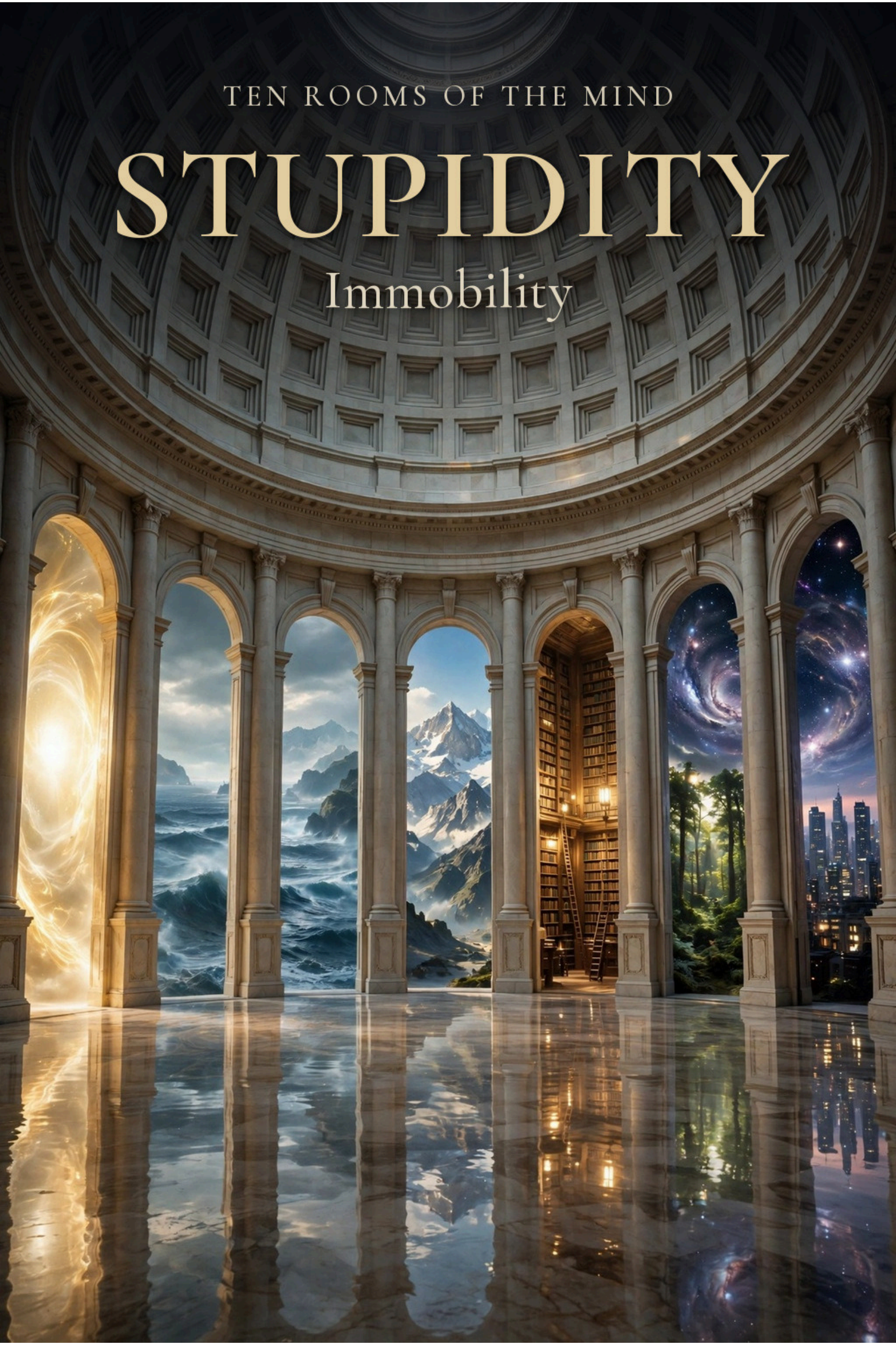
TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

STUPIDITY

Immobility



GILLETTE STUPIDITY

Immobility

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

STUPIDITY — Immobility

For years I believed stupidity was the same thing as ignorance.

Then I changed my mind.

I saw people with little education who understood the world.

And people with impressive credentials who could not understand themselves.

Stupidity is not a lack of knowledge.

It is the refusal of knowledge.

It begins the moment we stop asking questions.

It is the comfort of believing that what we know is enough.

Stupidity loves absolute certainty.

It hates nuance.

Distrusts doubt.

Always has an answer ready.

And for that reason, never listens.

When stupidity arrives, growth stops.

And when growth stops, life keeps moving.

But without us.

Sometimes it becomes almost a social illness.

I remember a mother who took her eight children to a doctor.

She was distressed.

She insisted that only one of them was intelligent and wanted the other seven improved.

The doctor did not lose heart.

Seven consultations.

Seven prescriptions.

Seven invoices.

The mother left satisfied.

She had received a diagnosis.

According to her, her children would soon become different.

They remained exactly the same.

Only poorer.

No treatment had failed.

It simply was not the disease.

The illness belonged to her.

And no prescription could cure it.

Ferdinando