

A Man of Knowledge on Controlled Folly...

Our lot as men is to learn.

I have learned to *see* and I tell you that nothing really matters.

A man of knowledge lives by acting, not by thinking about acting, nor by thinking about what he will think when he has finished acting.

A man of knowledge chooses a path with heart and follows it;
and then he looks and rejoices and laughs; and then he *sees* and he knows.

He knows that his life will be over altogether too soon;
he knows that he, as well as everybody else, is not going anywhere;
he knows, because he *sees*, that nothing is more important than anything else.

In other words, a man of knowledge has
no honor, no dignity, no family, no name, no country,
but only life to be lived, and
under these circumstances his only tie to his fellow men is his controlled folly.

Thus a man of knowledge endeavors, and sweats, and puffs, and if one looks at him he is just like any ordinary man, except that the folly of his life is under control.

Nothing being more important than anything else,
a man of knowledge chooses any act,
and acts it out as if it matters to him.

His controlled folly makes him say that what he does matters
and makes him act as if it did, and yet he knows that it doesn't;
so when he fulfills his acts he retreats in peace, and whether his acts were good or bad, or worked or didn't, is in no way part of his concern.

A man of knowledge may choose, on the other hand,
to remain totally impassive and never act,
and behave as if to be impassive really matters to him;
he will be rightfully true at that too,
because that would also be his controlled folly.

Words of Juan Matus an excerpt from:
A Separate Reality by Carlos Castenada