

Barbara Kay: Misandrist mother sure to damage her vulnerable sons

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Last week, motivated by a sense of duty, I took my nine- year old granddaughter to the film *Despicable Me 3*, my first exposure to this popular series. It turned out to be no chore at all; I laughed with a child's abandon throughout.

Except, that is, for one sobering moment, at the hero Gru's reunion with his long- unseen, toxic mother. She had pushed him into a life of crime (from which he had reformed with the advent of fatherhood) by constantly demeaning him as a child and calling him a loser. In her presence, Gru's hard- won confidence reflexively collapses. Proving he isn't despicable is basically his life's work.

Gru succeeds in transcending his mother's terrible parenting, because any other outcome in a kids' film is unthinkable. In real life, such a scenario can end quite otherwise. Mothers who hack away at their children's self- esteem are by no means rare, but there aren't many like freelance Seattle writer Jody Allard, who actually boasts in respectable publications about her methods for producing *Despicable Me*'s.

There's a problem with our confessional culture when a newspaper facilitates a mother's invasion of her son's privacy

Allard, a thrice- divorced single mother of seven children, and a rape survivor, has written several such incendiary articles. One, for the *Washington Post* in September, 2016, was a shaming indictment of her two "strong and compassionate" sons, then 16 and 18, for their failure to understand the personal implications of being the daughter of a pedophile.

In another article on this subject, two weeks ago, she goes further: "I'm done pretending men are safe (even my sons)," she writes, and I'm done pretending that my sons are safe (even my sons).

Outrage has erupted over Allard. In response to one of her pieces in Good Housekeeping entitled, “I’m a single mom of 7 kids and never want a husband,” John Podhoretz, editor of Commentary Magazine, tweeted last year: “This is Jody Allard, who has said her sons are rapists manque. She is very, very ill. If you know her, do something.”

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Ill or not, Allard is at least as thick as a brick, and fixated on her vendetta against men. You have to read these articles in their entirety to grasp the full measure of the ugly symbiosis erupting from this woman’s massive ego and obsessive misandry, whose effect, unless these boys are extremely resilient, could turn one or both into Despicable Me’s on a grand scale.

In Allard’s latest article, she identifies one of her sons — the suicidal one? — as a boy “who is sensitive and thoughtful and who listens instead of reacts.” Nevertheless, she indicts him for his refusal to take up robust activism against rape culture. (“He doesn’t understand that even quiet misogyny is misogyny.”) This understanding of human relationships is deeply disturbing. Here we have the ideological slogan “the personal is the political” taken to the absurd conclusion that if sympathy for a parent’s bad experience does not lead to political action, the child’s compassion, however genuinely felt, is worthless.

Reading Allard’s articles, I could not help thinking about a friend who is an incest survivor. She told her three children her story when they were safely- launched adults and could cope with her staggering revelations about an adored, still- living grandfather. Then, comforted in the embrace of her family (which is all she wanted or expected from her children), she went on with her life. That is maturity. That is a mother who loves and respects her children. Not a woman/ child who judges her children’s value according to their performance as her personal victimhood valets.

Jody Allard, Despicable You.

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