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R.O.T. C.R.E.W.

MANIFESTO

by

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components

the lie of truth

serotonin, a comrade

love as upheaval

occupy and infest
Objectivity is a scam, pure and simple. Nobody has ever said anything that wasn’t in some way painted by their experiences. If someone did, they’d be a fucking robot. I am, literally, a journalist, no matter what some may think about a person as opinionated as myself using that term. The fear of doxxing, or being put on an online hit-list of left-wing writers, is real for me and several others. I place a lot of scrutiny on reporters who position themselves as un-perspectived vehicles for the broadcasting of what surrounds them. What a terrible prospect that must be for marginalized folks who want to be journalists. Asking, for example, a transgender reporter to be emotionally-uninvolved in a story about transphobia seems rather gross. And no, the answer is definitely not keeping persecuted groups from covering the issues they personally face; when liberated from the dogma of removed objectivity, they are the best at reporting on their community’s affairs. The lie of truth hurts us all. Let yourself be a person, for your own sake. It is a general unkindness to deprive yourself of what your background has taught you.
It’s incredibly un-chill to go after proles who take zoloft and whatnot. Anxiety, depression, and other conditions are inconvenient and constrictive. There is something particularly ignorant about judging medication for mental health issues from the point of view that it supports pharmaceutical companies. As a bit of an aside, if you really want to stick it to the Big Pharma snakes, you should advocate stealing all the escitalopram and giving everyone the stuff they need to avoid feeling like sewage. There’s a serious misunderstanding, implicit and explicit, that well-being is akin to docility. To me, there doesn’t appear to be a correlation of ostensibly-balanced people with being any more or less conscious of oppression and such. All I know is that I’d fail pretty hard at functioning without a dose of sertraline every morning. It’s probably true that of my problems, and the problems of many, are made far worse by the machinations of power, even if those problems are innate on some level. That’s a far cry cry, however, from calling all psychological problems fake - actually, it would seem to further legitimize our issues as partial byproducts of material injustice. Some people smoke pot, or drink coffee, or take celexa, or shoot horse tranquilizer, or all of the above. Some struggle with an addiction, some take drugs for fun, some rely on medication, some are worn down by their circumstances, and some defeat their enemies on glorious DMT trips. Whatever. Moralizing is pretty unhelpful across the board. Your opinion about what I do to “maintain” won’t obstruct the situation; I can’t be in a revolt without meds.
Romantic love, friendly love, familial love, sexual love, and all the rest. I feel like despite how heavy the word is for a lot of people, “love” is incredibly vague. Many autonomous, antifascist, and anti-authoritarian movements have their values rooted in a kind of love. But love is also the aesthetic inclination of foul nationalist rhetoric; “love” for the country, “love” for the white race, “love” for invasion. It occurs to me that, politically, there could be two contrasting loves. There’s a love that feels more mutualistic, open, hopeful, and humane; and a love that is servile, coarse, and mechanical. Both are love in the sense that they are hearty enamorations. Love Politics troubles and entices me. I’m tempted to cast off the reactionary’s love as a mere cooptation, and be done grappling with it as a genuine “love”. But given its capacity for material and immaterial pain, I think it is a legitimate love and a harrowing prospect for general wellbeing. So I very much believe that love will win. It’s my hope, though, that the correct love wins.
Occupy and infest

When the military occupies a foreign nation, it looks like tanks and missiles and smoldering buildings and terrified civilians. When the cops occupy a deprived community, it looks like squad cars and raids and tasers and extrajudicial executions. When the workers occupy institutions of power, the trends are less apparent. The point of occupying prisons, for example, isn’t typically to take control - but rather to set the cages ablaze. Motivation depends on the arena for insurgent action. Destruction of lives in the form of incarceration is to be met with an overpowering destruction of its machinery. That’s where infestation comes in. Now then, look to landlords: stealing back the abandoned-and-monetized housing and fulfilling the general need for homes is an act of occupation, but not infestation. To turn nonfunctioning property over to the dispossessed public (“expropriation”, if you dig using the big words) is not destructive in the slightest. Basically, a vigorous movement of autonomists should prepare to fill the role of the thief, the role of the vandal, or both in conjunction - some contexts call for lockpicking, and some call for dismantling.
RAVAGE
ORDER
THOROUGHLY
CREATE
RADICALLY
EXIST
WICKEDLY