

# Baring My Soul: A Short Essay on Libertarian Love

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Most of the articles you see posted on Liberty Under Attack are strictly business; and by that, I mean posts blatantly in line with my goal of restoring Liberty, in whatever fashion I decide to do so. Although, in the past couple of months, I have been experiencing emotions that I haven't felt in a long time, and I feel compelled to share those with you. For the first time, I will bare my soul for all to see, with the objective of tying this into the cause of Liberty.

I have been in two relationships in the past five years; one spanning a couple of years and the other just a few months.

Both of those ended quite tragically and it made things difficult for a number of years. I would never acknowledge it, but my hope for love and companionship was lost in some deep, obscure hole within me. That being said, I have buried myself in whatever I could for the past three years to ignore this, most of it involving failed (and naïve) attempts at trying to restore the freedom I was missing in my own life (along with quite a bit of drinking).

**The freedom I am alluding to is, of course, the freedom to open up my heart and not regret doing so, afterwards.**

Although, I feel that is quite common within the libertarian/voluntaryist community; the causes might be different, but it is something that I have noticed, albeit, that is an a priori conclusion.

I mean, let's face it, finding that supposed "one you're supposed to be with" is already hard enough, but once you get to the point in the relationship (although, personally, I have never gotten to it) where your true feelings towards cops, military, and government in general, come up (either by emotions or just for the purposes of full disclosure), the odds are certainly against those who hold similar beliefs as I do. That's not something that can just be overlooked, especially for those who live their principles.

Nevertheless, I have become more aware of what has been ailing me, and it wasn't the Type 1 Diabetes, laziness, or anything of that nature. It was simply the re-acknowledgment that I am an

imperfect, fallible being and I long for what most every other human being longs for: companionship.

And you know what I've realized? **That's okay.**

Occasionally, the topic of a girlfriend, marriage, or even just a fling has come up in previous conversations. For a while, I was fine with flings and acted accordingly; but that's not enough anymore. I want something meaningful; worthwhile; beneficial. After that answer was used up, I laid out damn near impossible criteria. Those being: there will be no marriage license, she will not get a diamond ring (the De Beers diamond monopoly), and that she has to be interested in the cause of Liberty (in other words, help me with the radio show, articles, etc.).

I still stand by those first two, but I was missing a crucial element in my previous overall assessment. That is, the fact that if she loves me for who I am (even before disclosure on my anti-political views), those things shouldn't matter. All that should matter, is the connection that we have and the longing we have to be together. I feel that the rest would just fall into place.

I could be wrong, but these are things I have pondered in the past couple of months, as my venture to Illinois State University begins in January.

*“Do I tell her I'm an anarchist?”*

*“Do I tell her that I have written extremely negative articles about the flag she is pledging allegiance to?”*

*“Will she be okay with a non-luxurious life because I live my principles and devote it to the cause of Liberty?”*

These are all questions I have yet to answer. All I know at this point, is that attempting to find an already libertarian/anarchist woman to spend my life with will, more than likely, lead me to a life of loneliness. I'm sure I could handle that, but in this short life we have on this Earth, I have always strived for more, and this is no different.

It's time to regain hope for love, for companionship, for that feeling someone else gives you that *no one else* could possibly instill.