

On Anarchy

Suffering from a bout of jeffreytuckeritis, I can't get this most glorious of concepts out of my head. Anarchy. An, without, archy, ruler. Without rulers. Without murderers, slavers, rapists, batterers, and thieves. Without the initiation of aggression and violence and coercion. Every interaction we have with others that is without one party ruling over the other exists in a state of anarchy. Liberty is anarchy. Peace is anarchy. Friendship is anarchy. Compassion is anarchy. Love is anarchy. Holding your baby while he suckles your breast is anarchy! Anarchy threatens the rulers of the world, hence their redefining something beautiful and good into something ugly and evil. But that's okay. It gives me a chance to be shocking. Anarchy is order. I am a voluntaryist. I am an anarchist. And that's today's two cents.

Skyler.