

Hate

To hate, by contrast with to love, has only one meaning, to want to obliterate or remove the object of hatred. (While love makes many different addresses to its object, hate makes only one address, annihilation.) Hate can also be creative however, as in sadism, which battens on the ingenuity of annihilation. The sadist hates his foe/victim, but is led by his hatred into complex ways of cancelling out the other. Nor is it true that mortal hate loses in the end, or that 'love conquers all.' Ultimately, hate just wears itself out, because it generates nothing new, just sterile self-replication. Hate, interestingly enough, rapidly becomes uninteresting.

Examples

1

If I hate anything, it is obstruction of the human spirit. Thus I hate corruption, which diverts and undermines legitimate effort. Corruption counteracts all motivation. I hate destruction, which eradicates buildings, cities, and people in their process of evolving, or simple discouragement of peoples, as when a youngster is discouraged from trying for higher intellectual attainment. My brother in law, who belongs to a certain ethnic group, tried to prevent his children, who belonged to another ethnic group, from speaking the mother's language. The children were frustrated and culturally confused. The obstruction of those children was not a global disaster, but sprang from the motivation that leads to global disaster. That is the motivation to deny, to block; the motivation of that Satan who, in Goethe's *Faust*, is *der Geist der alles verneint*, the spirit that denies everything.

2

I hate myself, when I think back on the way I conducted my life. Out of impatience and desire I made many decisive moves which hurt other people, children foremost. I hate myself for doing so, but especially—because the moods and desires in question were real and also wonderful—for not having found other, less hurtful, strategies for extricating myself from discomfort and putting myself in the way of comfort. I had no savvy for the marital situation and the subtle social world it exists in. I barreled my way through intimate relations and put all concerned at least temporarily at odds with me.