



The Poisoned Pen

Fine Art, Love, REBT and Disappointment

Jerald W. Blackstock



The Poisoned Pen

Fine Art, Love, REBT,
and Disappointment

Dr. Albert Ellis the foremost psychologist of the last century said in his book, *The Myth of Self Esteem*, if you lose your arm do everything you can to deal with it, then ignore it and focus on something more satisfying. This is it.

Jerald W. Blackstock BFA

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About

Jerald trained formerly and 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 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 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 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 making art with his camera and computer, publishing his books under Blackstock Art&Design for The Duchy of Jerald.

F.A.Q.

Q. What is the purpose of life?

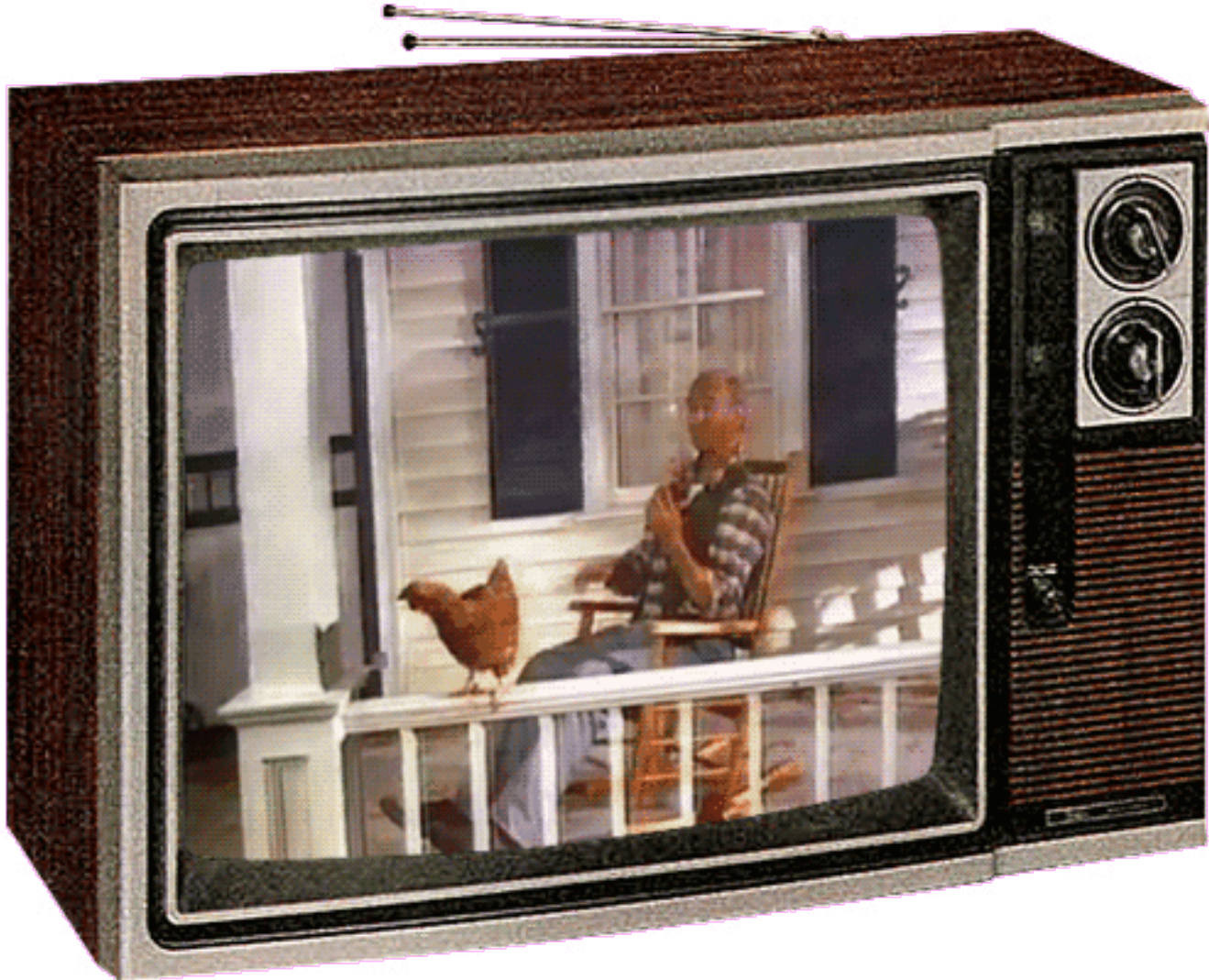
A. The purpose of life is satisfaction.

Q. Why me?

A. Why not me?

What is REBT?

Rational Emotive Behavior Therapy (REBT) is a form of psychotherapy and a philosophy of living created by Dr. Albert Ellis (foremost psychotherapist of the last century) in the 1950's, based largely on the philosophy of Epicurus around 2,000 years ago: "Men are disturbed not by events, but by the views which they take of them."



Why I'm Launching the Duchy of Jerald Bloggery

As you know, Sept 11 2017. I had a 'cerebral accident'. A random piece of plaque, that we all have floating around our innards, lungs and livers and things as Huckleberry Finn so eloquently put it, decided through an arbitrary act of 'misfortune' aka randomness, to pop a vein in my brain and took out the motor function on my right side.

Since then I have been blogging about this so-called traumatic life changing event. Writing, video and photo have turned into numerous books and the next one is on the way.

Dr. Albert Ellis the foremost psychologist of the last century said in his book, *The Myth of Self Esteem*, if you lose your arm do everything you can to deal with it, then ignore it and focus on something more satisfying.

So. I find doing this incredibly satisfying.

I find your response to my dealing with life using fine art, humour, digital fuckery and frank discussion a very fine conversation.

If you've already subscribed, THANK YOU, I hope you find this work as satisfying and challenging to experience as it is for me to create it.

The newsletter is free, intended to replace WordPress, which I hate for its lack of creative and artistic expression.

I earn income as a traditional artist from editioned prints and the books that these posts become so this gives you a taste, try before you buy, I hate paywalls. If its on the internet its free.

Enjoy

Jer



1/1

'untitled'

[Handwritten signature] '20

I'm Sure Your Nipples Are Lovely

I have the right, as a slave, to hurt the slave owner, by being free.

Dec 23, 2020

This is why brick and mortar art galleries hate me, I give as much validity/value to digital artwork as painted/printed artwork. It's not the canvas and the glue that sticks the pigments on whatever surface that are valuable, or even the mind that conceived the work. Anyone can make art, simply have a high tolerance of frustration and you can succeed at anything. It's not even physically challenging, you are not like an Olympic athlete hopped up on performance enhancing drugs doing tricks for multi billionaire sponsors to enjoy.

Modern art, my second education in art, the first was old masters technique and materials, the third was formal education for 6 years at a postmodern school, claimed modern art to be a religious/spiritual experience, the critic (Greenburg) as shaman interpreting the natural world, the artist as mere stupid craftsman, much like a religion instead of science and the gallery as the temple. Today, still, to become a professional art worker there are rites of passage similar to the monastery.

The gallery I worked in got 20 visitors a month, to any artists show, in a year on [Flickr](#) alone I get 2 million. In a gallery as part of a stable of artists competing for a show providing my own framing and customers, usually friends and family, the richer the better, I am treated as little more than a slave by the gatekeepers of the art world.

The business owners/gallerists treat art on the web as a tease, if you want to see my nipples, you have to come to the brick and mortar 'real' store where 70% of their income is derived by picture framing. Treating artists like a common grifter street whore, conning, hooking customers for them. Dressing up this sleaze with the trappings of sophistication and elegance. I prefer to be an honest sex artworker not a prostituted one.

The Christian conservative slave owners that currently are in power in my little backwater of a province manipulate with guilt, obligation and fear as all narcissists do, in this case shaming those of us that buy on the internet, during a pandemic, supposedly causing their funders, store owners, to go broke, bastards that we are, avoiding malls, to stay alive.

My web page has no advertisers, my blog is funded by subscription, my framer/printer charges a fair price for a valid internet service. I sincerely wish every gallery to go broke like any slave owner, the slaves hurt the slave owner by being free.

I'm sure your nipples are lovely, but I don't need to drive to Texas to pay to see them, that's not erotic art, that is sex work, titillations for religious conservatives and I am not in the market.

Hope and Promise are Choices

Narcissist's and religion manipulate by withholding sex...

Dec 20, 2020



Rationally, in 2020, I look at [Goya's painting, The Nude Maja](#) ([1] (Spanish: La maja desnuda [la ˈmaxa ɰezˈnuða] is a name given to a c. 1797–1800 oil on canvas painting by the Spanish artist Francisco Goya) and initially I see the flush of the models' sexual excitement and project on her the hope and promise of her satisfactions: sexual, bonding, children perhaps or monetary as a sex worker, all the satisfaction of employment doing perhaps a job she loves and is good at as a model. The direct look that knows exactly what you are about, and is OK with it.

The word maja is the feminine form of majo, a low class Spaniard of the 18th and 19th century. So her background is similar to mine, raised in poverty, deprived of money as a satisfaction, you learn to seek it in other ways. I have seen her look many many times, whether in models posing at art school, or lovers having fun on Saturday night.

On occasion I have seen it on narcissist girlfriends where I have been entrapped through lies, promises of love and empathy, just before they deny sex. Narcissist's manipulate by withholding sex. As does religion of all flavours with similar lies and false promises.

Goya and I are romantics, outraged by the illiberal goings-on's of the conservative institutions of our times. It is said that the leader of Spain was hauled before the Catholic Inquisition for simply owning this work, kept in a closet, discovered by his political opponents.

Similar contrived outrage, slanders and controversy are routinely carried out in my country (Canada) by the morons of the conservative party who claim Jesus as their savior, while attacking the Liberals who ensure folks have food and rent during a pandemic.

In the provincial backwater where I live in an oil boom/bust town, the ruling moron party refused to implement/enforce meeting/mask restrictions during a pandemic so it could profit its corporate donors, killing thousands as a direct result and overwhelming the hospital system with the survivors. Red Cross field hospitals, ironically the M.A.S.H. units invented in China for Mao, by Bethune a Canadian Liberal surgeon, were called in. I don't know where the bodies were kept, stacked in truck trailer reefers I imagine, mass graves and cremation having a prior history of poor optics.

So in the midst of abuse and murder for profit of the lower classes that has always gone on by bullies with money and influence I find my satisfactions are a choice, that hope is a choice, a personal responsibility to say, what good can I make of this, as painful, uncomfortable as inconvenient as it is. This is the ancient psychological insight of Epictetus, who said, "What disturbs men's minds is not events but their judgments on events."

I have often found help from [Ellis](#) with this.

So I return to the models gaze and see an adult taking control of her choices, an adult with adult responsibilities. I often wonder at the patriarchal tyrants who continue to this day, 200 years later, to lose their shit over a woman, making decisions about her body and her enjoyment of it.

My Cat Wrote a Book

The Good Works Of The Honourable Pierre Poilievre PC MP by Buddy the Buddha Cat All opinions presented are those of the author who is unavailable for comment since he is having a nap

Dec 8, 2020

Due to a lack of evidence based research in this area, please use the remaining space of 150 blank pages for speculation.

[Print book on Amazon](#)

[eBook on Google Books,](#)

The Frasers Buy a Slave and Other White Nonsense on 'Outlander'

Fascists are everywhere, they are the real pandemic virus.

Jerald Blackstock

Dec 6, 2020

I saw this headline on [blackgirlnerds.com](#) the blog whose author isn't listed so I can't credit her.

I'm Canadian, I'm sorry, as we Canadians say.

I see Americans on their popular culture television shows depicting the U.S.A as a crime scene where black people can't catch a break, Fargo season 4, by the brilliant Noah Hawley, for example.

That's it, T.V. was my exposure to race issues. I lived in a white Scottish heritage world, extreme-

ly conservative and protestant where everyone hates anyone not like them. I mean I grew up in that, until the oil business run by Nazis who had moved to Texas from Germany came to town. Then it got worse.

Overnight my little 20 car cab company community, my transitional needs job as an artist, made up of musicians, actors and painters, became a 500 car mega business run by Yellow cabs owned by Laidlaw, a garbage company in trouble with the law in New Jersey.

The Americans had come to oil boom town Calgary.

Suddenly, and I mean overnight, we now had immigrants, and not from white eastern Europe anymore, but folks with turbans and beards to drive our cabs, whose English was fine but if they didn't like you, they didn't speak it so good.

The Judeo-Christian morality of the ten commandments was out the window as well. I was cab dispatching at Yellow, and one Sikh driver named Sonny Brahr (I checked the spelling on Google and got this: Sikhs have a given name and one or both of a surname and a Khalsa name. The surname may be a family name or a caste name. Different castes still exist...), whom I really liked for his brilliant sense of humour, moved in with his girlfriend in the basement of his cousin's house, all very Canadian.

The family sent home for a gent with a machine gun who murdered all 3 at the neighborhood Mac's store.

I was taking a cab shortly after and the driver's response to the event disturbed me as much as the loss of my friend. He said it was a good thing because they had gone against the wishes of the family. It was like when I asked a CSR from India at work on a date, she said "no the family wouldn't like it. Have you ever seen a white guy with a woman from my culture?"

I was rejected because of my skin colour and culture for the first time. Usually, rejection was due to financial status, because my father was a coal miner who had the poor judgement to inconvenience Cominco mines by dying of lung cancer and embarrassing them about the safety of their workplace, throwing the remaining family on welfare in the 50's. These southern Asian folks have been dealing with the British imperialism of white entitlement for centuries, having built usually, up cultural and racial purity safeguards as strict as the Brits themselves, actually long before the Brits showed up with their superior army/navy tech. It even today includes gents with machine guns. And as Google reminds us, the caste system.

I was getting a pandemic haircut from my Persian non-religious hair lady and her out of work electrical engineer husband also from Iran, who complained the manicurist, they are mostly Vietnamese, wouldn't come to work they were all lazy and stayed home and collected CERB our free government allowance to allow folks to stay home and avoid the Corona. I suggested, like I did to our Conservative member of Parliament who made the same complaint about minimum wage workers, that perhaps if they were offered well paying safe work, they would be happy to succeed in meeting their financial goals and aspirations, by coming to small business jobs.

Nope, those folks from other skin colour cultures are all lazy for not being enslaved to a minimum

wage job and dying during a pandemic.

Really, having employees to put down, or renters for your properties to abuse by ignoring, is a conservative status symbol, much like the Frasers bought a slave, or a Ford or similar objects.

CERB is a testing of the waters for Universal Basic Income, getting folks used to the freedom from the indentured servitude. Folks can go to school and get better paying work, or stay home and raise kids, or paint, compose and write to create a Canadian culture, you know, have greater choices for satisfaction than to be some penny-pinching Calvinist Scot's status symbol slave. Or American or Sikh or Iranian or Brit. Fascists are everywhere, they are the real pandemic virus.

Disintegrating Brakes

Imaginary interview between Stampede Toyota dealership and some representative from the press about my car:

Jerald Blackstock

Nov 23, 2020

Here is my latest post about paying a car dealership to do work, and I think they didn't do it. It's based on a youtube by 2 of my fav Australian commentators on current events.

Imaginary interview between Stampede Toyota dealership and some representative from the press about my car:

This Toyota where the brakes disintegrated from 70% to 0% in 10,000 km is not typical, I'd like to make that clear.

How is it untypical?

Well there is a lot of Toyotas where the brakes don't disintegrate at all. I don't want people thinking Toyotas aren't safe.

Was this Toyota safe?

Well I was thinking more about the other ones.

The ones that are safe?

Ya the ones where the brakes don't disintegrate at all.

Well if this wasn't safe why was it on the road with people in it?

I'm not saying it wasn't safe it was not quite as safe as some of the other ones.

Why?

Well some of them are inspected and serviced so the brakes don't disintegrate at all.

Well wasn't this one inspected and serviced?

Obviously not.

How do you know?

Well because the brakes rusted then disintegrated, it's a dead giveaway, I'd like to make the point that it is not normal.

Well what sort of standards are these Toyotas built to?

Oh very rigorous Canadian engineering safety standards.

What sort of things?

Well the brakes aren't supposed to rust off and disintegrate for starters.

What other things?

Well there are regulations governing what sort of material they can be made of.

What materials?

Well cardboard is out. No cardboard derivatives, no string, no scotch tape.

So the allegations that you just take the money and don't service the vehicles is ludicrous?

Absolutely these are very very reliable brakes on these vehicles.

So what happened in this case?

Well the brakes disintegrated in this case but its very unusual.

Well why did the brakes rust out and disintegrate?

Well they got wet.

They got wet?

Yes they got wet.

Is that unusual?

In Canada? Chance in a million.

Apologies to Carke and Dawe

The Moron Mafia

gerald

Nov 20, 2020

"Let go and let God." - The Moron Mafia™

Diana

gerald

Nov 17, 2020

she wore pecker purple everything

Thayre

gerald

Nov 17, 2020

I wonder if she's pissed that she's not in my book or that she is in my book,

She is not capable of emotional or physical intimacy, both require risk to build trust to be open a

reasonable risk that is the spice of life.

Instead she plays her bdsm role over and over as I walked out the door.

The Voice of Experience

Jerald

Nov 14, 2020

Sent a tweet off to our mayor today. After it snows, the rec centers are not plowed. The snow from the sidewalk is shoved into the handicapped parking, where the folks with walkers, canes and wheelchairs unload and are forced through the unplowed parking to the sidewalk, because the shortest route to the sidewalk is now blocked by the snow from the sidewalk.

At their peril.

Put-offs from CSR's include

I hadn't noticed (Thornhill)

It snowed (Killarny)

It keeps snowing (Thornhill)

It's roads responsibility (Canyon Meadows)

Its arena staff responsibility (Thornhill)

I'll make a note (Killarny)

I'll let someone know (Canyon Meadows)

This is just a call centre (311)

Put-offs from the staff include

I'm not doing that (Killarny)

I'm a life guard (Killarny)

We come in a different entrance (Killarny)

Look at you funny (Canyon Meadows)

Stare at the screen (Thornhill)

Talk in soothing condescending tones as if to an upset child (Killarny)

Talk about the weather (Killarny)

I'll speak to my staff (Killarny)

I'll notify roads (311)

I'll get some salt and gravel (Killarney)

The salt and gravel will damage the machines (Killarney)

This is the routine. Every time it snows. In Canada. In the winter.

This has been my experience for 3 years doing stroke recovery at the City's gyms. I saw an elderly woman struggling with the snowy slippery access. I said, "Tell someone at the desk". She said, "Oh they won't do anything". You know what? She's right. The voice of experience.

Hope

gerald

Sep 23, 2020

50% of the time the coin lands heads

I don't even have to hope

100% of the time I deal with it

We all have great skills at dealing with the unknown

A Sense of Connection

gerald

Sep 19, 2020

Connection. Just assume it. Whether it is with your cat, a friend or a dead lover. Some people use an imaginary god. That's why predatory religions (all) and cults seek vulnerable folks in transition and loss, to offer a sense of missing connection, for profit. The priests have to get paid somehow.

Some people use drugs to recreate the hormonal feel good response of a sense of connection.

Death is therefore like a drug withdrawal. If you are an orphan without connection resources, you have to create it for yourself. Then you are free of any dependance. This is deprogramming that churches hate. Independance that comes with freedom of choice.

Just assume a connection, especially with yourself and bypass the woo woo ripoff, dependency and programming and keep your cash.

<https://youtu.be/GznlyWbNpRU>

homage to cinema paradiso and its abandoned child

Hypervigilante

gerald

Sep 18, 2020

hypervigilance

hypervigilante

anxiety in

anxiety out

I don't have to be vigilant hyperventilating

I highly prefer but I don't have to is the key

I can't have everything I want

The centre of the universe

Controlling shit

So I will be unafraid

what if what if what if ad nauseum

I have dealt with it

Well enough

For now...

Moi

Jerald

Sep 17, 2020

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 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 for 10 years at AUArts, MRU, and long term care homes doing recreational therapy through art making.

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purchase publications Google Books, Google Play, Amazon

Living in A Religious Conservative Society

gerald

Sep 12, 2020

My father, a coal miner in Alberta, Canada, died of lung cancer when I was 2, at age 40 in 1955. My mother raised 4 kids on welfare. Working class Albertans stood outside our house and yelled that we were living off them, living off the government hand out.

I once told Preston Manning that I was grateful to his hardhearted father Alberta Premier Ernest Manning, who preached Christianity every Sunday on the radio, for 20 something years in office, and his less than subsistence welfare policies for giving me deformed feet from a lack of proper footwear as I grew, and for making me a lifelong Liberal, who has long advocated for UBI.

Typical of folks with a less than secure income I learned to self medicate the corresponding anxiety with cigarettes, drugs and alcohol. By the time I was 40 I was a cab driver/contractor with a criminal record for drug possession, and lifelong anxiety and depression and a yoga cult survivor. I overcame these dependencies with free medical help from Healthcare, got a student loan and a couple of degrees and began teaching art on the contract model as well as practicing art therapy at long term care as a contractor.

This eventually led me into bankruptcy since being a consultant contractor is designed to benefit only the employer. When my wife died the income was reduced to my contractor income, I lost my house and my home based art studio and was left with only an old car. I used it to go driving courier, again as a contractor, and a second bankruptcy.

A few years later, owing 40,000 to predatory lenders and mechanics, for less than dependable vehicles to drive courier with I suffered a stroke was in hospital for almost a year and lost my home and car and cat, now considered a homeless single man with no income.

I turned 65 and qualified for essentially seniors UBI got myself a place and a vehicle and food every month to continue to do stroke recovery and practise my art, publishing 5 books since my release from hospital.

Would UBI have saved me from the underlying depression, anxiety, rage, embarrassment, shame, hurt, and jealousy from being at the mercy of religious conservative social policy when life throws its slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, as it does to everyone? Of course not, it's not psychotherapy.

It would allow me the security of living in a gig economy with guaranteed food and shelter, the ability to take time off to further education and perhaps get much needed psychotherapy. Alberta's suicide rate is one of the highest in the country.

I have never had a vacation, or taken a trip, neither has any contract worker I know. I have never been able to afford to give a child the secure life I never had, so I didn't have kids. Perhaps UBI might allow for that too...

A Figment Of My Imagination

gerald

Sep 2, 2020

I met a woman at a coffee shop, lovely chat, then a series of impromptu meeting chats, a trade of contact details, sent a request to get together for a future coffee-rant, then... nothing. No answer is an answer.

That woman appearing to be honest, open, unconditionally accepting didn't exist.

I know that anyone I have met who has done a lot of yoga doesn't unconditionally accept anything, particularly physically, they must, should, absolutely have to, be liked and accepted physically, or they see themselves as pieces of garbage. So what are the chances that they will have unconditional acceptance, without pity, of a guy recovering from a stroke? What are the chance they will unconditionally accept themselves?

What existed was someone who claimed to want to get together but really didn't know how to say it wasn't her cup of tea, or coffee as the case may be. Physical 'perfection' being a condition of

the relationship deepening exercise, I imagine.

A woman recently said to me, Jerald, I don't see you as handicapped at all, but she want to sell me new age woo woo products, seeking victims at the gym.

Some like to see themselves as good people, so they will condescend to chat with the handicapped, but really it is fascism, like a Hitlerian religion, good works must be done under strict conditions. I once joined a church and at Xmas time I asked several members if I could join them Xmas day, being a recent widower and a lifelong orphan, feeling vulnerable. Talk to strangers, asking for what you want being the assertive pillars of taking responsibility for getting needs met. All refused, including the minister. Travelling, was the usual put off of statistical improbability.

I absolutely must perform well and win the love or approval of significant others or else I am an inadequate and worthless person.

Is there any evidence that I am inadequate and worthless?

No, there is no evidence at all. Other peoples likes and dislikes only describe them.

I feel disappointed sad and annoyed, the consequences of being lied to. I will continue to talk to strangers and ask for what I want, rejection is part of life and becomes less painful the more I face it.

Narcissist Blues

Jerald

Aug 10, 2020

the look when you find out your husband is fucking your best friend

My First Book Arrived

gerald

Aug 6, 2020

Arrived: my first print copy of my first book. When I had a stroke and 'lost everything' therapists said I needed recreational help, enrolled me at the seniors place to play shuffle board. There they asked me what I enjoyed and didn't like my answer: lesbian porn. well, affection really, but I was kinda bitchy for a few years and I view seniors recreation programs as babysitting waiting for slow demise.

Anyway, I digress, again, I enrolled myself at the gym, hired a kinesiologist, took driving lessons, learned to drive with my left hand and foot, bought a car, learned left handed typing and photo, and adobe creative suite. 3 years and 5 books later, what good can I make of this has become the focus of my creative juices.

It is I believe the central question of all creative activity, all therapy, all life, since life is random as fuck and there is no predicting. joy/tragedy, hope/loss are the same goddamn thing, they come when they come but for sure they are coming, and we deal with both sides of the coin with great skill.

There is no purpose to life so I had better get off my ass and create some satisfaction. deal with my losses as best I can, then ignore them, forget my goddamn awful past as well, and focus on something more satisfying. If it is to be it is up to me.

Anyway my first printed copy of my first book arrived!

Ships Within

gerald

Aug 4, 2020

ships within

journeys

of

feelings

blown about

by the wind

of

the mind

I must have...

gerald

Jul 30, 2020

I am dealing with it

I have been dealing with it

So I will deal with it

Based on evidence

Putting up with discomfort is dealing with it

Being assertive and requesting change is dealing with it

Rejecting is dealing with it

Discomfort anxiety is a result of saying I can't deal with it

a lie

a lie

a lie

3 times a lie

There is no evidence that I must...anything

Friday June 19, 2020

gerald

Jun 19, 2020

Another art book published yesterday. You can see them for free here or buy them at Apple iBooks, Google Books, Amazon, Barnes and Noble, ask your library to stock them as they are in their catalogues. Available worldwide, and people say, why don't you show in a gallery? Because it's 2020 ffs.

The Unpardonable Sin

gerald

Jun 18, 2020

The unpardonable sin. The everlasting wrong. Sobbing and sobbing, never to be consoled. - Patrick O'Brian, The Fortunes of War.

With these words I was reminded of 'relationship' with narcissists I'd known and chosen to trust.

And the consequences.

When it got to the part, as it eventually does, of asking for what you want, in relationship, I was no longer being 'nice'.

I had been chosen for being a 'nice guy'. One who does not have needs expressed, making the narcissist uncomfortable, for they have nothing to offer.

I mean they were out the door as soon as they were bored anyway, I just never saw it coming. But like the blue water sailor approaching a continent, I felt the loom of the land, something of a lee shore, imminent disaster, the narcissist loves chaos.

So after months and even years of this anxiety it finally happens, they fuck off with their new

beau accusing you of some everlasting wrong, smearing you to all your friends, poisoning relationships left and right.

What good can I make of this?

Clothing Optional Rant Eulogy

jerald

May 17, 2020

About Cliff on CBC

Went to the mountains today after hearing that Cliff had passed stopped at Deadman's Flats, ironically, and listened to Bob Dylan sing she's never gone as long as she's inside you So this sense of connection is a choice

Choose a sense of connection

Dr. David Burns said fighting is an intimate connection and a choice to connect with resentment so choose to be connected choose to be not connected

They don't have to be in the same room to enjoy this feeling this sense of connection or even on the same planet or even in the same time period I feel very connected to my favourite writer long passed away to read his words is to read his mind To see Cliff's artwork is to see and feel him what he valued and loved and connected to

Some connections, like with Cliff, I value extremely and will always be with me

A Real Treasure

jerald

May 15, 2020

I posted things like this on dating sites, hoping to meet someone with a sense of humour. About me:

Art degree with a major in gynecology. I'm not a doctor but I'm willing to have a look. About you: You have sufficient musicality to be able to hum the William Tell overture complete with cannon. You can view this handy instruction video [here](#)

It didn't work too well for dating but I had fun which come to think of it, is why I wanted to date. Win/win.

2. I really like Coen brothers movie The Big Lebowski. Reminds me of growing up in redneck Calgary with an equally bizarre underground drug culture of stoned weirdo's. I see that they were all aspiring to be [Scots](#):

3. I recently changed my genes and their expression of diabetes and heart disease in 3 months by reading this guys book and doing what he suggested. After an ultrasound and a thallium stress test the cardiologist said I went from a candidate for a heart attack to having the blood pressure of a fit 35 year old. My blood sugar is now normal. [CHANGING LIFESTYLE CHANGES GENE EXPRESSION A Talk with Dean Ornish](#). The science is better explained here though: [Sugar the Bitter Truth](#).

14. I'm an ordained minister. At least I think I am. After spending 10 bucks on the Internet they sent me this handy email, so it must be true: Congratulations, You are now a legally ordained minister at the First Church of Atheism!

5. I'm an initiated yogi. Hang around Ashrams long enough and someone will eventually initiate you. I'm not sure what it means but at least they didn't ask me for the deed to my house. I gave all that up for REBT. See#7

6. I am an [INFJ](#) in the Myers Briggs personality type system. Rarest of all types I relate to 1 person in 200. So I'm on the outside observing. Same type as Gandhi, Mother Teresa and Martin Luther King. Oh yes and God help me Shirley McLean as well. I hope I'm not channeling an ancient

Egyptian cause that would be like weird. Find out your type here.

7. My Dad died when I was 2 from lung cancer, he was a coal miner. I grew up in a state of anxiety in poverty and abuse. I medicated the effects of that with sugar, then nicotine, and then pot and dropped all that for yoga/religion. Finally I found Albert Ellis, the foremost psychotherapist of the last century, read a couple of his books and dropped all that other stuff entirely.

8. When I was 40, after a brief career as an addictions counselor, and a longer career in transportation logistics, I went to art school. For 6 years. A process where every 3 months your work is put before the foremost artists in the land, and they decide if you get another 3 months of school. This process I engaged and did well at, 3 times on the President's honour role, earned 2 degrees, while watching it tire and burn out 18 year olds. Only 100 graduated of 800 entry submissions. Then I taught there for 10 years, specializing in Adult Education.

The Duchy of Jerald

9. During Art School I was married to a woman who developed a terminal degenerative brain disease (Huntingtons) that affected her personality and emotions negatively and was very difficult on relationships, to put it mildly. We finished up at the same time as I lost my brother as well as my best oldest friend, both to cancer. I lost relationships, my house, studio and my business and family. I was 50 and I started over. What choice do you have? A social worker recently said to me, Jerald you must have been devastated. Is that what you call that? Oh. Now I know.

10. I have taught painting and drawing in the faculty of extension (adult education), having earned an adult education certificate, at local Art Colleges and University.

11. I have practiced art as therapy, (using the creative model) in long term care institutions, with people with incurable illness, as they degenerate into slow demise.

12. I learned Photoshop and the internet at art school and eventually spent a few years making a decent living producing images for internet advertising, until the customers left for India and their attractive economy. I would go back to this if I found the right gig. Selling crap to Americans using fear I find to be morally reprehensible, generally speaking. Besides, design isn't art as I understand it and I prefer to practice my art. Perhaps in the right gig.....

13. I have resolved this: If a person I care about doesn't return my love, I can seek out others who will love me. I could devote more time to my hobbies and other enjoyable pursuits. I can teach myself to enjoy life without a lover. Then if (and when) I do find a lover, I can be doubly happy. I can practice unconditional self acceptance and accept myself with or without a lover.

14. I used to irrationally believe in astrology. I can't explain what pleased me about it or why I found it to make sense but it just did (confirmation bias). As a Virgo I find this a very strange belief. Must be my Pisces rising and Cancer moon having an effect.

15. Picasso and I are both born in the year of the Snake in Chinese astrology. When I read his quotes I find myself satisfied and vindicated as an artist. Such as: Success is dangerous. One begins to copy oneself, and to copy oneself is more dangerous than to copy others. It leads to sterility. Also: The people who make art their business are mostly impostors.

16. Cameras for me are a delight, as they handle the details, as do computers. I am vaguely interested in the settings of the machines, but mostly revel in the happy accidents of the technology of art, whether it is the chemistry of paint or the code of a flash presentation. To me, it's all ways to intuitively express my feelings in depth, and it's impossible to predict the outcome. Don't ask me how I did something in Photoshop or Painter, I really don't know. I just push buttons until I get happy then quit.

17. Beth, my former lover, died when we were 17 or so. of a brain tumor. She said to me, "I'm going to die aren't I"? It was the hardest question I ever had to answer.

18. Glenda Ferster, my former lover, died when she was about 21. She was killed by her taxi passenger, an inmate of a mental institution on leave, while she was driving cab. He raped her and left her body in the bush near Exshaw Alberta. It was the hardest funeral I ever had to attend. The search for her had been called off but the cab drivers didn't quit. We kept going till [we found her.](#)

19. The movie Good Will Hunting makes a lot of sense to me. I also was a (virtual) orphan, who was adopted by working class trade folks (transportation) who went on to higher education and career after receiving counseling.

20. I love to drive. I once worked at a bus company training their drivers. Driving heavy equipment pleases me.

21. My Taylor guitar makes the most beautiful sounds. I love everything about it, the smell the feel of my fingers on the strings. It can be loud. I call it my banjo-killer.

22. I studied voice (opera) for a year. My teacher Maudi Kemper said, "you really can't sing can you? All right then!"

23. I got busted for a joint when I was a kid. I got a hundred dollar fine. Still can't get into the States or work for the City due to my record. I find I don't miss either experience.

24. I love Patrick O'Brian's Master and Commander series of books. Read all 20. 10 times. You are the nutmeg of consolation, the rose of desire and the very flower of consideration. Ahhhhhhhhh bliss. I highly prefer character development to procedural. He is the master.

25. This is what I have come to believe from all of that:

A Real Treasure

There is only one of me.

I am a unique individual, one of a kind.

Therefore I have value, whether I am young

Or old

Fat or thin

Tall or short

I accept myself as a unique work of art

Vastly interesting

Fascinating

Endlessly changing

Person

Of limitless possibilities (I think of Steven Hawking, wheelchair bound, immobile, scientist, professor, husband and father if I happen to contemplate my 'inability' to create satisfaction in my life)

Because:

I am always in this process of change

Therefore:

I cannot be a finished perfect 'Anything' (Insert label here [if you must])

This imperfection (by definition) has no bearing whatsoever

On my 'value' or 'worth'

I have value or worth because I am a unique one of a kind piece of very fine constantly evolving art that has perhaps not existed before and perhaps may not again

And in my mind, so are you.

So I take pleasure in you, simply because I want it,

A real Treasure.

Blackstock '07

Predator and Prey

Jerald

May 5, 2020

OK. How did it happen?

She approached me at the gym

I was sought out

Slightly handicapped

Seduced, flirted and flattered.

Chatted me up for an hour.

Walked away with my contract for training

Specialized in stroke recovery

With a side of implied romance

Oh you have made my day love bombing

Undervalued and Dumped

Didn't respond to an email

Cancelled last minute

Our first session

Another client took it more priority

Grooming with guilt and obligation to accept

Manipulation with nice

trust

gerald

Apr 7, 2020

what is it?

I was raised by conservative narcissists

all narcissists are liars

I am afraid

I don't trust anybody

blind trust

is no trust

blinded by the charm

to create trust

The Problem

I must do well and win the approval of others or else I am no good. I can't trust their approval or their evaluation of do well. Other people must do "the right thing" or else they are no good and deserve to be punished. I can't trust them to do the right thing. Life must be easy, without discomfort or inconvenience I can't trust life. The Way Out Is there any evidence that I am no good? The only evidence I can find is that their likes and dislikes only describe them, this I can trust. Where is it written that others must? Just because I prefer it, does that mean I must have it? It's a pain, but it's not awful. Accept Accept Accept The purpose of life is satisfaction. What good can I make of this?

Anniversary

gerald

Mar 28, 2020

So. This is my anniversary. 20 years since smoking cessation 32 since habitual pot/booze was a factor in my life. I was very anxious. The people that I had counted on to nurture and protect me abandoned me as a child. Then they attacked me. Guilt, as it was all my fault, I was groomed to believe I was responsible for the attack. I had asked people who had nothing to give for what I wanted. They hate that. They abandon and attack. Then smear. Overvalue Undervalue Dump Smear

This was my Mom, and siblings. My Dad died of lung cancer and left me in the care of a narcissist Mom who abdicated her responsibilities and left me to my animal siblings. Narcissists in training, nothing to give, abandonment & attacking. Grooming me to care for her. My only way to gain affection, as a reward. Codependent in training. Groomed with Fear. Obligation. Guilt.

So I learned not to ask for what I want to fear the guilt-attack consequence. Asking will get you

abandoned, dumped Raging at the world for not anticipating my needs My needs are not a priority anyway I knew So I never asked again All or Nothing became my life Anxious to please to not get attacked and dumped

By age 12 I was a pack a day man. Roll your owns, the only skill my mother taught me. Because it was cheaper for her. I had taught myself to tie my own shoes And to read When I ran from the bullies into the library They knew I wouldn't fight back No one taught me to fight back That it was OK to defend myself To hurt others As the slaves hurt the slave owners By being free

I taught myself logistics of planning escape routes From stupid violent people at age 6 who hunted me I became the best dispatcher in the city Fleets of 400 vehicles to manage for 20 years The stupid people drove the cars I the codependent took care of them

Holding my anger down with cigarettes and pot Living in a drug induced haze And anxiety Is today the day I will get fired? A self fulfilling prophecy.

So I went to my love Art School There I learned that the designers are codependent and please others The Artists please themselves

As I started to ask for what I want, my wife threw me out Narcissists manipulate by withholding sex Almost impossible to tell till you are in it They are overvalue-love-bombing and very convincing liars I sought therapy Assertiveness training Cognitive rational therapy REBT I deprogrammed me from over anxiety and rage Yoga and religion down the drain too No longer sucking my resources With nothing to give back Guilt-attacked for asking

I find that asking for what I want is still scary There is a tension that exists before the relationship Gets better Or ends Sometimes a risk is fun too Being alone has the joys of solitude So nothing to lose in the asking, reasonably

Sometimes at the gym I try to make friends When I go I do stroke recovery these days So many gym rats have nothing to offer They see me as a gimp a cripp a drain on their resources The Yoga people are actively hostile They are there to Look Good In Bed Pissed that I ask for friendship in a coffee a chat Whats your email I'll get back to you As sincere in their fake empathy as a used car salesman with his prospect No proof in that pudding

Either way Problem solved I know where I stand No longer in over anxiety Sucking chemicals to feel better Like my Dad who was abandoned and attacked by his Awful angeraholic Scottish father and codependent Irish mother They sent 6 of their Kids to live at the Salvation Army Their needs being an inconvenience Dad killed his lungs with chemicals to the point of cancer at age 40 Self harming To feel better From the incest-like abuse Of being attacked by the one you are supposed to trust To care for you

So this is the anniversary of my self care initiation Happy Birthday to me!

Heartbreak Alley

gerald

Mar 23, 2020

Heart broken

I am broken

I didn't do relationship> right

Obviously

Because she left

So

It's all my fault

That she didn't keep her promise

That she wasn't loyal

That I am broken

or

She didn't keep her promise

Because she is not sincere

She left because

I asked for what I want

To Deepen Relationship

She Had Nothing to Offer

She Didn't Keep Her Promise

Of Love

Because She Is A Liar

She Slept With Another

Because She Is Bored

She Craves Chaos

conclusion

I am not Broken

Disappointed yes

Even Devastated

But Not Broken

Overvalue, Undervalue, Dump, Smear

gerald

Mar 21, 2020

From my family, particularly my Mother, to my siblings, acquaintances, through my spiritual search for connection that I didn't receive at home, (my father died of a lung cancer he found in a coal mine); to co-workers and colleagues, my search for family and connection utopia brought only

more pain that I was seeking to relieve.

I didn't mention marriage in that list, for even though I went through the ceremony, there wasn't even an attempt to sustain relationship from the partner who chose me and suggested the rites.

I was sought out, a victim of the hunt, of a predator, really a series of predators, searching for their utopia of never being bored. Hurt and vulnerable, intelligent, artistic and good looking I was the prime target, then the competitor to be killed, the person to be blamed for their mental health issues when it turned out that what I wanted was a boring old sane stable relationship where healthy people assert their rights and ask for what they want to deepen relationship. This, as it turns out, is the garlic repelling the vampire, they leave a trail of smear going out the door. Rinse repeat.

The problem with the list of my 'crimes' was that I believed them. I believed in belief. They had to leave, it was all my fault. I had asked for what I wanted, the cardinal sin. Since they had nothing to give, they left, blaming me.

The healing for the pain: Is there any evidence for the belief? This is the prime deprogramming question whether it is from being convinced of original sin in western Christianity, reincarnation because you are a loser in the Dali Lama's Tibetan Buddhism, or my 'wife' who is controlling by withholding sex, similar to advanced yoga at the Ashram, by saying it is my fault due to poor technique because I asked for what I want.

Assertiveness training saved me. How to ask for what you want from people who scare you. I had a lot of scare. It turns out over-anxiety is a consequence of the belief that I can't handle life and I must be liked. Evidence based psychology sustains me. Where is the evidence that I can't handle life, and I must be liked? There never is any as here I am alive and capable of creating some form of satisfaction for myself. Based on pretty obvious evidence.

Where is your family? was often asked of me at the hospital during my 6 month stay doing stroke rehab. Why I'm right here, I would reply. Most thought I was brain damaged from the stroke I'm sure.

Any time I've been in trouble, those who were merely acquaintances, as it suddenly turned out,

that I saw as close, similar to a family feeling of loyalty, fucked off.

Well we are not available to spend a week visiting was the put off from Rob and Rose, when I asked to crash at their house in Victoria. Not that I asked for that level of creepy closeness, I asked to be alone with the ocean after being dumped by a devastating narcissist. They had on 3 occasions come to live with me during the housing shortages when Rob returned to school. He went on to marry his daughter emotionally, started a business with her, his wife denying him by being sunk in depression. The kid becomes the wife, taking care of Dad's emotional needs for partnership (at least), typically conservative (he's an RCMP cop) by making relationship a business deal. A very competitive family, running a karate school cult, anxious and hostile with the wife and daughter competing for Dad. Incest by any other name smells like shit.

The devastation and the damage, comes from believing that these losses are all my fault, that I asked for what I wanted, making them leave.

Recently Theresa a former girlfriend I had stayed in touch with on FB now living in Little Rock Arkansas took a trip back to visit family, and asked to visit me. A visit she found boring based on her lack of enthusiasm as she was doing a social chore. When I asked to deepen the connection by communicating on social media, she refused saying it felt like emotional infidelity. Nothing to offer, she left, smearing, going out the door. Blaming.

Rinse repeat.

I have been supposedly socially isolated for a couple of years now doing stroke recovery, but not really. I am grateful for social media, my social skills, and for my own company.

How to make *L. reuteri* yogurt: A step-by-step guide

gerald

Mar 20, 2020

By Dr. Davis | July 27, 2019

Making yogurt out of *Lactobacillus reuteri* is really a simple, straightforward process that I have been talking about for the past year. But some people get tripped up on the details, lamenting the thin, sour, or discolored end-result they obtain.

So here is the simple recipe, step-by-step to minimize your potential for making mistakes. Truly: I have made something like 60-70 batches with not a single failure. You can do this, too.

Why do this? Well, if you are new to this conversation, you will be excited to know that the yogurt is really not about yogurt, as conventional yogurts achieve none of these effects. This "yogurt" fermented with two unconventional strains of *Lactobacillus reuteri* achieve effects that include:

Smoothing of skin wrinkles due to an explosion of dermal collagen

Accelerated healing, cutting healing time in almost half

Reduced appetite, the so-called "anorexigenic" effect—food still tastes good, but you are almost completely indifferent to temptation

Increased testosterone in men

Increased libido

Preservation of bone density—Obtaining *L. reuteri* is one of the most important steps you can take to prevent osteoporosis

Deeper sleep—though this benefit is enjoyed by less than 20% of people

Increased empathy and desire for connectedness with other people

Probiotic effects that may include prevention of small intestinal bacterial overgrowth, SIBO

The majority of benefits are a result of *L. reuteri*'s ability to provoke hypothalamic release of oxytocin, a hormone that is proving to be the key to substantial age-reversal and health effects.

You will need:

-Glass or ceramic bowl or other vessel large enough to hold at least one quart of liquid -2 tablespoons of prebiotic fiber such as inulin or raw potato starch -Starter: Either 10 tablets BioGaia Gastrus or 2 tablespoons previous batch of *L. reuteri* yogurt (whey or curds or mixture of both) -1 quart of half-and-half or other liquid (to make with coconut milk, several additional steps and ingredients are required) -Some method of maintaining at 100 degrees F

Yields: Around 8 one-half-cup servings

Make sure your bowl or other vessel is clean after washing with hot soap and water:

Add 2 level tablespoons of prebiotic fiber:

Add 10 crushed tablets of Gastrus (that provide 200 million CFUs of *L. reuteri*, a relatively small number). Crush the tablets with a mortar and pestle or by putting into a plastic bag and crushing with a rolling pin or heavy bottle/glass until reduced to a coarse powder. (The tablets are flavored with mint and mandarin, but the taste does not show in the final product, nor in subsequent batches.) Once you have made your first batch, make subsequent batches with two tablespoons of the prior batch, rather than crushed tablets; it can be any mixture of whey or solid curds, as both contain *L. reuteri*.

Mix either crushed tablets or 2 tablespoons prior yogurt with prebiotic fiber:

Add a little, e.g., 2 tablespoons, of your choice of dairy; I used organic half-and-half, as this yields the best texture (and, of course, we NEVER limit fat in the Wheat Belly lifestyle). Make a slurry by stirring; this prevents clumping of the prebiotic fiber. (Whole milk—NEVER low- or non-fat—yields a thinner end result, while cream yields something close to butter, too thick for my taste.)

Stir in remainder of half-and-half or other liquid:

Cover lightly with plastic wrap or other means. Ferment by maintaining at 100 degrees F for 36 hours. Prolonged fermentation—far longer than the 6 or so hours of commercial yogurts that explain why the bacterial counts are so low—in the presence of prebiotic fibers yields far higher bacterial counts in the tens to hundreds of billions per serving.

I used a basin-type sous vide device, but you can use a stick sous vide, yogurt maker with adjustable temperature control, or Instant Pot. (Just be careful with the Instant Pot or yogurt makers without adjustable temperature, as they are set to be compatible with conventional yogurt microorganisms and are often too hot and kill *L. reuteri*; if your device heats to 110 degrees F or higher, it will likely kill *L. reuteri* and you should find an alternative means of heating. If in doubt, turn on your device and measure the temperature reached with a thermometer first before you ruin a batch.) Keep your materials out of the way of fans, heating/cooling vents, or other sources of air contamination.

The end-result for me is rich, thick, and delicious, better tasting—and with far higher probiotic bacterial counts—than anything you can buy in a store. Once refrigerated, the “yogurt” is so thick that it can stand upright on a plate:

Serve with fresh or frozen berries, grainless granola, squirt of liquid stevia, or your choice of fruit or natural sweetener.

gerald

Mar 7, 2020

Political correctness: how the right invented a phantom enemy

For 25 years, invoking this vague and ever-shifting nemesis has been a favourite tactic of the right - and Donald Trump's victory is its greatest triumph

by Moira Weigel

Wed 30 Nov 2016 06.00 GMT

Three weeks ago, around a quarter of the American population elected a demagogue with no prior experience in public service to the presidency. In the eyes of many of his supporters, this lack of preparation was not a liability, but a strength. Donald Trump had run as a candidate whose primary qualification was that he was not "a politician". Depicting yourself as a "maverick" or an "outsider" crusading against a corrupt Washington establishment is the oldest trick in American politics - but Trump took things further. He broke countless unspoken rules regarding what public figures can or cannot do and say.

Every demagogue needs an enemy. Trump's was the ruling elite, and his charge was that they were not only failing to solve the greatest problems facing Americans, they were trying to stop anyone from even talking about those problems. "The special interests, the arrogant media, and the political insiders, don't want me to talk about the crime that is happening in our country," Trump said in one late September speech. "They want me to just go along with the same failed policies that have caused so much needless suffering."

Trump claimed that Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton were willing to let ordinary Americans suffer because their first priority was political correctness. "They have put political correctness above common sense, above your safety, and above all else," Trump declared after a Muslim gunman killed 49 people at a gay nightclub in Orlando. "I refuse to be politically correct." What liberals might have seen as language changing to reflect an increasingly diverse society - in which citizens attempt to avoid giving needless offence to one another - Trump saw a conspiracy.

Throughout an erratic campaign, Trump consistently blasted political correctness, blaming it for an extraordinary range of ills and using the phrase to deflect any and every criticism. During the first debate of the Republican primaries, Fox News host Megyn Kelly asked Trump how he would answer the charge that he was "part of the war on women".

"You've called women you don't like 'fat pigs,' 'dogs,' 'slobs,' and 'disgusting animals'," Kelly pointed out. "You once told a contestant on *Celebrity Apprentice* it would be a pretty picture to see her on her knees ..."

"I think the big problem this country has is being politically correct," Trump answered, to audience applause. "I've been challenged by so many people, I don't frankly have time for total political correctness. And to be honest with you, this country doesn't have time either."

Trump used the same defence when critics raised questions about his statements on immigration. In June 2015, after Trump referred to Mexicans as "rapists", NBC, the network that aired his reality show *The Apprentice*, announced that it was ending its relationship with him. Trump's team retorted that, "NBC is weak, and like everybody else is trying to be politically correct."

In August 2016, after saying that the US district judge Gonzalo Curiel of San Diego was unfit to preside over the lawsuit against Trump Universities because he was Mexican American and therefore likely to be biased against him, Trump told CBS News that this was "common sense". He continued: "We have to stop being so politically correct in this country." During the second presidential debate, Trump answered a question about his proposed "ban on Muslims" by stating: "We could be very politically correct, but whether we like it or not, there is a problem."

Trump and his followers never defined 'political correctness', or specified who was enforcing it. They did not have to

Every time Trump said something "outrageous" commentators suggested he had finally crossed a line and that his campaign was now doomed. But time and again, Trump supporters made it clear that they liked him because he wasn't afraid to say what he thought. Fans praised the way Trump talked much more often than they mentioned his policy proposals. He tells it like it is, they said. He speaks his mind. He is not politically correct.

Trump and his followers never defined "political correctness", or specified who was enforcing it. They did not have to. The phrase conjured powerful forces determined to suppress inconvenient truths by policing language.

Political correctness: how the right invented a phantom enemy - podcast

Read more

There is an obvious contradiction involved in complaining at length, to an audience of hundreds of millions of people, that you are being silenced. But this idea - that there is a set of powerful, unnamed actors, who are trying to control everything you do, right down to the words you use - is trending globally right now. Britain's rightwing tabloids issue frequent denunciations of "political correctness gone mad" and rail against the smug hypocrisy of the "metropolitan elite". In Germany, conservative journalists and politicians are making similar complaints: after the assaults on women in Cologne last New Year's Eve, for instance, the chief of police Rainer Wendt said that leftists pressuring officers to be politisch korrekt had prevented them from doing their jobs. In France, Marine Le Pen of the Front National has condemned more traditional conservatives as "paralysed by their fear of confronting political correctness".

Trump's incessant repetition of the phrase has led many writers since the election to argue that the secret to his victory was a backlash against excessive "political correctness". Some have argued that Hillary Clinton failed because she was too invested in that close relative of political correctness, "identity politics". But upon closer examination, "political correctness" becomes an impossibly slippery concept. The term is what Ancient Greek rhetoricians would have called an "exonym": a term for another group, which signals that the speaker does not belong to it. Nobody ever describes themselves as "politically correct". The phrase is only ever an accusation.

If you say that something is technically correct, you are suggesting that it is wrong - the adverb before "correct" implies a "but". However, to say that a statement is politically correct hints at something more insidious. Namely, that the speaker is acting in bad faith. He or she has ulterior motives, and is hiding the truth in order to advance an agenda or to signal moral superiority. To

say that someone is being "politically correct" discredits them twice. First, they are wrong. Second, and more damningly, they know it.

If you go looking for the origins of the phrase, it becomes clear that there is no neat history of political correctness. There have only been campaigns against something called "political correctness". For 25 years, invoking this vague and ever-shifting enemy has been a favourite tactic of the right. Opposition to political correctness has proved itself a highly effective form of crypto-politics. It transforms the political landscape by acting as if it is not political at all. Trump is the deftest practitioner of this strategy yet.

Most Americans had never heard the phrase "politically correct" before 1990, when a wave of stories began to appear in newspapers and magazines. One of the first and most influential was published in October 1990 by the New York Times reporter Richard Bernstein, who warned - under the headline "The Rising Hegemony of the Politically Correct" - that the country's universities were threatened by "a growing intolerance, a closing of debate, a pressure to conform".

Bernstein had recently returned from Berkeley, where he had been reporting on student activism. He wrote that there was an "unofficial ideology of the university", according to which "a cluster of opinions about race, ecology, feminism, culture and foreign policy defines a kind of 'correct' attitude toward the problems of the world". For instance, "Biodegradable garbage bags get the PC seal of approval. Exxon does not."

Bernstein's alarming dispatch in America's paper of record set off a chain reaction, as one mainstream publication after another rushed to denounce this new trend. The following month, the Wall Street Journal columnist Dorothy Rabinowitz decried the "brave new world of ideological zealotry" at American universities. In December, the cover of Newsweek - with a circulation of more than 3 million - featured the headline "THOUGHT POLICE" and yet another ominous warning: "There's a 'politically correct' way to talk about race, sex and ideas. Is this the New Enlightenment - or the New McCarthyism?" A similar story graced the cover of New York magazine in January 1991 - inside, the magazine proclaimed that "The New Fascists" were taking over universities. In April, Time magazine reported on "a new intolerance" that was on the rise across campuses nationwide.

If you search ProQuest, a digital database of US magazines and newspapers, you find that the phrase "politically correct" rarely appeared before 1990. That year, it turned up more than 700 times. In 1991, there are more than 2,500 instances. In 1992, it appeared more than 2,800 times. Like Indiana Jones movies, these pieces called up enemies from a melange of old wars:

they compared the "thought police" spreading terror on university campuses to fascists, Stalinists, McCarthyites, "Hitler Youth", Christian fundamentalists, Maoists and Marxists.

Many of these articles recycled the same stories of campus controversies from a handful of elite universities, often exaggerated or stripped of context. The New York magazine cover story opened with an account of a Harvard history professor, Stephan Thernstrom, being attacked by overzealous students who felt he had been racially insensitive: "Whenever he walked through the campus that spring, down Harvard's brick paths, under the arched gates, past the fluttering elms, he found it hard not to imagine the pointing fingers, the whispers. Racist. There goes the racist. It was hellish, this persecution."

In an interview that appeared soon afterwards in *The Nation*, Thernstrom said the harassment described in the New York article had never happened. There had been one editorial in the Harvard *Crimson* student newspaper criticising his decision to read extensively from the diaries of plantation owners in his lectures. But the description of his harried state was pure "artistic licence". No matter: the image of college students conducting witch hunts stuck. When Richard Bernstein published a book based on his New York Times reporting on political correctness, he called it *Dictatorship of Virtue: Multiculturalism and the Battle for America's Future* - a title alluding to the Jacobins of the French Revolution. In the book he compared American college campuses to France during the Reign of Terror, during which tens of thousands of people were executed within months.

None of the stories that introduced the menace of political correctness could pinpoint where or when it had begun. Nor were they very precise when they explained the origins of the phrase itself. Journalists frequently mentioned the Soviets - Bernstein observed that the phrase "smacks of Stalinist orthodoxy" - but there is no exact equivalent in Russian. (The closest would be "ideinost", which translates as "ideological correctness". But that word has nothing to do with disadvantaged people or minorities.) The intellectual historian LD Burnett has found scattered examples of doctrines or people being described as "politically correct" in American communist publications from the 1930s - usually, she says, in a tone of mockery.

The phrase came into more widespread use in American leftist circles in the 1960s and 1970s - most likely as an ironic borrowing from Mao, who delivered a famous speech in 1957 that was translated into English with the title "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People".

Until the late 1980s, 'political correctness' was used exclusively within the left, and almost always ironically

Ruth Perry, a literature professor at MIT who was active in the feminist and civil rights movements, says that many radicals were reading the Little Red Book in the late 1960s and 1970s, and surmises that her friends may have picked up the adjective "correct" there. But they didn't use it in the way Mao did. "Politically correct" became a kind of in-joke among American leftists - something you called a fellow leftist when you thought he or she was being self-righteous. "The term was always used ironically," Perry says, "always calling attention to possible dogmatism."

In 1970, the African-American author and activist Toni Cade Bambara, used the phrase in an essay about strains on gender relations within her community. No matter how "politically correct" her male friends thought they were being, she wrote many of them were failing to recognise the plight of black women.

Until the late 1980s, "political correctness" was used exclusively within the left, and almost always ironically as a critique of excessive orthodoxy. In fact, some of the first people to organise against "political correctness" were a group of feminists who called themselves the Lesbian Sex Mafia. In 1982, they held a "Speakout on Politically Incorrect Sex" at a theatre in New York's East Village - a rally against fellow feminists who had condemned pornography and BDSM. Over 400 women attended, many of them wearing leather and collars, brandishing nipple clamps and dildos. The writer and activist Mirtha Quintanales summed up the mood when she told the audience, "We need to have dialogues about S&M issues, not about what is 'politically correct, politically incorrect'."

By the end of the 1980s, Jeff Chang, the journalist and hip-hop critic, who has written extensively on race and social justice, recalls that the activists he knew then in the Bay Area used the phrase "in a jokey way - a way for one sectarian to dismiss another sectarian's line".

But soon enough, the term was rebranded by the right, who turned its meaning inside out. All of a sudden, instead of being a phrase that leftists used to check dogmatic tendencies within their movement, "political correctness" became a talking point for neoconservatives. They said that PC constituted a leftwing political programme that was seizing control of American universities and cultural institutions - and they were determined to stop it.

Illustration by Nathalie Lees

The right had been waging a campaign against liberal academics for more than a decade. Starting in the mid-1970s, a handful of conservative donors had funded the creation of dozens of new thinktanks and "training institutes" offering programmes in everything from "leadership" to broad-

cast journalism to direct-mail fundraising. They had endowed fellowships for conservative graduate students, postdoctoral positions and professorships at prestigious universities. Their stated goal was to challenge what they saw as the dominance of liberalism and attack left-leaning tendencies within the academy.

Starting in the late 1980s, this well-funded conservative movement entered the mainstream with a series of improbable bestsellers that took aim at American higher education. The first, by the University of Chicago philosophy professor Allan Bloom, came out in 1987. For hundreds of pages, *The Closing of the American Mind* argued that colleges were embracing a shallow "cultural relativism" and abandoning long-established disciplines and standards in an attempt to appear liberal and to pander to their students. It sold more than 500,000 copies and inspired numerous imitations.

In April 1990, Roger Kimball, an editor at the conservative journal, *The New Criterion*, published *Tenured Radicals: How Politics Has Corrupted our Higher Education*. Like Bloom, Kimball argued that an "assault on the canon" was taking place and that a "politics of victimhood" had paralysed universities. As evidence, he cited the existence of departments such as African American studies and women's studies. He scornfully quoted the titles of papers he had heard at academic conferences, such as "Jane Austen and the Masturbating Girl" or "The Lesbian Phallus: Does Heterosexuality Exist?"

In June 1991, the young Dinesh D'Souza followed Bloom and Kimball with *Illiberal Education: the Politics of Race and Sex on Campus*. Whereas Bloom had bemoaned the rise of relativism and Kimball had attacked what he called "liberal fascism", and what he considered frivolous lines of scholarly inquiry, D'Souza argued that admissions policies that took race into consideration were producing a "new segregation on campus" and "an attack on academic standards". *The Atlantic* printed a 12,000 word excerpt as its June cover story. To coincide with the release, *Forbes* ran another article by D'Souza with the title: "Visigoths in Tweed."

These books did not emphasise the phrase "political correctness", and only D'Souza used the phrase directly. But all three came to be regularly cited in the flood of anti-PC articles that appeared in venues such as the *New York Times* and *Newsweek*. When they did, the authors were cited as neutral authorities. Countless articles uncritically repeated their arguments.

In some respects, these books and articles were responding to genuine changes taking place within academia. It is true that scholars had become increasingly sceptical about whether it was possible to talk about timeless, universal truths that lay beyond language and representation.

European theorists who became influential in US humanities departments during the 1970s and 1980s argued that individual experience was shaped by systems of which the individual might not be aware - and particularly by language. Michel Foucault, for instance, argued that all knowledge expressed historically specific forms of power. Jacques Derrida, a frequent target of conservative critics, practised what he called "deconstruction", rereading the classics of philosophy in order to show that even the most seemingly innocent and straightforward categories were riven with internal contradictions. The value of ideals such as "humanity" or "liberty" could not be taken for granted.

It was also true that many universities were creating new "studies departments", which interrogated the experiences, and emphasised the cultural contributions of groups that had previously been excluded from the academy and from the canon: queer people, people of colour and women. This was not so strange. These departments reflected new social realities. The demographics of college students were changing, because the demographics of the United States were changing. By 1990, only two-thirds of Americans under 18 were white. In California, the freshman classes at many public universities were "majority minority", or more than 50% non-white. Changes to undergraduate curriculums reflected changes in the student population.

The responses that the conservative bestsellers offered to the changes they described were disproportionate and often misleading. For instance, Bloom complained at length about the "militancy" of African American students at Cornell University, where he had taught in the 1960s. He never mentioned what students demanding the creation of African American studies were responding to: the biggest protest at Cornell took place in 1969 after a cross burning on campus, an open KKK threat. (An arsonist burned down the Africana Studies Center, founded in response to these protests, in 1970.)

More than any particular obfuscation or omission, the most misleading aspect of these books was the way they claimed that only their adversaries were "political". Bloom, Kimball, and D'Souza claimed that they wanted to "preserve the humanistic tradition", as if their academic foes were vandalising a canon that had been enshrined since time immemorial. But canons and curriculums have always been in flux; even in white Anglo-America there has never been any one stable tradition. Moby Dick was dismissed as Herman Melville's worst book until the mid-1920s. Many universities had only begun offering literature courses in "living" languages a decade or so before that.

In truth, these crusaders against political correctness were every bit as political as their opponents. As Jane Mayer documents in her book, *Dark Money: the Hidden History of the Billionaires Behind the Rise of the Radical Right*, Bloom and D'Souza were funded by networks of conservative donors - particularly the Koch, Olin and Scaife families - who had spent the 1980s building programmes that they hoped would create a new "counter-intelligentsia". (The *New Criterion*, where

Kimball worked, was also funded by the Olin and Scaife Foundations.) In his 1978 book *A Time for Truth*, William Simon, the president of the Olin Foundation, had called on conservatives to fund intellectuals who shared their views: "They must be given grants, grants, and more grants in exchange for books, books, and more books."

These skirmishes over syllabuses were part of a broader political programme - and they became instrumental to forging a new alliance for conservative politics in America, between white working-class voters and small business owners, and politicians with corporate agendas that held very little benefit for those people.

By making fun of professors who spoke in language that most people considered incomprehensible ("The Lesbian Phallus"), wealthy Ivy League graduates could pose as anti-elite. By mocking courses on writers such as Alice Walker and Toni Morrison, they made a racial appeal to white people who felt as if they were losing their country. As the 1990s wore on, because multiculturalism was associated with globalisation - the force that was taking away so many jobs traditionally held by white working-class people - attacking it allowed conservatives to displace responsibility for the hardship that many of their constituents were facing. It was not the slashing of social services, lowered taxes, union busting or outsourcing that was the cause of their problems. It was those foreign "others".

PC was a useful invention for the Republican right because it helped the movement to drive a wedge between working-class people and the Democrats who claimed to speak for them. "Political correctness" became a term used to drum into the public imagination the idea that there was a deep divide between the "ordinary people" and the "liberal elite", who sought to control the speech and thoughts of regular folk. Opposition to political correctness also became a way to rebrand racism in ways that were politically acceptable in the post-civil-rights era.

Soon, Republican politicians were echoing on the national stage the message that had been product-tested in the academy. In May 1991, President George HW Bush gave a commencement speech at the University of Michigan. In it, he identified political correctness as a major danger to America. "Ironically, on the 200th anniversary of our Bill of Rights, we find free speech under assault throughout the United States," Bush said. "The notion of political correctness has ignited controversy across the land," but, he warned, "In their own Orwellian way, crusades that demand correct behaviour crush diversity in the name of diversity."

Illustration by Nathalie Lees

Illustration: Nathalie Lees

After 2001, debates about political correctness faded from public view, replaced by arguments about Islam and terrorism. But in the final years of the Obama presidency, political correctness made a comeback. Or rather, anti-political-correctness did.

As Black Lives Matter and movements against sexual violence gained strength, a spate of think-pieces attacked the participants in these movements, criticising and trivialising them by saying that they were obsessed with policing speech. Once again, the conversation initially focused on universities, but the buzzwords were new. Rather than "difference" and "multiculturalism", Americans in 2012 and 2013 started hearing about "trigger warnings", "safe spaces", "microaggressions", "privilege" and "cultural appropriation".

This time, students received more scorn than professors. If the first round of anti-political-correctness evoked the spectres of totalitarian regimes, the more recent revival has appealed to the commonplace that millennials are spoiled narcissists, who want to prevent anyone expressing opinions that they happen to find offensive.

In January 2015, the writer Jonathan Chait published one of the first new, high-profile anti-PC thinkpieces in *New York* magazine. "Not a Very PC Thing to Say" followed the blueprint provided by the anti-PC thinkpieces that the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and indeed *New York* magazine had published in the early 1990s. Like the *New York* article from 1991, it began with an anecdote set on campus that supposedly demonstrated that political correctness had run amok, and then extrapolated from this incident to a broad generalisation. In 1991, John Taylor wrote: "The new fundamentalism has concocted a rationale for dismissing all dissent." In 2015, Jonathan Chait claimed that there were once again "angry mobs out to crush opposing ideas".

Chait warned that the dangers of PC had become greater than ever before. Political correctness was no longer confined to universities - now, he argued, it had taken over social media and thus "attained an influence over mainstream journalism and commentary beyond that of the old". (As evidence of the "hegemonic" influence enjoyed by unnamed actors on the left, Chait cited two female journalists saying that they had been criticised by leftists on Twitter.)

Chait's article launched a spate of replies about campus and social media "cry bullies". On the cover of their September 2015 issue, the *Atlantic* published an article by Jonathan Haidt and Greg Lukianoff. The title, "The Coddling Of the American Mind", nodded to the godfather of anti-PC, Allan Bloom. (Lukianoff is the head of the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education, another

organisation funded by the Olin and Scaife families.) "In the name of emotional wellbeing, college students are increasingly demanding protection from words and ideas they don't like," the article announced. It was shared over 500,000 times.

The climate of digital journalism and social media sharing enabled the anti-political-correctness stories to spread

These pieces committed many of the same fallacies that their predecessors from the 1990s had. They cherry-picked anecdotes and caricatured the subjects of their criticism. They complained that other people were creating and enforcing speech codes, while at the same time attempting to enforce their own speech codes. Their writers designated themselves the arbiters of what conversations or political demands deserved to be taken seriously, and which did not. They contradicted themselves in the same way: their authors continually complained, in highly visible publications, that they were being silenced.

The climate of digital journalism and social media sharing enabled the anti-political-correctness (and anti-anti-political correctness) stories to spread even further and faster than they had in the 1990s. Anti-PC and anti-anti-PC stories come cheap: because they concern identity, they are something that any writer can have a take on, based on his or her experiences, whether or not he or she has the time or resources to report. They are also perfect clickbait. They inspire outrage, or outrage at the outrage of others.

Meanwhile, a strange convergence was taking place. While Chait and his fellow liberals decried political correctness, Donald Trump and his followers were doing the same thing. Chait said that leftists were "perverting liberalism" and appointed himself the defender of a liberal centre; Trump said that liberal media had the system "rigged".

The anti-PC liberals were so focused on leftists on Twitter that for months they gravely underestimated the seriousness of the real threat to liberal discourse. It was not coming from women, people of colour, or queer people organising for their civil rights, on campus or elsewhere. It was coming from @realdonaldtrump, neo-Nazis, and far-right websites such as Breitbart.

The original critics of PC were academics or shadow-academics, Ivy League graduates who went around in bow ties quoting Plato and Matthew Arnold. It is hard to imagine Trump quoting Plato or Matthew Arnold, much less carping about the titles of conference papers by literature academics. During his campaign, the network of donors who funded decades of anti-PC activity - the Kochs, the Olin, the Scaifes - shunned Trump, citing concerns about the populist promises he was

making. Trump came from a different milieu: not Yale or the University of Chicago, but reality television. And he was picking different fights, targeting the media and political establishment, rather than academia.

As a candidate, Trump inaugurated a new phase of anti-political-correctness. What was remarkable was just how many different ways Trump deployed this tactic to his advantage, both exploiting the tried-and-tested methods of the early 1990s and adding his own innovations.

Why America elected Trump Guardian

First, by talking incessantly about political correctness, Trump established the myth that he had dishonest and powerful enemies who wanted to prevent him from taking on the difficult challenges facing the nation. By claiming that he was being silenced, he created a drama in which he could play the hero. The notion that Trump was both persecuted and heroic was crucial to his emotional appeal. It allowed people who were struggling economically or angry about the way society was changing to see themselves in him, battling against a rigged system that made them feel powerless and devalued. At the same time, Trump's swagger promised that they were strong and entitled to glory. They were great and would be great again.

Second, Trump did not simply criticise the idea of political correctness - he actually said and did the kind of outrageous things that PC culture supposedly prohibited. The first wave of conservative critics of political correctness claimed they were defending the status quo, but Trump's mission was to destroy it. In 1991, when George H.W. Bush warned that political correctness was a threat to free speech, he did not choose to exercise his free speech rights by publicly mocking a man with a disability or characterising Mexican immigrants as rapists. Trump did. Having elevated the powers of PC to mythic status, the draft-dodging billionaire, son of a slumlord, taunted the parents of a fallen soldier and claimed that his cruelty and malice was, in fact, courage.

This willingness to be more outrageous than any previous candidate ensured non-stop media coverage, which in turn helped Trump attract supporters who agreed with what he was saying. We should not underestimate how many Trump supporters held views that were sexist, racist, xenophobic and Islamophobic, and were thrilled to feel that he had given them permission to say so. It's an old trick: the powerful encourage the less powerful to vent their rage against those who might have been their allies, and to delude themselves into thinking that they have been liberated. It costs the powerful nothing; it pays frightful dividends.

Trump drew upon a classic element of anti-political-correctness by implying that while his oppo-

nents were operating according to a political agenda, he simply wanted to do what was sensible. He made numerous controversial policy proposals: deporting millions of undocumented immigrants, banning Muslims from entering the US, introducing stop-and-frisk policies that have been ruled unconstitutional. But by responding to critics with the accusation that they were simply being politically correct, Trump attempted to place these proposals beyond the realm of politics altogether. Something political is something that reasonable people might disagree about. By using the adjective as a put-down, Trump pretended that he was acting on truths so obvious that they lay beyond dispute. "That's just common sense."

The most alarming part of this approach is what it implies about Trump's attitude to politics more broadly. His contempt for political correctness looks a lot like contempt for politics itself. He does not talk about diplomacy; he talks about "deals". Debate and disagreement are central to politics, yet Trump has made clear that he has no time for these distractions. To play the anti-political-correctness card in response to a legitimate question about policy is to shut down discussion in much the same way that opponents of political correctness have long accused liberals and leftists of doing. It is a way of sidestepping debate by declaring that the topic is so trivial or so contrary to common sense that it is pointless to discuss it. The impulse is authoritarian. And by presenting himself as the champion of common sense, Trump gives himself permission to bypass politics altogether.

Now that he is president-elect, it is unclear whether Trump meant many of the things he said during his campaign. But, so far, he is fulfilling his pledge to fight political correctness. Last week, he told the New York Times that he was trying to build an administration filled with the "best people", though "Not necessarily people that will be the most politically correct people, because that hasn't been working."

Trump has also continued to cry PC in response to criticism. When an interviewer from Politico asked a Trump transition team member why Trump was appointing so many lobbyists and political insiders, despite having pledged to "drain the swamp" of them, the source said that "one of the most refreshing parts of ... the whole Trump style is that he does not care about political correctness." Apparently it would have been politically correct to hold him to his campaign promises.

As Trump prepares to enter the White House, many pundits have concluded that "political correctness" fuelled the populist backlash sweeping Europe and the US. The leaders of that backlash may say so. But the truth is the opposite: those leaders understood the power that anti-political-correctness has to rally a class of voters, largely white, who are disaffected with the status quo and resentful of shifting cultural and social norms. They were not reacting to the tyranny of political correctness, nor were they returning America to a previous phase of its history. They were not taking anything back. They were wielding anti-political-correctness as a weapon, using

it to forge a new political landscape and a frightening future.

The opponents of political correctness always said they were crusaders against authoritarianism. In fact, anti-PC has paved the way for the populist authoritarianism now spreading everywhere. Trump is anti-political correctness gone mad.

One Day

Jerald

Mar 6, 2020

and suddenly you wake up

and the world is no longer

built

for you

you are

now

left handed

now

one legged

now

one armed

now

the ambulance driver is an ultra conservative jock jerk

sit down before you fall on someone !

as you try to say you need the washroom

but

now

your mouth no longer works

now

you can no longer swallow

with force of will

over 6 months

in hospital

you climb out of bed

you climb out of the wheelchair

two years goes by

you discard the walker

50% you don't use the cane

every other day

you are in the gym

you live in a province of fascists

who hate you

you use their taxes

to live on

you are disorderly

without order

'special' needs

you aren't special

as you compete 'unfairly' for the sympathy

that they 'deserve' for their plight

their world is unfair

Hard Luck Rivalry

behind the eugenics

Hitler sent you to the camps

cutting costs

they bump you on the stairs at the gym

hard

as you struggle down

unable to get out of their way

like hockey bully enforcers

on the hard ice

of no social skills

compassion

or

empathy

or else they force their

Virtue Signaling

standing at the top of the stairs

holding the door open

showing their physical superiority

intimidating

standing in the doorway

so you can't get past

a no win situation

smell their armpit

or suffer their displeasure

and risk their complaint but

not realizing they are on camera

'both of us won't fit in that door'

'I'm holding it open for you'

'both of us won't fit in that door'

fine then and

stomps off like an angry 4 year old

as narcissist coward predators hunt victims that can't fight back

this is the new normal

Cake

gerald

Mar 4, 2020

the advantage to being atheist

is in having a set of morals

like

I have the right to hurt people

by setting boundaries

the slaves hurt the slave owners

by being free

not being manipulated with broken promises

is the icing on that particular cake

Who Says

gerald

Mar 4, 2020

who says

the hook

doesn't hurt

the fish

She Said

gerald

Mar 3, 2020

she said she would contact me for coffee

she didn't

people have a right to change their minds

or

people have a right to be liars and con-artists

it stings

devastation is a choice

liars lie because they are liars so they should lie

based on evidence

no response is a response

Asking

gerald

Mar 3, 2020

I prefer the words that reveal

the asking

for what you want

from a stranger

the best writers create the best images

gerald

Mar 1, 2020

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they can ban breasts vaginas and denigrate the beauty that is woman

the words that create the images in the mind

create 3 dimensional holograms more beautiful than anything the brush or camera can begin to attempt

the best writers create the best images

another nazi buys into social media seeking to influence free speech

previously I deleted tumblr facebook and insta when that occurred

now I rejoin them with an ad blocker to deny them revenue

and a liberal social agenda

to advertise my work at their cost

the creatures

How To Be An Artist

Jerald Blackstock

Feb 232021

your life has meaning

your life has purpose

simply because you exist

This was from Will Ross, and for me this solved the typical artists over-concern and cognitive distortion that your work has value, or meaning due to some external condition. Such as sales or publication or some such nonsense that defines your 'goodness' as an artist. Albert Ellis in his book *The Myth of Self Esteem* laid this out for me in way that was elegant and simple: the purpose of life is satisfaction, throw the notion of self esteem in the garbage and pursue satisfaction.

Alan Dunning's my influence at Art School taught me that people can be talked into buying anything, and they will, this has nothing to do with art, this has to do with salesmanship.

But my kid needs to make a living, parents would complain when I started teaching art. So get him trained as an accountant as well, it's a good living, take it anywhere, making a living is easy, making art is having a life for an artist. Anything less is conditional acceptance of your kid, child abuse by definition. You say I abuse my kid? Abandonment is the most common abuse, so when you force her away from her dreams, to fit your ideal of security, yes that's child abuse. You have said your kid can't handle life and given them a lifetime of anxiety. By this time the parents were long past listening and the Art School suggested I teach adults instead, exorcising Bob Ross, the creature rather than dealing with the dereliction of children by right wing oil magnates.

Reading the Paris Review interview with George Saunders he speaks of how as a child his parents gave him unconditional love (they didn't) as the only way to get attention (love) was by being popular, extroverted and funny. We introverts are often therefore lonely forlorn and abandoned by ourselves because we haven't learned to value ourselves for ourselves because no one else does.

So he made a career of being popular and liked and funny. And gave himself lifelong anxiety lest he should ever fail to be published or popular or a good provider. Having 10 framed photographs of Buddhist teachers around him when he worked, an old and popular distraction from anxiety. Not a cure though, one needs unconditional self acceptance for that.

I met a woman yesterday, working as a clerk in a grocery I was at, and we chatted. Her kid got a degree in painting and just got a masters in fine art, and Mom approaching retirement, is working in a grocery store helping to make this possible because it satisfies her.

I like her a lot.

The Day Painting Died

Jerald Blackstock

Feb 20 2021

'You wouldn't know art if you saw it.' This was the opening statement from David my art theory prof, hired I suspect because he was fashionably a token Métis with a degree who made pop art, cartoon copies on cheap warped canvas supports, you know the type, a stylized woman with a giant tear proclaiming in her speech bubble her lost love. Thinly painted flat graphics dead dried-down lifeless. Horribly insecure and hostile little man dressed in fashionable artists black.

Abusive crits were his specialty, especially to me, a white man adult student older and taller than him who formerly slept with Sylvia, his now wife, where we had explored our love of bisexual women together at the local gay club until she embarrassedly said she suspected giving me an indiscrete Saturday night social disease (my personal relationship deal breaker), now upgrading my credential. I suspect a penis sized insecurity as well.

I know art when I feel it, was my perfectly valid non intellectual, non art theory response. I often leak tears in front of art. I cry at movies and weddings as well.

Tell me, he scoffed, what is your 'work' about. 'It is about paint, the beauty of paint, the sensuousness of the medium. I have studied Picasso's paintings, still looking as fresh and wet as the day they were painted and none of the supports were warped at all. I was totally seduced and became a painter'

'Where is your artists statement!', he rightfully demanded almost screaming.

'Picasso didn't have one so I don't have to have one either.' Perfectly valid response, quoting an influence who thereby bestows permissions. My big brothers and sisters of the art world protecting me in perpetuity.

He turned 50 shades of grey. I feared apoplexy.

Picasso was/is out of favour with the aspiring intellectual postmodern theorists at my art school, Alberta University of the Arts. They used the cognitive distortion (lie) that he caused the suicide of 2 of his lovers, as if anyone can cause their abuse by others. Suicide is complicated but it is often an abuse towards the universe/others that 'did them wrong'. I felt that Picasso had poor taste in partners and shitty luck with women, was easily flattered and love bombed by narcissist muses, much like Salvador Dalí and his horrible wife Gala who made him book an appointment to visit. In 1968, Dalí bought Gala the Castle of Púbol, Girona, where she would spend time every summer from 1971 to 1980. He also agreed not to visit there without getting advance permission from her in writing.

'Hang on a sec I have to turn the tape over', I said.

'You are recording this?'

'We record all our crits in studio in the painting department. We even record our self talk as we paint, an exercise in awareness of what we are about. An aid to memory.'

Of course this wasn't true that we did this or that the tape was set to record, but adult students in a one on one crit with a prof who is known for his brutal abusiveness who had slept with the insecure creatures' now formerly sketchy wife needed some protection.

Bullies are cowards and standing up to them is always in my best interests.

The creature summarily left, I received a A for the crit, thus pushing me onto the honour roll.

David went on to publish papers, I heard, on how a painting couldn't be 'about paint'. I guess he showed me...

My advisor, Alan Dunning, a genuine intellectual from Britain who can switch effortlessly from the language of thinking to the language of feeling, suggested I read Rosalind E. Krauss, a postmodernist theorist at Columbia University in New York City who said "... photography is an imprint or transfer off the real; it is a photochemically processed trace causally connected to the thing in

the world to which it refers in a manner parallel to fingerprints or footprints or the rings of water that cold glasses leave on tables. The photograph is thus generically distinct from painting or sculpture or drawing. On the family tree of images it is closer to palm prints, death masks, the Shroud of Turin, or the tracks of gulls on beaches." I was smitten.

Charmed, I finished my degree in painting, bought a digital camera and a photoshop computer, updated again to a degree in digital goings ons, gathered up my painter brothers and sisters and never looked back, the sum of my influences even the shitty abusive ones.

Wet Cleanup in The Men's or Why I Refuse to Shop at Costco

it all started, as the best things do, on the damn Internet

Jerald Blackstock

Feb 17 2021

My friend, whom I love dearly, posted, why do men shake the gas hose at the pump? Obviously, my gay woman friend who posted this was having fun placing her tongue in her own cheek, for a change.

She's a riot and loves to bait and encourage mansplainers who kneejerk react and have yet to figure her out.

These towering intellects explained with all kinds of obvious innuendo about circumcised penis cleansing procedures that they follow, following urination, because their Moms taught them during toilet training, I suppose.

Moms, being not great authorities on the penis, have been taught, usually by priests who are great authorities on boy's penises, that babies must be circumcised or the future penis can't be cleaned and gets infected. This is for the convenience of the oral satisfaction of the priest, I assume.

So, Moms sexually mutilate their little boys in that it is more convenient to shake the remaining urine drops instead of actually handling the offending member and use hygienic procedures.

This could lead to potential Onanistic spilling of seed as if everything didn't lead to Onanistic spilling of seed and must be controlled by religion which also controls female masturbatiuon through clitoral amputation given half the chance.

The problem is that urine remains in the urethra (?) and leaks into the circumcised male under-

wear so that he is 'running the world' sitting in his own urine soaked mess.

As it were.

And is.

This explains why a pandemic virus is mutating and reinfecting conservatives.

The thought of grabbing a tissue and squeezing the remaining urine out of the penis and disposing of the tissue has never occurred to men. There is no tissue at the public urinal. Or 'hand' sanitizer in the more private toilets where it used to cost a dime to defecate, and the practise is now returning in the more conservative owned establishments.

Conservatives love to control bathroom procedures due to cost saving profit increasing. Two squares of the thinnest paper from Costco is all you get to clean your rectum and the dispenser is on a lock down timer. No second chance for you screams the mechanical toilet nazi. Conservatives don't care that you are now sitting in feces and urine, costs have been saved at Costco.

So men, out of force of habit, shake the gas pump mindlessly and women look at this and shake their heads in wonder, contemplating the urine deposited into the home environment that some conservative women are still forced to clean in exchange for food and shelter for her and the kids. Now this idiot is shaking volatile fire accelerant all over his car.

One woman, back on the net, responded that she didn't want some old sketchy gas left in the hose from the last user. I said if she was referring to an oral sex act with a penis I completely understood, but gas is the best cleanser in the world.

I was summarily blocked of course.

Back in the bathroom, the mental giant moron conservative, shakes his penis, urine spreading hither and yon, stuffs it into his filthy underwear, avoids the hand washing sink, heads to the door, seeing me in a wheelchair goes to grab my equipment to assist me out the door, like a Christian.

Shocked and surprised to hear 'keep your fecal covered hands away from me', they storm out into the restaurant to have finger food, plying narcissists charm to the conquest du jour.

I received a complaint from one of these conservative moral midgets (I live in Calgary, we are battling an infestation of them currently) that his conquest du jour had left in the night with his lap-top.

Ya dude but you just gave her your herpes virus because you don't wash, not really a fair trade.

I await his response.

At Age 20

A life of working for conservatives in Alberta Canada

Jerald Blackstock

Feb 16 2021

I enjoyed a career in logistics for 20 years

worked for conservatives Enders family in Calgary doing what I loved and was good at underpaid
not able to save they got rich second home in Canmore

rented from conservative landlord apartments overcharged in boom Calgary

land owners got rich bought more houses

no savings again

so between jobs waiting for Unemployment Insurance

hit the food bank

didn't pay rent

got a student loan to upgrade education to upgrade income

lived in my new wife's house paid for by conservative farmer father who got rich on fed government subsidies

started an art business in house after school upgrade

fell into bankruptcy when American conservatives bought out my suppliers and refused to supply
my home based low expense business as unfair competition to their storefront conservative base

wife died after 10 year decline

brain disease

I fell into depression couldn't work too ill

second bankruptcy to pay student loans

after hospitalized successful depression/anxiety therapy

started delivery contract business delivering meds to patients

not enough income to save again

but conservative broker who spends winter at his second home in Phoenix is doing fine

patients' dementia dog bit my finger partially off, suffered pinched nerve & pulled muscle from lifting and then stroke, involved in 2 studies for people who have strokes for no known reason

so much for victim blaming moralizing

lived on assured income for severely handicapped after 6 months in hospital

homeless single man

turned 65 got universal basic income for seniors

dental

and pharmacy

living just above poverty line for the first time in my entire life

I now have a savings account

conservatives say I should have managed my money better while they enjoy government subsidies to get them over their lean times.

people working living below poverty line are

world class money managers

with no subsidies for their lean times

I advocate so all working poor folks can enjoy that security for their lean times too

and pharmacare

and dental

and insurance

and tuition

like other civilizations which choose not to have their economies based on brutal low paying formerly non paying slave labour

This is what the fight in North America has been all about since Lincoln to now Trump, an ongoing civil war funded by the slave owners conservatives and their descendants.

It's just that simple