P&G COMMUNICATION & INFORMATION

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INFORMATION

The first to communicate were primitive men without clothes. The first to inform were primitive men with clothes, and a press card.

Still primitive men. Nothing has changed. Except the first ones had to survive life, while the second ones make a living off bringing the survivors back to life.

But there's no time for arguments or criticism — those are activities I've never practiced.

What I would like to do is tell the anthropological difference between the two through stories.

The first true form of communication — and here everyone will jump out of their seat — is silence.

Before the word, before the voice, before gesture, before posture, the practice of silence has always measured a person's intelligence by their capacity to process and decide — never the other way around.

And the men, gathered together, stayed silent, watching the stars, the abstract, the imagined — until, from a distance, a group of women, sure they were alone, began to talk among themselves: low voices, controlled tone, controlled rhythm, an orderly cadence, every word carefully placed. That's women for you.

But the first lesson silence left to humanity isn't a kind of inward reserve — it's a method, a final frontier inside every space where real decisions get made.

Still, the noise inside silence is exactly what never goes missing: it comes from within, and it's emotional, cognitive, logical and rational, instinctive and affective all at once.

And here, the only ones truly capable of handling it remain, as ever, women — so complete, so functional, that they were also given the task of carrying human reproduction forward. (In other fields — the biological, the cellular — there are males who give birth too. But that's a different kind of communication.)

For everything else I haven't covered here, I leave it to each person's own experience — that is the best part of who we are.

Information reminds me of a game we used to play as kids: everyone in a circle, the first person whispers a word into the next person's ear, and it passes down the line through twelve people. What came out the other end was usually a riot of laughter.

The game could run on a single word or a whole sentence, and this is what would happen:

Start with WILL LIVE, and twelve passes later, the word that came out the other end was WILL DIE.

Start with a sentence like WE ALL KNEW HE WOULD LIVE, and twelve passes later it came back as EVERYONE KNEW HE WAS DEAD, FUNERAL SET FOR THE 12TH AT 12:00. Ha ha ha ha.

That's exactly how I watch the media move information today — the same opening line on a story gets reported differently by outlet after outlet. What we thought was a children's game is really the bitter truth about an information industry where there's no difference left between a newsstand and a newsroom.

In the end, the two things share a single thread — they're both children of the same primitive origin. You only have to look at how people get dressed.

Good reading.

Ferdinando

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