

BROADSIDE

22

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

March 1963 -- 35 cents

WHO KILLED NORMA JEAN ?

The author was a close friend of Marilyn Monroe; this elegy for her was recorded for Folkways, and printed in Life Magazine in February, 1963

WORDS BY: NORMAN ROSTEN
MUSIC BY: PETER SEEGER

© 1963 by Norman Rosten

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with notes and rests. Chords are indicated above the staff: A, Em7, A, Em7.

1. Who killed Norma Jean? I, said the city, as a civic duty,

Musical notation for the second line, including a treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with notes and rests. Chords are indicated above the staff: A, Am. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes.

I killed Norma Jean. (Tune to verses 3 & 8) Who caught her blood? I,

Musical notation for the third line, including a treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with notes and rests. Chords are indicated above the staff: A, Am. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes.

said the Fan, with my little pan. I caught her blood.

2. Who saw her die?
I, said the Night,
And a bedroom light,
We saw her die.

3. Who caught her blood?
I, said the Fan
With my little pan,
I caught her blood.

4. Who'll make her shroud?
I, said the Lover
My guilt to cover,
I'll make her shroud.

5. Who'll dig her grave?
The tourist will come
To join in the fun,
He'll dig her grave.

6. Who'll be chief mourners?
We who represent
And lose our ten percent,
We'll be chief mourners.

7. Who'll bear the pall?
We, said the Press
In pain and distress,
We'll bear the pall

8. Who'll toll the bell?
I screamed the Mother,
Locked in her tower,
I'll pull the bell.

9. Who'll soon forget?
I, said the Page
Beginning to fade,
I'm first to forget.



BALLAD OF WILLIAM WORTHY

Words & Music by
PHIL OCHS

VERSES:

C G7 C

1. It's of a bold re-port-er, A sto-ry I will tell. He

F C F

went down to the Cu-ban land; The near-est place to hell. He'd been there man-y times be-fore, but

C Am C G7

now the law does say, The on-ly way to Cu-ba is with the C. I. A.

CHORUS: F C G7

Wil-liam Wor-thy is n't wor-thy to en-ter our door;— (He)Went down to Cu-ba; He's not A -

C F C Am

mer-i-can an-y-more.—But some-how it is strange to hear the State De-part-ment say, "You are

C

1. 2. 3. G7 C || 4. G7 C

liv - ing in the Free World; In the Free World you must stay. "2)Five Dis-ney-land this year."—

3)So
4)Well, there

VERSE: 2. Five thousand dollars or a five year sentence may well be,
For a man who had the nerve to think that travellin' is free.
He should have listened closer, when he heard the experts say,
" This modern world is getting so much smaller every day."

VERSE: 3. So come all you good travellers, and fellow travellers too,
And travel all around the world; See every country through.
I'd surely like to come along and see what may be new,
But my passport's disappearing, as I sing these words to you.

VERSE: 4. Well there really is no need to travel to these evil lands,
And though the list grows larger you must try to understand,
And try hard not to worry, if someday you should hear,
" The whole world is off limits; Visit Disneyland this year."

JOHN BROWN

By Bob Dylan
© 1962 by author
Tune, much like "900 Miles"

John Brown went off to war, To fight on a foreign shore,
His mother sure was proud of him,
He stood so straight and tall, In his uniform and all,
His mother's face broke out all in a grin.

"Oh, son, you look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine,
You make me proud to know you hold a gun.
Do what the captain says, Lots of medals you will get,
And we'll put 'em on the wall when you come home."

When that old train pulled out, John's ma began to shout,
Tellin' everyone in the neighborhood.
"That's my son that's about to go, He's a soldier now, you know."
She made well sure her neighbors understood.

She got a letter once in a while, And her face broke into a smile,
And she showed them to the people from next door.
And she bragged about her son, with his uniform and gun,
And this thing she called "a good old-fashioned war".

Lawd, Lawd, a good old-fashioned war.

And the letters ceased to come, For a long time they did not come,
They ceased to come for about nine months or more.
Then a letter finally came, saying go down and meet the train,
Your son's a-comin' home from the war.

She smiled and went right down, she looked up and all around,
But she did not see her soldier son in sight.
But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last,
And when she did she could hardly believe her eyes.

His face was all shot up, and his hands were both blown off,
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
He whispered kind of slow, In a voice she did not know,
While she could not even recognize his face.

"Oh, tell me my darling son, Pray tell me what they've done,
How is it that you come to be this way?"
He tried his best to talk, as his mouth could hardly move.
And his mother had to turn her head away.

"Don't you remember, ma, When I went off to war,
You thought it was the best thing I could do.
I was on the battleground, you were home actin' proud,
We thank God you wasn't standin' in my shoes.

"You know, I thought when I was there, God what am I doin' here?
I'm tryin' to kill somebody -- or die tryin'.
But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close,
And I saw that his face looked just like mine.

Lawd, Lawd, just like mine."

"And I could not help but think, Through the thunder, rolling stink,
That I was just a puppet in a play.
And through the roar and smoke, the string it finally broke,
And a cannonball it blew my eyes away."

And as he turned away to walk, his ma was still in shock,
Seein' the metal brace that helped him stand.
But as he turned to go he called his mother close,
And he dropped his medals down into her hand.

Lawd, Lawd, down into her hand.

Joseph Heller

449

Catch-22

"I'm cold," Snowden moaned. "I'm cold."

"You're going to be all right, kid," Yossarian assured him, patting his arm comfortingly. "Everything's under control."

Snowden shook his head feebly. "I'm cold," he repeated, with eyes as dull and blind as stone. "I'm cold."

"There, there," said Yossarian, with growing doubt and trepidation. "There, there. In a little while we'll be back on the ground and Doc Daneeka will take care of you."

But Snowden kept shaking his head and pointed at last, with just the barest movement of his chin, down toward his armpit. Yossarian bent forward to peer and saw a strangely colored stain seeping through the coveralls just above the armhole of Snowden's flak suit. Yossarian felt his heart stop, then pound so violently he found it difficult to breathe. Snowden was wounded inside his flak suit. Yossarian ripped open the snaps of Snowden's flak suit and heard himself scream wildly as Snowden's insides slithered down to the floor in a soggy pile and just kept dripping out. A chunk of flak more than three inches big had shot into his other side just underneath the arm and blasted all the way through, drawing whole mottled quarts of Snowden along with it through the gigantic hole in his ribs it made as it blasted out. Yossarian screamed a second time and squeezed both hands over his eyes. His teeth were chattering in horror. He forced himself to look again. Here was God's plenty, all right, he thought bitterly as he stared—liver, lungs, kidneys, ribs, stomach and bits of the stewed tomatoes Snowden had eaten that day for lunch. Yossarian hated stewed tomatoes and turned away dizzily and began to vomit, clutching his burning throat. The tail gunner woke up while Yossarian was vomiting, saw him, and fainted again. Yossarian was limp with exhaustion, pain and despair when he finished. He turned back weakly to Snowden, whose breath had grown softer and more rapid, and whose face had grown paler. He wondered how in the world to begin to save him.

"I'm cold," Snowden whimpered. "I'm cold."

THE CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN

By MARK SPOELSTRA
© 1963 by Author

Chorus:

G7 C F G7

When you see this sign it's time to go, This sign, This sign

C

You'll know it's time to go when the siren starts to blow, Re-

F C G7 C G7 C Verse:

member the Civil Defense sign. (Guitar) This sign won't save you &

F G7 C

me, This sign, This sign. But it's a hole for the souls of

F C F C

your friends & mine, Remember the Civil Defense sign. My town's

F G7 C

got more signs than yours, More signs, More signs. I've got more

F C F

bandaids more ice cubes & more iodine, Just in case it hurts some

C

friend of mine.



2. I won't be the one to die,
To die, To die,
Of course a certain percentage
Just has to go,
But I won't be the one to die.

Make the missiles so daddy will have a job,
A job, A job,
When the missiles start to fly
We can all lay down and die,
Then daddy won't have to work anymore.

CHO. When you see this sign it's time to go,
This sign, This sign.
You'll know it's time to go,
When the siren starts to blow.
Remember the Civil Defense sign,
Remember the Civil Defense sign.

AUGUST 14, 1962.

TUESDAY,

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

12 SUICIDES HERE SET A DAY'S MARK

Explanations of Sudden Rise
Sunday Vary—Previous
Recent High Was 8

WEATHER CHANGE CITED

Marilyn Monroe Death Also
Suggested by Psychologist
as a Possible Influence

By GAY TALESE

On Sunday, a 28-year-old girl drowned herself in a bathtub on East Tenth Street, a laborer in Staten Island shot himself, and a prominent executive plunged from the eighth floor of his apartment on Washington Square West. Before the day was over there were twelve suicides—ten more than the daily average in New York City. Nobody knows precisely why.

Dr. Farberow, reached by telephone in Los Angeles, observed that the suicide rate soared during the Depression. He suggested that this was because "nobody could find his role, his place in society."

Approximately 18,000 people commit suicide in the United States yearly.

Feb. 8, 1963, BOSTON BROADSIDE
96 Columbia St, Cambridge, Mass.

Sleepy John Estes, like all bluesmen, sings of his life and struggle with the world. When asked why he wrote "Lawyer Clark Blues", which praises the small number of humanitarian lawyers who provide justice for the Negro, John responded with the lyrics:

"He lawyers for the rich, he lawyers for the poor,
He don't try to rob nobody, just brings them round to the door.
Now once I got in trouble, you know I was goin' to take a rap,
He didn't let it reach the co't house, he kept it on the outside.
Now Mis' Clark is a good lawyer, he good as I have seen,
He's the first man that proved that water runs upstream."

The "trouble", John explained, occurred while he was working as a doorman at a joint on the North side of Memphis. As doorman, John was supposed to hold the customers' knives and guns to prevent any trouble on the inside. Before the night was over, John got hungry and was picked up on the way to a restaurant for carrying concealed weapons. Evidently "Lawyer Clark" helped him out.

"Hooray for Van Corey (Digit Dialing Song, Broadside #19) -- we're fighting digit dialing in San Francisco, but it's coming. It's not here yet, tho. So I changed the last verse to fit the situation and also to fit a female singer -- namely me!"

NEW YORK POST, * * * MARCH 6, 1963

JAMES A. WEHSLER

As if civilization has not become frustrating enough, there was the matter of telephoning. One day I discovered that to make a call from Westport, Conn., to Cambridge, Mass., I now had to dial the following numbers: 212-617-491-3665. Yet only in California has there been any audible public outcry against the new AT&T tyranny. Can all lives be so drastically altered with no real right of appeal?

Let's keep the old exchanges
Leave well enough alone!
Leave "Yukon" & "Valencia"
There upon the phone.

With digit dialing coming
I see the future clear
I'll need the help of UNIVAC
To call home to my dear.

...Nancy Schimmel

THE NEED FOR TOPICAL MUSIC

By Phil Ochs

Before the days of television and mass media, the folksinger was often a traveling newspaper spreading tales through music.

It is somewhat ironic that in this age of forced conformity and fear of controversy the folksinger may be assuming the same role. The newspapers have unfortunately told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the cold war truth so help them, advertisers. If a reporter breaks the "code of the West" that used to be confined to Hoot Gibson movies, he'll find himself out on the street with a story to tell and all the rivers of mass communication damned up.

The folksingers of today must face up to a great challenge in their music. Folk music is an idiom that deals with realities and not just realities of the past as some would assert. More than ever there is an urgent need for Americans to look deeply into themselves and their actions and musical poetry is perhaps the most effective mirror available.

I have run into some singers who say, "Sure, I agree with most topical songs, but they're just too strong to do in public. Besides, I don't want to label myself or alienate some of my audience into thinking I'm unpatriotic."

Yet this same person will get on the stage and dedicate a song to Woody Guthrie or Pete Seeger as if in tribute to an ideal they are afraid to reach for. Those who would compromise or avoid the truth inherent in folk music are misleading themselves and their audiences. In a world so full of lies and corruption, can we allow our own national music to go the way of Madison Avenue?

There are definite grounds for criticism of topical music, however. Much of the music has been too bitter and too negative for many audiences to appreciate, but lately there has been a strong improvement in both quantity and quality, and the commercial success of songs like "If I Had a Hammer" have made many of the profit seekers forget their prejudices.

One good song with a message can bring a point more deeply to more people than a thousand rallies. A case in point is Pete Seeger's classic "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" which brought a message of peace to millions, including many of the younger generation who do not consider themselves involved in politics.

Folk music often arises out of vital movements and struggles. When the union movement was a growing, stirring and honest force in America, it produced a wealth of material to add to the nation's musical heritage. Today, there regrettably seem to be only two causes that will arouse an appreciable amount of people from their apathetic acceptance of the world; the Negro struggle for civil rights and the peace movement. To hear a thousand people singing "We Shall Overcome" without the benefit of Hollywood's bouncing ball is to hear a power and beauty in music that has no limits in its effect.

(cont'd)

The Need for Topical Music - 2

It never ceases to amaze me how the American people allow the hit parade to hit them over the head with a parade of song after meaningless song about love. If the powers that be absolutely insist that love should control the market, at least they should be more realistic and give divorce songs an equal chance.

Topical music is often a method of keeping alive a name or event that is worth remembering. For example many people have been vividly reminded of the depression days through Woody Guthrie's dust bowl ballads. Sometimes the songs will differ in interpretation from the textbooks as with "Pretty Boy Floyd."

Every newspaper headline is a potential song, and it is the role of an effective songwriter to pick out the material that has the interest, significance and sometimes humor adaptable to music.

A good writer must be able to picture the structure of a song and as hundreds of minute ideas race through his head, he must reject the superfluous and trite phrases for the cogent powerful terms. Then after the first draft is completed, the writer must be his severest critic, constantly searching for a better way to express every line in his song.

I think there is a coming revolution (pardon my French) in folk music as it becomes more and more popular in the U. S., and as the search for new songs becomes more intense. The news today is the natural resource that folk music must exploit in order to have the most vigorous folk process possible.

NOTES: Folkways has listed an LP of a sampling of some of the first 100 songs printed in BROADSIDE. Watch for it. Also for the next Josh Dunson produced Broadside concert... The new SING OUT is exciting. Articles on "Walk Right In", the Weavers, the new TV "Hootenanny" mentioned in Broadside #21... The point made by Phil Ochs (see above) is emphasized by Deputy Defense Secretary Sylvester's assertion that Washington has the right -- if not actually the duty! -- to lie to the people. It is really sad to see the President of the United States of America stand before the whole nation and give a false picture of a thing like the NYC newspaper shutdown. We are a modern nation possessing billions of dollars worth of printing presses, TV and radio stations. We've got electronic Telestars orbiting the earth. Yet we may have to go back to the 16th century and try to squeeze in a few truths here and there by singing broadsides in the streets... Mr. Kennedy has shown a worthy interest in poets. We suggest he frame in big type and hang in plain sight of his rocking chair this passage from John Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn":

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty" --
That is all ye know on earth,
And all ye need to know.

BROADSIDE, P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N. Y.
A publication (with a twice-monthly goal) of topical songs &
pertinent articles. Sis Cunningham, editor; Gil Turner; Pete
Seeger (advisory). 1-yr (22 issues), \$5; 5-issue trial, \$1.50

DID YOUR 1-YR SUB BEGIN WITH #1 OR #2? TIME TO RE-SUBSCRIBE !!!
