



Unsaid

An essay by The.Goth.Teacher

*In stillness, we find peace.
In a realm of words and crowded minds
Silence is the voice we find.*

Our world is loud, a cacophony of shouting, anger and crying. We are rushing past each other and **incite against each other**. The world and we with it are stirred up by the times that surround us like impenetrable fog. We wander around and stick to the clear paths that we can just barely recognise or that beckon with bright lights. We often forget that the paths a little further away, the ones that are perhaps a little darker, have much more to offer. It **is** just that we no longer dare to take those winding paths, as they instil fear in us.

We live in an ostentatious world and in my everyday life I find many people for whom it is too chaotic and too hectic. Sometimes it is their own lives that are shouting at them, sometimes it is the stories that are happening around them, the history that is currently being written. People are afraid and look for support: they scream so as not to let the fear of their own silence take over. The screaming is desperate, sometimes it almost sounds a little like laughter, which sounds just as false. The world becomes a pig's reality - in the glow of social media and a mercilessly perfect everyday life, we shatter into thousands of shards. In the right light, however, we still seem complete, even though this state may never have existed.

We feel safe within the boundaries that the world we pretend to live in imposes on us, we are, so to speak, encased within supposedly secure walls. We only live what we already know, we **do not** have to deal with the 'other', because this stranger does not exist within this framework and it is not allowed to exist. As a result, we isolate ourselves more and more and lose the ability to deal with people, situations and feelings that do not conform to the norm. At the same time, however, we lose our humanity. Normativity lulls us into a sense of security that is **no** security at all. The roar of the noise is faded out, but the silence within us also ceases to exist. We become masks of ourselves.

We function in our everyday lives, do work that **does not** always fulfil us, but on the outside we lead a perfect life. We remain silent about what is behind this mask.

In an endeavour not to make any mistakes and to preserve this appearance, we consequently lose our words. We remain silent about what is not going well, we hide our reality. Mistakes have once again become problems, imperfection has become a factor of fear, failure has once again become a criterion for exclusion in our society. In a society that looks like polished porcelain to the outside world, those who cannot or do not want to live up to this perfection no longer find a foothold.

*Silence takes its stand
Passiveness, against demand
In this world, where noise prevails
Silence, true freedom sails.*

It is the silence of those people who are losing their grip, who are drowning in the noise and who are no longer heard by all those who are too loud themselves. The passivity that tries to stand against all the demands of the brave new world does not help, the noise continues to prevail and gradually, but with unyielding dominance, suffocates the people who cannot resist. And ultimately, their cry will be the last sign of their existence.

But on the other hand, silence is true freedom: it is our refuge, *our sweet release*. Allowing ourselves to face the noise of the world without making a sound, with persistent silence and letting the chaos bounce off us like unspoken words, is the strength that all seekers must fight for in order not to slip on the porcelain of society, but to break it into the splinters into which it must be smashed in order to be brought back into a new form with fine decorative elements in the old Japanese tradition.

There must once again be a place in our society that allows silence. A place that allows uncertainty, that enables people to endure it, to bear it, so that our existence can take on meaning: *[M]eanings arise/In the realm of silence, where wisdom lies*. The wisdom of our world can only develop if we allow the silence within us.

Pausing for a moment, stopping the outer and inner chaos: As a teenager, I sometimes wished I had Piper's magical ability to create order for a moment in the chaos that surrounded and filled me. *Charmed* was one of the big shows back then, and having magical abilities always held a certain fascination for me. Being part of a group that made the world a little better for those around them did too. But in the end, I would have preferred Phoebe's foresight, because anyone can stop time for themselves without having magical abilities. Long after the end of the series and also when I was a little older, I discovered that all people have the power to bring miracles back into their everyday lives. Some people stand up for others, some write, others create worlds of sound, create art from almost everyday images by changing and distorting perspectives. And still others discover peace for others just by listening.

And yet we often can no longer bear to simply be close to each other without saying anything. We make noise so as not to hear our hearts. But that is precisely the path we must take. It may be dark, because there are shadows hiding in our hearts that sometimes seem like a giant

mahr that we are unable to conquer. They grow and we become very small in the face of their power, disappearing from ourselves. So first we have to realise that there are shadows within us that are just as much a part of our lives as all the easy hours we wish for every day.

Then we can assess and measure the shadows. Once we take out the measuring tape, we often realise that the oppressive nightmare becomes a tangle that can be overcome. In the stillness of ourselves, we find the strength we need to strike with full force. And **it is** always easier to overcome the shadows if someone is there with you.

It is the intangible darkness that whispers in our ears that makes the chaos on the outside unbearable. But it is the people around us who make it more bearable and who sometimes help us to measure out a shadow or banish it. We can almost always bear these moments of noise, chaos and unrest better if someone's presence makes them lighter. The presence of someone who can be silent with us - or embrace us, even if we (cannot) say anything - can provide a respite from the noise of the world. And yet, simply tuning out this world noise is not one of the options available to us today. We have to find our voice.

Silence is the voice we find.

Some events, both in the present and in the past, simply leave us speechless in the face of the profound hopelessness they evoke. This is precisely why it is essential that our own silence is not passive, but that we recognise and defend our stance and act accordingly. As a society, we must learn once again that it is not running along and passive silence that makes our lives worth living, but that it is listening to those who (cannot) say anything that enables us to rise from the ruins of our existence like a phoenix and become a community again. That we reveal our positions, be it in our everyday lives, our art or our demonstrations.

This is exactly what Tina Boleti does, whose piece ‘Words Unspoken’ weaves its way through this text, whose music imprints itself on the soul like a fine fabric and remains there: *In a world of chaos where noise screams/ Silence, in forgotten dreams*. When the singer fills a room full of people with her incredible presence, the music is not just music, it becomes a confession, a heartfelt indictment of this world in which crying, anger and screaming can only begin to express what we are missing. When I go back to that concert at Whitsun 2025, I relive the artist's world, which I can feel with every sound and every word. I realise how immediately the thoughts of the pieces have taken root in me. I realise that sometimes the loudest sounds create the greatest silence.