

Involuntary?

Nobody asked but ...

I don't recall a day, in my 73 years on this planet, in which I was confined to a condition of involuntaryness for more than 12 hours. And I only use that number as a placeholder — I really can't remember even that long of a drought of free will. Sure, I went to Air Force ROTC camp at Lockbourne AFB, in Columbus OH, in the Summer of '67, for 4 weeks, at the height of the Vietnam War, but I was exercising an option to maintain my draft deferment.

I missed my wife terribly, as well as my infant daughter, but I knew exactly when it would end, and I was having a big adventure. There have been innumerable times since, when I needed to be someplace at a certain time, but without exception these arose from my choice. When others label me (I laugh here because they believe they are stinging, and they believe the label), an **anarchist**. The -ist suffix seems to imply a belief to them, but I tell them that I do not believe in anarchy, since it exists independently of beliefs. Anarchy is! Every moment of life without a ruler is a moveable feast of anarchy. If anyone else seeks to remove my natural state of free will, he or she imprisons him- or herself to the chains of keeping me unfree.

Kilgore Forelle