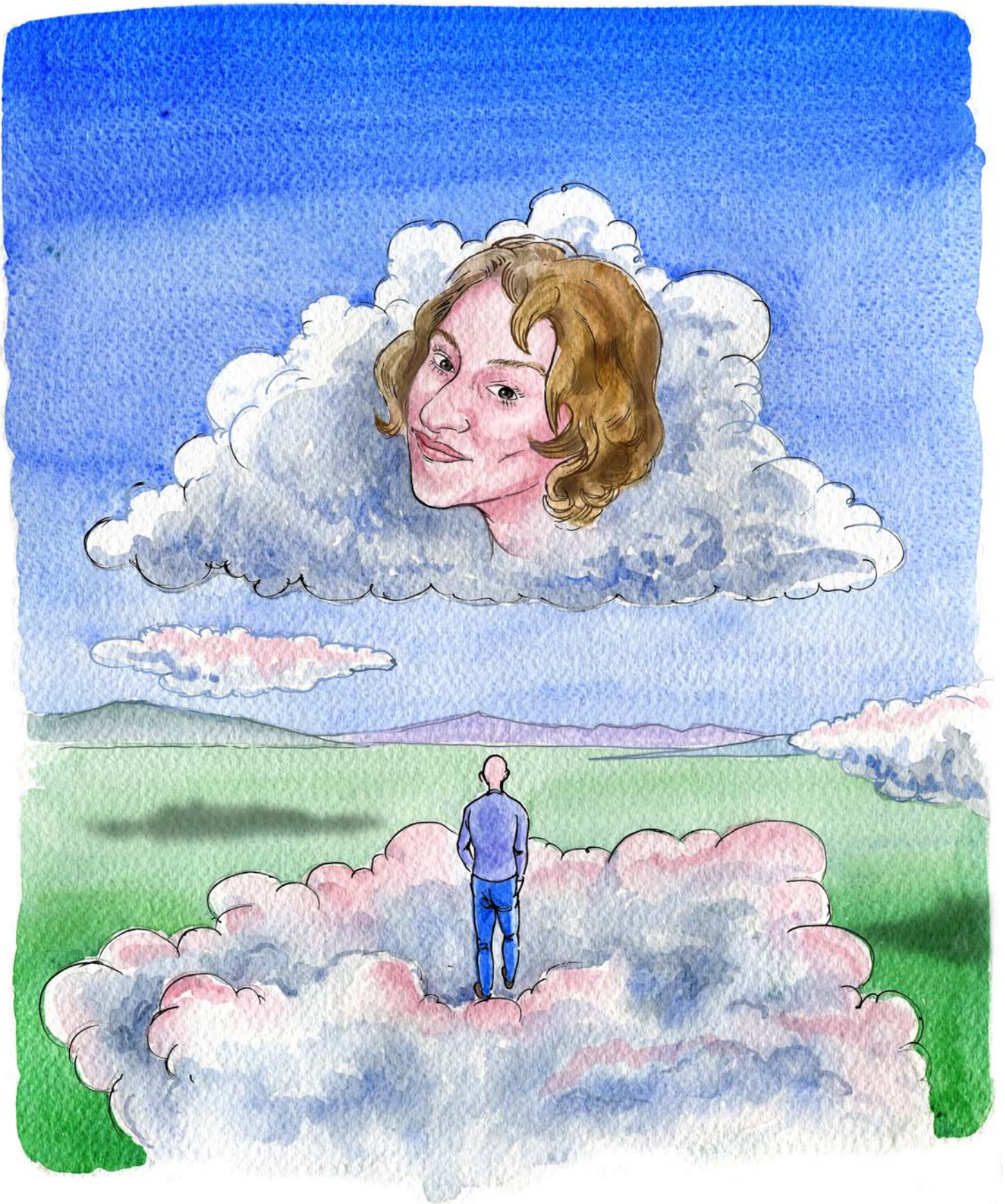
I relapsed in my daydreams, I came to believe my dreams, to feel better, maybe superior, I was fine and the thing got to my head a little. Some moments I felt invincible, superb, superior...

I don't know, maybe heaven is a thin plane, and a second relapse into nonsense. I take a breath of fresh air before holding my breath again. It's so incredible to get lost again in all my secondary bullshit. It's as if I brake myself, I self-censure myself, I deny myself the possibility of living happily. But is it ever possible?

I don't know what I should have done.

- What should I have done then?

- What happened inside you, deep down?



I know, it's that I consider happiness an object that I want to possess, but as soon as I believe to have it tight in my hands, it runs away and is transformed into halo of death.

I possess because I would like to stop happiness, I would like it to last an eternity. It's just a rough way to stop time to be immortal. In fact I don't know if I am immortal, I don't know how to be happy!

- What should I do?

- *What happened inside you, deep down?*

- I am afraid. Afraid that everything I do ends for ever, that all my joy, that all my sense is taken away by time. That my whole life is basically without any sense.

- What should I do?

- *You mustn't do anything, because you ARE. You are because you were born human. Listen to yourself in silence, there is nothing to do and nothing to prove to be what you already are.*

- Sure, you think it's easy, these new-age talks, I am and so on... but life is not like that, man, I do not live this way. I Suffer! Do you understand that I suffer?

But what do I do now, I am angry with my guide! Ugh... what a difficult day.

My stomach starts to fail. The sun is very strong, it seems to be magnified in the sky and the plants smile at me with a strange air of complicity.

I take out of my backpack my vegetables and my fruit that I eat very slowly looking back at the strange encounters of the day.

I chew and think.

Why do I betray myself? It doesn't make any sense, no gain. It is obvious that the mind is betrayed by something, it would be against the very life to hurt myself on purpose.

And if was the lesser evil? If I were hiding something else? If I were creating all this noise not to see something else?

Okay, all right, I theoretically make a mess for fear of death, but it doesn't serve any purpose, nothing changes, I commit suicide every day! I kill myself for fear of death! ABSURD!

No, the thing does not stand at all.

I have to talk to the little devil, I am sure he knows something.

I look for him in my inner space. Maybe he ran away, disappointed by my abandonment?

- *Do you feel like playing with me?*

I hear his voice, mah! He doesn't seem to remember at all about my escape, so good...

- Yes, where are you? Let's play together, come on!

- *It's not that then you run away as you did before?*

Heck, the child is some little chap, he remembers, and how he remembers...

- No, it is that sometimes I have to think on my own, but then you saw that I come back.

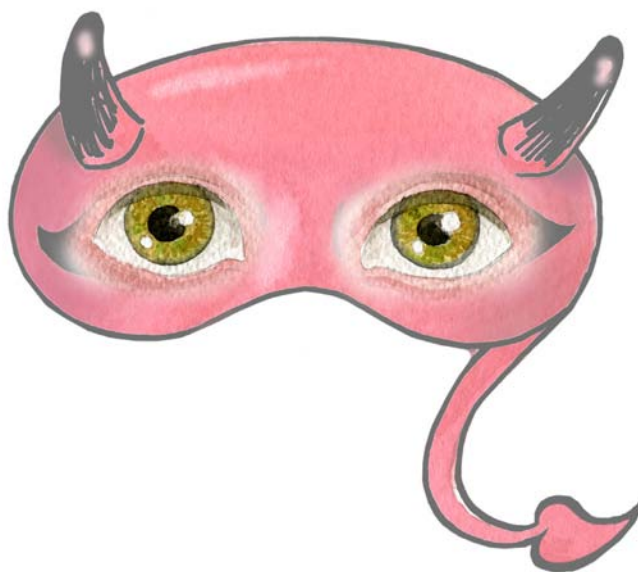
- *Ah, ha ha! I know that you don't ever go away, where do you want to go? Here we are locked in the castle... I like to play hide and seek.*

- Ah, yes, are you hiding? And where do you go in this nothing?

- *I'm not the one who hides, you are the one who forgets.*

Touché! As soon as he finishes speaking a vision drags me and delights me.

I have a few years, I'm confused. If I do what I feel, I go against my mother, I am BAD!



I'm bad and I have to protect from myself. I am my own enemy.

NO! It cannot be... I try going into detail. It's me as a child. I'm not bad, no. I'm scared... there, I'm scared. No enemy. But how! I believe that?! Yes, I believe to be my own enemy. I limit myself, there. I self-censure for fear of my own shadow. I believe I hurt my mother... myself. But no! It is not possible! How could I protect myself by damaging myself?

I get back to my old self, more confused than before.

- *I'm glad you remembered me.*

- I do not understand, what?

- *You think I'm bad, you think I deny your freedom, you believe that I am the one who prevents your happiness. But I am you, it is impossible that I hurt you. You're wrong, Simone.*

- So what am I censuring? What, if you say that this is not possible, where is the enemy?

- *You censure the enemy that you have created yourself in your mind. It's impossible that you can hurt yourself, you are infinite love and joy of life, you are the sense of the world. Trust yourself because it's impossible that you could betray yourself, that you could punish yourself, that you could hurt yourself.*

- You want to say that I have been suffering from paranoia for forty years?

- *You're just very confused, you're just so lost, you are alone in your castle, look at me there is no enemy.*

The kid takes off the mask of the demon that hid his face and with a smile of light looks into my eyes happy. It is I who look at myself.

I cry like a baby, I open my eyes. Before me, the child of light tells me:

- *It is the contradiction that creates the illusion of an enemy, of a conflict, of this false internal dialogue. There is no demon, no dialogue, no voice, they are all representations to be able to isolate what you can not integrate.*

- What must I do to overcome these fears?

- *Nothing. They do not exist. If you try to solve them you give them life and consistency.*

- And what am I supposed to do then?

- *Live with joy, break the walls of your castle, go into the world and give all you have. You who have a thousand times the wealth of the entire universe, what could you ever possibly want from the world? What could you ever give yourself compared to what you could give to others?*

While saying these words the child grows into a teenager, bold and sure, joyful like the sun.

- But what do I have to give to the world?

- *You can choose: if you lock in yourself trying to save yourself from death your life will not have sense and you will live in the formless void of your castle, but if you look in the world and in others for the meaning of your life, every day you will sow the flowers of eternity.*

- Oh my Being, why do I lose myself like this and not always feel your presence?

- *Like a fish does not see the water in which it is immersed, you do not see the sense that generated you and sustains you. The only way to see it is to look inside yourself to your deepest, you will find yourself there.*

The teenager is now a proud man, courageous, inspiring a deep peace and joy. How beautiful!

- How do I find you again?

- *Make silence and push yourself towards the deeper you. You will come to a point where you will come to take yourself, but you have to stay there clear and free from all thoughts.*

- Why do I not believe it, why?

- *Have faith in life and in yourself, I would not exist if you did not create me. Everything you see and live, everything you build, everything that you believe and experience, all this is nothing more than the product of your mind. Everything you imagine is real because you have created.*

You can be all that you believe, if you believe you're a god, you will be a god and faith will grow in you every day, there will come a time when you will no longer need faith because of your immortality, you'll be certain.

- And when will that day come?

I look at myself in the eyes without answering. The other me hugs me and I blend with myself, finding again that deep peace, that warm joy and that incredible and unyielding force that reminds me of who I am, where I come from and where I go.





I'm in the park. It's a sunny day. Spring came also into my heart with the blossoms of the most beautiful flower of March, from the petals of a thousand colours, thousands of choices, a flower of light and freedom, a flower popped from the deep reconciliation with myself.

I laugh! I laugh at my cute little devil friend, the voice of my guide, at myself and at the ridiculous misunderstanding of my past. I laugh with joy and hope because there is no greater and immortal love than what I can give to myself, because without this source of life, there is only death.

Without self-love I wander in the world in search of something that can give me sense.... people, objects and situations. I go seeking, demanding, demanding. I go desiring, possessing. I go, chasing something that I only can give myself. Without faith in life, life is meaningless. Without faith in ourselves life has no joy and lightness. Without faith in the world and in others, life is hell.

I know my weaknesses are not gone,
my fears are not resolved and my faith
will waver again in the face of difficulty.
I know I will still make mistakes and I
will return to confuse myself. But in no
way and for no reason can I attribute
to these my mistakes an "evil" because
inside me today I found my best friend
forever.

Parks of Study and Reflection, Attigliano.
March two-thousand-and-thirteen.



