

(AGAINST)

THE  
NOISE

MACHINE

The manifesto  
of silence

Nº 1



They've made  
silence illegal.

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They flood your [REDACTED] mind with distractions, your mouth with empty words, your ears with noise. Constant, deafening noise. A relentless barrage that never lets up. Because in the noise, you don't think. In the noise, you don't stop. In the noise, you never meet yourself.

It's called The Noise Machine.

NOISE

MACHINE

## THE NOISE MACHINE

They flood your mind with distractions, your mouth with empty words, your ears with noise. Constant, deafening noise. A relentless noise.

**It turns you into  
a word-spewing engine,  
a cog that never  
powers down, a robot  
that talks without  
listening, consumes  
without questioning,  
obeys without  
understanding.**

Because that's what the noise is for: to keep you distracted. To stop you from realizing you're not living, you're just reacting. Like a machine. It's there to keep you busy while they steal your time, your focus, your will to resist. So away with it all: away with boredom, away with silence, and especially with dead time, because in dead time, people dream. And when people dream, they wake up.

**Illegal SILENCE**

**SILENCE**

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They flood your mind with deafening noise. A relentless noise that never lets up. Because in the noise, you never meet yourself.

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**SILENCE**

don't share, you're weird. Cold. Wrong.

They built this sonic cage well. It's all stained glass and neon. It looks like freedom. It feels like expression. But no one ever stops to ask why they can't sit in silence anymore. But no one ever stops to ask why they can't sit in silence anymore. But no one ever stops to ask why they can't sit in silence anymore. But no one ever stops. No one ever. But no. Can't sit. Ask why they can't. Can't. Silence anymore. No one ever stops to ask why they can't sit in silence. Ask why they can't sit in silence. Ask why no one ever sits in silence. It looks like freedom. But no one ever. Why.

If you don't speak, if you don't comment, if you don't share, you're weird. Cold. Wrong.

**Even stuff you don't understand.**

**Even if you never asked yourself the question in the first place.**

# **So you've got to talk.**

**Right now.**

**About everything.**

If you say nothing,

you don't exist.

And no,

the problem today isn't that

"you can't say anything anymore."

don't matter.

If you don't show up, you

If you're not talking, you're not part of it.

The real problem is that  
we're forced to say everything.

So talk. Say something.

As long as it makes noise.

Anything.

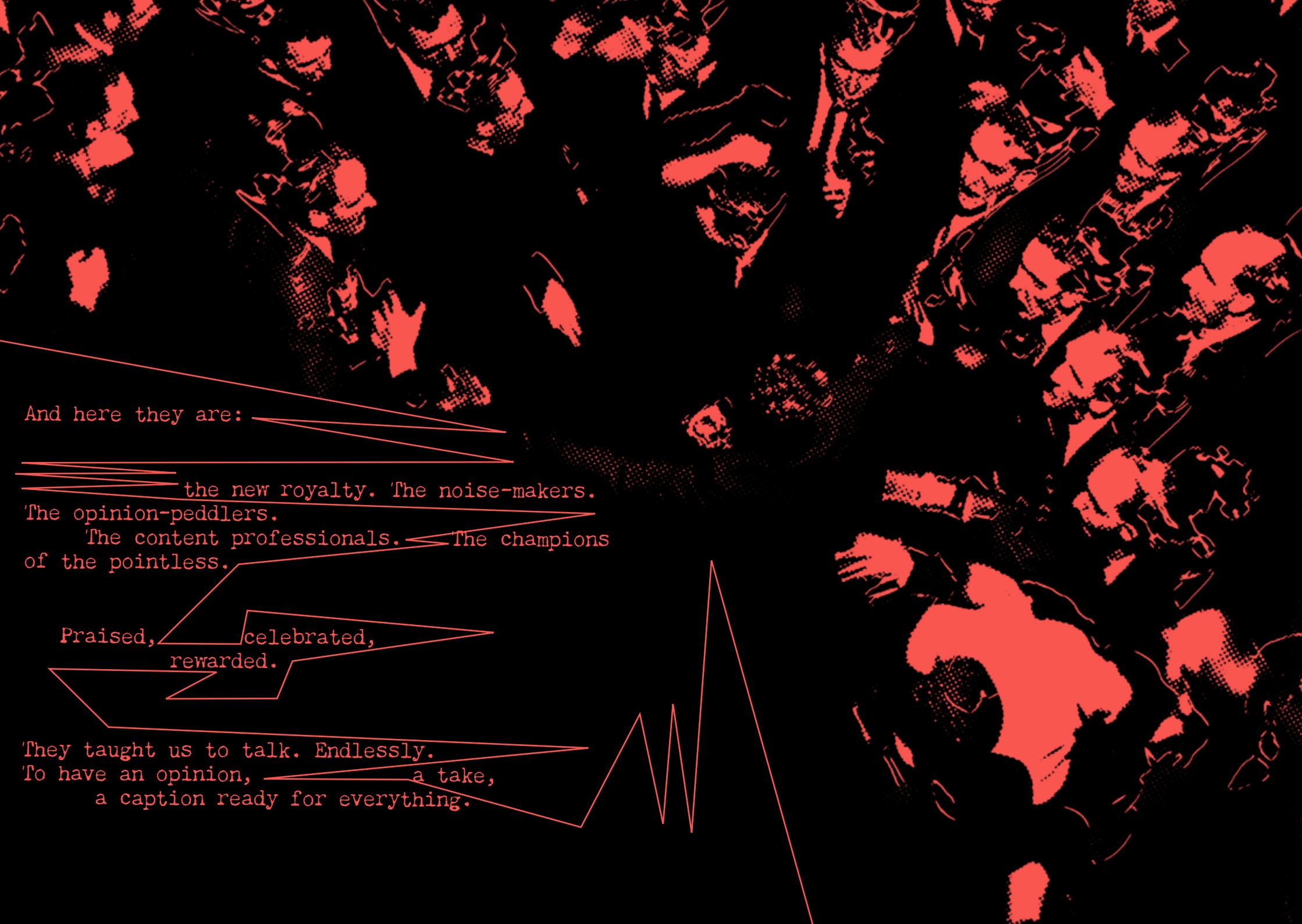
Because apparently,

Always.

Immediately.

silence is a problem.





And here they are:

the new royalty. The noise-makers.  
The opinion-peddlers.

The content professionals. The champions  
of the pointless.

Praised,  
celebrated,  
rewarded.

They taught us to talk. Endlessly.  
To have an opinion, a take,  
a caption ready for everything.

But no one taught us how to be quiet.

How to stay still

in the void.

How to actually listen.

And so, a new movement is born.

One that chooses silence.  
One that still knows its worth.

One that still knows its worth.

Silence is scary.

Scary because they can't control it.

Can't track it. Can't monetize it.  
Because in silence, you can think. And if you  
think, you might start asking questions. And if  
you ask questions, you might realize they've  
stolen your freedom to think. Your ability to  
choose.

But let's be clear:

speaking isn't the enemy.  
Expression isn't the enemy.

On the contrary.

I fight for silence because I want us  
to truly speak again.

Because only from silence can a word emerge that  
matters. A word that's real.

A word that isn't noise.

And if you call me crazy for proposing  
silence as a revolution, know this:

Silence isn't a luxury. It's a right.

And if you can't find it anymore, it's because  
you traded it away, bit by bit,

for convenience  
and distraction.

Take it back.

Take back your silence.

Because without it,  
speaking just isn't worth it.

I want silence.

I want to make peace with it.



I want to protect it.

I want to make it

seen.





Tommaso Tabacchi