

matic, irrational and 'crazy' behaviour." bell HOOKS, *Teaching to Transgress. Education as the practice of freedom*, 1994

It is clear that hatred is one of the subjects of our sentimental education, its complex web of fear, revulsion and superiority has always been employed as an exercise in group cohesion. The presence of an enemy is not even necessary, the important thing is to find a way to evade our responsibility, to displace it and focus it on a blind spot governed by the scale of difference that has been set. Something as innocent as distributing the same garment in two colours will have already defined two teams and will sow an ancestral rivalry by the time that garment becomes their property.

There are numerous studies, such as the aforementioned one by Cameron, Chavs by Owen Jones or Roots of Hate by Brustein (2003), which decode the ways in which this emotion is exploited, in one case from an economic point of view, and in the second case including religion, race and politics alongside capital as supports that legitimise anti-Semitism. So we see different invocations of hatred, so many that we could almost confuse them with their foundations and effects.

How arbitrary are the patterns that govern it? Almost as arbitrary as those we have considered should define love or desire, since all of them need an object. We cannot establish these relations without defining addressees, even if these are ourselves, at least in the mental structure that Spanish or English favours, in French you can have hate without an object.

"Is there so much hate for the ones we love? Kate BUSH, *Running Up that Hill (A Deal With God)*, 1985

"No, why should I hate it? How does one hate a country, or love it? (...) I'm not capable. (...) What's the point of enclosing everything in a border, giving it a name, and stop loving it where the name changes? What is love of one's country? Hate of what is not one's country? Nothing good, just self-love?

Ursula K. LE GUIN, *The Left Hand of Darkness*, 1973

Aspects of hatred allow us to become passive subjects, we have nothing to do with what we abhor or why, or why we are the object of others' animosity. Thinking that hatred is an educated emotion also seems to serve as a mitigating factor. We might claim that it is alien to all of us, whereas the emotions we identify as positive emanate from us are so full of goodness that we inadvertently share it.

We take comfort in knowing that we were not the murderers when our crime is constantly being committed. It may surround us, like an effluvium or an ooze, or we may be trapped in its structure.

It has already been mentioned that its patterns are arbitrary, but that does not mean that we can think of them as innocent. The mere mention of a term such as hate crime will unfortunately provide us with a list of what has been acceptable to abhor: the feminine, foreign, rationalised, deviant, mad, old, poor, sick....

"It will be like in the theatre. Only we will see the action and the characters from the audience, but also from the curtains inside. Thus we will get to know the pits, the grills, the pulleys, the curtains and backdrops, the backstage, the machinists who move all that, the prompter who blows the recitation from his shell". Arturo JAURETCHE, *The prophets of hatred and the Yapa (Pedagogical colonization)*, 1967

"The Cabaret Voltaire was for art because "there were artists and bourgeois. You had to love one and hate the other." John ELDERFIELD, Hugo BALL, *Flight Out of Time*, 1996.

Since the appearance of the so-called historical avant-gardes, it has been the engine of innovation or of opposition and transgression of the old-fashioned. It is still very useful today.

That is why it is even more productive to propose an interdisciplinary analysis that starts and returns to the terrain of art itself. Diego del Pozo Barriuso (Valladolid, 1974) proposed an interdisciplinary investigation that is presented in this exhibition. The film, drawings and sculptures bring us closer to hate in a pendular movement that allows us to deconstruct its structures while defining it as a viscous and surrounding entity capable of self-amplification. Based on an exhaustive documentation, which includes the personalisation of various hate crimes, the work allows us to delve into aspects such as the body - both its own and social -, models of representation, formalisation and dissemination, emotional capitalism and the malaise that runs through us.

As in any analysis, the problem lies in the distance from the subject, which is why this choreography forces us to position ourselves and rethink our modes of contact, blinking in perplexity, surprised as much by the slap as by the caress.

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