

I AM

absolute freedom



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I AM absolute freedom”“”“





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# [School of Life]

**I FEEL so inspired today. I see things so clearly. It's all wrong. It's all wrong. The concepts of school, society, love, religion are all wrong.** They are true only in their original and basic form, but then the way they have been translated into our daily reality is all wrong. OK, I'll

**Shit is highly democratic: it smells.  
You cannot hide it for long.**

4 try to explain this clearly, it's not really easy, but I wanna try anyway. Embracing the world and every human being from here, from my room here at home, a girl typing on her computer. I don't want this inspiration to pass me by. I wanna try and grasp it in words. Let's go.

School is all wrong. There's no better way to make kids hate studying, learning and culture. Please save kids from this school system that doesn't give a fuck about them, that just cares for grades and introduces them to the worst they'll find in the real world. I mean, no matter how much I love to LEARN (not really study, there's quite a big difference between them), I really wanted to quit school before getting my diploma. School in itself is perfect, it's the people who give life to school that make it the shit it is today. How can a teacher be good when he/she takes away from you the pleasure of studying and learning? How can a teacher be good when he/she gives higher grades to someone not on grounds of their skills, but on grounds of their ass-kissing abilities? How can school be good when the majority of its students live it only as a fucking imposition, a theoretical scheme, a cage crushing them? It's too damn easy to say that today young people don't care about culture, hate to read and just wanna have fun. I mean, many times it's true, but many times it's not. It's at least 50/50. I love reading, I love learning, I love culture in any sense, I'm creating my own school with my own favorite subjects every day. Who said that Dali is art and that graffiti on the wall is something to be removed and its author to be arrested? School is the best way to make us hate reading and culture.

You cannot differ from the mainstream or classical view on anything. You have to read that book and find in it what your teacher teaches you about it. Because your view on that book is wrong, not different. It's wrong. Try to expose your view about anything during an exam and

you'll see what a nice grade you get. How dare you criticize a classic? You have to love it. Why? Because millions before me loved it or maybe they pretended to love it just to get that high grade? Is this your school? Teaching people how to bow their head? Forcing them to agree with your prefabricated ideas? Crushing their way because it's not your way or the majority's way? **"Preparing young people for work and society", that's what you say. OF COURSE it is, but in the most negative and hypocrite way you can imagine.**

Teaching kids to kiss ass if they wanna achieve what they want. Teaching them to bow their head, always and forever. Preparing them for a world where you'll always be wrong if you're not part of the majority. **Democracy, you can wipe your ass with that word. Majority wins and minority has to be crushed. Is that your democracy?** I thought it was something like 'nobody wins, minority has the same rights as majority has', but I'm just your local idiot, ain't I?

And you wonder why so many kids quit school. Man, don't you see it? All you do is telling them they are wrong, their music is wrong, what they read is wrong, what they feel is wrong. So go on, crush them, give them pills because they are too much ALIVE, don't worry, you have the power, you can crush them anytime you want, you have all the weapons society has given you for that purpose: grades, discipline, exams, and so on.

Should we love you to death for that? Fuck you.

Don't even think of how that boy or girl can feel about the whole story, just go on with your Program. Don't even try and look for their own motivations, real teachers don't try and understand what their students love and why they behave a certain way, they just crush them because they are not like they should be, right? In this sense, and only in this, school prepares you for society. Nice, eh?

The system seems to be conceived to make us hate studying and learning and then accuse us of being ignorant because we hate culture.

And you have to go through all this when you are in the middle of adolescence, when you're looking for your own way about everything. And all you get is a big fat "You are wrong". "To see, to bleed cannot be taught, in turn, you're making us fucking hostile" (*Fucking hostile*, Pantera). **That fucking rebellion, it shouldn't be crushed and shouldn't be ignored. You don't even have to accept it. It should be understood. But that's too much, right?** A few more years and that'll go away, everybody will get with the Program just like anybody else. That's your "becoming an adult". Just that wonderful Program somebody else has created for us all, a job, a car, a house, a family, a mobile, cool clothes, vacations in cool places, stepping on everybody else's rights to get what you think

you deserve, leaving everybody else on the ground to prove ourselves that we are the winners, and crushing the new generation like the last one did to us, **breaking their wings so we can have another proof that it's impossible to fly, that the fact we have never even tried to fly is OK, because if I prevent my neighbor from flying, I'm safe, I have another proof that flying is impossible.** Nice little vicious circle, eh? How do you like it? Well, that's what you do every day. Starting from school and perpetuating it throughout life. Are you still so proud of yourselves?

Problem is, now things have really got too far. And so new generations don't even know what an ideal or a dream is. **They skip the moral-values part and immediately start reaching out for the 'cool' part.** They think they can find all they need in a new mobile, or in a car, or that 'cool' pair of trousers, in a pill or vodka shot, in one boy/girlfriend after another. And since all they see around them is people selling their souls to get just the same, well, why should I be a loser?

Ask them what they want and all you'll get is "have fun have fun have fun have fun have fun" or "be famous" or "shake my ass on TV or You Tube". And go on pointing your finger and saying they lack moral values. Well, do you see a moral-values world around you?

No way! That's for losers.

They don't know how to decode all those emotions they feel inside, they don't even know how to look inside. They don't know how to relate to that emotional world because nobody has ever given a shit about it. Most of us are really uncomfortable when it comes to the inner, spiritual (not religious, mind you) world and of course we cannot teach what we don't know. So now the Program is to skip the emotions inside, because they are for losers, and just go for the most extreme emotions you can possibly find out there. **All topped by the world new religion, INDIFFERENCE.**

**Do you really need to be extreme to FEEL AN EMOTION? Come on!!!**

That's what you got with your Program. Go on, show every kid in school that conformity is the only way to be appreciated and get a high grade. And then complain that we're surrounded by phoniness and that the ruling class isn't even able to rule a shit. But man, have you seen how good they are at kissing asses? And then the house crumbles because the architect wasn't skilled enough. But man, he was my friend, that's why he got the job. Have you ever heard of meritocracy? Or being your friend or relative is enough of a merit to get a job?

**I'll never be an adult.  
I'll never be mature.  
I'm still fully in my teens.  
And for this gift I feel  
blessed.**

Go on and crush any kid who differs from what you say and then accuse us of lacking critical sense and that we're all the same, that you can't even distinguish us.

Go on judging every single person by how they dress or by the car they drive and then complain that nowadays all is a matter of appearance.

Go on telling everybody how they should be and behave and feel and never point the finger at yourself, finding all the possible justifications for your own behavior. I'm justified when I step on my neighbor's rights to get what I deserve, but my neighbor isn't. I'm doing it for the right purpose, but he/she's not even entitled to fight back. When the point is that stepping on somebody else's rights can never be justified.

It's not even a matter of generations and age. It's everywhere. Equality is a dream that will never come true. And since we already know that that's impossible to achieve, well, we have stopped fighting, we don't even try to save what could still be saved. As long as I have enough money to make other people go "Whoa! That's cool!", I'm safe, the nothing-shit? - I have inside is perfectly covered up by that. Nobody will ever be able to smell it. All they'll see is my money. I'm fine. I'm 'cool'. But you see, shit is highly democratic: it smells. You cannot hide it for long. It shows, no matter the respectable and shiny coating you put on it.

Problem is, look around you and what do you see? Honest people are today's biggest losers. If you happen to be sensitive, well, change as soon as you can, otherwise you're fucked. Why do I have to fight for something which is my right to have since the beginning? Why do I have to fight for my rights to be respected? Shouldn't they be respected and that's it? But again, this is too much of a utopia to be real. **You have to fight any given day of your life, because if you don't, nobody will respect your rights, they'll just crush them if you don't stop them.**

Why? Well, because my right is "righter" than yours. I'm better than you. You and your rights don't mean shit. But this wouldn't mean anything, arrogant people and assholes will always exist. Problem is that now the Arrogant way is THE way, it has turned into the new and institutionalized system of values to follow. And many times the Arrogant have "justice" on their side. Especially when their arrogance comes from and goes hand in hand with financial or political power. Fact is the Arrogant way is corrupting the Non-Arrogant, convincing them that they ARE losers because their values are old-fashioned, when no positive value can ever be out of fashion. But then again seeing the Arrogant always get what they want, even when they step on you to get it, and always manage to get away with it, well, doesn't really give you the sensation

you've chosen the right direction. It can really convince you that the Arrogant way is the right way. And so another soul is corrupted and the Non-Arrogant will more and more be a part of that minority that will be crushed, "righteously", by the Arrogant majority. **Everything seems to be right if it is justified by some high ideal. Which is another nice vicious circle we experience daily.**

I feel that many of the Arrogant are not Natural-Born-Arrogant, that their set of old-fashioned values is hidden somewhere, under a thick layer of arrogance that is nothing more than a daily façade. Many of them are too scared to throw the mask away, many are ashamed to be called losers by the Arrogant-at-heart. Or maybe I just don't wanna believe that the world is the shit it seems to be.

I'll never be an adult. I'll never be mature. I'm still fully in my teens. And for this gift I feel blessed.

8 "The world was packed with phenomena, symbolic yet personal, riddled with secret messages to be deciphered by them alone. And these messages arrived direct from Power, whatever it was, that took a constant and avid interest in them. They held intense communication with the gods, whom they were sure were meddling in their lives. It was an absurd attitude, but they were not yet adults. Adults do not make unqualified identifications with cats or political causes. They do not feel branded by the books they read or translate life through them or embrace them like lovers. Adults see the world neither as code nor as secret garden" (Mary Flanagan's *Truth, Beauty and Goodness: a report*).

## [Shit Sixteen]

**T**HERE'S THIS show on MTV which I think is really disgusting. It's called "Sweet sixteen" or something like that. Who's the genius who invented it? You take a very rich and very spoiled little bitch or the male equivalent whose parents are so rich they can waste like 500,000 dollars on a birthday party and see what happens. It's awful. They do act like they're out of anyone's league. One had a t-shirt with "I'm so close to perfection that it hurts" written on. NO, dear, let me rephrase that for you "You're so full of shit that it's impossible

to breathe". Take that money away – which you haven't even earned, btw – and you're nothing. You were just born on the right side of town. You see? Skip the moral-values part and go for the "cool" part. And then you're even celebrated on TV. I don't know who is more pathetic in this frigging show, the poor thing who throws the majestic party or the poor things who adore her/him like a queen/king for his/her parents' money.

"It's a mystery to me, we have a greed with which we have agreed. And you think you have to want more than you need, until you have it all you won't be free. Society, have mercy on me, hope you're not angry, if I disagree" (Society, Eddie Vedder).

## [Rebellious Me]

I FELT SUCH a weirdo and an outcast at school. So ugly and inappropriate. I didn't fit anywhere. I felt horrible and disgusting. On a Metallica poster, I wrote the lyrics of one of their songs I love the most (*Escape*, from *Ride the lightning*) and stuck it on the wall of my classroom just to survive the everyday nightmare I had to go through in that goddamn school. I felt so different and rejected. It was all so painful.

Hands in pockets, *Fade to black* blasting in my ears, mesmerized by the train lines, thinking how it would be to make it all end in a second. Isolation, pain, lack of identity, lack of consideration, lack of self-esteem, lack of future, endless tears. All would have ended with a little jump into that oh-so-comfortable no-way-out street.

*Anarchy in the U.K.*, *Mary Jane*, *In my darkest hour*, *Killing is my business and my business is good* (all by Megadeth) pumped so loud in my ears sometimes I wonder how I'm not deaf these days. Just to survive, oh yes, to manage to go on another day in that fucking place that was all I knew

**Am I really different from that 14, 15, 16, 17 year old screaming in silence against the world? Yes, I am. No, I am not. I have changed everything about myself just not to change one single thing. Day by DAY.**

back then. To let out all of the emotions I felt so strong and messy and overwhelming inside of me, all of which were labeled as “wrong” and “unacceptable” by those people who made up my daily life. **I believe I would be dead if it wasn't for music.** Today I bought *So far, so good so what* (Megadeth again) on CD, I used to have the tape back in the days, but now that's really prehistoric given the technology freak that I am, always checking and buying all the newest stuff I can afford, and selling it a few months later just to buy the newest model once again. Anyway, I listened to it while I was driving back home from the mall. Am I really different from that 14, 15, 16, 17 year old screaming in silence against the world? Yes, I am. No, I am not. I have changed everything about myself just not to change one single thing. I just got to the center of my being, polished it and let it shine, no matter how “wrong” and “unacceptable” it may seem. To be all different from and all identical to that rebel with a huge anarchy symbol hand-written on those ripped jeans that got me into trouble for years. To detect, polish and let shine that “beautiful diamond I have inside” like a friend wrote on the copy of Hesse's *Siddharta* he gave me as present. A lifetime ago, when I actually believed that I was all “wrong” and “unacceptable”.

**I have emerged from shit, like the body I've always wanted is slowly emerging from a thinning layer of lard.**

**I thank God for my liberation, but most of all I thank myself. I won't spend my life trying to convince somebody of who and how I am, of who and how I am not. I don't have anything to prove to anyone.**

**I simply am.**



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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