



PURE HATE

"the flowers of dreams slip by as i go" - Anna Domino

Intimacy is about certain kinds of space which need preserving: a connection to the landscape (the idealised conservation of nature by humans), a shared sexual encounter, or gazing off into screens. There is a common desire for space like this, both internal and external, that can often be connected to the desire for peace.

These desires are profitable. We are born into a metaphorical cage; a space which captures us and conditions our desires. The language we use and attempt to understand as language subjects us to behavioural tropes that consistently trap us in spaces / situations of conserved activity. The capitalisation of the body, the orgasm, the structures of desire, and views on access to education, are further evidence of this oppressive conservation.

Can hate be packaged as neoliberal desire (emotionally speaking)? Projected values issued by neoliberal conditions do not overtly include hate, or the potential to hate one's self - the refusal of intimacy that gives way to insecurity and confusion.

Mumbling "attitude-driven" rock music can successfully sell the image of hateful negativity as part of its product - commodified nihilist existential crises.

The image of kissing exists on a threshold between tasteful erotic "perversion(?)" which industry is able to variably profit off, and the aggressively disapproved endless space of pornography; overtly capitalist body exploitation as corporate power.

Still can't understand the reasons which make us cry and why I hate so many people?