

TOO MUCH REALITY AT ONCE

Madness as Excess, Madness as Vision

They called me crazy.
More than once.
Sometimes because I thought too much.
Sometimes because I felt too much.
And sometimes simply because I saw things from a different angle.

Over time I realized that madness is often the label we give to what we cannot classify.

It is the same instrument the temple used.
Assign a category.
Find a label.
Turn a man into a lesser version of what you already knew.
The word changes with the century.
The function does not.

Yet there is a kind of madness born from excessive sensitivity.
From excessive questioning.
From an inability to accept surfaces without depth.

Madness is a room where thought runs faster than language.
Where emotions arrive all at once.
Where the heart cannot close its doors.

Anyone who passes through it never comes out unchanged.
Because they have seen something.
And what has been seen cannot be unseen.

Many believe madness is the opposite of intelligence.
I am not convinced.
Sometimes they are close relatives.
Sometimes madness is intelligence reaching its final limit.
The point where it can no longer be contained.
Where it sees too many connections.
Too many meanings.
Too much reality at the same time.

And when that happens, language is no longer enough.
Only gesture—or silence—remains as an imperfect translator.

That is one half of the room.
Seen from outside, it is excess.
Seen from inside, it is something else entirely.

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.

Excess and vision are not two rooms.
They are the same room, and the door you use decides which name you give it.
Those who call it madness are standing outside.
They are not describing the room.
They are defending the format.
And the format has never forgiven anyone for living outside it.

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