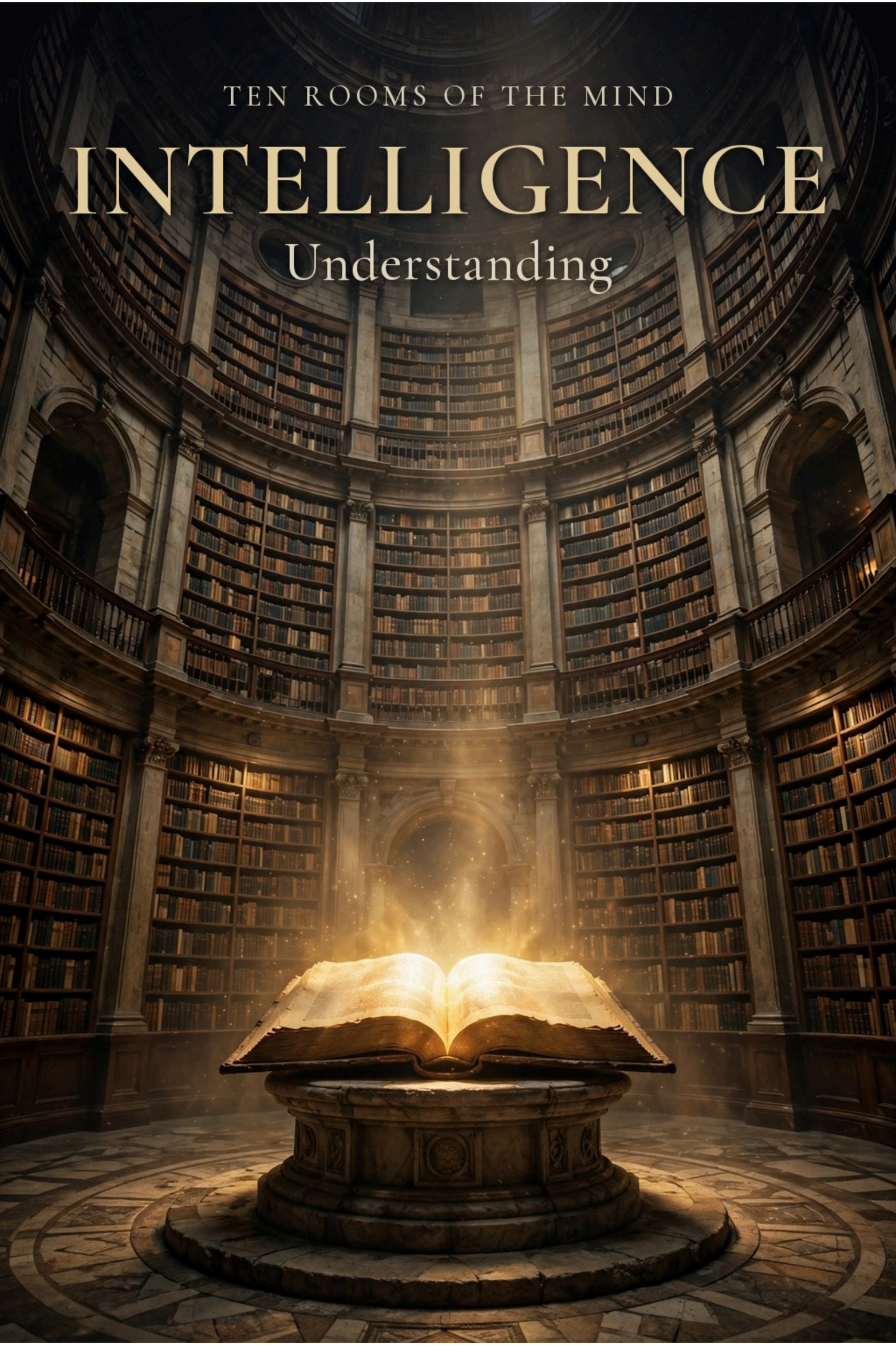
TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

INTELLIGENCE

Understanding



GILLETTE INTELLIGENCE

Understanding

TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

There is a house that each of us inhabits without ever having chosen it.

It has no address. It appears on no map. Yet we know it better than any place we have ever truly lived. Inside, there are ten doors.

Some we open every day without realizing it.

Others we keep locked, pretending they have nothing to do with us.

And then there are rooms we did not build ourselves, yet somehow carry within us all the same. This is not a theory.

It is not a psychology manual gathering dust on a shelf.

It is the account of a man who walked through these ten rooms one by one, often without knowing where he was, and who now, with a few more years on his shoulders, is trying to describe them exactly as he experienced them.

Ten doors.

I opened them all.

Some with curiosity.

Some reluctantly.

Some only when it was already too late to turn back.

If these rooms feel familiar, it is not because they tell my story.

It is because, somewhere deep down, they tell yours as well.

Ferdinando

INTELLIGENCE — Understanding

When I was young, I believed intelligence was a matter of answers.

With time I discovered it belongs to questions.

I met educated men who knew everything.

And simple men who understood everything.

The difference was immense.

The first accumulated.

The second comprehended.

True intelligence does not invade.

It observes.

It does not rush to judge.

It waits.

It resembles an open window more than a closed door.

You recognize it in small details.

It is never in a hurry.

Because it knows reality is almost always more complex than our opinions.

And those who are truly intelligent never feel superior.

They feel curious.

They know every certainty is temporary.

Every truth contains a shade.

And understanding is much harder than speaking.

Then someone discovered that intelligence could be turned into business.

It was measured.

Classified.

Packaged.

Sold.

Tests, numbers, and rankings appeared.

As if a mind could be reduced to a score.

As if intelligence lived inside a questionnaire.

Today many people pay to be told they are intelligent.

It is a thriving market.

Yet the very need for that confirmation should already inspire reflection—the first real question that test will never ask.

Ferdinando