

I have a dream: il quorum degli psicologi

Chi non ha mai ascoltato il famoso discorso di Martin Luther King? A Washington, in occasione della grandiosa 'marcia per il lavoro e la libertà' che portò in piazza 250.000 americani di tutte le etnie contro la segregazione razziale, King pronunciò un discorso che ripeteva: '*I have a dream*'. Più volte, con forza e convinzione: '*I have a dream*'.

Era un sogno nitido, concreto, tangibile e necessario. Un sogno che aveva portato migliaia di persone a partecipare nelle piazze, nelle strade, nei boicottaggi dei mezzi pubblici che segregavano la gente in base al colore della pelle. Il movimento per i diritti civili aveva portato la gente ad alzare la testa, per sentirsi parte di un disegno e di una visione più grandi.

Ecco, di questa partecipazione e del senso di appartenenza ad una grande comunità unita da un sogno, noi Psicologi abbiamo bisogno oggi.

La nostra comunità professionale soffre di isolamento: ce lo dicono i colleghi e le colleghe che ogni giorno incontriamo, che ci scrivono, che commentano sul web ma ce lo dice anche la difficoltà che la professione trova ad affermarsi nel rapporto con la società allargata, con i mezzi di comunicazione, con i decisori politici ed amministrativi del nostro paese.

Il mancato raggiungimento del quorum elettorale in due grandi regioni nelle ultime elezioni per gli Ordini è forse il segnale di un senso di solitudine, di estraniamento, di isolamento che non hanno trovato modo di emendarsi nella

partecipazione attiva, nell'appartenenza ad una comunità professionale che trascenda l'individualità.

Gli Psicologi, come i cittadini, sono stanchi di sentirsi strattonati e chiamati in causa solo come portatori di voto nei mercanteggiamenti elettorali: sentono fortissima l'esigenza di qualcosa di ulteriore rispetto alle pressioni da campagna elettorale.

Gli psicologi hanno bisogno di risposte – ideali e concrete – a domande restate inevase per troppo tempo.

Noi riteniamo che queste risposte si possano trovare solo nell'attivazione di un'identità professionale condivisa, di quella PARTECIPAZIONE attiva alla vita della comunità e delle istituzioni professionali che da sempre è uno dei pilastri dell'azione di AltraPsicologia.

L'azione dei gruppi regionali di AP si è concretamente orientata in questo senso, per esempio con i progetti centrati sull'attivazione dei Comitati d'Area; le riflessioni sull'inclusività richiesta ad un Ordine che voglia legittimarsi nella società; la capacità di sviluppare interazioni costruttive con tutti gli iscritti.

Queste intuizioni di AP, che il nostro compianto Giuseppe Tessera ha forse più di chiunque altro sostenuto, sono oggi i capisaldi cui agganciare la rifondazione dell'Ordine degli Psicologi e di tutte

Le istituzioni della professione.

Gli Psicologi hanno ancora un sogno. Un sogno che va interpretato con quella partecipazione costruttiva che non si esaurisce nel voto ma che può essere concretizzato nella realizzazione condivisa di una vera **community degli Psicologi**.

Per questo AltraPsicologia rilancia la sua proposta di apertura delle istituzioni professionali a tutti i colleghi: con le iniziative forti di informazione e trasparenza ma anche con l'attivazione di percorsi condivisi di ideazione e realizzazione della professione di domani.

È questo l'unico cammino che può dare senso agli Ordini professionali in questa epoca. Un'istituzione ha senso solo in relazione alla sua utilità sociale e alla sua capacità di attivare appartenenza e partecipazione, altrimenti si estingue: ci pensa la storia. Il nostro futuro è andare oltre tutti i limiti che ancora impediscono agli Psicologi di sentirsi parte di una comunità, di ritrovarsi nelle radici comuni, di scoprire l'appartenenza ad una realtà più grande dei riferimenti di scuola a cui si può chiedere e dare secondo le proprie possibilità.

Non ci illudiamo che sia facile: ci vorrà ancora molto impegno perché gli Ordini e l'ENPAP diventino il volano per sanare la condizione marginalità sociale e culturale che mette in ginocchio, anche lavorativamente, più di metà degli Psicologi italiani e li inchioda a redditi troppo bassi per vivere, ma non può essere l'impegno solo di un piccolo gruppo.

E' l'ora della PARTECIPAZIONE, da costruire e salvaguardare: nessuno può mancare.

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation. Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity. But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we come here today to dramatize a shameful condition. In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check — a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quick sands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children. It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges. But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone. As we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied, as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We can never be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream. I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification: one day right there in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring." And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania! Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado! Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California! But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia! Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring. And when this happens, when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"