

12th August 2013

Mr. Kent Madin
1178 Yellowstone Ave,
Bozeman, MT
59718-6122
& 14543 Kelly Canyon Rd.
Bozeman, MT
59715-7612



Earl de Blonville FRGS
PO Box 1425 Carlton
Victoria 3053 Australia
www.earldeblonville.com

Re: Your website named "earldeblonville.net"

Dear Mr. Madin,

I have sought legal advice on the website you operate named "earldeblonville.net"

I request that you cease to operate it and take the website down forthwith.

I request you take the website down for the following reasons:

1. The use of "earldeblonville.net" is an infringement of my copyright & trademark.
2. The website "earldeblonville.net" is an encroachment on my rights.
3. The website "earldeblonville.net" is defamatory in nature.
4. The website "earldeblonville.net" contains injurious falsehoods.

Consequently, I request that you remove the website immediately.

NB: I reserve all my rights in this matter.

My legal council is happy to discuss any of these matters with you.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Earl de Blonville".

Earl de Blonville, FRGS

Subject:	Re: Please confirm
From:	Kent Madin (rett139@yahoo.com)
To:	earl@earldeblonville.com;
Bcc:	ian.madin@dogami.state.or.us; lmadin@whoi.edu; [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] SCrawford@BOZEMAN.NET;
Date:	Sunday, August 18, 2013 6:09 PM

Dear Earl,

In spite of my own timely responses to questions you posed to me, you've spent your time responding with dark fantasy speculation on my sexuality, my mortality, my physical health, my twisted family relationships, my wife's infidelity, etc. etc. so I'm not inclined to provide you any information or confirmation until you show a willingness to reciprocate with answers.

As you well realize, Earl, my premise is that you are a sort of grifter, albeit better spoken. Absent the explanations only you can provide, that's what the evidence points to. To dissuade me from that premise, you can start by answering the questions I posed about your acceptance into the Doctoral program at RMIT and the awarding of the APA stipend.

1. Was the [RMIT](#) selection committee aware that you already had completed a PH.d program with [Rushmore University](#), on essentially the same subject you proposed to cover at RMIT and had only to pay the balance of your fees to be awarded your degree? Conversely, why was your tenure at the Rushmore Ph.d program, which took place in 2008, not mentioned on your CV?
2. Given that you do not have an undergraduate degree, what was it that you proposed or the RMIT committee recognized about your non-academic activities that allowed them to accept you into the Doctoral program? Was it on the strength of your self-published book, 'Seventh Journey'?
3. You have asked me to take down [www.earldeblonville.net](#) citing defamation and copyright issues. Once again, tell me what parts of that website you find objectionable and I will address them. The site consists of your quotations, the CV you posted on Academia.edu (which I repeatedly asked you to comment on before posting it), links to your speaking engagement representatives. Where is the issue?
4. On what actual experience did you base your endorsement of Ripley Davenport on LinkedIn? (attached) (You'll recall that when I first posed this question to you on June 10 of this year, you responded by offering to beat me up).

As to my birthday, in the interests of congeniality, yes.. I was born May 25. As to my family members, they are all well versed in the saga of Ripley Davenport and will soon be familiar with your story too.

I hope that listing email addresses associated with my relatives is not meant to be threatening. That, combined with your previous reference to my wife and office manager and your offer to send friends to Montana to beat me up could indicate a pattern of behavior. I'd remind you that I have been asking questions about your public, professional claims and you should feel free to research my public claims and professional history however much you like. But if the purpose of listing those emails is to suggest that you are going to contact my relatives and associates to smear me with fanciful claims of cyberstalking, then you will have crossed a line. Ask your lawyer, the "Rottweiler" about that before proceeding. For the sake of prudence I am copying this note to Captain Steve Crawford of the BPD.

The Politiken article which lays out the story of Ripley and his fantasy existence as an explorer, came out today. I attach a copy of layout. If you'd like a copy of the English translation, just ask.

Regards,

Kent

From: Earl de Blonville <earl@earldeblonville.com>
To: Kent Madin <rett139@yahoo.com>
Sent: Saturday, August 17, 2013 10:44 AM
Subject: Please confirm

Dear Kent

Could you please confirm your date of birth as being 25th May 1950

Could you also please confirm that the email addresses below for your family are current:

1. Lawrence Madin: lmadin@whoi.edu
2. Ian Madin: ian.p.madin@dogami.state.or.us
3. Katherine Madin: kmadin@whoi.edu

Please supply confirmation or corrections as soon as possible.

I will come back soon requesting other important information.

Your help is appreciated.

Regards

Earl



Earl de Blonville FRGS

Global Leadership Research
School of Global, Urban & Social Studies
RMIT University, Melbourne, Australia
rmit.academia.edu/EarldeBlonville
www.earldeblonville.com

Sad powerless little boy

Hi
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From Earl de Blonville

To R Davenport

Kent Madin

Hi R

We live in entertaining times. I've been signed up by someone to a few US sites selling 'erect meds'. What do you think they might be? Something an impotent man might use to try to get his masculinity back. That's the sort of thing I'd expect from a teenager, or a closet gay. Makes you wonder.

Here's a theory. Your mate has lost his balls and his manhood with prostate cancer, and now he hates anyone who is more man than him, because that real man is a constant reminder of what he isn't. Although my guess is that he never had it in the first place. Projecting onto me is a dead giveaway. His focus on sexual performance strongly suggests a closet gay who is at the deep level tortured by an unfulfilled yearning for intimate male contact. Yep, a real case of Brokeback Mountain I reckon, up there in masculine Montana. Must be hell.

Just looking at his smug rat cunning for a moment (that he probably thinks is invisible, poor thing), I think that maybe he's the loser, the typical second son, who comes from a family of high performing males. For example, perhaps his father was a hugely successful and respected professor or scientist or something with a worldwide reputation. And I'm guessing he might have some brothers who are also very high achievers, maybe in science or something like their father. Which would mean that your mate was a total loser, a complete waster, and as he gets older and looks back at what he squandered it would really induce a sense of worthlessness in him. Maybe he always had a low self-esteem, which is why he pissed his life away pretending to be adventurous, but really trying to avoid the worry that he was gay and trying to win his mother's approval. Little boy lost.

And maybe the girl he married – the one with the real leadership energy - offered him a sense of 'manhood recovered', although his role as base-camp jonny, while she led all the trips and did the serious expedition stuff, must have rankled. That could explain why he seems so dedicated to having himself photographed with other people he thinks are important – to try and make himself look important. That sort of emasculated big-boy is just the kind who would try to get onto all sorts of half-arsed committees, simply to try and feel at least a tiny bit important, yet almost shouting to everyone that he feels as important and useful as the cancer-ridden knackers he probably had cut out.

I would imagine that such a bloke's wife would soon get jack of that and, suspecting he was definitely a bit Brokeback, piss off and leave him to his miserable fate. Heck, maybe, up thar in hillbilly Montana, she'd even run off with a younger man and have a real life for once – not playing mother to a boy, but playing in a hootenanny bush band. I mean, you wouldn't blame her.

So that would leave your mate smoldering away up there at home on the snowline with just an internet connection to keep him company. With all the time in the world, just waiting to die, he might be thinking how much he hates the world and look to blame others for his own failures.

For example, he might blame you, having seen that unlike him - just an office boy - you got off your arse and made amazing things happen, things he couldn't dream of much less have the balls to attempt. You struggled the hard yards, by yourself, like a real man does, and tasted the dirt of potential failure, smelled the sweat of fear, and kept going, not knowing if you'd live or die, because you were man enough to make your own decisions and risk it all.

I could imagine that a big softshell spoilt boy, his mummy's favourite (maybe they'll catch up in heaven), just wouldn't know where to start in planning his own grown-up expedition. That will be why he tries to pull others down, because he was never up there himself. He can't respect other men because he was never a man himself. Entirely speculation of course, just based on his what his own behavior reveals of the inner turmoil.

As for classic projection, you know from your own kids all about the little boy who covers his eyes and says 'You can't see me'. That's your mate – and what he reveals is that he 'can't see he'. But we can.

So in some ways, taking a dig at my manhood and virility is a real complement, even though it is redolent with psycho-sexual innuendo, and at the same time we must feel sad for his need to project his sense of lost

manhood, thus telling us all so clearly that he's a spent force who has lost what power he thought he had. He's the sort to pine for his mother, as lost boys do, and grow cancerous with envy for other men who have stepped boldly out into the unknown, made all the mistakes that enrich them as people, teach them so much and grow around them a circle of friends. In contrast, I can imagine your mate is surrounded by enemies, someone who knows he is not needed, who looks angrily at others who daily remind him how ugly his soul has become, and want to hurt them for it. But all he can do is damage himself: maybe he's already dying of cancer or something. Shit happens.

As for power, all my friends, family and colleagues, representative and clients now know about him – everyone – so trying to do the slimy little detective act searching for dirt will be seen for what it is. He'll just be laughed at. And here's real power: I only have to touch the delete button and all juvenile attempts to engage me are gone in an instant. And you?

Attachments

- Earl de blonville full endorsement of Ripley Davenport.jpg (390.14KB)
- RipleyLayout Politiken.jpg (1.01MB)
- EB smaller.JPG (23.69KB)