

Now that I have more time for reflection, and am both repenting at leisure and extending the repentance to a proper and necessary accusation of the rest of my kind (i.e., humanity). I ask forgiveness for not being harder on some folks, and for being too hard on others...and for sometimes being too hard on myself, and at other times not hard enough. When the pressures of life begin to abate, one should become purer, saintlier, in preparation for becoming an angel or something. It's less costly to be more honest: that's what this thinksheet is about: how tough it is, in the midst of life's rough-and-tumble, to be "honest to God" and to oneself and to others and to the past. Serious reflection began on this when I had the program for the '81 annual meeting of the Cape Cod Community Council (all school, church, and social-personnel). In the five-step process was the sorting out, in quads, of holo-phrastic words for what now is most needed: every group put "integrity" at the top!

1. Last night the editor of SCRIBNER'S, HARPER'S, or THE ATLANTIC came into the room from a trip. His wife jumped up and gave him a passionate hug and kiss, and he said "Oh, you are so sexy!" and she said, "Oh, how you project!" And everybody, around the fire on the hearth, laughed, celebrating the freedom to be oneself among friends. That'll do as definition of a friend: someone you don't have to filter talk and action in the presence of; someone you can trust the consequences of being yourself with; someone whose good will toward you is steady, dependable as a mother's arms. When there is no one like that for you, you become a solitary jungle-animal; when there never was anyone like that for you, you never became a human being; when you do not reach out and risk when society tries to become that for you, society sadly must pen you as psychosociopath. Good will is the root of trust, and trust is the soil in which honesty-integrity can sprout and grow and bear fruit.

2. Movement people, among whom I now and then, for this cause or that, count myself, have trouble with honesty because it has negative military value. Propaganda, not truth, has positive military value--including the most difficult-to-deal-with form of propaganda, viz. self-deception by the suppression of some facts in the interest of the power of other facts or in the interest of illusion. The most doomed project we humans ever undertake is trying to push illusion into reality: Wm. Safire said something like that against those who imagine Israeli defense possible with a PLO government on the West Bank.

3. As an old socialist going back to the Depression, I have been betimes dishonest about the relation of freedom and capital. In his presence I heard King say, "What good is it if I win freedom to enter a store and have no money?" That was a cold shower of reality, and so I was with him and later with Jim Foreman in the campaign to shake loose \$30 billion for black enterprise. Sadly I was forced to conclude that the dignity of capital is ~~not~~ in the having thereof but in the earning thereof, so I converted to what I call "people's capitalism" as alternative to (1) "reparation," (2) government capitalism (=fascism and "communism"), and (3) corporate capitalism (= "capitalism"). A young couple we know understand this; they are buying a house and "putting something away" instead of having babies; babies aren't needed, capital is. Yes, that's sad; but first things first. In this society, most people who have babies are doomed to live below the line of capital accumulation and should be helped to accept their condition instead of cruelly being given hope then can crawl up out of it. That fact both saddens and angers me. And frightens me, for people do not long live without hope, and will sell their freedom to state capitalism (=totalitarianism) under the illusion that it can restore hope, whereas it can only plunge them into deeper hopelessness.

4. The feminist movement, to the extent that it is dishonest, is further alienating women from men and from Scripture and Church. The fact that men, with superior musculature, have controlled women since Lucy (3.5 million years ago) is maliciously read as men oppressing women. I am appalled at the consequent wreckage and misery.