
TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND
LUCID MADNESS
Vision

GILLETTE LUCID MADNESS

Vision

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

LUCID MADNESS — Vision

There is a territory few people recognize.

It lies between chaos and clarity.

Between the wound and the understanding.

Between collapse and rebirth.

I call it lucid madness.

There, connections become visible.

Masks fall.

Details begin to speak.

It is difficult to explain.

Those who have never experienced it mistake it for confusion.

In truth, it is the opposite.

It is excess clarity.

Too much reality observed at once.

Those who live in lucid madness are not lost.

They are simply travelling through places others have not reached yet.

Once we visited a client who never paid on time.

His delays constantly returned him to the list of overdue accounts.

Even the credit manager became involved.

He came from Milan.

More analytical.

More rational.

Less emotional.

Yet the client would not listen.

Time passed.

One day I met him again.

I said:

“Congratulations. Your name is no longer on the overdue list. You have finally become like everyone else.”

He looked at me.

Smiled.

And replied:

“My dear friend, look again. If you did not see me, it does not mean I am not there.”

In that moment I understood something.

Lucid madness is not seeing what does not exist.

It is seeing what does exist while everyone else is looking somewhere else.

Ferdinando