

I can't afford to have this proofread, especially considering the price of the expertise required to edit the argumentation. I have the aspirations to publish and distribute, but only crowd-funding can see that dream come true. Moreover, there are precious few people with both the skill to do so and the knowledge, let alone perspective, to check my logic. I know of only three. In a perfect world I could have a teacher's assistant or professor look my work over, but I simply don't know who I can trust anymore. 'Course in that world I'd have gone to university and submitted this, or something like this, as my thesis. Unfortunately this just isn't the case. Furthermore, my perspective runs so counter to the established, institutionalized dogma that I'd never have succeeded let alone survived, spiritually I mean. Maybe in the end I didn't really need it. Though that remains to be seen.

I almost lost myself to this mind-virus you know. I almost lost myself, ironically, to myself; to my self-righteousness. I'd be lying if it were some sense of purpose or nobility that kept me going. It was the anger. I'm a desperately furious individual, looking for something or someone to lash out at. It's only luck that I could turn it toward the exact thing that's made me so furious: ideology. Every time I thought I had established my identity, every time I thought I had found purpose, it tore it down. Totem after totem I had erected, statues to venerate and celebrate who I was, razed to the ground by this mind-virus. Seems I couldn't create anything for myself without the inevitability of watching it crash and burn. But something peculiar happened. This pile of rubble, mounting over years of personal dissolution, came to form a totem all its own and it's there that I found my purpose. So serendipitously, it wasn't I who had forged it, but ideologues themselves. Ironically in their effort to break me, they made me. I'm as much a product of social justice as any social justice warrior you're likely to meet. So ideologues have no one to blame but themselves. It's a poetic end, I think, and a long time coming.

It's time to bask in the glory of your creation, you bastards.

~V.