

1. principles.

Some might find the following words not too much realistic. On my behalf, I wouldn't be 100% sure they can not be considered real. They are not even just a joke. They might sound a bit eclectic in some degrees.

It is what it is intended to be to contribute to the debate on how relative are the efforts that each person meets when working in any given profession of care, in what-so-ever field, from supporting people with disabilities and individuals in need, to victims of abuses, from people living in severe conditions of social deprivation, experiencing poverty and homelessness, to refugees and minorities...

It is all about how relative we are, and what reflections might help when focusing on the individuals we address our care-work. It is all about the relative structure of things. It is all about the essentiality of people.

Some 20 years ago I was in education. As many others, I experienced myself that, with some luck, I would have met some amazing and enlightened teachers. Their intent was to leave aside their way some notions, knowing that they would probably remain silent for years, if not for ever.

There was a teacher in Physics who used to suggest to pass the crossroads as fast as possible, so to diminish the statistical index of risking a car accident; sure that if we would smash, new physical elements would come out of the mess.

She used to say « ... by entering a cross-road, run as fast as you can. Statistically speaking, the percentage of possible collisions get lower; in the remote case you'll collide, a new combination of different elements will originate new forms ... strawberries and watermelon been created out of two broken cars ... »

I call this, the principle of challenging creativity.

The teacher of Latin kept on telling us that we should consider what we have, and don't invent absurdities just to try to translate what we read in front of our eyes without us having the smallest clue about its meanings.

She used to say « ... what you read is the sole things that you have to translate ... don't force reality to your purposes ... don't mess up reality in front of your eyes with your fantasy: each word is a single word with its own appropriate meaning ... check in what it is already evident in front of you, it is enough without you having to invent new words, new translations, new meanings ... »

I call this, the principle of reality check.

The teacher of Mathematics constantly reminded us that when approaching a problem, it was good to focus on a two levels matrix: level one, if a problem is a problem, there is always a solution; otherwise leave it alone, get out in the green and do something wacky. Level two, if there is a solution, one should stress the memory to remember all the formulas and rules followed by the majority; or one should apply his/her own creativity to the context at stake and develop new ways to reach the solution and solve the problem.

She used to say «... I want you to give the exact number of cosine and cotangent, you can either remember the appropriate formula, or start from Euclidean geometry, find your way, have fun and solve the problem...».

I call this, the principle of logic.

Last but not the least, people I met in both personal and professional life always reminds me to live with all the emotions wide awake and ready to take the floor, as emotions are just emotions, with no positive nor negative values. Values are for morality, which can be entrusted to religions. Emotions are just part of ourselves expressing and

demanding to be enjoyed. Emotions come undone to always help individuals to see better even when eyes are closed, to see through invisible and to build out of the invisible.

I call this, the principle of responsibility in living life.

Quite a while after they tried to fix their points in my mind of youngster, these notions popped up impressively out of nothing, and they blossomed somehow out of what they taught me.

Since I started doing my work, and although my clinical and lacanian horizon, I have always felt somehow attracted to be contaminated by whatsoever came into my way. At the same time, I developed a sharing attitude.

The individuals I work with keep on reminding me how fundamental is to call things for what they are, with their given names. An easier, transparent and honest communication will follow. Respect and dignity will originate mutual trust in a reciprocal environment. It is not necessary to be politically correct, which I skip from as it smells of coverage and tentacular ambiguousness. I leave it to those who are confident within that ambiguous boundaries. I rather prefer to be bloody clear.

For these reasons, this text represents a taste of contaminated, unorthodox and eclectic share around the care-work praxis which I have experienced during my activities.