

Being a hypocrite is my favorite thing to do. I change my mind overly-frequently. I make statements that can't be backed up by me or others. I'm unaware. Sometimes I lie.

Liar, a 14th-century British creation, Middle English origins from Old English origins. Popularized on Mount Sinai, lying is a global phenomenon. The word fiction feels like it should get a mention in here, originally meaning to form, to mold. Well, anyway, from Mount Sinai come some quandaries, some pickles. Pickles, they were doing that in Mesopotamia, ~2000 B.C., pre-Jesus. If I should not bear false witness (that's the commandment that tells you not to lie, you heathen), that is a problem with my eyes, my hippocampus, Merriam-Webster, and my socialization. Bearing false witness requires others. Really, bearing false witness necessitates colluding with malfeasants, malicious actors, to slander someone. This is one of the most foundational, working definitions of lying. Does that 'someone' have to be outside of yourself?

Hypocrites, on the other hand, fake having beliefs they aren't able to display *consistently* or have a fake belief due to improper display. In one space, one could be perfectly ethical, principled, and orderly. In another caught with a hand in the cookie jar, really caught on ethics and how they're different from morals. Literally, the fabric of their being is stuck on how thinking and doing aren't the same word; it's pointy and gnarled, so it's easy to do so. How can one act against their own beliefs unbeknownst to them? Perhaps only with physical limitations to that knowing, like seeing. It has to be knownst.

Is being a hypocrite being a liar?

"How are you feeling?"

"I feel like I've been depressed, but I just need to lock in."

Autism is a neurodevelopmental disorder, kind of fun in a society not like ours. Here, it's a bit disruptive; in the past, enduring means for dehumanization. (See Elijah McClain, Freddie Gray, Laquan MacDonald, Kevin Matthews, Tamir Rice, Eric Garner, Charleena Lyles, Sandra Bland, Quintonio LeGrier, Stephon Watts, Korryn Gaines, Natasha McKenna, Eric Smith, and Daniel Prude) (See "despite representing only 20% of the

population in the United States, people with disabilities make up 30-50% of individuals subject to police use of force. An estimated one-third to one-half of people killed by police are people with disabilities.”)

All of the labels and words used to live inside and to describe that living, mental illness living, disordered living, have much to impart, if not tragedy then comedy. Lunatic, imbecile, idiot, cretin, are phonetically delicious. They hold sumptuous morality to dine on.

Given all my brooding contemplation, research, and introspection, I take on the stance that I both really know myself and kind of don't. Don't, in the manner that so much of who you are is everyone else, and having a hard time understanding others in a “real” way is a symptom of the previous paragraph. Do, in that I can declare myself, and they will be.

On that, I bear false witness to myself, of myself, every single day. I lie on myself, to others, and me, all the time, I just can't pin myself down. And people like to feel included, so yes, this is also a problem everyone else struggles with, too. I see you, I hear you, I feel you. You're probably autistic, to be honest. Get tested.

This next declaration is part of the point. I have a surprisingly noisy neighbor who lives beneath me; they (I'm not sure what their pronouns are), my other neighbor told me in a moment of first-time gossip, are a “transvestite”, as well as a NYCHA affordable housing recipient. I'd usually scold my mom for using outdated verbiage such as that, but I was comforted by what she was trying to convey. Previously, I had figured they were queer at least. They wear an unbuttoned body suit, flap hanging over the sweatpant waistband, a fur-lined puffer jacket every day, and walk with a swish in their hips. Ignore my trite heuristics. What she was trying to convey is that this is a marginalized, marginalized, marginalized (three times, probably more) person who was, although suffering, not much of a threat. Sonically, yes, assault-doing-after-breaking-the-window-connected-by-our-shared-fire-escape-wise, no.

I figured, after the reveal of this information, I may be a bit more, not sure, empathetic? The necessity for me to change the reality of both diurnal and nocturnal intrusion was potent.

In this, I already decided not to involve the police; I am black, by the way. I don't know, here lies other virtue signaling things; I studied anthropology, psychology, Latin American studies, peace & justice studies, humanities at large, immigrant parent, higher ed, abuse past, like think about those things, and what they tend to impart on someone. I'm really not trying to seem as if I don't have any strong morals, ethics, or education underneath them. They are integral to me and really all I have at most times, but I also know it is pathetic in the face of the coming confession.

Well, certainly you should know that this noise that triggered contemplation of hypothetical extreme people management consists of bradycardic raccous laughing, nay, cackling fits. At 11 pm, 2 am, 3:56 am, 8:13 am, 10:45 am... It sounds painful and is sometimes accompanied by dribbles of groaning, moaning, and otherwise -oaning. It is cinematic and harrowing. I believed it would die down, without them having to die down beneath me. But I knew that every night in February, every other in March, and every day in April, when they were cackling, I wanted them gone.

This person was and is being intrusive on my life and, therefore, homo sacer. Giorgio Agamben adapted this Roman concept of homo sacer, "accursed" "sacred" man, an individual who has indulged in a certain crime, thusly banned from society, deemed free for anyone to kill, to talk about law and the structures it needs to sustain itself.

I want them sent out of the square, banished, never allowed to return to their home, to comfort, to their kingship/sovereignty. It'd also be nice if they had punished themselves for their transgressions, to show me their guilt physically. A self-gouging of the eye will do.

"I am so sorry for the noise the past couple of months. I went to inpatient treatment, and I am doing much better now."

Or,

"....."

Or,

“Fuckkkkk I can’t see!”

There’s a good amount of exaggeration in my proclamations, but I do want them to shut the fuck up, and it doesn’t feel exaggerated when I frantically rouse in the middle of the night. What would Agamben say about my neighbor in their NYCHA dwelling, marginalized enough to be so centrally included and excluded from the body politic, to be the sacred (wo)man? All of our society is about my neighbor. It's about their blackness, transness, queerness, poverty, banishment, and isolation.

What I wanted for them, I realize, writing this, three months from its fiery inflamed start, was for them to be unhoused. I wanted them not to be here, to be elsewhere; I didn’t care about where that elsewhere was. I assumed it’d be another dwelling. But you know what they say about assuming. Becoming unhoused is what would have happened, and even if I didn't know it, I still wanted it.

So my neighbor still cackles. “What drugs cause excessive laughing?” I ask Google. On the same Google, I look for “queer mental illness anthropology” articles.

It's weird because black boy joy, black girl magic, queer happiness are kind of boring 2D amalgamations that reek of identity politics, but I like what they're getting at. We deserve joy. I don’t know if the mental illness or substance use disorder is what creates a discordant quality in the laugh, renders it unjoyous, or it's out-of-place-ness in my desired world of pseudo-isolation.

From container to trash, it's only waste if it's out of place.

Is being a hypocrite just not being a computer, a native of the rational, enlightenment ideal camp? Science, linearity, sense, things following one after the other with complete attention to both the future and past connecting nodules. That line is not here in the twisty ball of meaning that is laughter born out of all kinds of systematic failure: inadequate healthcare, social services gaps, the entire history of the U.S., and capitalism. I don't think anyone's actually in that structured, sensible camp, nature-wise, you know? how they really are inside, but people pretend to be.

What makes me better than people who are bad (“bad”) is that I don't act on it, in ways that are both bad and real. Unfortunately, I don't have anything to define bad as, it's not violent, dangerous, disruptive, or like white (but sometimes...), or neurodivergent, or something also “natural”. I also can't define “real”, I'm sorry. The closest to material I get: I'll be home, so super tired from class, and my job, and hanging out with friends, and eating food, and get super upset, irritated, hearing them laugh, and mouth to the floor: “Shut the fuck up!”

I'm sorry, 3K, 4K will do better next time.

I won't be locked up for a thoughtcrime, and boy, do I take advantage of that fact. I've thought that I'd love for my downstairs neighbor to be evicted. I'd stay in my rent-controlled apartment, and I never see or hear people again. In that dream complex, every box panned around me is empty. I don't remember the dehumanization of people with or experiencing xyz, or even how we got to the definition. All the bodies, the blood, tears, foreclosed futures.

I won't be locked up for thoughtcrimes. Though with the dissolution of our civil rights, and flagging fortitude against the unthinkable, characteristic of this Trump-Epstein-Netanyahu administration. That reality draws ever near, though I believe in people, us, they, to push it back. I'd probably be happy if I were Trump, maybe.

This is all specifically to say:

“You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor” - God via Moses @ Mount Sinai.

Who they are to me is who they are, and to me and we and they and The Man. They are also their own. So I hope I'm not lying, but I know I am a hypocrite.