

I AM

absolute freedom







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# [Flesh & Bones]

**T**OO MANY times we just spend our life trying to show off, to sell people an image which just doesn't correspond to what we really are inside. Which corresponds to what we think is the best we can show to be accepted/loved/envied/you name it. Why? Why do I have to be another person to be accepted? Why? I don't see any reason to do that and if you do, I wonder what that reason can possibly be. The funny thing is that after years spent playing a role, we actually become that role. We think we ARE that role we are just impersonating, like an actor. And we lose contact with what we really want and are.

4 We become puppets. And this is not a cliché. This is fucking true. It happens every day. We do it every day. We just wanna be in line with the image we want other people to buy. Nobody wants to be uncool. Nobody wants to be unpopular. We just HAVE to have fun and live to the max all the time, no matter what. Because that's how society wants us to be. But that's so unreal, so far from reality. Where people don't have fun all the time. Where we see our dreams getting crushed every day. Where life simply isn't like a commercial on TV. Where people are always gorgeous. They smoke but never get cancer. They drink but they never get addicted. They have sex and never catch AIDS or get pregnant and have to abort. Have you ever seen on TV or in a movie a 'real' story of abortion? In which a woman is just too young or too inexperienced or doesn't want to pay all her life for the mistake of one night or 10 seconds of it and so decides to abort? Have you ever seen it? I haven't. On TV you never see an abortion portrayed like this. The solution to an unwanted pregnancy can be only a miscarriage or an adoption. But real abortions happen every day, in every city, all over the world. And the world doesn't like it. So it just gets away with it, not showing it, not even talking or whispering about it, just blaming us women, THE BITCHES, THE SLUTS, THE MURDERERS. The oh-so-perfect-and-righteous people of the world talk about it all the time, trying to impose their saint view on us women. Is this fair? When millions of women, not sluts nor killers, women, like your sister or your mother, live such an experience every single day. Is it fair to ignore them and leave them in their pain, with a wound which will never heal and in which salt will be poured by all of you, just able to point your finger and cast the stone. Is it fair to make us all feel like the world's worst creatures just because we don't bow our head to your partial vision of the matter? **My vision is limited too, but I've long stopped judging other people**

**according to that. Try walking in real life shoes before pointing that damn finger.**

Who the fuck do you think you are to do that? We are all the same, rich, poor, smart, dumb, emperors and garbage men. Who the fuck do you think you are?

Let people live their lives like they think it's best for them. Let them be sad, dress the way they want, have the body nature has given them, speak their mind and express themselves as it suits them best.

I'm so tired of all this hypocrisy. I'm so tired of all this righteousness, all this politically correct shit. And I'm surrounded by it every day, like you.

I'm real. I'm flesh and bones. I'm good and evil. I'm nice and nasty. I can be your best friend and a true bitch. I can hold you warmly and look at you as cold as indifference. Shy as hell and extroverted and funny as a clown. Do you really think you know me? I'm just real. And I want to spend my life with other real people. Not puppets of which it is easy to predict every move. Like in a movie with a bad and boring screenplay. **I want to live and love and have fun for real. Not according to somebody else's idea of life, love and fun.**

Are you ready to be real? Ready to fight every day? To find yourself alone, in one corner, crying, with nobody around that cares for you? To face as much shit as you can take? Don't you realize that you'll go through all this even if you adopt the "puppet attitude"? Be real for once. Be whole. Just try. And you'll love it so much you'll never wanna stop. You'll be up there being exactly the person you've always wanted to be. You'll see how miserable and false their life is. No real happiness or satisfaction can ever be possible if you're not yourself in the first place.

The first time I tried to fight for my rights I felt so sad, hopeless and alone I started to cry when nobody was looking. I'll never forget that, and it was years ago. I still remember every single sensation and feeling. And that's not a pleasant memory, I promise you. As usual, I put everything in question. I felt I did a mistake. And I just kept revising and revising and revising what I did. But the day after I saw things differently. I knew something was starting to change in the right direction.

Crying in a corner. Alone. That's how I began my slow but steady metamorphosis.

A metamorphosis that will never end. The butterfly will never be perfect. It'll always be on her way to a perfection she'll never want to reach. Because the metamorphosis cannot end. **There's no limit to perfection, but perfection, the desire to be perfect, can well be a limit. There's no limit to personal evolution.** There's no limit to the metamorphosis of the self.

“Rape my mind and destroy my feelings, don’t tell me what to do. I don’t care ‘cause I’m on my side and I can see through you” (*Escape*, Metallica).

## [Traffic Jam]

6

**L**IFE IS like a traffic jam. You’re stuck in your car and you want to be somewhere else. You want to reach a place that you just cannot reach, that you cannot even see. You know it must be there, somewhere, but you’re unable to go for it.

I feel that this fucking life owes me so much. It’s giving me so much less than I deserve but I feel that it’s not exactly eager to give me the part I know I deserve. Unless I fight for it.

Clichés. Clichés make us blind, incapable to see things how they really are. Because all we’re able to see and discuss is how things are SUPPOSED to be, how they SHOULD be in a perfect world, populated by perfect people who behave in perfect ways.

And reality isn’t like that.

Reality is this shit we have to go through every day of our life. Reality should be our everything and we spend our lives running away from it and hiding behind clichés. Behind what somebody has been so smart to make us believe our life’s all about. Behind horoscopes, hoping that the conjunction Sun-Venus can really change our life or terrified that the opposition Pluto-Whatever can really make it worse. Behind everything that takes away from us the responsibility of failure. Behind idols and role models, assuming their identity to run away from ourselves, when the only way to run away from this shit we’re into is being ourselves and change what we don’t like about us and our life instead of dreaming or getting angry and mad because life isn’t what we’d love it to be. I’m

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sorry, but “the only way out is through” (Alanis Morissette). And greatness doesn’t just happen.

## [Poor Brainwashed Us]

**Y**OU CAN talk of anything with anybody, you just have to use the right words. You can explain philosophy and a way to a better life even talking of ham and cheese. To say it’s impossible is so damn pretentious, it’s just another way not to give people the chance they deserve. Oh, you’re working class, here’s your ham and cheese. It’s like saying that’s all they can ever aspire to. Oh, you’re an aristocrat or upper class? Here, dear, here’s the best possible college and education we have been able to provide for you. Nice, eh? Like if all aristocrats and upper class dorks were endowed with a great intelligence and any desirable trait you can think of. And all working class people were born only to carry out the humblest tasks.

A Program you perpetuate through all the humiliating TV programs we are shown 24/7 because “that’s what people want”. You make people want that because that’s all you can offer. So you can go on selling ads and making money and keeping us quiet with that shit you’re promoting, making us believe that we can be happy buying this and that, find love if only our hair was smooth enough. Fuck all those ads for longer eyelashes, hair shampoo and balm, antiperspirants, make up and all that shit that is there just to make us, the real people, feel inadequate because we have wrinkles, we have white hair, we smell, our hair is not ready for the cover of Vogue any single moment of our life. Fuck you! I wanna shave my head bald just to make you stop talking nonsense (which I kind of actually do since I never ever had long hair and at times I had them cut so short that “if you sat on her head you could’ve scratched your butt” like Beavis and Butthead used to say about Sinead O’ Connor. Man, I laughed my ass off at that).

**Can I please be human?** Can I smell and sweat? Can I please be happy with my frigging eyelashes even if I don’t stumble onto them when I walk because they are not *that* long? Can I wear anything I want even if it is so out of fashion that nobody remembers when it was actually fashionable,

if it ever was? Can you please stop this fake-perfection-rush that is only taking us far away from that authenticity that is our greatest gift?

Fuck all your fashion, I love my very own idea of it. Fuck all your glamour, I love my reality. Fuck all your sexy everything, I wanna be the world most unsexiest woman, what you see is what you get, I want no masks. Fuck all your rules and conventions, I “see through your blurry side” (*Escape*, Metallica).

Can you give me one single reason why a plastic, airbrushed, silicone actress or model or singer should incarnate my ideal of beauty?

I don’t see anything glamorous or to be envied in all that “red carpet” shit. Just people with fake smiles showing off. What’s to fancy and die for there? It’s just NOT REAL.

There’s an ad on TV in which all these women are desperate because they lose ONE HAIR A DAY!!! Can you please stop the bullshit?

Or another one where this gorgeous model has to be on the set of some production in ONE HOUR and, thanks to her magical car, she manages to attend a boxing lesson, have a coffee with a friend and do something else I don’t remember. Of course she is bang on time at work, no matter the traffic jam and she’s always smiling, never sweating or telling other drivers to screw off and her hair, makeup, complexion and so on are oh-so-wonderful.

Can you please fuck off?

Or these thousands of women in bikini running like crazy toward the biggest dork you can think of just because he is spraying with that particular perfume. As a woman, I feel deeply offended by this ad. I just hope all those girls are running to you to kick your ass like there’s no tomorrow.

Or this other woman, dressed in red, so fit and slender. Her friends ask her how she manages to be so marvelous... oh well, what a stupid question, she has cereals for breakfast, can’t you tell? I’d love to make you sit in front of a fridge and make you eat until you weight at least 85 kilos then release you and say “come on, now go back to your wonderful figure just by having cereals for breakfast! I can’t wait to see you do that!!!”.

Can you please stop fooling us all?

**Fuck all your fashion,  
I love my very own idea of it.  
Fuck all your glamour, I love  
my reality. Fuck all your sexy  
everything, I wanna be the  
world most unsexiest woman,  
what you see is what you get,  
I want no masks. Fuck all your  
rules and conventions.**

What can make your day? Our magical lipstick, of course! What are you worth for? Our incredible hair dye! Can't you tell? Well, we're so fucking worth it no matter all this shit that you'll never ever even come close, get it?

Problem is, you portray your shit in such a splendid gold coating that most people believe they are not worth a thing if they don't possess the shit you are selling as "real life".

"Has the world changed? Have you changed? OR has your car changed?" YES! Buy our fantastic car and everything will change!!! Now we even have cars with autobrakes! So we can go maximum speed and don't even need to use the brake! No more accidents! Hooray! Life is so perfect!

Or this boy – must be like 10 or 11 – who runs to his parents after school, followed by all of his schoolmates running like crazy. As soon as he enters the car, his parents give him a very famous portable gaming console to play with, which is of course the gadget provided with the car. They do not even say HI to each other!

Don't you see the kind of message you are getting through? I have a question for you: are you aware of what you are portraying and just don't give a fuck because you have to sell your shit or you are completely unaware of it? I don't know which option is worse. And these are just a few examples.

Can't you see the brainwashing they put us through every single day? There's no better way to DISCONNECT yourself from your life (and your brain) than WATCH TV!

There was an article in the press today: "There are no magic potions to reach happiness. You just have to have kids". Ehm, excuse me... So this one you're sponsoring is NOT a magic potion, right?

**There's no magic potion for anything. There's just sweat and work and focus. And maybe, only maybe you'll get what you want. But the point is not the result, the point is the evolution path you need to walk on to get that result. And your life may just lie somewhere along the way.**

As they said in Grey's Anatomy: "What we expect is just the beginning. What we don't expect is what changes our life".



ART DIRECTION & DESIGN BY [www.doctordesign.it](http://www.doctordesign.it)

PRINTED in January 2010

I like to think  
that I'm a pure soul.

In a world that's all about money  
and fame and selling an image,

I don't give a shit.

I'm looking for inspiration  
and I want to inspire people.

That's all I care about.

I'm here in front of you, naked, raw and proud.

I have no alibis, I have no masks.

Look into my eyes and you'll see my soul.

I got nothing but myself, my words and my experience to offer.

I've been living most of my life in an open cage made  
of expectations, fears, false myths, so-called truths,  
self-imposed limits and other people's judgments.

And waking up has not been easy.

But now I know that the sky is not the limit,  
it's just another launching pad.

Anyway, I'm not here to teach nor preach.

I don't hold the truth. I'm learning on the go.

How to find my own path in the middle  
of everyone's idea of perfection.

Follow me if you like.

**This world needs a revolution.  
You and I are the chosen ones.**

ISBN 978-0-615-34606-9

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