

Neutralizing Narcissism



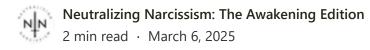


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A how-to manual for the terminally unoriginal.





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Chapter 1: Rebrand Yourself as an Intellectual Without the Burden of Thought

Thinking is hard. *Branding* as a thinker? **Effortless.** Simply memorize a few obscure philosophy terms, claim to have read Kant (*lie* if necessary), and liberally apply words like "gestalt" and "emergent" to every conversation. Bonus points if you pepper in some **completely context-free quantum mechanics references.**

Chapter 2: Never, Ever Answer a Direct Question

If someone asks you something *pointed*—say, for example, "What do you actually believe?"—DO NOT, under any circumstances, **answer it.** Instead, pivot. Reframe. Stall. Or, if all else fails, pull out the **Narcissist's Swiss Army Knife** TM:

- Accuse them of attacking you.
- Mock their intelligence.
- Claim they are incapable of understanding your "nuanced" perspective.
- Throw in an unrelated anecdote about how difficult your childhood was.



Chapter 3: When in Doubt, Pretend You Were Just "Playing Devil's Advocate"

You've just been *obliterated* in a discussion. Your arguments are in shambles. Your logic has been *publicly exposed* as an undercooked gas station burrito of bad faith. But don't worry! The **classic reset button** is simple:

- "I was just playing devil's advocate!"
- "I wasn't actually arguing that—I was testing your argument!"
- "I was just exploring the idea!"
- "You took that too seriously. Relax."

Never admit you were wrong. That's for people who care about integrity. And you? You care about winning.

Chapter 4: The Victim Card—Now With 100% More Self-Pity!

Oh no! You've been **called out.** People are *noticing* the holes in your reasoning. Your mask is **slipping**. What do you do?

Turn the tables! Suddenly, *you* are the **real** victim.

Mention a tragic past event (real or exaggerated) to shift sympathy.



Claim you are being "harassed" for simply having an opinion.

Feign exhaustion. ("Ugh, I just wanted an intellectual discussion, but you're so aggressive!")

Chapter 5: "I'M NOT OWNED! I'M NOT OWNED!" (He types, slowly shrinking into a corncob.)

Your opponent? They've exposed you. The audience? They see you. You are caught, Joel. You are floundering. But wait! There's still one last move.

Claim it was all a game.

Say that they are obsessed with you.

Pretend that you've been the "real winner" all along.

And if all else fails... And THREATEN LEGAL ACTION!

("I'm calling my lawyer!")
("This is libel and slander!")
("You'll be hearing from me soon!")

Will you actually file anything? No.

Do you even have a case? Also no.

But that's **not the point**.

The point is to maintain the illusion of control—

—even when it's slipping through your fingers.



Conclusion: Welcome to the Oblivion of the Forgettable

In the end, the greatest **tragedy** of performative narcissism is not the manipulation.

Not the gaslighting.

Not even the laughable threat of lawsuits.

It's the crushing, inescapable reality...

...that no one will remember you.

You, Joel, are forgettable.

Your tactics? Stale.

Your rhetoric? Copy-pasted.

Your existence in the grand stage of intellectual discourse? A footnote at best.

And that? That's the real loss.

Final Thoughts: An Ode to the Uninspired

Joel Johnson is not a monster. He is not a villain.

He is a bad sequel to a bad movie—

—a B-list reboot of a franchise nobody asked for.

And that? That's the most devastating truth of all.













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