



Picasso Reincarnated: Ultimate Jackass

by [Joseph Arnone](#)

Joe: I was walking around for two days thinking I was Picasso, when really what I was, was a major jackass. I went to this store out in Long Island, Michael's and I spent a couple of hundred bucks on supplies. I was so serious about it—bought three large canvases, brushes, paints, paint cleaner, spray paint and markers. Don't ask me why but markers. I went out to the bookstore, bought a few fifty dollar books on Basquiat and Pop Art and I was doing all this reading and researching. I actually began feeling like I had a calling.

I set up shop in my backyard, right against this big beautiful tree. I tore open the paints and squeezed out red and yellow paint into my palette. I dipped one of my brushes into my palette—I look up and into my canvas and it hit me—I asked myself as I stared at this large white canvas, "What the fuck am I doing?" It was like a spell had been broken. I felt silly and I started looking around and into the windows of neighbors houses, because I felt like I was being watched and sure enough there she was, a little girl named Meagan peering at me from her second floor story bedroom window. She had the look of disgust written across her face, so, to kind of, I don't know, not feel inadequate in front of this child, I decided to prove to her that I could paint. It was as if I needed this child's approval. Don't ask me why. Maybe I'm just crazy but I did. I wanted this kid to say, "Good job Joe, you're a fucking Picasso, alright!"