

that prisoners would be reluctant to discuss openly (e.g. history of sexual abuse + types, history of trauma, drug exposure, family history of mental illness, I.Q.s, etc.) to help understand how criminal personalities develop + thus can be aborted + habilitated. I am very interested in this + would love to collab. on it!

3) Regarding me specifically, tell every WI media outlet that my blog is on BtB + reveals, slowly, how I came to commit my crimes, + how I've grown conscious. Google me + you'll see why this will be received + help ad you.

Okay, that said, more questions!

1) Does your web-site have a transcription program on it so viewers can use it to turn our blog writing into "typed" fonts, like New Times Roman?

2) How is your web-site (my blog) linked to search engines + internet directories, if at all?

3) If someone googles "narcissist," "psychology" + other words I use in some of my posts, is your site set up so google will recognize these words in my printing + cite my blog as one of the URLs containing these terms?

4) Can I submit legal memos, explaining how to file lawsuits, explaining the state of the law, etc? Remember, originally I'm a psycho litigator.

5) Can I submit blog posts on my blog from friends or people I'm debating?

6) Is it alright if I give the names + contact info of prison officials I'm asking people to direct petitions to? They are public figures, fyi.

7) You do realize that there are more than 2 million prisoners in the U.S. + they will all want on BtB — can you handle that?

8) How long do you plan to stay running, BtB?

a) Is it okay if I write on both sides of sheets of paper for my entries?

Okay, Lastly, read my blog. I'm suing our DOC about a policy similar to one your Benjamin Sugar lamented in an e-mail to my ami: not letting prisoners have personal relationships with prison "staff" including volunteers. Believe it or not, we'll win.

Thanks + With Respect,

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Al

Here it is ruffruff4 + anyone else curious about how prisoners really interact in Wisconsin's stupormax prison, which I find a handy vehicle for delivering some psychological, sociological + philosophical theories + principles.

The night I sent out entry #12, June 13th, 2011, the first part of this saga, I read it to Max. He loved it, until I came to the 5th paragraph

"I haven't been writing my book for the last six years! And it's books! They're already done, in my head. I just haven't wrote them out because I'm lazy," Max exclaimed to me.

I convinced him to let me finish reading entry #12, assuring him that he'd like it, that I wasn't trying to assassinate his character, and offered him a chance to write a wholly uncensored rebuttal, which I'd post here for him. (F.Y.I., he will soon have his own blog on B+B)

Too late! Max already felt attacked. This is typical with people suffering from N.P.D.: they can't accept even a hint of criticism, because it threatens to shatter the delusion of grandeur they embrace to escape from their true sense of inferiority and worthlessness. As difficult as it is, we should not look at N.P.D. sufferers as bad or hate them—they are psychologically disturbed + are suffering, as much as they will deny this to others + themselves. It's not other people's fault (at least not those who did not help inflict the mortal blow to a N.P.D. sufferer's self-esteem that triggered the N.P.D. sufferer to replace a real self-esteem with a neurotic delusion) that N.P.D. sufferers are suffering, so other people should not feel guilty about the condition or the suffering of those afflicted with it. In my inexperienced opinion, I believe that calmly confronting + exposing the disorder is the most effective way to treat it; this requires a lot of patience and prohibits aggression or punishment, which will only trigger a flare up.

One of the worst parts about imprisonment is the lack of wholesome confrontation. People don't receive criticism well when it comes from someone they don't care for + know doesn't care for them. So, prisoners don't give a hoot about guards + prison staff, who typically don't even try to pretend to care for convicts; nor do prisoners receive criticism well from other prisoners, whom are typically too occupied with their own woes to worry about other convicts. Without legitimate, digestible confrontation, we remain ignorant of the flaws in our personalities; and they grow worse.

Because people with N.P.D. are handicapped when it comes to accepting criticism from anyone, due to the fact that nobody else is relevant to them, they too are at risk for their personality flaws blowing up.

Here's where prison comes in. Prison is a system of organized degradation + oppression. It's the modern equivalent of plantation-style slavery, not because it holds a disproportionately high number of colored people (although it does), but because — like slavery — it strips the individuality from, retards the self-development of, and deeply insults the dignity of its captives. Thus prison inflicts precisely the kind of trauma to a person's self-esteem that can trigger them to react with a dysfunctional/neurotic level of narcissism

In The Psychology of Self-Esteem by Nathaniel Branden (I highly recommend you folks listen to the audio version of this out-of-print book), which I was lucky enough to be able to study (but was unable to take notes from, as the lovely librarian here destroyed it due to it containing comments of mine in its margins), Branden excellently explains his theory that people's need for self-esteem is their most important drive. If you doubt this, please answer these two questions:

- 1) Does life ever seem like a big pain in the rear to you?
- 2) Then why do you go on enduring the "slings + arrows of outrageous fortune"?

Right, ya love yourself. That is, you have a self-esteem. Esteeming ourselves worthwhile keeps us all from killing ourselves. (More on this later)

How we view ourselves manifests in our dress, our expressions, our posture, the friends we choose, the habits we adopt, etc. Even people who have dislike or hate for themselves delude themselves into believing that the opposite is true. I speak for myself + my white-trash contemporaries, whom I've carefully considered.

Depending on a person's core values, experiences, + psychological vulnerabilities, imprisonment can cause someone to develop N.P.D. as a defense to its attack on their self-esteem. The more oppressive the prison seems to a captive vulnerable to N.P.D., the more acute will be whatever disorder erupts.

Enough theory. Back to Max.

Max's mood had a nuclear reaction. He anxiously threatened me & called me a hater.

I laughed, saying, "First you'll have to bust me out of prison, if you want to kill me," which is generally true, and in Max's case is. He'd still have probs.

In the back of his mind, Max was still in fight-or-flight (or run-your-mouth) mode. Foolishly, I let our conversation continue.

He anxiously tried to ask me a question, but did not articulate it understandably.

I asked him to clarify.

He called me "stupid" then somewhat clarified his question, something to the effect of, "Do you know of any written accounts that demonstrate that Whites were once physically superior to Blacks, in general?"

I replied, "No."

"Maybe you didn't understand my question," Max said, assuming I was retarded, as Narcissists tend to do, then repeated his more convoluted version of the question.

By then I'd grown weary of conversating with someone who was unable to empathize with me and who's tone was as offensive as a burst from an AK-47. So, I huffed, & said, "I understand your question but can't give you the answer you want. Look, I'm gonna go & do some reading." I went and lay down to read Daniel C. Dennett's excellent Consciousness Explained, or tried to.

Max remained at the door, saying something. Sounding anxious and angry, he then said, "Don't holler on me anymore. I mean it."

I wearily rose and went back to the door.

"Max, you always do that. You did it last time I was by you. Three times you said you weren't gonna deal with me anymore & cussed me out. A couple of days later, you were back talking to me," until I finally grew so frustrated with trying to socialize with him that I ended all communication & let him know what he could expect should we meet up somewhere in the future. "You feel threatened & insecure, then burn a bridge before the other person can do so. Think about it Max. Don't overreact. I'm not attacking you."

Then I went back to trying to read my book.

Well, Max went into a long tirade, which included statements such as (the comments following these statements in parentheses are my rebuttals):

- "You're smart, compared to the rest of these slaves, but not on my level. You're only smart because you don't have a T.V. so spend all your time reading. Any idiot can learn something from a book." (Not even gonna rebut this)
- "What theories have you come up with on your own? None! I've come up with hundreds!" (Some of his theories include "Real homosexuals are born that way, but anyone can become one," "Free will is a myth," "Anyone can become sexually attracted to children or anything," & "Most people's first sexual encounter is with a relative." As bizarre as these theories sound, there is some truth to them — except for the no free will deal, as I'll demonstrate in part 3 of this saga. But these are not new theories. One of my new theories is that we all come up with our own theories as to what is going on, which creates our personality. Another new theory I have is that Max is engaging in mental masturbation. What concerns me is figuring out how people work psychologically, how personalities are made, because it's people who are the cause of all the problems I must deal with.)
- "I'm naturally intelligent. I don't even read books. I just need a little information about something & I can figure it out." (This gift Max claims to possess is possessed by every healthy human. It's just not used by most, to the obsessive degree Max employs it. Another new theory I have is that Max is so obsessed with figuring out frivolous things because he fears to face what his subconscious wants him to figure out: the tragedy of his existence and damaged personality. From personal experience I can verify that it's torture to stare into your own abyss)

Well, I let Max unleash his words, in his Tommy-gun tone: very grating, making my attempt to communicate painful. I put in my earplugs when he went & retrieved his list of theories and barked them out on the tier.

Nobody showed any interest in what Max announced. No matter to him. Like my recently posted excerpt from my play says:

"My best friend is myself / I need no love from anyone else.
My next entry will be a review of Whitlir College. Then part 3 of this.