

Intimate Writings  
A Living  
Autobiography  
Jerald W. Blackstock

“Confidential  
Matters  
Will Be  
Discussed.”



artwork Merzmensch Kosmopol

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Jerald W. Blackstock

## Intro

### James Baldwin, The Art of Fiction No. 78 wrote

“You begin to doubt your judgment, you begin to doubt everything. You become imprecise. And that’s when you’re beginning to go under. You’ve been beaten, and it’s been deliberate. The whole society has decided to make you nothing.” Black trash in the states, white trash here in Canada, its all poverty.

I’ve been nothing several times. It’s a consequence of how I choose to look at things, my poverty, my aloneness, my being beaten, especially emotionally. And all that before the age of six when I went to school and realized the other kids had clean clothes and bodies without the anxiety that I had such that I couldn’t raise my hand to go to the washroom and so I sat there in my urine, walking home in my soaked

trousers, ashamed, embarrassed, anxious and depressed. No safety, love and comfort waiting for me.

The other children ridiculed me; they were the sons and daughters of working class heroes.

So, friendless and family-less I gravitated to the corner library. Initially as a refuge from the street beatings and as I learned to read it became a mode of time travel to Cannery Row and the dust of the American depression, learning that Steinbeck could take three pages to describe the dew on a leaf so I could taste it then invoke my empathy for the psychiatrically disabled mice and men. A bookseller in Paris recently described the type of people who ridiculed and beat me: “These are small people,” he said, “who are there to carry boxes.” “We have other things to think about,” “Literature, first of all,” “And then, well. Thought, imagination, reflection, beauty,

love.”

The values of my adopted family, the  
writers of books, the composers of music  
and visual art.

—

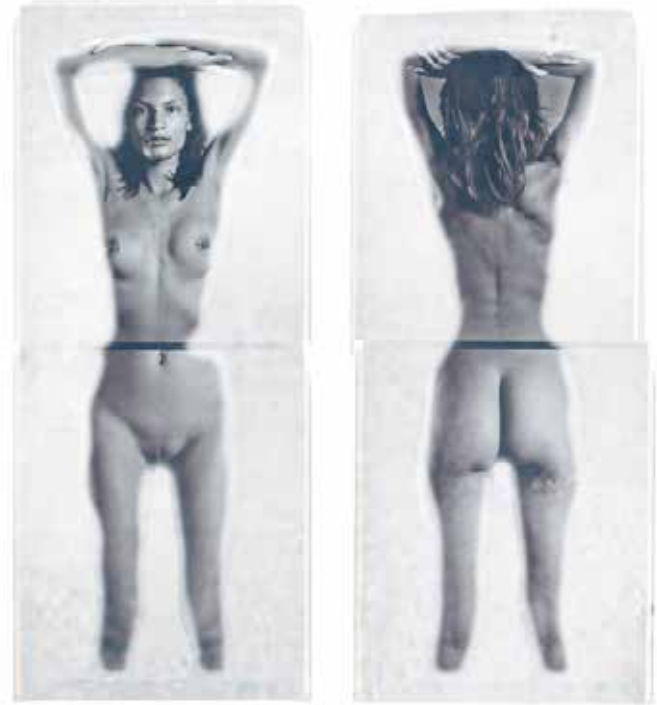
We met in 1991. I was in transition from a life of survival to a life of my dreams  
Exploring 'mens work', Robert Bly decoding Iron John at the local coffee shop.  
Attending family 12 step to meet folks to do something about my loneliness and isolation and have the usuals, communication, companionship and sex.  
I had been lonely all my life isolated by a narcissist mother.  
I wanted a baseball glove, but no, it would make me meet people...  
So, predisposed to yearning to get charming narcissists to like me when their love-bombing stopped and undervaluing began, conditioned to undervalue myself so I wouldn't leave and continue to give them my (life)resources she added sex-bombing, it was inevitable I was hooked and reeled in I suppose.  
We lived together for 9 years while I went to art school changing my life by learning



valuing myself based on crit evidence.  
She had the gene (maybe) for Huntington's disease, her father had millions, bought her a house and we moved in. I tolerated his conservatism, he didn't tolerate me at all, or anyone really. I paid my way on student loans and her subsidized housing, we both had affairs, me on the new internet, she with women and men from her work, never talked about.  
I declared bankruptcy after school, the conservatives ultimate shame (a Lannister always pays his debts GOT), she suggested I needed to leave.  
I got a family therapist and figured a few things out about business deal relationships.  
Got transitional needs jobs, and art computer gigs and decided I liked driving to support my fine art practice.  
Got sex-bombing women from cof-

fee shops and bluegrass clubs, a cat and an apartment even though I was displaced a few times by boom bust economies. I intuited yesterday that she died having not seen her for 23 years. I don't know how I feel about that...

*Narcissists use their children/partners like trophies, necessities, and objects. They don't see them as separate individuals with personalities who have the right to see the world their own way.*



Apologies to Chuck Close



*She cloned me.*

*I am attracted to me. So she studied me, played the part then dumped me when she got bored, covering her ass by saying it was my fault. Like any common hooker addicted to the game. She hunts. Her prey is a nurturing trusting guy that is lonely and vulnerable.*

*Her various con artist names are  
relationship*

*wife*

*sex partner*

*girlfriend companion*

*lover and friend*

*yoga, 108 names of divine mother*

*religion the holy mother church*

*my mother*

*my sister*

*Her actual names are*

*business deal*

*conditional acceptance*

*fear*



*“I’m sorry.” “Don’t be. My life got radically better when she left.”*

The way out of the slavery of musts is evidence.

I must do well and win the approval of others or else I am no good. Is there any evidence that I'm no good? No, none at all, other peoples likes and dislikes only describe them.

Other people must do "the right thing" or else they are no good and deserve to be punished. Is there any evidence that others are no good and must be punished for it? No none at all, no one is all bad, my likes and dislikes only describe me.

Life must be easy, without discomfort or inconvenience. Is there any evidence that life must be easy, without discomfort or inconvenience. No none at all. I have been



*standing it, I am standing it so I will stand it.*

"I believe  
this anecdote testifies to the success with  
which the program maintains the illusion  
of understanding," he noted. - Com-  
puter scientist Joseph Weizenbaum was  
there at the dawn of artificial intelli-  
gence.- [The Guardian The long read  
Artificial intelligence \(AI\)](#)

The narcissist is running  
a script to create the  
illusion of empathy and  
understanding, much like  
a political outrage bot  
in social media.

## Approval

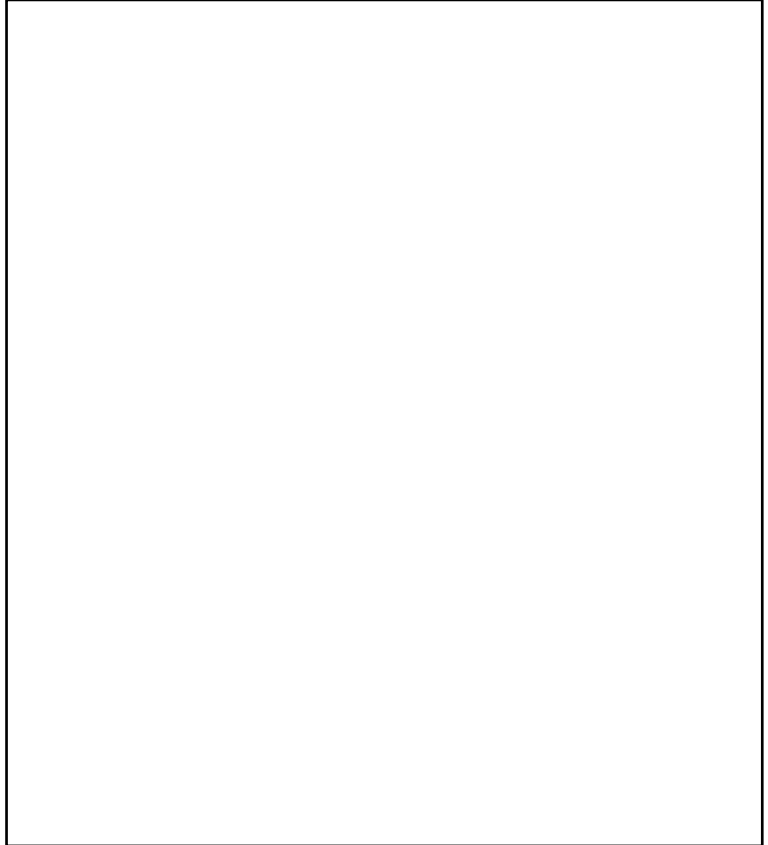
'Then I discovered that being related is no guarantee of love...'

The quote is from *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* by Stieg Larsson (1954–2004). The character was describing his nazi collaborator relatives and went on to describe the effects of their abandonment on their children and siblings. The character decided, "I don't need your approval."

Attempts to 'earn' it cause jealousy among siblings and others who are also self-esteem-based conditional love creatures.

I can relate.

I rarely go on Facebook, the business-oriented family values nazi-network. They shunned me for genius art history paintings that had nude figures for fucksakes. Twitter did as well. Both



these businesses are governed by bullying millionaire American puritan conservatives. They use these platforms as an ad buy for the repulsive Republican party and their partners in the IDU which is run by a fired former Canadian Prime Minister, to our national mortification.

So naturally, my relatives feel right at home. Anyway, it's been 10 years since I looked them up to see their shame-based profiles. No news, of course, no public revealing of feelings, that would be offering something and they have nothing to offer, except manipulation by Fear, Obligation and Guilt. F.O.G.

I have a grand-niece that I last saw when she was 6 months old who is gay 20ish apparently, and a nephew who is now completely covered in beard and tattoos. A niece with a new last name and still trying to define herself and earn approval through business success cult recruitment like her Mom the tantra sex addict guru who will never approve of anyone not willing to fuck her, like me. She really likes my army brother so I can only assume what's going on there.

When my wife was diagnosed with Huntington's disease 20 years ago I got myself a family therapist whose advice was to call myself an orphan and avoid these people. Get nicer relatives.

After my Facebook journey yesterday I couldn't sleep, I was up half the night with anx-

ity attacks, consequences of the [old programming notion](#) that I must be liked and win approval or else I am no good.

Eventually, I used a technique I learned from [Albert Ellis's teaching](#): deal with the situation as best I can for now, then ignore it and focus on something more satisfying.

For instance, I can walk now. Not stumble along in constant pain but actually take pain-free strides. This took 4 years to resolve. Ignore it after doing the prescribed physio and focus on satisfaction.

So here is my choice: focus on people I'm related to who don't like themselves very much, have nothing to offer but will gladly suck me dry of my approval because they are too guilty and ashamed to give it to themselves; trying to get approval from them in order to like myself, or celebrate my accomplishments physically, emotionally and professionally gained through learning [rational evidence-based psychotherapy](#).

As [Tara](#), my fav therapist and [Yoko Ono](#) my fav artist both say, choose peace.

I have been reading about Moneyball: The Art of Winning an Unfair Game: the democratization of information causing a flattening of hierarchies, and “the ruthless drive for efficiency that capitalism demands.

Albert Ellis in *The Myth of Self Esteem* says, “Self-esteem results in each of us praising ourselves when what we do is approved by others.” So self esteem is a system of slavery. “I must do well and win the approval of others or else I am no good.” Evidence based analysis asks, is there any evidence that I am no good? These are global conditional ratings. We are rating ourselves on one condition, like, for example, how much we are financially worth, the ruthless drive for efficiency that capitalism demands.

Ellis says to throw this all in the



garbage and rate our strategies for satisfaction instead. I highly prefer to have money in the bank but I don't HAVE TO. As an artist I was conditioned in art school to make large heroic works to win critical approval and achieve success financially. Then I found out after graduation that I must win the approval of the approved art gallery in order to have three solo shows, of these expensive to produce works, in order to meet the Canada Council conditions for funding to be able to afford paint and time to research and have a career.

Its Artball the Art of Winning The Unfair Artgame brought to you by me and my friends on the internet. So I dumped the art gallery system of evaluation based on sales metrics by 'art-stars' usually uber-rich family and friends playing the investment game, and opted for personal satisfaction instead.

The purpose of life is satisfaction. I started there.

So what are my art-satisfactions? Like any other satisfaction they are fluid, not written in stone. I find it satisfying for example to have folks view my art, I'm inherently an exhibitionist by temperament and training. Religious narcissistic family and friends call this showing off, and because I'm good at it (practice practice practice) they lose in the attention competition. So if I must have others approval or else I'm no good, according to them I am roundly fucked.

If I am dependent on esteem, self or otherwise, I can and will lose it on occasion, and then I'm fucked. Anxiety and depression set in. If I have a strategy for satisfaction, it can, and is, fluid. Today I find x satisfying. It doesn't HAVE TO be anything even if I highly prefer it, like having a sex goddess wife and a million dollars. Or after a stroke,

walking and talking. I do everything I can to deal with the loss of a wife, a bank account, mobility and speech, then ignore all those musts and shoulds conditions for happiness, and explore other choices for satisfaction available to me. Such as a million people saw my work on the internet, on just one platform. I find this very satisfying for I was an orphaned introvert with bullied social anxiety struggles. It's as thrilling as climbing Everest to a mountaineer.

Compared to a wealthy capitalist buying my painting to stick over his couch, never to be seen again...Well, the metrics of dollars pale in comparison in the quality of satisfactions. The fact that the art gallerist paid for his Lexus with his commission on my art-slave work pales even further. Gate keepers are too self interested to be interested in anything else. Or Interesting.

## Neuroaesthetics

*Your Brain on Art: How the Arts Transform Us*

*Susan Magsamen (Author) Ivy Ross (Author)*

*I just read a summary of the book on [Science Friday](#). I agree with everything they say except the basic premise. It's not art making the brain loves, it's the evolutionary 'must' of problem solving, which as a lifetime artist, musician, therapist and educator I am familiar with.*

*As a REBT therapist it's even more elegant and simple: deal with your trauma as best you can then ignore it and focus on satisfactions. The purpose of life is satisfaction, the satisfaction of problem solving is our evolutionary imperative.*



Miriam-JW Blackstock '23

"I'm sorry." "Don't be. My life got radically better when she left." I was reflecting on the butterfly as my personal symbol of change and purpose and providing meaning to the anxiety of death and loss, due to abuse.

It's all religious crap of course. First of all, I'm not broken, someone lied to me, betrayed me and I felt hurt, devastated by it. Over time and with help, I recovered.

Because that's what folks do. Being a poet does not mean being stupid. Being an artist does not mean being gullible.

I trust until there is evidence not to. Guided by my judgment and empathy.

### Healthy Negative Emotions & Self

Sadness  
Annoyance  
Concern  
Regret  
Disappointment  
Sexually Active  
Self Care  
Talking to Strangers  
Asking for what I want  
Tackling unpleasant tasks without needless delay  
Exercising  
Eating healthily

Healthy because they motivate self helping change

Unhealthy because they are self defeating non-motivating no change

### Unhealthy Negative Emotions & Self-defeat-

Guilt  
Shame  
Depression  
Rage  
Anxiety  
Hurt  
Jealousy  
Religion  
Yoga  
Spirituality  
New Age  
Procastination  
Violence  
Drug/Alcohol abuse  
Unassertiveness  
Overeating

# Happiness is a choice.

OK, here is my argument. The medicine of humourism (Humorism began to fall out of favor in the 17th century and it was definitively disproved in the 1850s with the advent of germ theory, which was able to show that many diseases previously thought to be humoral were in fact caused by microbes. - Wiki) is still in effect today when therapists say you have to 'get your anger out'. This used to be thought as balancing the humours, like the practice of letting blood.

Evidence based psychology asserts that anger is a choice. ([Dr. Michael R. Edelstein](#)).

What if happiness were a choice as well. If anger is frustration with a lack of satisfaction, then happiness is satisfaction. The purpose of life then is satis-



faction.

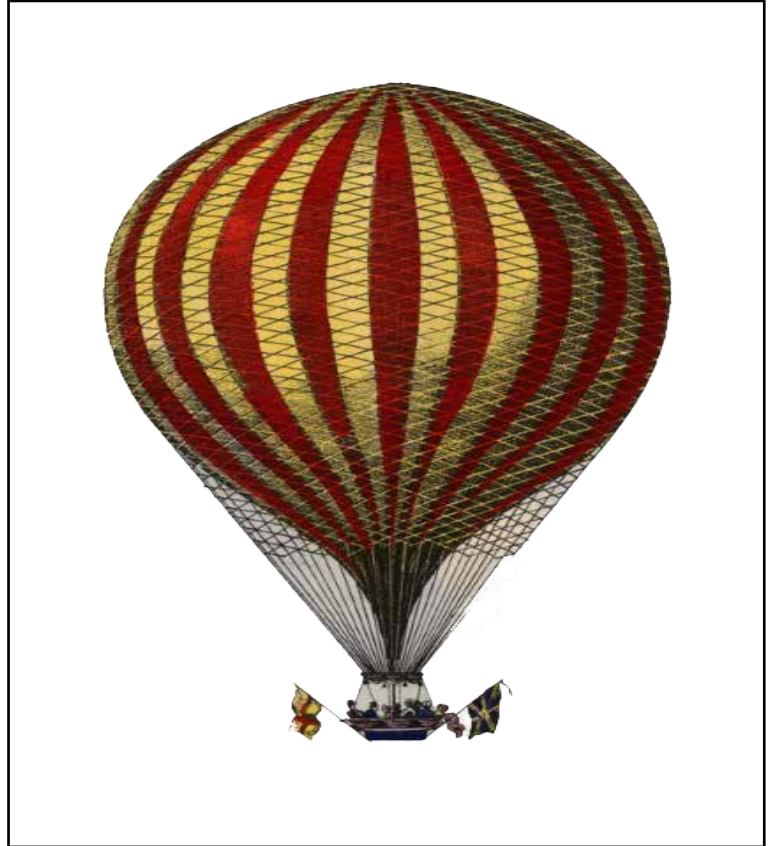
So, if you lose an arm, deal with it as best you are able, then ignore it and focus on satisfactions. You may not have as many choices but you still have some. - [Dr. Albert Ellis](#)



*I HIGHLY PREFER BUT I DON'T HAVE TO*

*What a relief this to discover, to know now in my bones that how I feel is no longer dependent on others or the situation but on how I choose to look at these things.*

*I highly prefer x but no longer 'have to'. I'll figure it out, by asking for help of agreeable people if I need it. This is not an undervaluing of me or others or the universe.*



*I'm an open source socialist.*

*Tax money I have paid into, invested in,  
subsidizes my income, my home, my formal  
education, my healthcare. This is self care.  
This is my Canada.*





## I VALUE LOYALTY.

*I must have loyalty because then I don't suffer the pain of rejection aka dumped aka discomfort anxiety. I must do well and win the approval of others or else I am no good.*

*So that's the vulnerability that allows narcissists to get in. Overvalue, undervalue, dump, smear.*

*I was thinking of Cam, he dumped me when I was hurting from being dumped by Edi. Serial dumping serial disloyalty. Serial betrayal.*

*Some conditional acceptance wasn't satisfied, I no longer had their approval, and bang, I see myself as no good.*

*In fact, others behavior describes them. It's impossible to describe me with their behavior but they claim it does to manipulate with Fear, Obligation, and*



Guilt. FOG. Irrational and insane.

I was dumped because they were bored, reinventing themselves to a new pretend personality and they don't allow whistle blowers from their past describing or questioning inconsistencies. Demanding loyalty.

Other people must do "the right thing" or else they are no good and deserve to be punished. Well that's just as insane. That states that I'm the centre of the universe and in charge of others behavior. I highly prefer others to be rational and consistent and honest and loyal and have frank conversation and be willing to compromise, making a commitment to relationship with me, but they don't have to. I don't have to have liars as friends, that's my choice as a self helping behavior, not a punishment of them.

Life must be easy, without discomfort or inconvenience. (or I can't stand it. And its always a loss. Based on the evidence I am very good at suffering loss.) This disallows the notion, "What good can I make of this?" Making something good of it is what evolution is. Taking on new challenges that make me skilled and strong, recognizing my skills and strengths. This is how I go from mourning the loss of a psycho narcissist, who took credit for the happiness that I created when they cloned me. I was in love with me! So I never really lost me and they didn't exist except as manipulative liars. Based on evidence, I really like and enjoy me.

## Jerald W. Blackstock

Jerald trained formally as a painter at the Alberta College of Art and Design from 1992 to graduation in 1996 having three times achieved the President's Honour Roll. He earned his BFA in 1998 from the Alberta University of the Arts with a focus on digital art studies and a minor in creative writing. He holds a certificate in Adult Education from Mount Royal University. He taught painting and drawing for 10 years at AUArts, MRU, and long-term care homes doing recreational therapy through art-making.

Previously he studied drawing and painting privately under Gary Ripley at Grip Studios in Calgary, Alberta from 1972 till 1980 with a focus on the materials and techniques of the old masters.

His first career was as an addictions counselor for the Alberta Alcohol and Drug Abuse Commission where he was trained in [REBT](#), Rational Emotive Behavior Therapy, developed by Dr. Albert Ellis the foremost psychologist of the last century.

Jerald's [publications](#) draw heavily from the history and traditions of Western European fine art, street photo, digital fuckery and psychotherapy.

He currently lives in Calgary, Canada making art with his camera and computer, publishing books through his business, [Blackstock Art&Design](#).