

(AGAINST)

THE
NOISE

MACHINE

The manifesto
of silence

N° 1



They've made
silence illegal.

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.

NOT

DO IT

THE NOISE MACHINE

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

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."

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

Always.

Immediately.

don't matter.

If you don't show up, you

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

So talk. Say something.

As long as it makes noise.

Because apparently,

Anything.

silence is a problem.

fix it.

Talk, talk, talk.

Just
don't
stop.
Just.

About what?

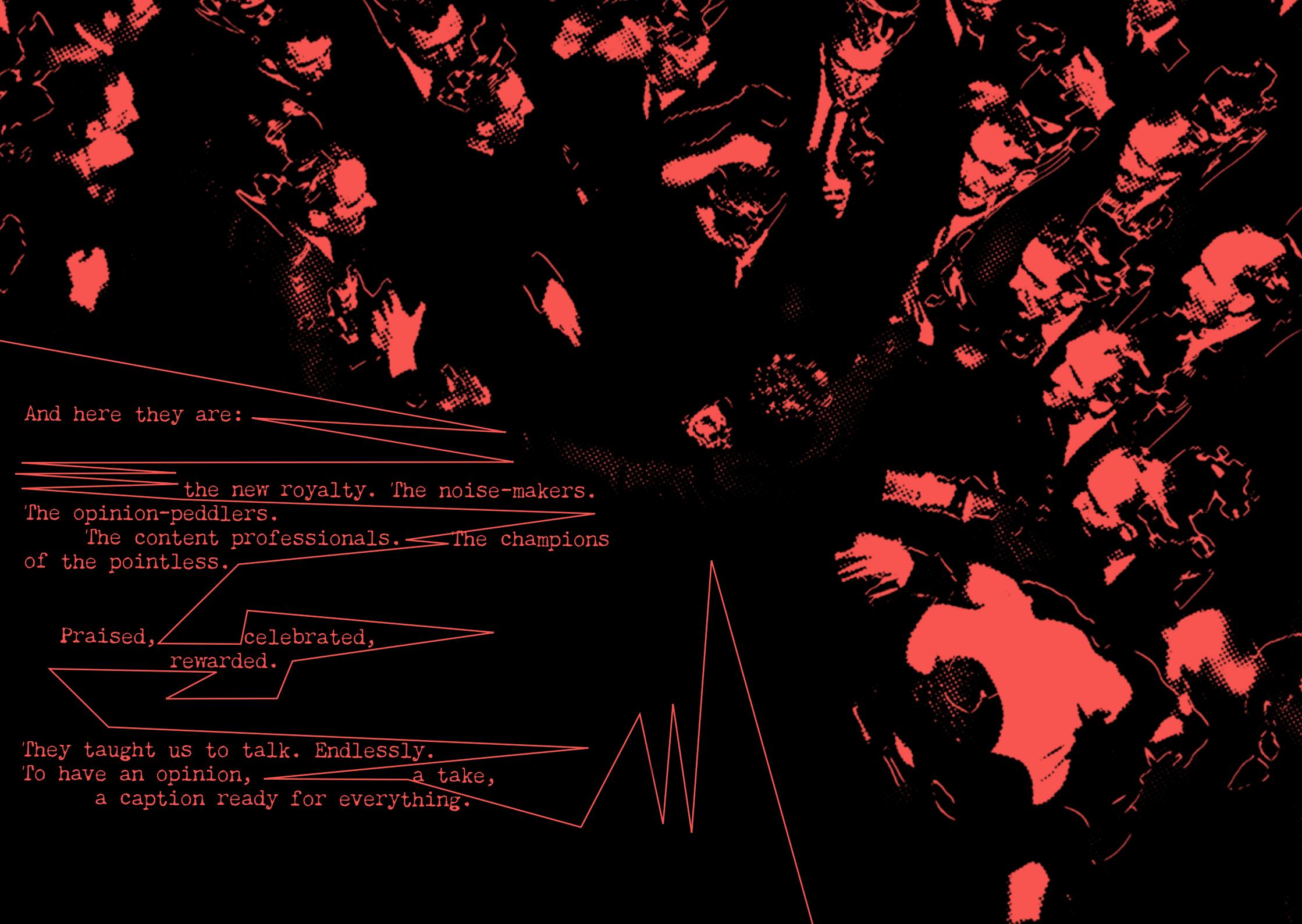
Just don't stop.

About what?

Doesn't matter.
Spit out words.

/Just say something.

Just don't stop.



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:

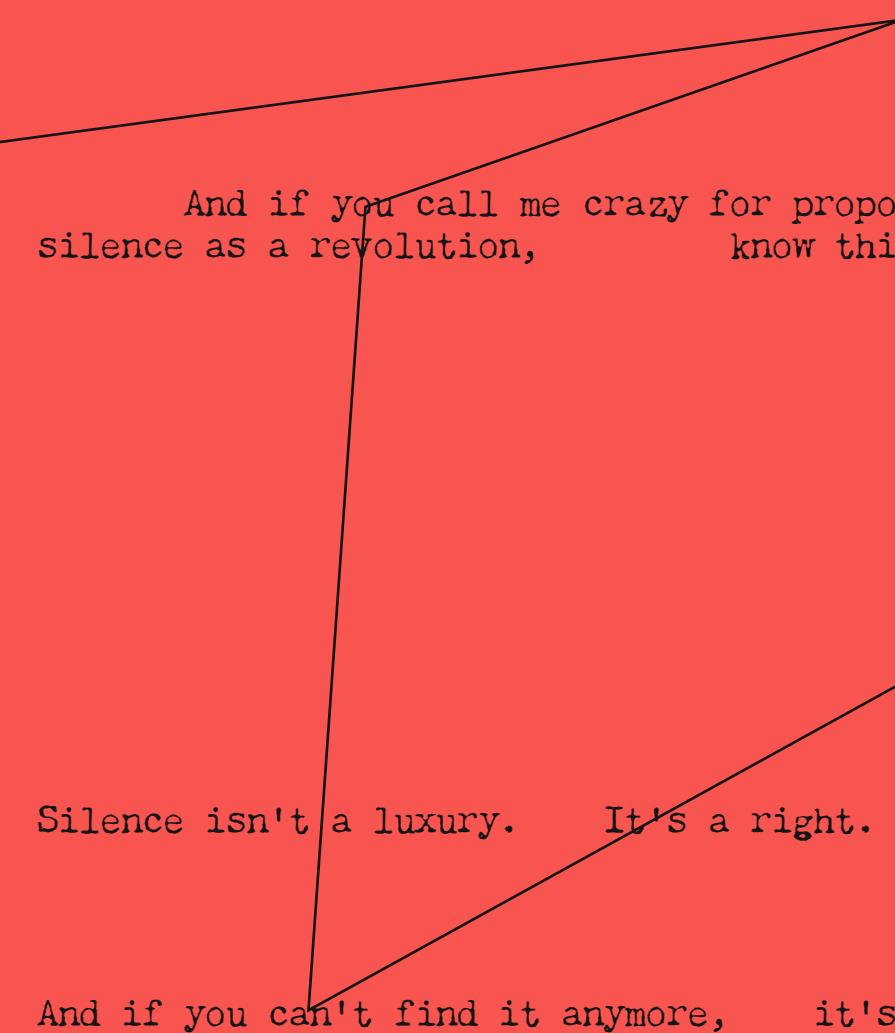
speaking isn't the enemy.
Expression isn't the enemy.

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