

NOVEMBER 5
1963

BROADSIDE #34

Price 35¢

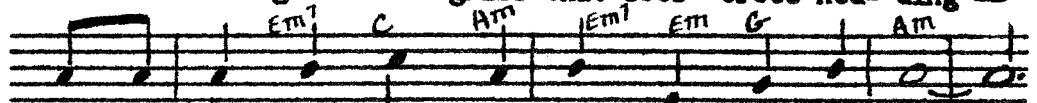
PO BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

Secret Songs

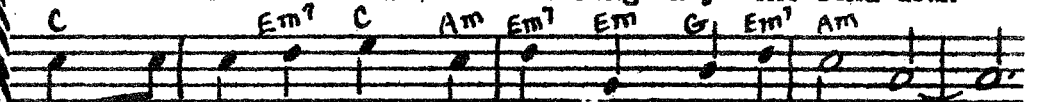
by Len H. Chandler



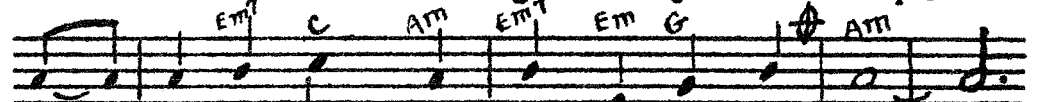
Se-cret songs of old are grow-ing loud-er --
Murm'-ring in the grass the tree's won't speak of --
Murm'-ring in the grass that sets trees nod-ding --



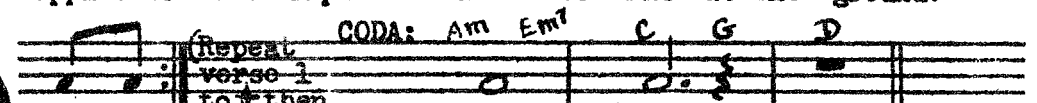
There's a new song ev'-ry man must learn to sing --
There are trees that won't bend down but they do hear --
There are trees so old and strong they won't bend down --



There's a bell been cast that ne-ver can be bro-ken --
There's a stumbling on a road that's unfam-il-iar --
There are winds that cause the grasses just to whis-per --



The world a-round will won-der when it rings. --
The stumblers rise and press on the way grows clear. --
Topples trees & rips their roots from out the ground. --



(Repeat
verse 1
to then
Coda.)
There's a
There's a
-- rings.

© AUTHOR 1963

T O B E A M A N

By Len H. Chandler
© by author, 1963

1. Don't wade in muddy water ----- if you can't swim --- The snags and
 2. If you give a boy ----- just half a chance --- He might be-
 holes --- make chan- ces slim --- If you can swim --- don't wade at
 come --- just half a man --- If you stunt his growth --- and keep him
 all --- Why stub your toe --- why risk a fall --- But the water's
 small --- Then he'll be- come --- no man at all --- But give him
 clear --- the bot- tom's sand --- I swim the sea --- I walk the
 room --- and let him go --- The land is good --- And man must
 land --- The great de- sign --- the master plan --- To be a man.
 grow

3. CODA
 *(satisfied) --- So I'll climb up --- or I'll shake you down --- I fear no fall
 --- I'm on the ground --- The great de- sign --- the master plan ---
 --- It's nature's law --- it's God's command --- One must be free ---
 --- on sea & land --- To be a man --- To be a man --- To be a man.

3. Well, here's a ladder, come now let's climb
 The first rung's yours, the rest is mine
 Well I can climb 'til I reach the top
 You can climb one rung and then must stop
 But my arms have power and my heart has pride
 With the bottom rung I'm not satisfied* (To CODA)

KEEP ON KEEPING ON

Words & Music
By Len H. Chandler © 1963

Musical score for the song "Keep on Keeping on". The score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "While sitting on a crowded south bound train, - it happened just the other day -- I could have sworn that I was rolling back - as the train be- side me slowly pulled a- way, - And my whole life long it seems I'm on that track, every- body rolling on & me just slipping back, And they don't say goodbye and they don't look back And I guess I've got to keep on - keeping on". The score includes various chords such as G, C, Bm, Em, Am, D7/3, C9, D3, D7/3, G, F, D, G, and C.

Some people try to say what I should be
That's something they seem to know so well
But it's what I want to be that's on my
mind

And no one stops to listen when I tell
But it really shouldn't bother me
That no one seems to care
That the stairs are full of splinters
And my tender feet are bare
And I just can't keep from thinking
That there's trouble everywhere
So I guess I've got to keep on keeping on.

I know you wish my tongue would turn to
stone

Or that I'd a-kept it still the other day
I said I'd like to see you walk the sea
And you sank just like your feet were
made of clay

But there's a mountain in the bottom
Of that sea you flounder in

(* 3rd IN BASS)

If you'd find that mountain top
You wouldn't need to swim
If we'd found that mountain sooner
Just think where we could've been
So I guess I've got to keep on keeping
on.

One ship sails east & the other sails
west

While the self same breezes blow
It's the set of the sail and not the
gale

That bids them where to go
Like the ships of the sea is the way of
our fate

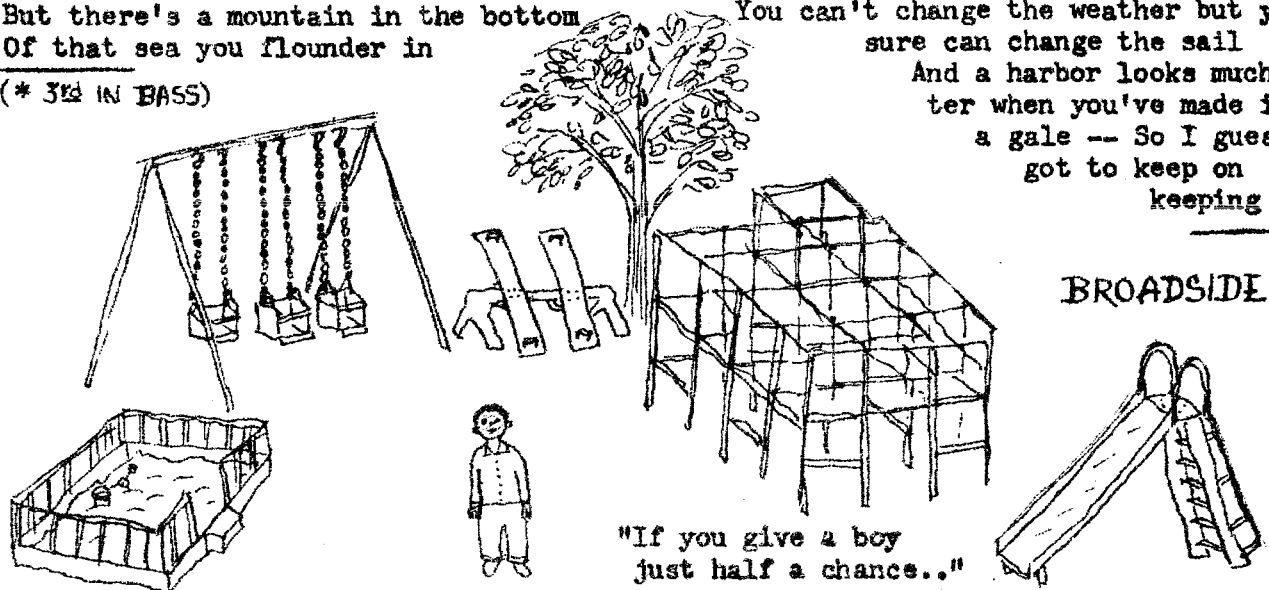
The seas are getting stormy and the
hour's getting late

If the ship starts leaking water
you know how to bail

You can't change the weather but you
sure can change the sail

And a harbor looks much bet-
ter when you've made it thru
a gale -- So I guess I
got to keep on
keeping on.

BROADSIDE #34



"If you give a boy
just half a chance.."

Morning Mail A Reader Submits a New Ballad

It isn't often that an editorial in the Journal moves me to the point of inspiring a folk song (more or less!) but the one on Madame Nhu, in Sunday Journal of Oct. 20th, did just that, with the result below.

Now all I need is a guitar-plunking troubadour to sing it outside the Vietnamese embassy, or some other equally appropriate place! If you think it will convey any comfort to suffering newsmen who have covered the Viet Nam story on the scene or on the home front—then pass it along (maybe to your Washington man). And remember, I said, "newsmen" NOT "Nhu's men."

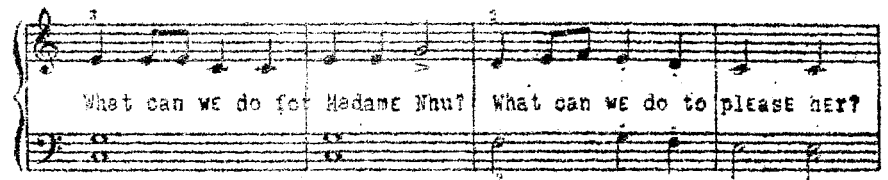
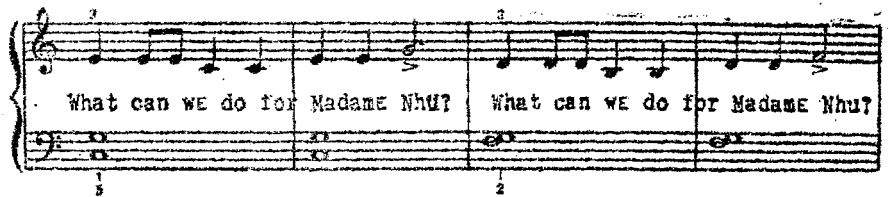
Since the Viet Nam hot potato is burning American hands, why can't we toss it to the U.N. and let other nations share in the problem?

To the tune of "Skip to My Lou":
Give her a million bucks a day,
G.I. Joes and the CIA,
Make the American taxpayer pay,
And still we can't appease her!
(Repeat refrain each time)

What can we do for Madame Nhu?
What can we do for Madame Nhu?
What can we do for Madame Nhu?
What can we do to please her?

Give her a platform to air her views,
Satin dresses and silver shoes,
Give her the right to suppress the news,
And see if that will please her.

Give her a country with full-up jails,
With no reporters to carry tales
About the corruption that prevails,
And maybe that will please her.



Give her the lives of GI Joes
To die defending her from her foes
Rings on her fingers and bells on her
toes,
And maybe that will please her.

George Lincoln Rockwell to sing her
praise,
The Birch Society to send bouquets,
And all the aid money we can raise—
That's what it takes to please her.

Give her the right to call liberals "pink"
To throw her opponents all into the
clink,
To censor all that we say or think
And maybe that will please her.

Give her American dough in bales
To keep up her goon-squads and her
jails,
And someone to claw with those long,
sharp nails,
And maybe that will please her.

Phu on Nhu—and Diem, too!
Phu on Nhu—and all their crew!
Let them paddle their own canoe,
And see how that will please them!

(A big loud "BOO" for Mme. Nhu!
A big loud "BOO" for Mme. Nhu!
A big loud "BOO" for Mme. Nhu!
And see how that will please her!)

Bonnie Day

Providence

Monday Oct 28 '63

The Providence Journal

Registered U.S. Patent Office

Established as a Daily 1829

An Independent Newspaper

Published by the Providence Journal Company
75 Fountain St. Providence, R.I. 02902

NEW YORK TIMES,

OCTOBER 27, 1963.

Apart from the committee system of production, Hollywood has been held back by the aftermath of McCarthyism that produced the blacklist of writers and actors for suspicion of political radicalism.

"By bowing to the witch hunt," said Mr. Foreman, "Hollywood castrated itself. For at precisely the time that European movies were being revitalized, Hollywood cut itself off from more than 200 talented men and women."

SEE NOTES

BROADSIDE #34

Stevenson Booed and Hit By Dallas Demonstrators

By United Press International

DALLAS, Oct. 24—Anti-United Nations demonstrators shoved, booed, beat and spat in the face of Adlai E. Stevenson, the chief United States delegate at the United Nations, tonight, following a speech he made here marking United Nations Day.

"It was a concerted action by members of [former Maj. Gen.] Edwin Walker's following and the John Birchers," said Jack Goren, president of the Dallas United Nations Association, sponsors of Mr. Stevenson's speech.

Carrying out directives in this month's bulletin of the John Birch Society, 75 pickets hurled pamphlets and abuse at Warren last night in a demonstration similar to that in which Adlai Stevenson was struck with a picket sign and spat on in Dallas last Thursday.

Outside, 80 or more pickets waving American flags and carrying anti-United Nations signs

Pickets Jeer Warren Here And Hurl Placards at Him

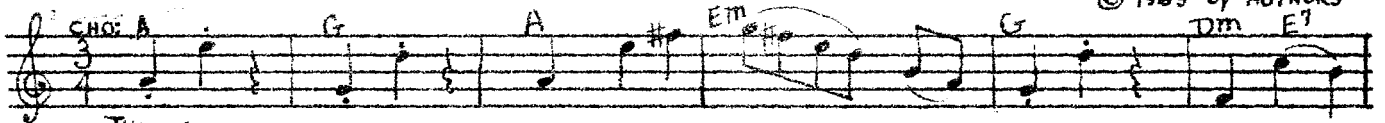
By PAUL CROWELL

A band of shouting pickets hurled placards and leaflets at Chief Justice Earl Warren last night as he left the New York City Bar Association building at 42 West 44th Street.

WORDS--MICHAEL KENNEDY
MUSIC--DENISE KENNEDY

SONG TO BE SUNG WHEN THE NEGOTIATORS AGREE

© 1963 by AUTHORS



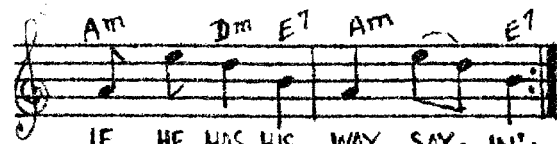
THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THE LIGHT IS LONG O-VER- DUE, THANK YOU, THANK YOU,



THANK YOU ONE AND ALL, FOR SOMETHING SMALL— (SPOKEN): BUT IT'LL DO FOR A START.
(2nd Cho): THANK YOU VE-RY MUCH, IT IS-N'T MUCH — " BUT IT'S ONE TO GROW ON.



U.I. LIT-TLE BA-BY ONE YEAR OLD, TOOK HIS FIRST STEP TO-DAY, HE'LL BE WALK-IN' TO-MOR-ROW



IF HE HAS HIS WAY, SAY- IN':



BROADSIDE #34

(Note: Each chorus has same first line)

2. Farmer in his wheat field, Walkin round & lookin round, Waitin for the rain fall, And what will it bring down? Sayin (CHO.): Thank you, Thanks a lot, It's all we got, (Spoken): But there's more where that come from.
3. Soldier in a foreign land, Facin the enemy, Wonders if they understand, Any more than he, sayin (CHO.): Thank you, thanks to you; The job's not through, (Spoken): But never say die.
4. Engineer that's spent his life, Raisin up big bridges, he Wonders if they'll stand as long, As they took to build, sayin (CHO.): Thank you everyone; We've just begun, (Spoken): But it's better than nothing.
5. Bride on her wedding day, Dreamin of a family, Will the children have to pay, For all that's gone before, sayin, (CHO): Thank you from my heart, It's just a start, (Spoken): But it's a step in the right direction.
6. Old man that lost an arm, Fightin for democracy, Wished he had his son with him, That fought for freedom too, sayin (CHO): Thank you, even so; There's hope I know, (Spoken): But there's a long road ahead.

THE WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS,
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1963

Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois, last of the old-time, silver-throated orators in the Senate, has become President Kennedy's key man in getting ratification of the test ban treaty.

An added bonus from Sen. Dirksen was his performance for more than an hour yesterday on the Senate floor. After more than two days of extremely dull "debate," Sen. Dirksen gave his colleagues and the galleries a lesson in what Senate debate is supposed to be.

Take his peroration. For example, which recalled the horrors of the first atomic bomb explosions on Hiroshima and Nagasaki:

"Oh, the tragedy; oh, the blood! Oh, the agony! Oh, the anguish!"

He recalled the rupture of the "bosom of the earth" that sunny August morning and prayed that the test ban

treaty might "do one little thing at least—take one little step with some hope and some faith—to make a start toward a new and large hope that there will not be another Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

He mentioned that he is an old man who thinks about his destiny and concluded:

"I'd hate to have it written on my stone: 'He knew what happened at Hiroshima, but he didn't take the first step'."

I went for a walk in the hot sun, Around a new building they'd just begun,
I was walking, talking, singing a song, Quite a few other people singing along.

WE ALL HAD THE SAME IDEA: JIM FARMER, SI ; JIM CROW, NO!

We were pretty upset and pretty sore, You might say angry right to the CORE,
Because the hiring policy was a little too tight, Like if you want a job you've got
to be white.

THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL -- WE HAVE A NEGRO NIGHT WATCHMAN,
AND WHEN THE BUILDING IS FINISHED WE MAY HIRE A PUERTO RICAN PORTER.

Now they were using tax money to build the place, And you know Internal Revenue
knows no race.

THEY COME TO EVERYONE -- JUST LIKE DEATH AND TAXES

So we all got together in a protest line, Raising a ruckus and carrying a sign,

QUITE A GROUP -- TODDLERS TODDLING: MAMA AND PAPA WHEELING BABIES;

PASSERSBY JUST PASSING BY;

AND THE POLICE STANDING THERE PLAYING WITH THEIR NIGHTSTICKS.

Picketing in the sun can get pretty tiring, But the contractor still wouldn't try
open hiring. So for a change of pace from walking around, We decided to stop and
just sit down.

DON'T GET ME WRONG -- I MEAN JUST FOR A REST --
IN FRONT OF A CEMENT TRUCK.

Our sit-down was so sudden and so united, That the cops couldn't help but get ex-
cited. They were running and jumping and yelling and crying, And some were damn
near almost flying.

TWO PATROLMEN WERE JUST BLOWING THEIR WHISTLES AND WAVING THEIR ARMS --
THE SERGEANT WAS HOPPING FROM ONE FOOT TO THE OTHER --
AND THE LIEUTENANT RAN IN CIRCLES AROUND THE CAPTAIN.

The Captain snarled from the side of his jaw, Hey, you there, you're breaking the
law.

AND THE LIEUTENANT SAID YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAW,

AND THE SERGEANT SAID YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAW,

AND THE PATROLMEN WERE BLOWING THEIR ARMS AND WAVING THEIR WHISTLES.

New York's Finest standing by , I mean the finest money can buy, And our spirits
were up, but our feet were dragging, As they lifted us into the paddy wagon.

I MEAN I HAVEN'T BEEN CARRIED SINCE I WAS SEVEN --
OFFICER, YOU'RE A FATHER IMAGE.

Disorderly conduct and resisting arrest, Spreading ideas that should be repressed,
Trying to overthrow the tradition of undercover Northern discrimination
By exercising your right of peaceful demonstration.

HEY, YOU THERE WITH THE SUIT AND NECKTIE, I CAN TELL,
YOU'RE REALLY A BEATNIK --

DIDN'T I SEE YOU ON A BAN-THE-BOMB MARCH LAST YEAR?

But that's not the end of this here Tale, We were thrown into an integrated jail
We were hauled in, locked up, lined up, fingerprinted, booked, frisked, searched,
Insulted -- but that's not all -- We arrived too late for the meal call.

WELCOME TO THE HOUSEGOW HILTON.

To make a long story short, They hauled us all into court. Judge Daly listened,
but not too well -- He just opened his mouth and gave us hell.

THIS NON-VIOLENT ACTION HAS GOT TO STOP -- IT INCITES VIOLENCE --
LOOK AT ME -- I'M BECOMING VIOLENTLY ANGRY.

(continued)

Talking Sit-In -- 2

You'll save us all a lot of time, If you'll apologize for your awful crime,
Promise you'll never do it again, Go home and stop fretting about the equality
of men. REPENT YOU SINNERS -- GET LOST BUDDY!

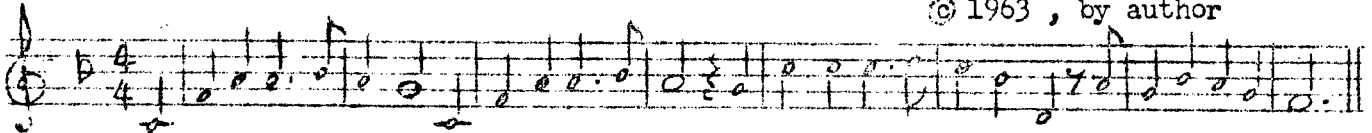
After lots of hassling, the whole thing ended, And they told us our sentence was
suspended. His final words were stern and grave, In the future you better behave.
YES JUDGE -- YES SIR -- THANK YOU JUDGE -- THANKS FOR THE WARNING --
WELL GANG, SEE YOU ALL ON THE PICKET LINE TOMORROW MORNING -- YOU BET!!!

TWO SONGS FROM AUSTRALIA

"This country is full of writers and poets. Ernie Marrs would feel right at home
here -- they stand and recite out loud... Enclosed find some of the many topical
songs being written in Australia -- one a pretty good parody of the "Drunken
Sailor" and the other showing how headlines made in the U.S.A. race around the
world." Pete Seeger.

THE SILVER RAIN IS FALLING

By John Ascot, Melbourne
© 1963 , by author



The silver rain is falling
It falls on you and me;
I hear a people calling loud
That all men must be free.

Last night I sat at my supper
My children by my side
Beyond the mighty ocean deep
Last night four children died.

In smouldering Alabama
See how the church walls crack
Four children now lie dead
Because their skin was black.

In blood-stained Alabama
From a speeding car was hurled
Four flaming sticks of dynamite
That echoed around the world.

O bloody Alabama
Upon you may it rain
It needs a mighty ocean now
To wash away the stain.

The silver rain is falling
On black and white and brown
On freedom, too, in every land
May sun and stars look down.

SAUSAGE (FISH) WRAPPER SERENADE

From the NGUNNAGAN CLUB Songbook
Tune: "Drunken Sailor"

CHORUS: Shove it all down in the Daily Paper (repeat three times)
.... Early in the morning.

What shall we put in the Daily Paper
What shall we put in the Daily Paper
What shall we put in the Daily Paper
Early in the morning.

Minister cuts a sexy caper
Children die from a noxious vapor
Lady of eighty chased by a raper
Early in the morning.

Workers on the dole who guzzle
Communists who need a muzzle
Winners of a cross word puzzle
Early in the morning. (CHO.)

awful international crisis
Idiot reader wins three prizes
See how the general public rises
Early in the morning. (CHO.)

Some of it's truth, And some of it's lying,
What's the odds if the public's buying,
Editors never leave off trying,
Early in the morning. (CHO.)

- - - - -

THE SONGS OF LEN CHANDLER

Bob Shelton, folk music critic of the New York Times, wrote recently: "Len Chandler may be moving toward recognition as a Negro spokesman in music with his powerful songs." Shelton was speaking specifically of such Chandler songs as "Miss Liberty" (BROADSIDE # 29) and "To Be A Man" (this issue). But this is just one facet of Len Chandler's many-sided musical output, although at this stage probably the most important one. He is one of the most versatile of today's gifted young song-writer-performers whose impact is receiving ever-widening recognition in America.

Chandler's songs cover a wide range, from the deeply serious and intricately structured to the light and humorous. His songs in this issue are of the former, and are examples of his poetry and thorough musical knowledge, as well as of his frequent use of symbolism. "Secret Songs" seems at first glance to be a song of today's Negro Freedom movement, but Chandler intends its meaning to be much broader. The songs are those to which not only his own Negro people are now listening, but to which struggling mankind as a whole has been attuned these many centuries. And he understands further that an ancient and apparently solid tree must also be becoming hollow, and if it cannot bend with the growing wind it must eventually fall.

But songs like these represent only one of the varied musical fields Chandler roams, others being worksongs, ballads, blues, "westerns". In his ballad of the "Wicked Weirs" he recreates a long day out of his own life. It begins as an ordinary day on vacation; he has shopping to do; his wife Nancy and a friend go for a brief sail in the bay. Their small sailboat is caught in the weirs, fishnets set out in the bay and held up with heavy ropes fastened to poles. For hours they fight desperately for their lives, their bodies battered by the relentless waves, their hands cut by the razor-sharp cords of the nets. Chandler builds his song slowly and masterfully as the day which started out as just another day becomes one of terror, for those on the shore as well as those trapped in the weirs.

His wry "Oklahoma Talking Blues" is also based on a personal experience. Hungry in Oklahoma City, he goes into a "Chicken In The Rough" joint only to be refused service because he is a Negro. In need of a drink after this experience, he enters a bar where he is again rebuffed for the same reason. Standing on the sidewalk he sees high up on a building a large, bright neon sign spelling out the word "Liberty". He ponders on the incongruity of such a word displayed so prominently in a Jim Crow town until he reads the entire sign, which says, "Liberty National Bank."

Chandler's inspiration comes from many other sources. A line from Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet evokes a blues in which he creates the thoughts of an aged Negro dying in Mississippi. In another blues he draws on his understanding of human psychology to have a Negro explain that he would never have cut an enemy as badly as he did if the latter had fought him man-to-man instead of "slapping me like I was a woman."

At the other end of the spectrum from "Secret Songs" is a Chandler "western", a sort of a spoof of Bob Dylan's "Gamblin Willie". Dylan's "Willie" dies of gunshot wounds in the head. But in Chandler's "Return of Gamblin Willie" he reappears to confront his enemies behind drawn sixguns and discloses that it was really "Bad Luck Sam" who died, unbeknownst even to Dylan. It seems "Sam" had borrowed "Willie's" overcoat, cigars, watch and John B. Stetson hat and was sitting at the gambling table "tryin on Willie's name" when he "caught those bullets."

It could be that Chandler gives away something about himself in a song of his that outwardly is just another "western" ballad -- "Bad Billy". A bank is robbed, two tellers slain, and Billy is found on the scene disabled by a pistol ball in his knee. Taken to an old hanging tree, Billy pleads innocence of involvement in the holdup. He admits to "carousing day and night" and to being addicted to "whiskey and women", but claims he was just running toward the bank on hearing gunshots

and was felled by the true bandits making their getaway. His story is rejected out of hand and the hanging begins. But on the first try, the tree bends down so that Billy's feet reach the ground. On the second try, the rope breaks. Just then a rider gallops up on lathered horse to announce that Billy is really innocent.

In the final verse, Chandler confesses that he has changed the actual ending of the story because he couldn't bear to tell the audience what really happened.

"Old trees don't bend down
Strong ropes do not break
But a good man can die
From a jury's mistake."

It may be that Len Chandler uses so much symbolism because he can't bring himself to tell us the stark truth of the things he sees around him. But more likely a reason is simply that he is a poet, and a very good one.

Len Chandler's musical background is probably greater than that of most song-writers taking part in the current topical song revival. His training began at the age of 9 when his mother started sending him to chamber music recitals. His father was a professional jazz musician, his mother a white collar worker in a rubber factory in their home town of Akron, Ohio. Len played the oboe and English horn in high school, won a scholarship to the University of Akron, where he presented a musical comedy written, orchestrated, and conducted by himself. Later he won a scholarship to Columbia University where he earned a Master's Degree in music, after a stint in the marines. He ran an elevator at Columbia and worked with under-privileged kids at St. Barnabas House. As an undergraduate at Columbia he played the oboe and English horn in the Riverside and Greenwich Village Symphony Orchestras, as he had done with the Akron Symphony Orchestra back in Ohio.

He came to folk music late, and the first time around it made little impression on him. He remembers his grandmother taking him to church in Akron and he remembers his reaction to the hymns and gospel music. "I reacted like a snob -- all that yelling in church struck me as barbarism. I closed my ears to it." He wasn't much impressed either when at the University of Akron a professor from New York, Whitey Lehrman, played some Guthrie, Leadbelly and Broonzy records for him. But it all came back to him in New York one afternoon when he took his group of kids down to Washington Square. He started playing the guitar and autoharp, at first for his own pleasure, then for the children and then for friends. By graduation time he was being offered engagements as a folksinger, and he has been at it professionally ever since, soon beginning to write his own material.

"I work with everything I have accumulated musically all my life. With what I learned in the 11th grade Music Theory class, with what I've absorbed in learning the oboe and English horn, with chamber music, Bach, the guitar, everything. What I'd like to do is create contemporary art songs in a folk idiom. Pieces that will stand alone as poems. With the melodies and harmonies good enough so that they can stand alone as music, too. I, like most composers I guess, would like to reach the ultimate, poetically and musically, remembering everything, simplifying it, putting it in, each part in its proper place so you have a unity."

Len likes to listen to people talking wherever he goes, just plain ordinary people talking among themselves -- men in a bar or on a street corner, kids in a youth center, housewives on a park bench. "They're often speaking poetry without knowing it. With the words they use, and the way they use them, they often create a whole series of images, sharp, one on top of the other." He tries consciously to assimilate what he hears and the way it is said, the inflections, the emphasis. Not for purposes of imitation, but for use in constructing his songs, not only in the words of the song but in the music also.

NOTES

LEN CHANDLER, asked if he considered himself a "folksinger", replied, "Some-times I don't know what we are." This becomes understandable when you consider the varied appearances he was making last week. He was performing at the GASLIGHT in N.Y. as a "folksinger", but singing mainly his "art" songs. With Phil OCHS he had a booking at the FIVE SPOT, a staid N.Y. jazz place (it was the first time "folksingers" -- though OCHS prefers to be called a "topical" song-singer-- had been invited into its hallowed precincts). At the same time CHANDLER was doing a series of concerts with the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra... Which brings up another story. When CHANDLER was trying successfully for a scholarship to COJUMBIA from the TUESDAY MUSICAL CLUB back in Akron, Ohio, 4 or 5 years ago he played for the Club on his oboe the composition "The Winter's Past" by composer Wayne Barlow. That, of course, was long before he developed a real interest in folk music, and it was fairly recently that he first learned Barlow's piece is based on two folk tunes, "The Wayfaring Stranger" and "Black Is The Color". With the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra he is using this composition to help the Orchestra illustrate how frequently folk music is used as thematic material by classical composers... "I'M RUNNING TO YOUR ARMS IN MY HOOTENANNY SHOES". We probably need a word to replace "folksingers" to describe this whole new school of topical songwriter-performers we now have. But we definitely need to a new word to replace "hootenanny". The commercializers have stunk up the term so thoroughly honest people are getting ashamed to use it any longer. Maybe some of our readers could come up with a new word. "I'M ROLLING TO OBLIVION IN MY HOTTENANNY HULA HOOP".... COURAGEOUS: "An incredibly gifted and courageous writer" is what N.Y. Times folk music critic Bob Shelton says of Bob Dylan in reviewing Dylan's recent jam-packed concert at Carnegie Hall. The capacity audience, he says, was caught up "in the passionate, eloquent, icon-smashing statements of a 22-year-old minstrel who is quite unlike any poet or song writer to be heard today." And critic William Bender of the N.Y. Herald Tribune: "His (Dylan's) assimilation of many of the topical unrests of our day and his fusion of them into utterly fresh, biting, telling musical experiences is one of the wonders of the contemporary folk singing world." DYLAN sang some 20 of his own songs, like "God On Our Side", "Pawns", "Davey Moore" and "Birch Society Blues" (which is still banned and censored from TV and recording although BROADSIDE had it in its very first issue back in Jan., 1962). DYLAN also spoke derisively against the political black-listing of Pete Seeger and many other artists, going back to the Hollywood black-list (see piece in this issue's clippings page)... Speaking of T-V, it was somehow frightening to see all the T-V moguls falling over themselves in their haste to provide prime air time for the unspeakable Madame Nhu, who "claps her hands" in glee to see Bhuddist monks, as she puts it, "barbecuing themselves". It was as though the T-V people (and not them only) couldn't wait to roll like dogs in the smell of death... These are the same T-V people who bar from our own air waves Pete Seeger, one of America's greatest spokesmen for a good long life and happiness for all, a rare human being in his compassion and gentleness. PETE SEEGER'S tour of the world is meeting with fantastic acceptance in the lands he is visiting. He has found it necessary to stay over a whole month longer in Japan. "Everybody in England, where he won't be until Feb., seems to want to see and hear him," says his manager, Harold Leventhal. "I had to turn down dozens of requests." He did book Pete onto the BBC's "Sunday Night At The Palladium" -- Britain's T-V equivalent of Ed Sullivan Show. Pete is doing more to building a favorable image of the U.S. abroad than Ed Murrow and his whole U.S.I.S. staff and 200 million American taxpayer dollars can ever hope to do... MARTIN A. DAVID is the authour of "Talking Little Rock", very popular a few years back... DENISE KENNEDY is a songwriter and performer in the Boston area, appearing at the LOFT coffee house...

BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta., N.Y. 25, N.Y. A topical song publication, twice monthly (22 issues a year); Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan; Pete Seeger (advisory). Rates: 1 Yr., \$5. 5-issue trial, \$1.50. Back issues 35¢ each plus few cents postage.