

Story of the Social Marxist Painter, Named "Ego"

HP Hooded Cobra 666

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Many mistakes stem from the belief of people that they should be things they aren't made to be, by forcing themselves into certain routes of action to get what they believe to be "honor", "pleasure", or whatever else. Lack of personal knowledge overall.

Real honor comes from giving what you can give best, to what you think is best. For what you believe to be the most noble and the highest and most aspired thing. It's good to know what you can give best, but also, be honest as to what feels to you as the most aspired thing.

Otherwise, let a little, made up story answer some stuff for everyone...

From "Ego's" Life Diary:

"This is as obnoxious as for instance me, who can't paint for shit, to demand to become a painter and take DaVinci's position in painting or something. " I don't see how I want to become a better painter, or even learn to paint. I am naive enough to consider myself equal to DaVinci, or Michelangelo, or basically, everyone that paints better than me. So, I keep producing (horrible) art.

In my journey in art (started 3 years ago), I had the Devil attack me many times. WAS DEVIL A NAZI? JESUS SAID WE WERE ALL EQUALS...

I would go to bed at night and have some strange thoughts like...

"So let's say in a parallel universe, I become DaVinci and find myself in his place, without his talent. I will just fail everyone of what is required of me."

"Then, even if I do and my stupidity succeeds, I will produce horrible art, be useless, and destroy art all together."

The Devil kept attacking me: "In big situations, I will just bring art back in the pre-lithic ages because I have nothing to offer to it, since I suck into it. All efforts and advances would be, therefore, lost. Why? Because I felt like it and mommy told me we are all equals. And I was naive enough to believe it."

I started reading my bible and telling myself like a mantra what mommy told me.

Mommy and daddy and Social Marxism (hail marx the jew like jesus!) said to me, oh "you can be anything you want in this life". I grew up like a brat and never had to work hard for anything, you know, Western style. So well, I believed them, and I got awakened by the brute strikes of reality... Kind of. People said I sucked. I denied it over and over again.

Because what do ALL these retards know? I mean mommy used to say I am the best, same as my Chinese girlfriend that said she had 51 orgasms the first time we had sex. I mean, I was the best, I knew it must have been true.

But I am a firm believer of the social marxist doctrine, so I kept going down the same route. "I will keep painting lines and feces on a canvas", I said to myself in my dark nights, after the devil got inside my head and told me I was to do something else. "One day, my abrupt lines will become the art of the world!", said the spirit of the jewish jesus in me. It made me comfortable and I liked it.

"I will also not let someone like DaVinci take the wheel, of course." "What does he know?" "Nobody does lines more stupidly and eloquently than me.", said the voice of jewsus within me. I really love jesus. He always says these good things that make me feel good.

While, the Devil still intruded my thoughts. "It would be better that I would learn how to paint on the side of DaVinci", part of me says, damn the Devil, and he continued: ..."and then my chances of becoming better at painting would really multiply, become a student and a listener, if I so badly wanted to become a painter, in the end...".

I decided to take the other route, the route of GOOD. I always wanted to feel GOOD. Momma said, you gotta feel GOOD son. So, Fuck DaVinci.

I don't like him. He made me feel BAD. His existence puts me down... FUCK HIM NOW AND IN ALL ETERNITY!!!!

Nobody understands the eloquence of my fine lines, with the smelly canvas with brown shit..... You are all terminally blind!

"Then maybe I would finally succeed in the end by learning from DaVinci, part of me says, if I were to rather listen and watch, and just get up on my turn.". The guilt kept hitting my mind. Why Devil, why do you prosecute me? Probably the Devil is just too afraid of my talents. Part of me accepts he has some valid points though...

But again, FUCK DAVINCI! I know better. It's just that I had an issue in my past life and now I can't paint. Being a king in a big castle, a knight with my queen, I slipped on a banana peel and broke my pinky finger. Therefore, I developed a fear of painting, riches, prominence and everything and now I am in my mother's basement drinking kool-aid. This is what a jewish friend said when he saw my past life. I believe him. Like Marx, Jewsus, Lenin and Stalin, he wants the good of me. He wants to make me feel good because feeling good is the nice thing to do. I though disagree the fact that I was a king, sometimes. Probably, I was someone like Botticelli, but had a bad experience and now I can't paint.

Though I am the Botticelli of Feces on a Canvas. That is for sure. WHO IS LIKE ME? NOBODY! SUCK IT IDIOTS! HA!!!!!!!

Well, I was doing a meditation the other time, I tried convincing myself I was Botticelli... Bring my other part of the old Soul back that is and guess what. I still painted lines in the same way. My mind didn't seem to take it.

But I kept imagining... What if... What if I actually become Botticelli, or overthrow DaVinci? I would have so much fun indeed! I would prove the Superiority that I know exists within me!

Well, sometimes I have bouts of "Devil" though. As much as I wanted to believe that we are all equal, it didn't seem to work. I'm still getting nightmares. I kept affirming to myself the words of my mom like a mantra "We are all equal. I can do whatever I want to do. Jesus has a place for me in heaven. Only god can judge me"

"If I would gratify my desire for the moment, become what I "want" to be "now", not accept my nature, or receive acclaim that I don't deserve, I would just fuck up the community of art my whole life." This is what my Devil said again... And it continued. "And crush everything, for everyone in the art world, forever. And also, get them to become stagnant and blind because people like Da Vinci or Michelangelo, could give so much more than me, to what I supposedly want to help because I love... In fact, I would gain so much more from them as well and be happier.", continued my Devil sense, which I have shut down.

"MOMMY AND DADDY WERE CORRECT. I CAN BE BOTTICELLI AND EVERYONE I WANT. YOU ALL PEOPLE ARE RETARDS", I used to shout in class. "You Leonardo, you suck dick, you are the most worthless person around the globe and planet! I wish you die!". Really felt good to shout that way. I felt gratified. My friend Tony the vegan liberal affirmed, as well, "Yes Leonardo sucks". So, we took our friends from the class and minded our own trip... I mean

I knew these guys for many years. They cared for me.

They used to always tell me "You will become a great painter. Don't let anyone put you down. Doesn't matter if for close to a decade you can't paint a line. One day you will paint the Magnum Opus of Humanity" Tony's jewish girlfriend continued: "Yes, don't listen to these motherfuckas. Now let's go smoke some pot to open your mind. Rumors have it Leonardo smokes pot as well".

Not that I would listen to what Leonardo does. I hate this guy. All my friends know. But what if the rumors are true and does it indeed open the mind? Maybe it will help me out. You know, get this edge. I mean, I am so close to surpassing him already. Who cares if his Mona Lisa bullshit is

according to some a masterpiece. My "Shit and Lines on a Canvas" is the GREATEST thing of all times...

So times went and I started smoking pot. Getting high and everything. Then I felt, the time is now. Now I will create the work of the aeons.

I made something strikingly similar to the other things I always did. Well. A bit better. It had a different FEEL to it. Mommy said, "if it feels right, you must do it". This is what she said when I got my Chinese girlfriend. My mom was from Africa and she was married to an Eskimo, but thing is, there is another mantra of my mom "Love Conquers all my boy, never forget it".

Well my painting still seemed whack.

I started becoming disappointed.

So one day I was in the street and I saw something strange. Some people were making a parade, and they all had like an armband with a symbol known as Swastika. Ew, what an Anti-Semitic, Bigot symbol. To my amazement, these people were like all in line, smiling and such. Duh. Can't these idiots see that they put the tall guys in the frontline and the short ones on the back?

"THIS IS RACIST and DISCRIMINATIVE", I kept shouting. Well the guy in the last row held a sandwich and a Hitler Ice cream, and the BIGOT threw these onto my face. I was like "IDIOT, you are being duped! They put you in the last line! DON'T YOU WANNA BE IN THE FIRST!" It seemed he lacked my understanding of it. He also smiled and laughed at me with his friends and they kept going. I felt devastated. EVERYONE IN THIS WORLD MUST BE STUPID, THE DEVIL AND HIS NAZIS TOO. Baffled I was so I kept going.

A bit of Hitler Ice cream made it into my mouth and I have to admit it tasted good. But it's the Ice Cream of Hitler. Though, anyway, I just got some and ate it in secret from my friends. Then something strange happened...

I entered into a deep trance. I fell onto the floor. I started seeing light... There was this man, Adolf Hitler on it. I saw parades, I saw people happy, etc. It lasted quite a lot longer than my recent MaryJane trip. Strange. I came out happy as well. WTF? Is my brain wrong? Why I felt so happy?

I mean, I Fucking KNOW what I am doing with my life. Nobody is going to tell me what to do. So, I kept walking...

Then I found a pamphlet. It wrote on it "Social Marxism Sucks, join National Socialism mindset and understand the REAL order of the Cosmos, so you can be happy!"

I was baffled. I kept reading the pamphlet and the points inside it. Then eventually my common sense started returning and I was like, fuck. The Devil Overtakes me. Oh, it seems my daddy and mommy and my conceptions were wrong! I can finally be free by knowing what I am to do and be, and become better. I can be as amazing as these people in the parade earlier! Finally!"

Then I turned into a National Socialist. I went to DaVinci and I was like, man, you were right. I better stay on this bench and help you out a bit, learn how to paint and such. I sucked as a painter. Then I am going to become a space scientist because apparently this was what I should be all along. But I still love painting.

Leonardo was eating Hitler Ice Cream and smiling. He said this was the drug of success...

"If my love for art is honest, and if I have sufficient self-knowledge, it can be easily answered by my route of action." The thoughts of the Devil and Mine have become one!

"Will I try to attack DaVinci, or will I just sit on his side and watch, have fun, and learn? Or will I turn into a mere fan of his amazing artwork? If I take the good routes, chances are, everything will be better. I feel so happy!"

"If I take the hostile route, I will just cause dismay and run the danger of having all the art lovers reacting against my horrible art of lines, and feces on a canvas." The Devil Continued. I came to really like the Devil.

"The answer of if I will be able to follow this route, is answered by this: How much

Social Marxism still remains inside me, and how much National Socialism? How much force of decay and death, and how much force of real upbringing?"

Hmmm... The Devil has some points I said to myself. Leonardo was high on Ice cream at the same time. Woah.

A real lover of art, would take another route, I understood. A real hater of art, would just try to impose himself in the art world.

A real lover of art, who I surely am, would never get down to try to paint, out of respect for the fact that I can't draw a straight line. How can I know? Self-consciousness obviously. I just had a National Socialism awakening of Self Consciousness.

So eventually I learned painting and then became a scientist. Rumors say I made a good scientific breakthrough, not compared to Leonardo. I was happy about it. Leonardo was just happy about... Hitler Ice cream. He mysteriously just survived on Cookies and Ice Cream. He wasn't an imbecile in the end. Just someone addicted to what I understood only earlier... By my enlightenment.

Then I went back home and burned my smoking pot, "Das Kapital" and Bible and all the related books. And I bought Mein Kampf, Joy of Satan printed book, etc. Useful stuff.

Then, I pissed on the toilet in the shape of a 6-pointed star.

"Fuck you bitches. My mother was wrong. You made her wrong. I am off to do RTR's, Scum!" I shouted in rage to the enemy jew...

Since then, I have been a real bigot... At least I am no longer a Social Marxist Retard.

-High Priest Hooded Cobra 666