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## ***Weapons are charged by hatred***

Hatred is a historical affection, produced by unresolved polarized stories, which cross the gutter of history, that rotten subsoil where punitive passions are cooked. Moreover, hatred is what endows history with effectiveness.



Weapons are charged with hatred. It is not a loose madness, but the expression of the hatred accumulated during all these years in full view of the whole world. A long-lasting hatred, which is transmitted from generation to generation because there is a mandate of family hatred that will then crystallize in certain institutions, which will be responsible for putting a patina of moral correctionism that disguises it so that it continues to grow and becomes relentless.



Hate has a screen because it is a show, it is made with the rules of the show, it is a performative feeling, with style, that needs authorship, that will bear a signature. Hate is one of the ways to attract attention, to reach more people. Hatred has a vast audience that chews on rancor, antipathy. Every day he sits in front of the TV and attends the spectacle of hate. An attack made for *prime time* television, in the midst of militancy, live and live, with an unmistakable actor who wants to respond to the spectacle of hatred with a synthesis manufactured with the same raw material: hatred and spectacle.

Hatred does not think, does not feel like thinking, is tired, indignant. He was won over by envy and sad passions. He needs daily doses of hatred to row what he does not feel like understanding, what he is not interested in understanding. An indignant person is a person taken by passions, who prefers the outburst, to be carried away by deep emotions. It does not lower a change, but squeezes the accelerator until it becomes a shocking auto. An indignant person will be a person prone to anger, increasingly impatient, characterized by the loss of calculation and moderation, who no longer measures his words, nor the consequences of his actions.

Hate is made with everyone's hatred, it's a big assembly line. Hatred is a kind of bank where many people, made a raging wave, are depositing their resentments every day. Because as Nietzsche taught us, resentment flourishes like violets, it is not easily glimpsed; it is creeping, growing in the shadows, but in plain sight. A resentful person is a broken record, who needs to feel his hatred again every day to feel alive, to self-victimize, to give himself a handle, to enjoy.

In all these years immense mountains of hatred have been deposited that anyone can withdraw and mobilize at any time to make their respective bets or investments. Hate is not free, it is full of interests: whether it is winning an election, positioning oneself in

presidential polls, having ratings, getting rid of a person, morally or physically speaking. I mean, hateful people fall prey to hatred, but, at the same time, they retain their capacity for agency, they know what they do, they decide to hate, they want to hate, that's why they keep their hatred, feed it, share it, viralize it, exercise it. There is no madness in hatred, hatred is never wrong, it is a selective, coherent hatred, it always hates the same people. It is a triggered person, with a triggered head.

Hatred has and does not have a name and surname, but it is never anonymous because the protagonists of hatred are the faceless alert neighbors or the policemen equipped in their robocop suits, but also those characters of the political leadership owners of a sharp rhetoric interested in lowering the blinds to the debates, or the star journalists of the large and small companies who spend it chopped to their interlocutors with questions and comments who have the ability to drive their fans crazy, or the *influencers* who made hate a vector of the goods they promote, or the users of social networks who agitate their community of friends by throwing stones, vomiting comments without the right to reply.

The experience of hatred is intense. To be against someone and sustain enmity you have to invest a lot of emotional energy. Where there is hatred there is no indifference. Although many times indifference is usually the way to disguise the hatred they feel. But these people hate us because we are not indifferent to them, because they hate what we stand for. A person who hates is someone who can't get the images we personify out of their heads.

Sara Ahmed, in the book *The Cultural Politics of Emotions* proposes to think of hatred as an affective economy. Hatred, he says, is something that circulates, posts and viralizes, it is an effect of circulation, tributary of the logic of the broken telephone. It is there, then, that we should also turn our gaze to understand the odious dynamic. Hatred does not reside in a given subject or object but in the displacements that occur between the signifiers, it is something that acquires meaning as it moves between the signs it links, forming chains of equivalences, creating associations that intensify as the words roll. The characteristics that are endorsed to any figure are transferred to the other until they acquire a life of their own.



Take for example, the example of the vice president, CFK. It is the result of an alliance or assembly of figures that were condensed as they circulated between the neighborhood, the political stage, magazine covers, tweets and television. The characteristics of one figure are transferred to the other and intensify as the series expands and completes: Peronism + corruption + mental illness + national chain + mare = Cristina. That is, the characteristics that were associated with a Peronist (little black head + clientelism + choripán + barbarism) move to politics (illicit association + corruption) and to women (mare + crazy + human rights + abortion). The result is the essentialization of the enemy that crystallizes in the figure of "Kirchnerism" or "the Cámpora". That is why, when we see a "militant K", with a vest of the Cámpora, who has been pointed out as a protester, an activist, then, they arrive in a chain, each of the senses that were stacked above the figure of "Kirchnerism". If it is "Cámpora" it will be because it is violent, corrupt, choriplanero...

These series, then, are not innocent. On the one hand, they are to deactivate other words, to devalue other values, be it social justice, militancy, commitment, solidarity. And on the other, they are a way to get rid of people where these senses are best condensed. To attack the other, you have to degrade him first.



Hatred is a historical affection, produced by unresolved polarized stories, which cross the gutter of history, that rotten subsoil where punitive passions are cooked. Moreover, hatred is what endows history with effectiveness. Hatreds are deposited in the imaginary and crystallize in long-lasting prejudices, which are usually expressed in the negative stereotypical formations of language. A contemporary event can challenge these deep feelings and thereby trigger endless discussions or re-posturing self-perceived tasks as unfinished.

Hatred separates, but also brings together, it serves to hit but also to connect. Worse, he gathers when he kills, hits, physically or symbolically speaking. That which binds them will be precisely what separates them from the absolute other. Hatred is a machine of composing enemies in order to certify the affinity of the People-as-One. Hatred of the other aligns the I-to-Us. It separates us from Them and unites us to Us. They need to despise Them to certify the affinity of the We. An identity that will be lived as a jeopardy by otherness.

No one goes to war without god, there is no identity without otherness, that is, no one lynches a person without having previously demoted him. There is no assassination, justice by one's own hand, police repression, imprisonment, no mutilation, no politics of enmity.

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