No more clandestine meetings—your cell phone location is tracked. No more secret sexts; they live on the servers forever. And no more trysts in dark restaurants, where every diner with an iPhone is a potential filmmaker, ready to make you famous. We are triangulated, photographed, cooked, and pinged at every turn—computers know more about us now than we know about ourselves. It’s no longer a question of if you’ll get caught in a lie—it’s a question of when.

And it’s not just high-profile wanker-tweeting politicos who should be scared. A Massachusetts Institute of Technology dean of admissions got her digital desserts when she added three totally nonexistent college degrees to her résumé; MIT officials unearthed the truth, then threw her off campus like a drunken frat boy. And urban lore has it that a New York man busted his cheating wife by installing the Find My Friends app on her iPhone. When she claimed to be leaving a friend’s at one end of Manhattan, the app revealed she was actually stationary at the opposite end of the island.4 The modern reality is that no matter who you are, someone’s watching.

It’s time to accept that fibbing is finished. This is a bitter pill to swallow; personally, I have a policy of complete honesty, but honestly? I break it all the time. I hate to lie, but I also hate to cause pain. And being committed to kindness and candor puts my conscience in turmoil. Should I tell a friend her pants make her look like 12 pounds of pudding in a five-pound bag? Or pay her a compliment, sending her out as a muffin-topped tragedy?

Frequently, we’re all liars—and about things much more significant. Who hasn’t claimed a bad cell connection to avoid talking to her mother, or called in sick so she could binge-watch *Breaking Bad*? And scores of us have lied about how many guys we’ve bedded5 or tweaked the truth on a résumé. (Come on. You’re not really fluent in Russian.) But these lies, once so difficult to refute, can now be blown wide with a few keystrokes.6 The incredible technology that’s given us the power to curate our personal brands and create Pinterest alter egos whose lives are all dreamy road trips has also given others the power to strip our facades bare, replacing that smart snap of us in a suit toasting a corporate victory with one of us boozily flashing our boobs on spring break.

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4 Well, kind of stationary. Ba-damp bump.
5 Yes, that one time while studying abroad in Spain does count.
6 Thanks for nothing, Google.
7 To be fair, they were excellent decks and delicious coffee.
Memo to Weiner: Pull up your pants and put away the iPhone.

And By the Way: How Should Anthony Weiner Do Penance for Lying?

We asked women how the New York City mayoral wannabe—accused of sexting with random women—could atone for his serial dishonesty. Some suggestions:

“Stop sexting, get help, apologize to his wife, stay out of the news.”
—Mariissa Giambelluca, 24, Boston

“Someone should take his phone away. His mother should just put her foot down, like, ‘That’s it. No phone for a year.’”
—Reyane Mbaye, 21, Amherst, Mass.

“Instead of campaigning for a seat in Gracie Mansion, he should spend 365 days working with women’s charities—victims of sex crimes, single mothers, LGBT—and learn to value women instead of demeaning and taking advantage of them.”
—Anna Olivo, 30, New York City

“As far as I can tell, the women he exchanged messages with aren’t victims as much as willing players. I see no need for penance.”
—Leighann Posey, 28, Baltimore

“He could just replace his flag lapel pin with a Scarlet I. For idiot.”
—Celia J. Taylor Mobley, 28, New York City

Before you fling your Android into traffic, consider the idea that transparency could be good: Lying’s exhausting. Even a tiny fib requires energy—the fabrications avalanche in an attempt to cover the first. And often the lie is worse than the crime. So long as you’re not intentionally hurting anyone, or a roaring hypocrite, your stumbles will make you seem human. Because while we’re a judgmental culture, we’re also forgiving—America loves a comeback. Just ask notorious stomp-around Tiger, now dating Olympic skier Lindsey Vonn. Apologize and we’re right there with you, ready to move on.

And for those who do persist in cheating, stealing, and manipulating without compunction or regret, your day of reckoning is at hand. (Cue evil laughter.) So here’s my radical suggestion: Tell the truth. All the time. It may be painful at first, even foreign. But with all the evidence out there in the ether, honesty has never been a better policy. There’s no story to keep straight, no fake details to remember. Don’t “massage” your résumé, just admit to a future employer that you left college to bum around Europe with an Italian trumpeter player. Explain what you learned about yourself, or just say it was an insanely good time. They’ll find out anyway.

Remember the feeling you had when you were a kid and you finally told the truth about breaking that window—that feeling of relief? You can have that feeling forever now, because lying’s become so futile.

There, then, was Weiner’s most grievous mistake: not the cheating, not the tweeting, not even betraying his wife. Those things were awful, yes. Repulsive, even. But his ultimate crime was lying about it all, knowing full well that the digital evidence—an Everest of contradictions—was stacked against him. If he had just told the truth—yes, I’m a pervert; yes, I need help; yes, I like to take creepy pictures of my own parts—we might have followed his wife’s lead and forgiven him, pitied him, and moved on.

But instead, Weiner lied when, deep down, he knew he’d be caught—that the Internet, and the world, already had him by the short hairs. And that, in our brave new information age, is the greatest crime of all.

My radical suggestion: Tell the truth. All the time. Honesty has never been a better policy.

Actor and comedian Aisha Tyler is a co-host of CBS’s The Talk. Her second book, Self-Inflicted Wounds: Heartwarming Tales of Epic Humiliation, hit the best-seller list this summer.

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9 You know, “tangled web” and all.
10 I mean, I’m not voting for the guy or anything. But you know.
11 Don’t judge me. Saying this was irresistible. I am only human.