

WILL LIVE, WILL DIE

Twelve Passes from Silence to Noise

COMMUNICATION

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 that the first ones had to survive life.
The second ones make a living bringing the survivors back to life.

There is no time here for argument or criticism.
I have never practised either.
What I want 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.
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 — certain they were alone — began to talk among themselves.
Low voices.
Controlled tone.
Controlled rhythm.
An orderly cadence.
Every word carefully placed.
Nothing left to chance.

But the first lesson silence left to humanity is not inward reserve.
It is a method.
The last frontier inside every space where real decisions get made.

And the noise inside silence is the one thing that never goes missing.
It comes from within.
Emotional and cognitive.
Logical and rational.
Instinctive and affective.
All at once.

The only ones truly capable of handling it remain, as ever, women.
So complete, so functional, that they were also handed the task of carrying human reproduction forward.

For everything else I have not covered here, I leave it to each person's own experience.
That is the best part of who we are.

INFORMATION

Information reminds me of a game we used to play as children.
Everyone in a circle.
The first person whispers a word into the next person's ear.
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.
This is what would happen.

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

Start with WE ALL KNEW HE WOULD LIVE.
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 is exactly how I watch the media move information today.
The same opening line on a story, reported differently by outlet after outlet.

What we thought was a children’s game is the bitter truth of an industry where nothing is left to separate a newsstand from a newsroom.

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

One last thing, so that nobody gets the wrong idea.
I am not claiming to be the last man left on earth.
Only the second to last.
The last one is still down the line, whispering into somebody’s ear.

Good reading.

Ferdinando

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