

Wednesday July 16

Dear Nell,

Through a long automobile trip and several restless nights, I have gone over again and again our conversation of those few days. I have ranked my arguments and yours and perhaps I could now almost fairly state your case and my defense.

But this isn't an adversary proceeding, far from it. If, in your eyes, I acted rudely, then I accept the fact that I did so and I apologize a thousand times over. It's been about 25 years since I have been accused thus and it may

time that it happened again.

What lay behind my bad behavior? It is difficult for me to unravel. I think that you made an accurate guess when you said that I might be more than one person. I am not a unified being. What you give me is, in fact, a vision of unity, a unity rarer than you may know. When I am with you, I try to rise to your spiritual level. I obviously do not (or cannot) always find the fine harmony which you represent (especially in a $\neq$ brief stay with the pressures on all of us).

I want to join the small number of whole persons in the world, persons

whose spirit and career are integrated. I am married to one such rare person and I know one or two others, none of them contemporaries of mine. I travel with lesser people much of the time. And I remember the words of Charles Péguy you read to us.

If I become a whole person and a good person, I will not necessarily be "like" you or anyone else. I will be me. During our conversations, Nell, I clumsily tried to describe some "good" people and "good" worldly activities, into which I might want to put some of my energies.

These activities have nothing to do with Ramparts -- though you seemed not to hear me when I said that -- but rather ~~is~~ with building. Building a publishing business or building a better political system or better education in San Francisco public schools. By inference, I thought that I was speaking of aiding and abetting others who work for constructive change. It seemed to me that you belittled such worldly affairs.

I am not a mystic and am spiritually rather shallow. I must find my way in the world. I cannot renounce it. And I don't wish to. I very inarticulately presented a version of this to you. And I was defensive about it, in part because of some guilty Ramparts residue. I defended

myself -- alas! -- by attacking you. A more secure, more serene man would have done better.

The best part of knowing you is, for me, the example you set, of the power of caring. I would do as much. That I live in the world does not mean that I accept its corruption as a way of life. I can be true. I am true. You help me see that. I hope that I may always be a child to your wisdom.

Love,
Mitt