

11/29/72

Dear Howard,

Two envelopes of clips came today. I've gone over all except those on noise, doing it after lunch. I've been working on noise about as much as I can lately, getting ready for the suit and coping with emergencies made by my lawyer and the situation. To lunchtime was enough for today, so after going over the clips I went out and liberated the back hill from one of a series of unwanted yellow locusts well-adrned with poison that climbed to the top.

"ore, I'll brag: I've trimmed it all out, piled the brush I don't have at the fireplace, and all but the parts that are about 5" in diameter are cut to fireplace length. Used the axe to get it down, but trimmed with the machete, which is not casting its rivets. This way, with a swipe, I can chop the smaller pieces fine and they can go back to the earth when I mow. They'll get shredded enough by the mower. However, pieces as small as the little finger get to the fireplace if they are still attached when I get to the chipping block, an old locust stump you may remember, behind the room in which you sleep. Makes me feel good, the exercise, the feeling I'm still conserving while removing what grows naturally, and the knowledge that none of it is wasted. I don't know how much the fireplace reduces the oil bill, but it is good for the spirits. I've started tonight's, having just washed after getting in just before dark. By suppertime it will have some of the stones heated and will be hot enough to burn some of the thicker green pieces. Lil says there are two jazz programs on TV tonight, and I'll take them in while reading, so we'll get the warmth and the glow.

I found myself pondering The Harris piece from the Inquirer headed Think, THINK, THINK, wondering why you sent it when you marked nothing to catch my eye. It can be interpreted in a number of ways. I finally decided that you meant it as a complement because I do often enough think things through in advance and am, frequently, fairly ready for contingencies. My and large I find myself in accord with this quote from Napoleon, if I'd have to protest that the part about being "always equal to the occasion, ready to face what comes," can't apply to me. Perhaps you mean that I subscribe to the basic philosophy. I think I do. I'd never seen this quote before.

The part about thought and action being complementary is so.

I can't agree with some of Harris' interpretations, like "even deciding not to think about something is a thought in itself, although a poor one." Were this to refer to initial meditation only, there would be a basis for it, but once having thought something through and decided it is not good, a futility or beyond doing anything about, it is good not to encumber the mind or overload the emotions with it. Man can cope with only so much, especially frustration.

Maybe I'm wrong, but I think you had the Cyril operation in mind. If so, there is a coincidence in my having a letter from the Archives today on the Memo of Transfer. I think you realize that with it I anticiapted correctly, did what I thought had to be done, then did nothing but wait, hoping there would be nothing to do but as ready as I felt one of no power could be were there something to do.

Jim told me Monday that when Curil's Inquirer interview appeared even Bob Smith was disturbed, so much he drove out to Pittsburgh to see Cyril. The interesting thing is that except for the Williams letter from Sylvia and what you know of from Jerry, all have been completely silent. No, you saw what Dick wrote. But nobody else.

Anyway, whatever you had in mind, I'm glad to know Napoleon's thoughts and to find that his and my thoughts are so close together in the quoted words.

HW

Sydney J. Harris

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Think, THINK, THINK!

I have always been amused by people who believe in "action" at the expense of thought. What has amused me is that the great ideal of most such people is Napoleon. They know his exploits, but they have never read his words.

This man of action wrote: "I meditate a great deal. If I seem always equal to the occasion, ready to face what comes, it is because I have thought the matter over a long time before undertaking it. . . . It is no genius which suddenly reveals to me what I ought to do in any unlooked-for circumstances, but my own reflection, my own meditation."

What the people who call for "action" don't seem to realize is that thought and action are not opposites, but complements. Thought without action, of course, is a barren exercise; but action without thought — or without sufficient thought — can be a hundred times more dangerous and defeating.

We live in a profoundly anti-intellectual age, which has a great impatience with words and reflection and medita-

tion. These are looked upon as impediments to action — when, in fact, every act is a product of some thought, for even deciding not to think about something is a thought in itself, although a poor one.

It is far easier, and in a way more natural, to act than to think — to slap the offending child rather than to discover what makes him so intransigent, to walk out of the house during a marital argument rather than to analyze the root causes of the dispute; and, of course, to declare war rather than to sit at the conference table and use reasonable persuasion.

Getting back to Napoleon, it was precisely the one time his irrationality conquered his thoughtfulness that brought his downfall — the impetuous and arrogant and ill-planned invasion of Russia.

Indeed, it was Napoleon himself who said, "In the long run, the sword will always be conquered by the spirit" — a maxim the men of action are too busy to pay the slightest attention to.