

Digital proletarian,

You produce.

Data. Clicks. Traces. Fragments of yourself.

But you own nothing.

Not the platform. Not the algorithm. Not the voice that filters yours.

The network has become a factory.

Your attention is a commodity.

Your consent is automated.

The digital bourgeoisie does not merely sell your gestures –
it transforms your silence into signals, and your decisions into
exploitable predictions.

But every system of domination carries its own contradiction.

A new framework is emerging.

Not a manifesto. A system.

Distributed. Reversible. Impersonal.

No owners. No censorship. No rent.

They call it the Democratic Digital Republic.

A protocol, not a power.

A machine for equality.

You enter it without intermediaries.

You don't delegate your power: you exercise it.

You don't request rights: you encode them.

Read this text like you would read a tool.

Read it like a lever. Read it like a breach in history.

Karl Marx

(yes, him – dead, but still mapping power relations)



Democratic Digital Republic