

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

Introduction to Starved Ears

Intro:—Canned vibrations, radio, phonograph or telephone are a utility, not a diet—and prolong life about as much as a picture of a banquet. . . artificial. Woe be unto the nation that substitutes anything for the Freedom of Expression.

STARVED EARS

(Epic-gramatically?)

Man goes to work, intelligent; comes home, (in the evening) ignorant.

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In the morning he is "clear"; in the evening he is tired.

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There is more to a handshake than friendship . . two handshakes equal a dinner.

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Handouts, too, have two values—one you know instinctively is food; the other is the trace of a "handshake" that clings to it.

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The germiest handshake is worth more than all the flattery spoken since time began.

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Printed flattery has no value to the flattered—it benefits the flatterer.

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Spoken flattery benefits both: The flattered reaps the vibrations, the flatterer feels relieved.

Printed flattery is but reiteration, for the billionth time, of that what is already known.

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Flattery is the oldest joke sprung. But speech, even when handicapped with flattery, is better than a tubfull of medicine.

Too little speech dwarfs the mind and withers the body—"silent speaker" and his audience both suffer.

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Too much speech is like too much "turkey," to the hearer. To the speaker, a delirium of vowels is worse than a rupture . . very weakening.

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A soundless world is an empty cupboard—A bedlam of noise is more destructive than a cyclone. Cyclones destroy bodies. "Noise" destroys life.

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Conversation, between humans, is the same as two horses gnawing each other's manes—both benefit. Give the boys free speech, and deny not the prisoners.

Why do pigeons hum? Why do dogs bark? Lions roar? Snakes hiss? Hens cackle? Roosters crow? Crows caw? Elephants trumpet?—tell me, oh ye savants! Why do these vibrate the air with their calls? And mice—whose very safety depends on silence—they squeak. Give us, oh my masters, the privileges of a rat. Let your humans participate in and partake of life even as yon rodent at this moment in my room . . .

Silence—death; liberty—chains.—We are born with a cry and die with a rattle but in the meantime we will speak.

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Let us shake hands (on it) and speak the word our silent brother is "starving" for . . .

Denial of freedom of speech is assault (without battery) and is equivalent to life sentence in prison (with prison absent.)

Denial of speech in prison is a death sentence in addition to the regular sentence.

I say, let's talk it over—'tis a fundamental right and an absolute necessity.

Freedom of the Press not here discussed, it is another matter and comes under the head of "soaking it in" through the eye.—Our subject was ears.