

FREAK  
OUT,  
U.S.A.  
is WILD

ON THE SCENE presentation

# FREAK OUT, U.S.A.

A HARBIN MAGAZINE

FALL 1967 PDC 56\*

## MONKEES



Talk ABOUT LSD & OTHER HAIRY THINGS!

## THE FUGS

ZAP  
YOUR  
MIND!



## PAUL REVERE & RAIDERS



SEWING COOL  
SOUL!

SUPREMES



## MOTHERS OF INVENTION

GREASY!  
FREAKY!  
INSANE!



SEE WHAT LOVE IS LIKE WITH THE

## MAMAS & THE PAPAS



## LOVIN' SPOON- FUL

ADMIT THEIR  
WILD HANG-UPS!



ONE GIRL,  
FIVE BOYS---  
HOW THEY  
MAKE IT WORK!

## JEFFERSON AIRPLANE



A SNEAK PEEK AT  
TWIGGY'S  
OTHER  
LOVE!



# FREAK OUT U.S.A.

A HARPER PUBLICATION FALL, 1967 No. 1





MOVIN' AND A-GROOVIN WITH THE

# MAMA AND THE PAPAS

THEY SHOW WHAT LOVE IS LIKE!



You could easily compare The Mamas and The Papas with The Beatles in respect to their fast climb to success. A little over a year ago they were just strag- gling along trying to make enough money to eat and they were barely surviving.

Originally Dennis Doherty, John and Michelle Phillips had the group, but they weren't doing so good. They spent an entire summer camped on a beach in the Vegas Islands. It was there they met Cass Elliot, the real history. Four of their disks have sold more than one million each and in 1968 Billboard and Cash- box named The Mamas and The Papas the top group of the year. Also, they re- ceived the equivalent to the Oscar of the music world, Grammy Award.

They have learned to cope with the crowds and their fans. Michelle ex- plained about the thought of her fans this way, "What these kids really want is to go along. You're famous. You're riding in a limo- sine. You've got to be go- ing somewhere fantastic. Well, they want to go, too."

Last year was a crucial one for John and Michelle. These two selfish people were perfectly happy when they were unknown, but when they got their first taste of fame, trouble started in their marriage. So Michelle left John for a while. A new girl, by the name of Jill Gibson, who got only resembled Michelle, was signed up, but somehow the group wasn't the same. John wasn't the same. He asked Michelle to come back to him and say if they could work out their problems, she did and they are happier than ever before. Fame taught them an important lesson.

The Mamas and The Papas never criticize one another's performances. They will make suggestions, but never lose one another's work apart. This is one of the big reasons they are able to get along so well.

They strive constantly to remain as they were before fame leached them. John candidly said, "It's the only way. We're out there being who we are. When that's gone there's no point in being out there."

When fame first entered their lives the group really went wild with their money, but now, after getting accustomed to money and prestige they are spending and saving more wisely. Dennis is from Haldia, Nova Scotia. The people from his neighborhood still can't believe he finally made it big. It took him six years but he did it. He bought a huge home in Hollywood, in fact, it is the house that Mary Astor owned when she was a big star. (Oh, if those walls could talk. Check up on the life and loves of Mary Astor, what a swinging six west.)

John and Michelle purchased a home for \$188,000. It was formerly owned by the late, great, Janette MacDonald. They have made quite a few changes in the decor. One room has been turned into a pool room. Both John, Michelle and the rest of the group like pool and billiards.

They have called Cass The Fat Angel, which she doesn't seem to mind, for she weighs over 200 pounds and guffs up punches about it. Cass bought Natalie Wood's mansion, but donated it was too much for her and recently sold it. She now raises her god at the famous Sunset Towers. Cass Kiloff is 32 years old and she hasn't always been in show biz or wanted to be. There was a time in her life that she really wanted to be a woman doctor, but it did not materialize.

The Mamas and The Papas have been such a big success on tour and television with special appearances and their record sales making history, that they feel they would really big making a movie. It would be a huge challenge to them, after all, most of the other famous groups have made at least one film, so why shouldn't they?

They have learned to live high in the short span of one year, but they realize it cannot last forever and they have been quoted as saying, "When it's all over we're the ones that will have the joy."

What a contrast can be made in one year! Now they can charter a jet plane without



Dennis and John follow the million crowd that's made them famous.

hesitation. They can pay expenses \$15,000. Aston Martin cars and jets in homes owned by famous people who trained for years to obtain status.

They worked very hard obtaining fame and finally they decided to take a vacation. All of them thought it might be good to get away from each other for a little while and just do as they pleased and go where they pleased. Cass Kiloff took a trip to England.

It was wonderful for her. She came back feeling collected and rested, ready to tackle anything that would come her way.

Journalist Michelle decided to visit San Francisco. They had always wanted to go there, now they had the money and could really enjoy themselves. The trip was very beneficial for them. It was like the honeymoon they never really had when they were struggling along.

Deane Delaney, who is a real average wanted to go to Mexico and die! He was, some



Four babes that made Frank-Oak history.

bad fights and took in the countryside and the beauty of the country. He did some photography and it was a paradise for him there.

They are very romantic in their views of slow language. All of them realize that the trends could change and they would be back where they started, though, it isn't likely that this will happen to them. They have a kind of magic in their souls and the love identity with them.

They love traveling and wearing way-out accessories, and the group of fans that crowd around them at airports and on tours. It has become their way of life, a way of life they really dig. There is no fear of a comeback about their whatever they go. Their following is growing, each day.

As Mama Cass so aptly put it, "When it's all over, we're the ones that will have the legend." A very true and wise statement, but for now The Mamas and The Papas are making the legend they now to become.

## THE MAMAS KOOKS WE

Speaking for all the Mamas and Papas, I'd say that the absolutely most beautiful book I've ever read was the late Joe Cassidy, the author of *The Great History of The World*.

Joe was so old by the time we first met him in Old Beach Village, that nobody could remember when he last arrived or how long he'd been collecting books for his library. But, according to the best estimates, which means the ones you get from old people, it would be at least five years, if it was on the order of ten. (Remember, I think there would be the rest of those 1960's days.)

Joe himself always claimed that he was "a contemporary of Walt Whitman." And so heavy is he looked, you better believe you'd believe him.

He spoke his living—like what it was worth why selling little books of poetry, history, and whatever and stuff in the color shops along Woodland St.



Joe and Michelle pose for us outside their beloved California home.

# AND PAPAS TALK ABOUT HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED

Strangely enough, that's how most of us—and here I don't just include the Blavats and Papas, but the Lovers' Special and the rest of us who started on that scene, including Dylan—first heard about The Beatles. That is, we bought one of the funny British rock magazines that Joe was reading then.

That was more than four years ago. It seems like an eternity now in terms of time—minutes and hours. But Joe Gould and his early third history of the World, which he always carried around in little kid-school-notebooks, is still good.

If you'd pardon me for a second, I'd like to talk back and to cry. I just remembered a friend I haven't seen in awhile.

Chris

You'll have to forgive Chris. She and Joe were very tight, and his death tore her up and that I guess that's true of all of us. Later I know I couldn't talk to anyone for a week after I heard that Duke Brown had checked out.

Duke was John Reed's brother-in-law, married to her younger sister, Mary. He and Mary were a great kid-swinging team, with one groove alone to their credit at the time he died. In addition, Duke was a really great long writer. What made his death so bad was the fact that he checked out in a motorcycle accident on the way home from a party celebrating the publication of his first book, *How Deep Do You A Lookin' Like Up To Me*.

Duke was the kind of guy who many people would call a "book," too. But everyone on our scene loved him.

We got away from sadness, I guess our really favorite books are the gang of rules who run the 56 H. Diner Restaurant on Second Ave. and 46th St. in New York City. They are somewhere else altogether.

The 56 H is this little Jewish restaurant, about the width of two closets, and not much deeper in length, that serves the prettiest (and/or plain) soup in the world. In addition, it's one of the funnest places to eat in the world—study because of the guys who run it.

Of course, like most really funny places, it's impossible to describe to anyone who hasn't been there. However, try to imagine a little restaurant that is always crowded with New York old timers, artists, actors,



Michael helps make the legend come true

unemployed musicians, professors, grobbs, etc. Outside the counter and assorted level guys feed let them all do their own thing things, against a background dialogue by four of the funnest, most amusing writers in the world. That you have the essence of the 56 H.

Well maybe not quite the essence. I guess the essence is really that when Ted and Larry and Murray and Norman know you're uptight or nervous and hungry, they'll be the best of great pen soup in little bit taller and three or an extra touch of beloved participation in the side.

If you don't think that's lovely by today's standards, you don't know what real love is all about. And if you don't think we have the guys at the 56 H for all the value loads of beloved people inside they prove us when we were uptight, you don't know what the Blavats and Papas are all about. John



# EXTRA! THE NEW

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO

Vol. 1, No. 1 Special To Freshcut, U.S.A.

## MICKY'S DREAM GIRL



Micky smiles for our story

Micky Dolenz will spend a lot less time with his guitar in the future. You'll see a lot of Micky playing the guitar in the future. You'll see a lot of Micky playing the guitar in the future. You'll see a lot of Micky playing the guitar in the future.

...the dream girl will have to be ready for anything. She's getting married in a few weeks. It's not a secret. It's not a secret. It's not a secret.

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Micky Dolenz has been in the guitar business for a long time. He's been playing the guitar for a long time. He's been playing the guitar for a long time.

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## MIKE'S TEEN MARRIAGE FORMULA

For all the married teens, what is better than sex?

I can tell you: it's the formula. I've tested a formula from Freshcut that will help you get married. It's called the formula. It's called the formula.

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Mike strikes the playful of a recording, saying if it sounds right.



Davy and his former Marine Shades.











# LETTERS THE MONKEES

# NOWAYS

## ANSWER

### INDEX:

I guess the whole issue people want and a left hook for business." By that I mean that since I mean a writer and feel that the person who wrote it is really funny and would like someone to talk to I make a point of answering it. For instance, I received this one recently:

Dear Mike,

I know just how very funny, when with all your years being taken up with doing the Monkees thing and making records, so I don't even expect that you could find the time to answer me anyway. But, since everybody is always talking to start you don't just say they without trying, I decided to try.

What I'd like to know is—Do you think it's important a girl should be able to do all the responsibilities and other things even when some of them are both? you know—

V.A. Robinson, Miss.

### MIKE'S ANSWER:

Dear V.A.,

No I don't think that stuff is important for you and it isn't for the Monkees. People who are people will do you.

Mike

### DAVEY:

Having been on a record a few days I was late, I always answer letters that get to be delayed. And I got at least a 100 letters a week coming in to some extent. I guess that's because the the only Monkees policy that's not I got the other day.

Dear Davey,

Obviously, being a super Monkee kind fan, when they didn't forget to get a monkey for my last birthday I wanted to write him other you. The only problem is he is a girl.

My father is disappointed, but I don't

What do you suggest I name her?

J.P., East Hampton, N.Y.

### DAVEY'S ANSWER:

Dear J.P.,

Write for a Monkey. The name must be written. Therefore you can understand my problem in naming you.

Obviously, I know "Lambie" (that's the name I'd like to have a monkey by that name for a pet).

Davey

### PETER:

Generally, I don't answer letters at all. That's because the just of names has to make them all names, there are some I try to answer like this one.

Dear Peter,

You got my favorite Monkee. And I have a question to ask you?

Do you think a girl (from a school) would like to be your number one? I happened on the way of a real real language (book?)

D.P., Ecclesmont, Colo.

### PETER'S ANSWER:

Dear D.P.,

Sure it's the best letter. Love

### GINNY:

Really the letters I answer personally are related to music. Like when I like and when I don't. But that I get other letters, I wouldn't answer that kind of letter. The ones I answer are like this one.

Dear Monkey,

I'm 13 years old and I've been studying the drums for two years. Usually, I dig the Monkees sound. For 14 I'd like to get into something more. Who would you recommend? T.J. Tupala, Texas

### INDEXY'S ANSWER:

Dear T.J.,

I don't know what the current situation is like in Texas but I was you'd just as well as write 1000 or 2000 by they would be I could. When the ones they could answer, the best is still them. Lovey



Peter puts on a handsome (D) face for us. But he got a long-suffering after this one!

# LETTERS THE MONKEES NEVER ANSWER

**I**t is common knowledge that the Monkees are really all well guys. There isn't one that is really as wicked as it's hard being like this on show business and being in a world that hasn't even tried. If you don't believe us, then just try it sometime and you'll find out for yourself.

The Monkees believe it or not and we had you not, read their mail—oh of it. This is something a lot of the acting and groups don't do. They have their schedules so it for them in a way you can't blame them. They have a busy schedule and many other obligations and obligations.

The Monkees, however, had the time put them on the top and will keep them there. If they don't read their letters and take the criticism and suggestions, then it could mean trouble for them. There aren't a bunch of letters and the boys can't do. These letters read the mail and they make sure it is answered as promptly as possible. If you have written a letter and haven't gotten an answer yet, just be patient. It takes time to get to everyone.

There are some letters that don't answer though. They read these letters but they do not always deal with an answer. There are the nasty letters. The ones by dark, who write all kinds of nasty comments. They call the Monkees creep and jerk and trash words. They are vulgar

language and get dozens of times. These letters, instead of being, are great something to the Monkees. They try very hard to please the public. You never read any complaint about them. You can't please everyone, that is true, but why do people love to write nasty letters? The Monkees, as a group, aren't having these people in any way. If they don't want to read the letters on TV they don't have to read them at all.

The boys read each one of the nasty letters as well as the nice letters. Sometimes the parents in the nasty ones really shake them up, but it also makes them realize that, like any other celebrities, or any children, there are always those who really don't get you.

They, Micky, Mike and Peter realize that they must be on the look out for trouble. They must constantly be on guard in crowds and gatherings for some nut who has weapon ideas and wants to start trouble.

This terrible responsibility goes with being a celebrity. It is one of the things they must learn to live with, and at times it isn't easy. You get tired of being on guard all the time in crowds. All these guys are fun loving fellows. They don't like any laughter and they have to know in their hearts that there are some who would love to spoil it for them. There isn't much the boys can do about these noi-

son letters. Many times the dad doesn't appreciate them. They are just like the big-time who make money phone calls and threaten people in the middle of the night. They get their heads the wrong way.

You can help the Monkees overcome these terrible fears. Write them and explain the letters. You all realize you've known them for years and that they are like brothers and friends or something. Let them know this, and then about it. They read all the mail and when they get warm letters of praise, it makes their world really right.

The only way they can take back against the people who write nasty stuff is to continue to give good performances on their programs, continue to make tours all over the country and give the towns of America. They love doing this. It is the only way they can conquer the darkness. The good thing that the towns can be dangerous, all you need is one look in a crowd, but they're a brave bunch and they are willing to risk all for the fans who love them.

So, guys, let the guys know just what you think of these wonderful show and what a great job they're doing. Tell them, too, how much better your life is, how much happier and groovier it has been since they've entered the scene.



**Member's NOTE:** If the following article encourages the members of the group to be just that much more careful to take proper bodily hygiene, then it will have served its purpose—and will **repeat**.

The web shop was busy, filled to the walls with teenage boys and girls talking, smoking, eating, laughing, listening to the music coming from a nearby juke box.

"Aren't they boys?" one boy said to his pal.

"Yes?" What do you mean, Bill? They're **weirdies!**" she replied.

And so it went—the web shop and teenage gathering place across the street. In every part of the **Menards'** records were being played and called "baw," "outlets," and "leech." Females here produced their minimum and maximum, and male listeners stood or sat by nervously, using **The Menards** themselves but terribly proud of the devastating effect the fast food speed girls everywhere.

The time: Noon  
The day: Saturday

No one suspected what would come about by the time that afternoon had passed, indeed, several afternoon left, too. No one could imagine in advance the divided announcement that came late a voice of doom over thousands of radios.

"At 11:45, **Eastern Standard Time,**" the announcer said, "the recording group known as **The Menards** painted in a place across the coast of Florida."

With those words, a began. Nothing about the death of James Dean as a lively road outside of **Belmont, California** caused a new decade, **para-visuals** reached.

Everyone showed the parents being dead as it exploded into **Strope** in mid-air. **Menards** came found all the bodies, including those of

the group's entrance. No eye was found alive. Not were any of the bodies actually recognizable as anyone had been the last."

Out to sea shop.

"They?" exclaimed a tall, handsome teenage boy. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" An attractive girl inquired.

"About **The Menards!**"

"What about—?"

The words were broken clear, quite clear, intelligible as **Menards** intended, everyone in the shop were aware of what the announcer had said in a fresh, intense, dramatic, no more music, no more, just straight news, **Menards** doubled blanketing the doors of all boys and girls who sat, smoking, para-visual.

"They're gone?" one girl said a few seconds later. "Gony's gone. **Mokey Fryer** and **Bliss!** I'll never meet them. I—"

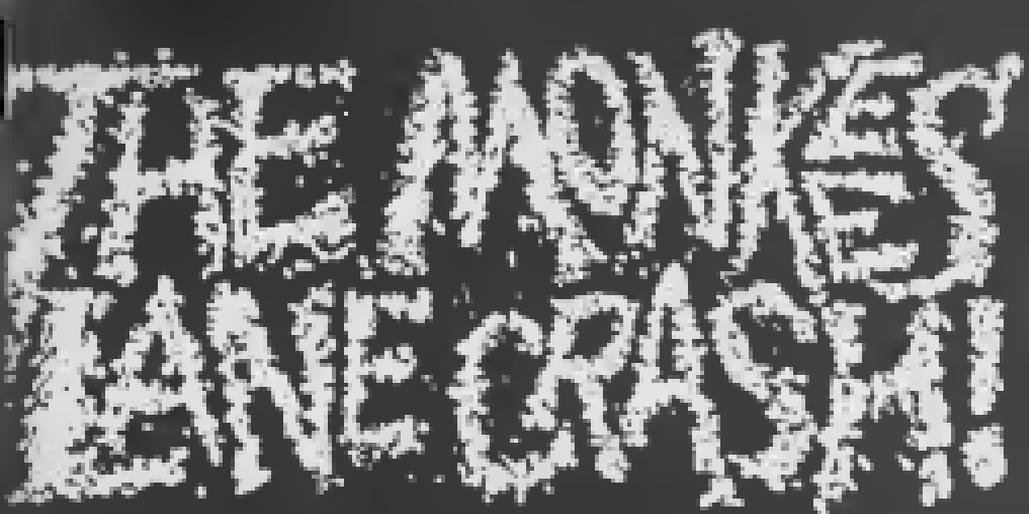
She stopped everything. The coast of the shop came out from behind the food counter and tried to calm her down. Finally, he had to stop her. They continued to wall up in her eyes, **down** down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I just couldn't help myself."

No, she couldn't. Nor could hundreds of thousands of other teenage girls from **Florida** to **California**, in small towns and big cities, pretty and homely, all sizes and shapes—literally every fan of **The Menards** went into a state of hysteria, followed by a sensitive trance, **down** which they came out only gradually, slowly, almost unwillingly.

It didn't help much when **Menards** were shown on television that evening. This served one purpose: to spread the news, to increase the confusion, to fan the **para-visual** shock and sorrow felt by so many.

"And there it is, **Menards,**" came the first word of voice.



The camera switched to a shot of wreckage from the plane, one of the craft's wings that had been crushed up on shore, other debris. "All that's left."

He held up the remains of a battered guitar. "This is all that can be shown by its crash alone, with great success. A battered guitar left on the shore by a turbulent, sorry sea."

The guitar became a symbol. It had once been held by either Peter York or Mike Nevins. There was no way to tell whose it had been—so it developed into a trademark of the tragedy that had enveloped all of The Monkees.

"I can't stand it," said Ruth Terrell of Chicago. "I guess so—he tried to tell her writer. Personally, her parents were able to capture at least Mike's frail, sadistic, or their areas, when peeing. "I'll come Davy so that twenty-five ago, I was drinking of every day here. Now this—and I never will, except in death, maybe."

National mourning?

Yes, you could say so. It happened three before in the century—the first time, with about sixteen men, symbolized Napoleon Voltaire; the second, with four symbolized Jesus Christ, now, with four alone, four personalities that spanned every type of life, such as those who were neurotic and hyper-religious like Davy Jones, those who were innocent, more introverted (and in some cases, married) like Mike Nesmith, those who had just learned to love life and yet adjusted like Micky Doland, and finally, those who, like Peter York, were intelligent, outgoing and still interested in the worship of God, quite unlike the others who claimed that "God is dead."

Four young men—four types.

—Of course, their bodies burst in a burning metallic coffin.



During takeoff, carefree Peter and Mink bravely face the unknown.

# THE DAY THE MONKES DIED IN A PANE CRASH!

Two days after the crash, the shock still had not faded. The hospital had refused to let the parents of love and the unknown love of unknown to each, perhaps because all the burning there could have been the last hope that a miracle had been made, that the Monkees really weren't on that plane, refused that with the passing of time, really became more deeply distraught, more sad, as it were.

And then came the funeral, the day after that. Davy's parents wanted his body shipped back to London but that was impossible. His condition could permit nothing more than a quick flight with the others to Hollywood, and arrangements within the hour, so-called, pre-arranged coffin of Forest Lawn Cemetery. As they related later, Davy's mother was quoted as saying, "They loved together, went together and died together. It seems fitting that they be buried together."

And buried side by side was what they were, their graves, in an isolated section of the cemetery Davy's parents and Peter's and Mike's and Micky's mother and father all arrived and stood in a small gathering with some of the boys' friends. Outside the grounds, on the street just adjacent to the street and on the sidewalk, wailing, crying, screaming.

The burial ceremony was brief. And then the relatives and friends filed out, getting into cars parked nearby.

But the fun stopped.

Minutes later, they went inside, solemnly, reserved, showing a taste that was missing from the Valentine funeral and few the time when Elizabeth Taylor attended the funeral of her husband, Mike Todd.

One by one, they filed past the four graves, every so often, one of them stopped, usually a faithful girl to place a flower on one grave or the other. Those who had never met their idols in life were doing so now in death.

Finally, hours later, they were all gone, though the repercussions would most surely get and there and so that day had continued for many days and weeks, memorial slabs springing up, scattered hundreds of girls attempting to pass their idols by leaving their own love. Inevitably, the magazines poured out on the stands, invariably just were in bad taste. But that was typical. The Monkees had been exploded while alive, their deaths could hardly be expected to end any of that. Money was to be made, and such could be drawn from the magazines, perhaps could be gathered, if one acted quickly.

Now, months later, you still hear comment. Touragers still talk about the plane crash. Mourners still gather at those four graves in Forest Lawn Cemetery. Every month, as with Marilyn Monroe's grave, too, a bouquet of flowers is placed at each headstone. Nobody

knows from whom they come, but the shock-work, they're always there.

One day not too long ago, a girl stood before Micky's grave. She was crying. When the attendant approached her, she wiped away her tears and said to him, "Micky was one to carry me. He wrote the song, 'I'm a J. J. Flyer,' about it. I would sit on his shoulders, sit on his back, hang in his arms, and then, then, come on 'I going to crash now without him'!"

"How?"

"I'd read some on that episode last night, and I'd read that the one who was to become Mrs. Micky Dolenz, well, just over her death, do we all still."

Leaf or preferably, somewhere between sea and sand, two golden hours, a mixture of hope and dream, that out with every dream of mine. They cannot be returned or rearranged or changed in any way. As they are gone forever.

And gone, somehow, somewhere, is also that bested reader job at the end by a turbulent, angry sea. It might have been left long ago in a junk yard or sustained by an ancient fox, or taken and preserved by a member of one of the Monkees' families. Nobody knows but many care.

Twelve, now, months after the initial shock, it still remains strong in my memories. Some adults would say it is little more than a shiny piece of rock, useless, worthless, a piece of junk.

But to those of us who remember Davy, Peter, Mike and Micky, to those of us who still share their memories, it is and will ever be a symbol—and one we shall never forget, nor



The Monkees study hard for their book reports — as Davy and Mike prove here.

**H**

ly wake up! Make up, Makey! We're gonna be late for the party!"

I could have looked Mike right then and there. Like, there I was right in the middle of this groovy dream about how Groia Garbo had just fallen in love with me and we'd get the Chief of her Transylvanian Government. And that was where she'd be up to on an altar? Talk about lost opportunities!

Not anyway, so I got up—yaaa! Mike, Peter and Larry as I went into the bathroom to shave.

"And Where are you finally dropping me off to now?" I shouted through the shower curtain.

"To see the two-headed turtle, Man! It's out-of-sight! Haven't you got anything more than the usual real circus in your system?"



There's been a rumor that  
Mickey might become  
a doctor. Well,  
now we understand why!

THE  
MONKEY  
WAS  
SO  
NOT  
HAIRY  
IN  
OUTING



Why are Peter and Mike so content?

"That was Peter telling! He's always the first one to find the food."

"When two-headed turtles?" I said as I slipped on a smacker. "You cats are out of your skulls—That is New York City . . . We're in the Plaza Hotel . . . Right?" There are no two-headed turtles in New York City—or any where else for that matter! Have you cats been catin' Seagrams or something?"

"Yeah, baby! Put lots of pebbles in your pocket, we've got to make a head trap," Mike said, dragging me out the door.

The next thing I know I was stuffed into the back of this little Volkswagen on my way to the Staten Island ferry.

Like talk about traps, you ain't never been on one 'til you've been on the Staten Island ferry headed towards Staten Island at dawn of a Tuesday morning!

Use the seats! The whole, big-fanny-looking boat is empty, except for about 20 strange-looking people who are going to visit on Staten Island and a young couple in love who've been riding back and forth between here (The ferry is the cheapest date spots in New York. You just pay your nickel fare late at night and you can ride for hours—as long as you don't bother anybody.)

And, like, everybody know everybody else since they take the same ride every morning. And they're all groovy with each other!

For instance, Tony and Betty, who have been riding this same ferry together for seven years, have a dirty chat going.

Tony works for the Post Office, and Betty is a waitress in a diner. Tony's wife died three years ago, giving birth to his daughter, Angela, and recently he's been thinking about taking Betty to dinner here. Her husband was killed four years ago in Viet Nam.

Mike and I really got along well with Tony and Betty, since we're both chess nuts. And, in addition, we were surprised to find out that they were both Mexican fans and owned all our albums.

They gave us directions on how to get to the Barret Park Zoo, which is where they keep the two-headed turtle. And after we had doughnuts and coffee together in the ferry terminal, we split for the Zoo.

The Zoo is all contained in one building in the middle of this groovy little park. And it's a real' nice, besides having the only two-headed turtle in the world, they've got the largest collection of mollusks in the United States.

Although they're all deadly killers, the mollusks are really pretty to look at. And the people who run the zoo really know behind them and enjoy talking to you about them.

After we finished looking at the turtle, the workers and the other mollusks we had lunch in the park. Since we still had plenty of time, we decided to go somewhere else.

Davey, who had the guide book, discovered they had a real Tibetan monastery on Staten Island, so we decided to go there.

On the way, we were knocked out to find that they still had real farms on Staten Island where you can buy fruit and stuff. Imagine farms in part of New York City—would you believe it?

The monastery was something else! Lots really out of the most beautiful places I've ever been to. A very nice Buddhist priest showed us through the gardens and explains all the meaning of the various pieces of art work in the monastery's collection.



Somebody told us Mike was going to the dogs but we didn't believe it until...



Mike listens quietly to interviewer's questions.

By the time we finished having a cup of tea with the prince, who was very surprised to learn that we were television performers, it was time to go back to our hotel and face the make-up reporters again.

So that's the story of our sojourn on Staten Island—the only quiet day that the Madonnas have spent together in the past six months.

**BREAK OUT, USA!**



Madonna and Gary Barlow relax during a recent session in Hollywood.

# THE MONKEES



## The cameras had stopped rolling Davy sat resting their tired eyes.

### PERSONAL INTERVIEW BY DEANE CORDON

Davy got up from his stage. "Hey, hi-love, listen I got had enough for the day" I don't know about you guys, but I'm less today. It has been long and tedious."

Micky went, "You mean I'm with you baby, I've had it for the day. Let's check out and make for our pads."

They all got up to leave, except Micky Dolenz. He sat there with a letter in his hand, his hand lowered, not saying a word. "Hey, Micky, what's wrong?" asked Peter. There was no reply.

"Micky, are you all right? Is your leg bagging you today, buddy?"

"I had no answer."

The boys walked over to Micky, concerned over his silence.

"No folks, my leg isn't bothering me. I'm fine, just fine. There's a letter here I have to read to you. After I read it, I'll let you make a decision. I've already formed in my mind."

Peter politely went, "Goodness, Micky, about I know... some precious words to carry you, but you'll have to give up your career and just dig her."

Micky looked up at Peter and nodded slightly. "No, buddy, it isn't quite that simple, I'm afraid."

The folks became aware that Micky was deeply troubled. They all pulled their chairs over to where he was sitting.

"Well, here's the letter guys," he said. Dear Micky—

I won't give you my name, because I don't want an answer to this letter. All I want is for you to read it to the other guys.

I'm sometime years old. I have had one year of college. Suddenly I hope to be an engineer, but that wasn't always my dream. I realize you have to have an education to get anywhere at all in this world, but I always wanted desperately to be a singer and musician. I've appeared on television several times. Maybe if Vanities didn't interfere my life I would be a TV star now.

Everything was going fine for me. I had my girl, my education well under way and was making money on the side, singing and playing guitar. Then I got a little distraction from Uncle Sam. Now don't get me wrong, Micky, I love my country and I was willing to die for it if need be, but once you are over here and you've been in the actual fighting you realize how terrible war is. I've learned the hard lesson—not to make friends. You are friendly with the guys you're trained with, but you don't make friends with the new guys. Sometimes when you see a buddy cut down and see his gear passing out on Vietnam soil, you know you're at war. It hurts like nothing you've ever imagined could hurt.

I lost my best buddy over in Vietnam. A guy I had gone through high school with. He died in my arms in a muddy trench never knowing what it was all about. We were advancing on an enemy group when all of a sudden they opened fire from a hidden reinforcement. Ted never knew what hit him, I ran over and dragged him into the nearest ditch. All I can remember is yelling, "Micko—Micko!" but no one heard me, Micky. There was too much gun fire. It was like some terrible nightmare.

When Ted died in my arms I became the only witness. I was going to arrange his death and win the war—right-headed. With his blood still on my clothes and hands I grabbed my M-1 machine gun and started running in the direction of the shooting.

I have a vivid memory of hearing my commanding officer yelling, "Don't be a bloody kid, come back, you'll..."

The next thing I knew I was being ported to an ambulance to a field hospital. The pain was awful at first but, then, my legs just went numb. Days turned into weeks, in fact, I've lost all conception of time. I'm back in the states now, for good. If I'm lucky my girl and maybe one girl I'll thank college. I've got to for all the Ted's in the world.

You see, I lost my legs, both of them, above

FRANK OULT, U.S.A.



## for the day. Mike, Peter, Micky and The set was surprisingly still.

the knees. I'm not complaining, because, truthfully, I'm living. I'm breathing and my girl still likes me. I've been a kid all years for a year now. I have a lot of time on my hands, just lying in bed letting my wounds heal. It hasn't been easy for me to get used to my artificial limbs but I'm mastering them now. You've given me courage, believe it or not. I don't mind where you have a disease, heart disease, yet you keep going on from day to day, never giving up, never complaining.

You guys could do a lot to help the morale of the lilies over there. Not all of them would dig you, especially the older guys, but the young ones would. The reason I wrote you this letter is to ask you to go to Vietnam, and entertain the guys.

Listen, Micky, we'll never meet, but maybe somehow through this letter we will have a bond between us that will last over the years — Vietnam.

Signed—  
A Kid

For a few minutes the guys just sat there, unable to speak. They were all visibly shaken by the letter. Then Peter broke the silence. "Well, guys, this is what you call a poster of a letter. It really hits home. We take as much for granted here as the States, we really can't imagine how rough it is over there until somebody tells you know the true facts."

Micky passed the letter around and the lilies glanced over it. Micky got up from his chair and started peering the box. "Oh, why didn't the guy give his name and address? If I knew who he was and where he was, guys, I'd be on the next plane to shake his hand. Here I am with scars and pain in my legs over in a white, and this guy just sat here. They're gone forever."

Mike walked over to Micky. "Now don't let this really upset you, Micky. We can do something about it. The guy wrote it for a reason, and a damn good reason at that."

"Yes," roared Davey, "he wanted to let us

know the full stuff on Vietnam. Not all the guys will dig it over there. Why should they? You can't please everyone, after all, the older guys have different tastes, but we can please the younger group. We had time to go on tours in the States, we had time to screw all our best girls, now we can find the time to go to Vietnam and entertain the boys."

They all nodded in agreement. Deep down, the lilies knew that one day they would realize that decision to go to Vietnam. It has always been in the back of their minds. The trip could be dangerous, in fact, it could be fatal, but The Monkeys are willing to take the chance. The letter they received is not the first from servicemen in Vietnam or in hospitals in the States. They have had many such letters, but this one, somehow, hit home.

Don't be at all surprised some night when you pick up the evening paper to read that The Monkeys have gone to Vietnam to entertain the troops. It is something they must do, if they don't. They will never have peace of mind. Some of the very best that make them popular are over on Vietnam fighting right now, and some will never come back.

The Monkeys know it is their responsibility to their best and their country to entertain the boys, to try to bring some cheer and laughter into their lives. The trip will take its toll on their health. They won't have luxurious accommodations by any means, but they are willing to bear those burdens for their boys.

Many people have asked the question, "Why are the Monkeys so popular?" or "I really don't see why they become so famous and so quickly." If distributors would do a little research work on The Monkeys they would know why they are popular, not only in the States, but in the rocky trenches of Vietnam. There is only one kind of monkey business possible over there and that's Medicine Business.

The boys know they have unlimited happiness in Vietnam. It won't be overlooked for long.

# RAVENS

AND  
THE  
REAL  
TRUE  
FACTS

Some think my children  
and you shall have  
Of the material side of Paul's name  
And all these traditions, many traditions,  
too.

All guys the 3 is simply super  
That's isn't all, that we could share.  
May even see we would disagree.

And certainly, never, now or then  
Some of the old folk, well make, promise  
to share.

Not as long as we dig that, to advance  
share.

We'll give you the wild facts you see,  
You'll keep these facts, and if you need  
So what is a rock you sit on that  
They'll—were by your side.

To hear, see the facts, hear, and the  
report too.

We'll give them to you, you won't  
be able!

The original group was called The Down  
beats, but the name had to change their name  
to Paul Rogers and the Ravens because there  
was another group in Hollywood by the first  
name. Actually, it was being for their la-  
geous Paul Rogers and the Ravens certainly  
has a lot more time.

Their first hit was "Sagehen" (the which really  
moved out in record sales). This was when  
their popularity really began to rise with the  
teen-ids.

Mark and Paul were friends before they  
went into the business. Mark was a truck  
driver for a battery and Paul had a driving  
restaurant. This is how they met.

It is true that Mark loves sports cars, he  
even owns a Golden Mercedes. Mark is 22  
years old, stands 5'7" tall, weighs in at 180  
pounds, has dark brown hair and oh, the  
lovelyst hazel eyes you ever want to see. He  
was born in Eugene, Oregon. He likes people,  
chicks, especially blonde chicks, loves to cook  
up the after violet rage whenever he can. He  
doesn't dig phrases and has absolutely no  
24



them for kicks. He likes to be outdoors and  
wears his favorite artists are James Brown,  
Paul Desmond, The Beatles, and that comic  
of all comics, Jonathan Winters.

Paul Rogers really was born Paul Rogers.  
Paul is 26 years young, stands 5'11" weighs

# RUMORS



group. The Beverly artists are Jerry Lee Lewis, Jonathan Waters and The Beatles.

Feng is 18, stands 6' tall and weighs 164 pounds; he has dark brown hair and brown eyes, he was born in Warshaw, California. He lives and simply adores the city of Los Angeles, also music and outdoor life. He doesn't dislike anyone and says that he is too young for prejudice. A wise fellow. He would like to be a musical success and it looks as though he stands a chance. He really thinks the following groups and artists are groovy, DeJarry, Mary Lou, The Beatles and Jonathan Waters.

And then there is Mike Smith—and but when you probably know more about them than we do.

Feng says, "I like playing the piano. I have been playing, by ear, since I was seven years old. George, Macy and when the rock crew started rock 'n' roll, I studied Jerry Lee Lewis and I suppose if he'd known me, he'd have welcomed me the same way."

Feng says of Mark, "He used to come to all the dances where we played. He begged to be allowed to tag and because he was bigger than we were, we let him. He was good, very good. But I was a greedy man so I told to spend in a low atmosphere meeting place. Why let this bum stay with us for money when he could play an instrument so well? That way we get double value. That Mark became a champion of great style and a guitarist too."

Then Feng and Mark headed of a group in Portland, Oregon that was really rocking there in like road. They both made the scene and made a deal. Feng took the club and shakes and bills the rest a history.

The fellow all get along well with one another. There isn't any trouble among them. They all enjoy music and the entertainment field. There isn't a dead head in the bunch, they're all swingers. That you can believe.

Well, there are the facts and the rumors. Hope that cleared up all your questions on these groovy guys.

170 pounds, has wavy blonde hair, and deep blue surprise eyes that really stand you in awe. He was born in Harvard, Nebraska, but was raised in Omaha, he says home life and music, all kinds of music. He doesn't dig phobias either, will check them out like a

# FANG'S RED-HOT CONFESSION

Fang was relaxed, dressed in a leathershirt and belting smoke on his seat atop his seat-back, an attractive young woman beside him.

"An upscale place for an interview?"

"You bet it is."

That that's the way the smoke crackles sometimes.

"Mia," Fang was saying, "oh, a subject dear to my heart. You-uh?"

"What about it?" I asked him, puzzled.

"You asked me what inspires me most, didn't you?" he countered.

"Sure but—"

"That's it?"

"Yeah?"

"You got it? There have been times when I could drink enough milk to drown a cow."

"I see—" I attempted to say, slightly embarrassed under the circumstances I expected a stirring answer like "I've inspired when I stand there on the African plains, looking into yonder sunset as the western country to their brave and a lion's roar is in the soft radiance of twilight, a night to inspire poets, novelists, and—"

# 'THE STORY I NEVER TOLD'

You know—something happy, groovy, cool like that?

That he'd offered one word—until Oh well.

"Music inspires me, too," Fang continued. "I went to college and studied music, you know, for two years, and I used to sing a lot. Mother would take me to the dance grocery store (usually, it was in the middle of the block three miles away but don't tell anyone!) While she was shopping, I'd get up on a wooden stall drink coffee and sing, entertaining the customers. Then I'd throw in a tap dance just for the heck of it. They said I was offbeat. Now isn't that something? I didn't know she had to walk toward and long or long my hand in shame.

"Well, anyway, I was living in L.A. as a three boy, president of the local R.H. club and all that. And I had milk and it came out of my ears. Then, one time, I was almost kid-

napped."

"Kidnapped?" I repeated.

"That's right," Fang elaborated. "You see, I was a kid then and I rapped a lot."

The woman laughed.

"That's a brag," he smiled.

"Oh—" I said, unimpressed.

"How do you stand with the draft?" was my next question.

"Well, you see, it's like this—I catch a cold."

"What?"

"When I stand with a draft, I—"

"I mean—"

"Yes, system, I know. (Actually, all of us are doing a few things for the government."

"Such as—"

"Well, we're going around to different colleges and high schools comparing charts that picture but which, because of our draft and

Continued on page 24





the group's name, 10/10, literally meant for me to tell the kids to stay in school, but really heard and by good Americans. It's helping us keep out of the draft because we could hardly be doing that unless if we were more in Viet Nam, fighting and dying. We might even go to Viet Nam this Christmas as part of an anti-draft protest group. We expect it to be a rewarding experience."

"How'd it do out out there with the other?" I asked at this point, preparing myself for anything but surprised that he answered me straight.

"It did very well," he said, smiling and looking at me. "I was in a band together in the army. We all have the same common enemy for Fred, that is."

"What's that?"

"Girls."

"Fred doesn't like girls?"

"He loves them. But he's married and has a family."

"Yes, of course."

"But Mark certainly digs them. He's the group's big sex symbol. The kids really go for him in a big way. I got the letters."

His wife quickly watched her husband and was pointing until Fred reassured her, by a big, big man, that she was an exception. So they held hands again, grinning all around.

"That it takes a lot of patience," he continued, "because I didn't get started out very professionally. I was scared to death the first time my stepped out in front of an audience. I looked like I could play but I couldn't. I was freezing up and the guys kept telling me to smile and go through the motions my way. It was a disaster. I almost developed the other guys."

"Some groups have got superstitions," I commented. "What's yours?"

"That's easy. Any time we cross a state line, we must do so with our left foot first. If we don't, something always happens."

"Like what?"

"Like a day or so later, there would be a real bad plane fight in which the danglings would hang up and drop, up and down, and come close to crashing."

"Did that happen often?"

"At least a couple of times."

There have been permanent reasons that Fred is just one leg for romantic slabs. Looking at his short, fat legs, I saw that the first part of that was false but the latter part was not.

"Too many boys treat their girls like cats and dogs," he admitted, "just because to have to deal to rock with and spend a little time with and then drop it don't. I treat my girls with respect and courtesy. And when I'm in love, when I do get very romantic and spend plenty and lovely words and all that jazz, I like to take my girls to some wonderful place it would be for us to spend time in Japan or France or whatever."



... When I was a kid, I napped a lot!

At that, his wife was getting all funny-eyed, nudging him a bit.

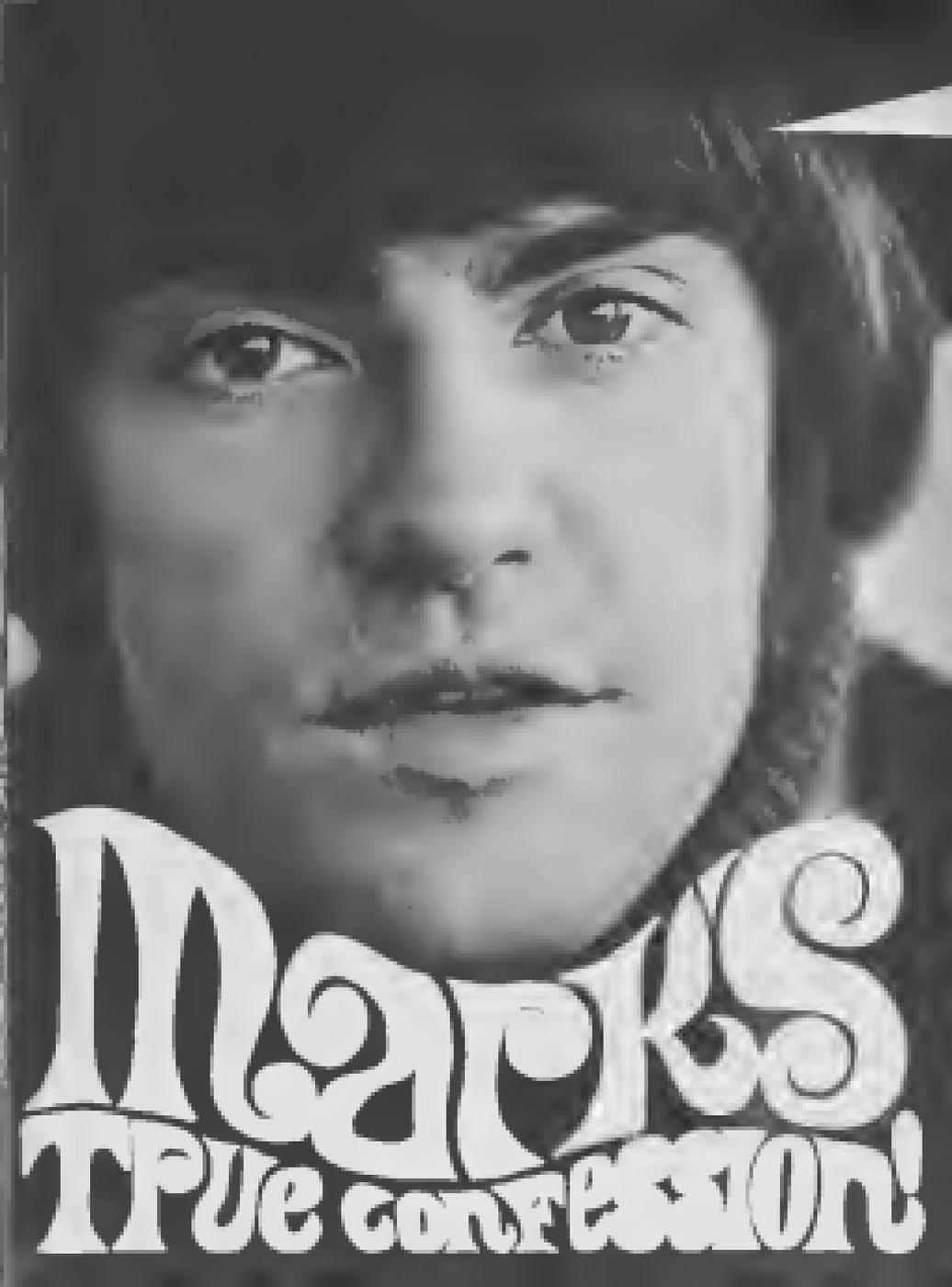
"Timothy a little earlier," Fred said. "Want to join us?"

"I'd like to," I told him, "but I do it so much I'm a little bored—"

"Well, now, boy, that's pretty good," he laughed. "Come back in a little while and we have some—"

Yes, you guessed it. He was offering me the obvious.

And now that this story's been marked for all it's worth, I'll sign off and try to catch a little kid-napping of my own!



**Marks**  
True confession!

# THE DAY I RAN AWAY WITH THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

"I wasn't getting along too well with my folks," he said. "I had the chance to live with a buddy of mine and I took it. They didn't object much. As long as I promised to finish high school, it was okay with them. Nine years later, I got along with them better than I ever did, because I have returned a lot and they have changed, too.

"Not here is what I had to do. The kind of quarter I underwent at home was tearing me apart. I wanted to stay out here, then they would let me and there were arguments all the time about other matters. When I could not the way I wanted to and do what I wished, I felt like I was really living."

There were, doubtless, moments when he missed his mother and father but he knew deep down inside that he'd never be made a stand or else he'd never again be able to claim an identity for himself.

"I was completely at ease the first time I performed before my audience," Mark said, proving that his emotional shift was a thing of the past, buried and, to all intent and purpose, forgotten. "I thought, by then, that I was invisible. I heard not how easy it was to 'vanish' people if you performed in the right manner."

"This black cow man, again, that girl with whom he ran away with or wrong?"

No.  
He'd like to, though. She introduced him to the fact that the opposite sex had some mighty interesting qualities.

"My first true love came later, in high school," Mark told us. "I walked with this girl just about everywhere she was very good-looking. Three years before, I was so withdrawn I wouldn't even dare to look at her. But all that was different so I got along and became more sure of myself."

Mark shares a pad with Terry Nichols, Dan's Big's son. It's a room-type home with plenty of ground around it and is located on an out-of-the-way street called, believe it or not—Lark Lane. We could give you the address but that wouldn't be fair to Mark and Terry, would it?

Newsday, Mark is a young, handsome, talented all-around male, so interested in his music and career as he is in sports and girls.

He dances well and has, in fact, won one or more awards along these lines.

He's a credit to the business—and an ideal financing of all the worship that has come his way from an adoring public.

"It's true," Mark Landrey declared without hesitation. "She was my neighbor. We decided to just stoppage for a while."

Sounds pretty rational, doesn't it?

Well, you haven't heard anything yet!  
"We decided to leave his house," Mark remembered. "Finally, though, we were picked up by police."

What happened? Were they held up or just, the boy thrown away? What was the outcome of way Mark's was occupied?

Nothing.  
That's what we said—nothing.

Yes, yes, there's one thing we forgot to add. Mark and the girl who was with him were only 16 or 17 years old at the time.

And so it turned out, it was just about the only encounter not in which Mark engaged during his youth.

"I felt very much interested when I was younger," he admitted. "I would sit in my room at school and read my books and do my lessons, afraid to talk to my classmates. I was the book worm, the guy who liked to read and who always knew of the answers."

The kind of personal withdrawal continued until Mark entered the eighth grade. There, he had an outlet through which to express himself... school plays.

"It was a really great feeling to stand up and make people laugh or cry, whenever the role called for it. However I decided to interrupt it," he recalled. "Then in high school, I came out of my shell even more and was elected Vice President of my class. The principal had swung from my leadership period to my exceptional one, you might say. And I began to try out and had (suggested by the way at least) as I had by the letter. Teachers were consistently hearing around me. The demands of my class were more noticeable. I explicitly thought I had something that set me apart from everyone else. People were always talking to me. I didn't have much time to myself."

Mark left home when he was 15 years old, living a pretty rough-and-tumble life after words.

# A NEW WORLD OF THE FUGS

**T**he Fugs are not everybody's cup of tea. They love some folks and they love some folks less. They are loud, vulgar, and dirty-looking. And wonderful. And they're becoming increasingly popular. Why?

It's hard to say actually. The Fugs are totally irrelevant and in being so, introducing crudity and unconcern and an "anything goes" philosophy, they are an essential product of the chaotic age in which we live. Young taste in music is changing. The Fugs, together with The Mothers of Invention are representative of this new concept.



Roots to the New Generation: Ben Swartz and Paul Kapferberg.



The frenzied FUGS in their adventurous exploration into verbal obscenity.

**Ed freaks out during a record session**



What are the backgrounds of The Fugs group itself?

So much of what they say is sheer and utter truth. Will you have to accept them as part-time phallosophers?

ED SANDERS was an extremely active poet, prose writer and writer on the New York literary scene before donning the cloth of rag rock. He was with the Tompkins Square Choral Society for several years, and was invited to lead vocalists in a musical play entitled *I, Emperor Karlshof*. He founded The Fugs in January, 1966 at his bookstore in the Lower East Side. He's done four books of poetry, among them, *Poem from Just*, *The Top-Three Poems and Poem Eye And, says Ed,* he has served as "Musical Director during the 1962-1963 summer seasons for the American Methodist-Queen Drama Festival."

TILL CLYFFORDS spent most of his childhood in the Bronx. A native New Yorker, he was a leading figure in the beat generation in the late 50's, and a graduate of Brooklyn College. You would hear of The Fugs' songs. His Broadway credits include such highly acclaimed spots as *Capitol* with the Man with and *Side the Chase O' Night Wanderer*. His book, *RUN For Peace*, was a runaway best-seller.



Tuli Kupferberg  
of the Fugs.

Tuli is fearless and unconventional, but is one of the most talented writers in America today.



**Ken and Bob** maintain a crowd of teenagers

**KEN KESEY** has starred in many off-Broadway revues, and is the dramatic and improvisational wit of the group. He is a Harvard scholar who has translated many Russian poets, with his own works published widely in both England and America. Born in El Cerrito, Texas, he has received much acclaim for his lecture series called *Wasson* has written a number of the boisterous, expressive songs that most vividly project the stomp,

low-voiced, raucy culture of New York's East Side, including such emotional tunes as *Dear Goddess*.

**ONE FAVORITE SECTION** Ken likes The Rolling Stones because he's been stoned so often himself. Ed doesn't particularly like The Beatles because, well, they kind of bug him, you see. Tigh is fond of Dodge Dariusz because he's short-haired. Which the group *They're Coming*

# QUESTION: WHY IS ED'S SWEATSHIRT DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHER FUGS??



# ANSWER: BECAUSE HE'S WEARING HIS NEW FUGS SWEATSHIRT!!

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# SOME BIRDS REALLY BUG ME!

**T**he Birds who bug me most, I think, are the ones who won't believe me when I try to tell them that I'm not really what I want to be.

By that I mean, they won't believe me if I tell them that I'm really sort of a shy person—and even worse, they won't believe me if I tell them that I mean, and never have been, the model boy-next-door-type.

The first type are the biggest pests as far as I'm concerned because they're hang-up on fame and the rest of it, they think you are exactly the person they've built-up in their minds from the songs they've gotten of you somewhere. When you try to explain to them that you are really not the Apples person in the world—that, in fact, you are shy about meeting people—they think you're lying. They want you to perform all the time.

Of course, I feel sorry for them. Any person who has as little to live one life that who has to live on the fame of someone else is pretty tragic. What I mean is, each person has a

right of his or her own on a planet, and when they start getting hung on the fame of others, instead of their own worth, they're getting up that much of themselves.

The second type is a bit easier for me to understand. By that I mean, it's easier for me to understand some bird trying to hear-said "Peter is nice, just like that boy down the block who I like." After all, that is the message that The Hermans try to project... that we are not dirty, nasty or anything like that.

However, the fact of the matter is that we're not nearly innocent either!

After all, none of us—and by that I mean every popular rock group—get to be where we are without seeing some of the dirt of life. And, for my part, I don't think it's hard on any. By that I mean, I think it's foolish to think that the world is always going to be nice to you just because you have some high blown idea of how you're going to be nice to it. Life, to me, is a very real thing—and I prefer to take it as it comes, sometimes bad and sometimes nasty.

I feel sorry for the biggest-down-types, too. Although not half so sorry as I do for the others I mentioned. That's not because I like them better, but because I honestly believe they have more going for them.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that it's somewhat less harmful to people to be nice than nasty so it doesn't strike me so hard that someone should want to believe in innocence.

To sum it all up, I really feel that I'd like to be accepted as myself—and not just an average like most people in the world. I have my own and my nasty moments, and they're both part of me. In short, the birds who bug me most are the ones who forget I'm Peter and not Herman.



Our latest subject Herman for Peter, if you prefer, as he was relaxing in New York hotel room.





Zed Kennedy jokes away at our festy while his buddies laugh.

# SPONELL

## WIM SEBASTIAN: "THE MONTH WE 'LL NEVER FORGET!"

Our first job was at the Night Owl Cafe in Greenwich Village last, at first, the owner didn't think we could handle an engagement there. He demanded to with a wave of his hand, after one meeting.

No, we returned to the nearby basement of the nearby nearby Albert Hotel. Each day we'd take the freight elevator down, and also, the nearest wall being a laundry cart. We had to cover an enormous black pool in the basement each time, which was full of water bugs, cockroaches and eight-legs like. Ancient Eskimo would be vaccinated loses from everything and a soft rain of plaster covered in like dead. We started wearing different kinds of funny hats to keep our hair clean.

After a week or so, we stopped, publicizing and reached on the Owl, and got the job!

## JOE BUTLER: "THE GUYS WE TELL TO FLAKE OFF!"

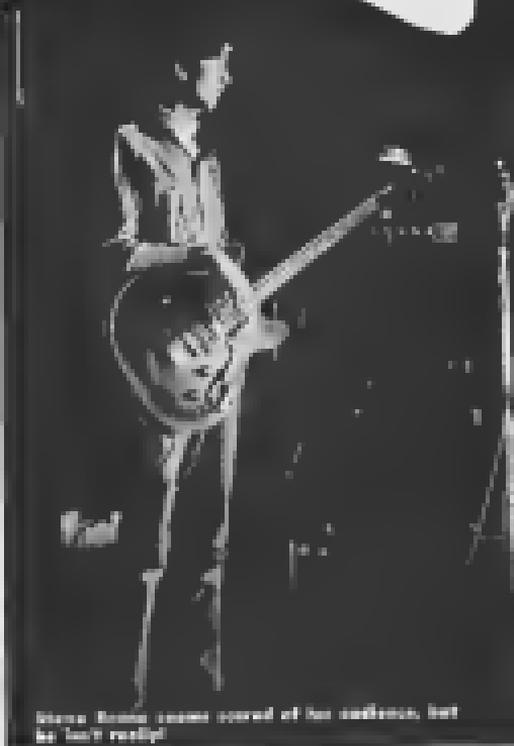
Well, it was like this, man.

I was basically around in Toronto, Canada three or four years ago. I was pretty low on cash, you see. So what did I do? I took this bar over, you know, kind of like these protest demonstrators use, only much smaller, hung it around my neck and screamed up a newly old tin cup. They'd hit the restaurants at about the same time when I guessed the big businessmen were just letting out from their lunches.

I'll tell you, some of them were really kind-hearted, and I made some cool cash like wow! Had to? Nah! I also to support me. I was on the way back to the basement where I slept — yeh, honest, I hung out there for awhile until the feds got me — when a cop one stopped me and a few minutes later, I landed in jail. Don't remember how long I stayed, though.

## ZAL YANDVSKY: "WHY I WAS THROWN IN JAIL"

Actually, I think I had it tougher than the rest of the guys. I mean, in some ways, I really did, you know. I had this here car



Steve Roman seems covered in his coffee, but he isn't really!

crash that took me up but good. I landed in the hospital and stayed there in full bed for three months, maybe more!

But that wasn't all there was to it. Not by a long shot! For six months afterwards, I was confined to a partial oval, and for 12 months later, I was on crutches. It was painful, real painful. I suppose you could compare me to a little child taking his first walking steps.

The worst that would have happened wasn't told to me until later, much later. I found out that my leg had been crushed at the knee and, oh boy, the surgeons entertained the possibility of having to amputate. They didn't, fortunately, and I am now completely over the effects. I thank God for that!



NEIL "Fuzz" YOUNG



STEVE "Crippled for Life"



The buddies—right out of New York's Greenwich Village.

### STEVE BOONE:

#### "I THOUGHT I WAS CRIPPLED FOR LIFE"

Those who try to label our music really piss us off. I mean, we don't fit into any box. We're carefree. Our music is everything we've seen and done and heard in our lives. If you dig the product, groovy. But don't bring a bag on it. That really bugs us. We're not hippies or pacifists. We're everything that's anything that's cool.

### JOHN SEBASTIAN "WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT"

Well, the band is a big part of it, there's no denying that. But there's more—there really is. There's a desire, a need on our parts to communicate. It's impure and it's inherently a part of every performance, but we recorded Professor's because it has led it, but everyone who hears us doesn't have to explain it. It's just there.

### ZAL YANOFSKY "HOW I REACTED WHEN MYSTER DEED"

I was 12 when it happened. She had cancer. The worst part, I mean, the really bad scene was knowing that my home was only half a home. I left the country when I went to school and realized that most of the other kids had two parents and poor old me had only one. I was always the



243 "Catcher Full of Regret"



244 "Brought to Jail"

me without a notice. Finally, I just couldn't take any of this any longer and so I quit school and ran away from everybody and everything."

**JOE BUTLER "THE ODD THINGS PEOPLE SAY"**—It's not so bad, anymore, but, man, it used to be. People would look at us with an expression of sheer total revulsion. Just because we were different. They looked us on sight. Talked about the fear of us behind our backs. They thought we acted odd and they read now. Now we have enough money to be able to ignore them but it wasn't always like that.

**STEVE BOONE "THE SCENES THAT'VE MADE ME SHIT"**—For one thing, my auto accident did most of that. I became very, very self-conscious, retreating into myself. In fact, that still call me the co-shrinker of the group. But I've never been the pushy type. All the name and nickname incidents are a bit, even now. I'm not the type who can go into a crowded room and become, suddenly, the life of the party. I was generally a loser. Operating by myself made me terribly shy and my accident reinforced by reluctance to rush up to people and put them on the back and be real outgoing.



The band's special room, after operation.

# THE SUPRE



**W**hen they named themselves the Supremes—three whites had the right idea, we girls Florence Ballard, Mary Wilson and Diana Ross. They have proved that they do reign supreme on the record-making scene.

These girls struggled there long years to attain stardom, they got their big breaks—in Detroit. Remember that all working hours of party for and we almost willing to die for. These talented girls are the first female vocal group in America to have six members and records.

First of all, it is quite evident that the girls like hard work. The very fact that they struggled three years before they made it good in show but prove they are not easy and not easily discouraged.

They love show business. From the fact they were small they all had a dream of sometime making a really big. They got their beginning in Detroit, now they have one year working being one night concerts, television shows with such artists Sammy Davis, Jr. on the USO-A-Go-Go Shows that was held in Madison Square Garden and they've appeared on the Mike Douglas show and so on. The girls have been in such exciting night spots as New York's Copacabana, San Francisco's Peppermint Club, Elton Hall in Miami, the Flamingo in Las Vegas. We could go on and on, you could if you'd happen see the Supremes live. There as will be there in the near future. These girls have business on their minds.

They all like clothes as you can see by their styles on television, and they look good in what ever they choose to wear. When not working the girls prefer to just go around in sweaters and simple low heels, really relax and enjoy life a little. Their

time is so limited that each hour is precious to them.

The girls adore their fans. After all, Mary Flanagan and Diana realize that it was their loyal and ever-loyal fans who put them where they are today. In the beginning it was mighty tough for them, they weren't hearing the girls and guys who believed in them and encouraged them with words of fat praise and suggestions.

All the girls like pleasure in show but you can see a lot of them! Some are famous in fact than others as you guess from yourself to be as good as all stars. This isn't easy, because you want to believe that everybody is alike. Yes, unfortunately that is not the case.

When you interview these girls as persons it's really a big thrill. They are so nice and friendly, they could answer to you, lead and inspire back one to event and encourage, which is rare. It isn't they for these females to get along day after day working with tight schedules and pressures but they are not hesitating, and maintain their cool as all times.

The Supremes hate prejudice. They say, "As a group, the three of us came here to show with equal paydays when we first started playing before our delighted audience. A couple of people in the audience would lean on whom we first came on stage and even when this didn't happen, we could sense the hostility in the air, as though people were thinking, 'How lucky these girls are to have them.' Aren't they lucky though?"

There was a long time ago and things have changed for the better. The Supremes are accepted everywhere. They find that the pressure set on them goes

FRANK OUST, U.S.A.

# MES

## "THINGS WE LUV— THINGS WE HATE!"

Good. "I think the reason younger people are not prejudiced is that they have grown up in an era of the Black Man's birth of identity, his quest for a purpose in life beyond a satisfactory profession. It's the older ones who remember how things were years ago who give us the most trouble."

True. Like girls who respected by all companies. You cannot mistake talent, you cannot buy it in a region and take it.

"We cannot respect because we had class down," noted Mary.

The Negroes have prejudice, but they have, over the years, learned to cope with it. It wasn't easy at first, because it truly wants to be based on merit. "It is they expect always keep in mind that famous quote by Martin Luther King: 'A good child of your race'."

They are all bright, intelligent girls, very witty and happy. For better or worse, they've learned the value of money. They could not have succeeded themselves had they three years when life was pretty grim. At all times they keep their heads in one another and their heads in their. The girls are very close to God, they feel that without His love and guidance their lives would be nothing. Their work would be in vain and without value.

The Negroes enjoy love, money, power, but education, but most of all they are in show business because they have a message to give through their singing. A message of brotherly love and faith. This is one of the main reasons these girls have been favored for a while and will continue to make the scene. They are beautiful talented and they want certainly show where they are going.

When at last the girls get along with everyone. If they can make a smart guy who is prejudiced they have learned how to cope with the type of person. At first someone like this would hurt them and consequently they could not give their best performance. Now they realize that a people should learn to be in the field and they will not let one upset their schedule or their education. The girls tell they say their public only like best not that is just what they give them.

They all enjoy watching the tube and looking at other singing groups. Mary, Patricia and Dawn appreciate talent and respect competition. They have consistently shown the trends and the public's taste of thought. This is how they maintain their popularity.

What they have seen all, they enjoy spending it with their family and old friends. They realize that the old friends like the best, the friends who loved them and encouraged them in happy days when they were's former performers.

If you're lucky enough to catch them in a live show while they are on tour and see give an autograph or two maybe even give a hair, you'll understand why these chicks are so popular. It is a pleasure to interview them or work with them. They are always so nice, they always give their best possible performance and they are loyal to their fans.

All this adds up to an unbeatable combination which these charming and warm young women learned a long time ago. Actually, they are very much like you and I, and that's why, in essence, is why we dig them the most.



Class, Mary, Edie, Richard, Bryn Nelson, the most tender and beautiful releases a special number.



Beautiful, talented and charming, they've been getting it big for a long time.



They seem to be advancing towards their next steps in this one. They're all right with us!

One Girl, Five Guys -  
How They Make  
It Work!

THE ROARING TAKE OFF OF A HOT NEW GROUP!

# SPURSON AIRPLANE



THE GROUP TO WATCH

"Interviewing an airplane is kind of an awkward job," wrote an attractive feminine reporter for a record-music magazine not too long ago. "You interview the Jefferson Airplane, a beat-stang group from San Francisco, because of the rebellion. It's kind of like trying to talk to me, John Lennon, at the same time. Getting a straight answer from any of them is totally out of the question."

"Example—a simple question like—how'd you get the name Jefferson Airplane being the following answer:

"Marty Balin, 25, lead singer: "We were all working for the Jefferson Airplane Line. I was the pilot, Paul was my copilot, Jack was the purser and Grace was the stewardess. So when we decided to form a group, we used that name."

"Paul Kantner, 24, driving lead rhythm guitar: "A dog came along and led us into the beach and behind this pier was a large sign of Jefferson Airplane Loves You! hat-tack, so we figured we'd better make good use of them."

"Grace Slick, 20, second lead singer: "The Spirit of 68, looks like over and dropped a lot of Jefferson Airplane Loves You! hat-tack."

Finally, the attractive feminine reporter mentioned earlier continued, "At this point, you feel you don't want even to know about the three-foot high yellow-and-black dance-type flower sitting in the middle of their equipment in the studio."

Fortunately for our attractive feminine reporter, there has and the Airplane themselves (including three other "passengers"—James Leitch—keyboard—instrument—speaker—Deyder—drummer—and Jack Casady—bass), visiting the populace is only an incidental part of the group's activities. In September, 1968, Robert J. Gleason, syndicated news writer for the San Francisco Chronicle, discovered the Airplane at a new nightclub in that city and promptly called them as "one of the best rock groups playing today." Jefferson Airplane soared into the atmosphere after a speedy takeoff and has retained three ever since, if we may use the levish description provided by their adoring print-people.

After Gleason announced their "arrival," as to speak, Jefferson Airplane had more of less than they could accept from various record companies and after a period of spirited competition, it (they?) signed with RCA Victor.

Founder and leader (pilot) of the group is Marty Balin. Cas-bass and Coltrane-lead ("The way things are changing, he'll need a lot of boost to stay here"). His last show but experience was in touring musical comedy production as a singer and dancer. Always interested in rock 'n' roll, he started performing with one rock group in 1963, but was not satisfied until he formed his own—Jefferson Airplane.

Paul Kantner, a native San Franciscan, had several years' experience playing guitar and 3-string harp when he met Marty in a local



Marty Balin, the Airplane's lead singer, presently thinks about birds (he has known 'em birds).



Jack Cassidy, the group's bass player, is getting a little shut-eye behind those shades.



An unusual name-on outside job? Jerome Kaskowitz plays a guitar in his New York job.



Spencer Bryden, drummer, looks pretty cool here. What's bugging him?

club and teamed up with him. He expresses the musical philosophy of the group thusly: "When we started, we did so with a definite idea in mind—that of playing music that would make people smile and bounce, and anything that made people think about what they're doing. The songs can be different and still say a lot that comes across on the same level. As long as they say something that is worth being listened to, we feel that the song is worth singing. The songs that come out occasionally are ones that say good things and sound happy!"

Singer Grace Clark, daughter of an investment banker who is "amplified" by her activities (he's probably impaired, though, by her smoking habits), is a five-foot-one, 115 lb former model. She's an alumnus of another group, The Great Society, which she formed with her husband and some other individuals. When she boarded the Aquilum, he went to *The First Solution*.

Using only eyeliner on her pale, expensive face, Grace describes her melismatic voice (she doesn't believe in auto-tuning people, you see) as "loud, uncharacterly loud. I have a lot to learn, including how to sing without breaking my own voice. Sometimes, after four hours of this, I long for a career."

Jerome Kaskowitz, who, at 33, is the "grand father" of the group, was born in Washington, D.C. (Capital club), and has traveled much abroad because his father (now U.S. Labor Attaché in Sweden. Went with all those prep schools, they need a father expert!) is in the Foreign Service. He has been on the move most of his life, but he stayed long enough at State College University to earn a degree in sociology. He was ordered to join the Air Force by his friend, Paul Kautner.

Drummer Spencer Bryden, 23, straddled into the Mirror one day and was asked by Marty Klein if he played drums. A short time later he could—no did—swear in the aftermath. And saying Jefferson Airplane had a drum set, how about that?

With the group almost complete, Paul says "Lastly, we had to send to Washington, D.C. to Jack Cassidy (a monumental undertaking) who we wanted because Jerome said he was a good bass player—which he was. When he got here, he had mistakes and looked sort of weird, but he played good bass and so we shaved off his 'stache' and now we see his..."

And with that, we stand and our trailer fills with these innocent faces lined behind a church pew. . . . Jefferson Airplane Lives!

(It rhymes, too!)



Paul Kantner, lead rhythm guitarist, breaks over a new model.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW **THE MOT**



Jimmy

Frank

RAY

Book

Jim

Billy

MOT

# FIERS OF INVENTION

"We don't have a Society. We have a Colony of Animals!" says Frank Zappa

Frank Zappa. The chap with the long, stringy hair. And the long, stringy beard. Wore Gilbert Stryker-out.

Yeh  
You bet he is!  
At least, that's the way he looks. That's the way he is being merchandized to the second-buying public. And that's his image. Kooky. Like he's on a trip. Frank-out. All the rest.

Whee!  
There are surprises in store, readers. Big Unexpected.

I interviewed Frank Zappa recently. After being warned. Told that he was, well, different, unusual, non-conforming. And he was. Every bit of the way. From the hair and beard to the clothes he wore.

Unconventional?  
To say the least. But—

Appearance are deceiving. Not that one could consider Frank Zappa "normal." He isn't. And a good thing that's true!

"We don't adhere any drugs," he said calmly, placidly, his tone matter of fact, "or artificial means that would do anything to change the consciousness of a single individual."

"But your image is psychedelic," I pointed out.

"Psychedelic is a very handy word," he retorted, "a convenient label. It's not something we apply to ourselves—but an impression fostered by a group of greedy business-willing to exhibit non-conformity with some LSD signs and manner. The few don't, in themselves, go together. They can or they may not. In our case, it's the latter."

"Why do you think the use of LSD has increased so rapidly in our society?" I asked.

"I do not believe we have a society," Frank replied. "What we have is a colony of animals. I don't believe there are any human beings around. We merely business that we have reached the human level of advancement. The Bomb, war, prejudice are, however, only products of us humans."

"I am trying to use the weapons of a disgraced and unhappy society against itself. The Mothers of Invention are designed to come in the back door and kill you while you're sleeping."

"One of our main, short-range objectives

is to do away with the top-40 broadcasting format because it is basically wrong, unethical and unethical. Sure, we're cynical, and we are out to destroy everything. Most of the guys in the band feel that we're going to do something to help."

Frank's definition of "hooking-out" further reinforced my suspicion that he might have a brain beneath all the hair.

"It's a process whereby an individual casts off outdated and restricting standards of thinking, dress and social behavior in order to express creatively his relationship to his socio-political environment and the social structure as a whole."

Few groups are born with more planning though. The Mothers of Invention certainly aren't like a brook, spur-of-the-moment band.

"We were carefully-latched to the best tradition of American business," he said, "pre-arranged to do a specific job and we have been quite successful thus far. We are writing for the consumer group, people who have certain hangups that can be expressed and worked out in song. It doesn't matter if our music makes sense. If people want a pile of rubbish, we're going to give just that to them."

Honest,  
Quintessential

Yeh  
Yeh

Frank Zappa contends, "Money, and I use that label liberally, can't be healthy without art. American artists are lucky a created culture it serves a commercialistic need, it's payoffs for a Pope. Cold commercialism. Core is a materialistic, mechanistic age. It's material, money-tarey and emotion. If current art seems to passers under qualities, that's to be taken for granted. Art at its best always is provoking what is happening at the time it is made."

Not everybody would enjoy an interview with Frank Zappa. As I said before, he looks weird. Gilbert Stryker-out. And he is—in the sense that true non-conformity, during another fashion and pure, back honesty are rare, albeit, and so on.

Not everybody would like Frank Zappa or The Mothers of Invention.

But you know something?  
I've run out who does.



SARAH STRAHLEN



PAUL HAGGIS



UNKNOWN



MARSHALL IN '61



THE COACHES



MATT MALONEY



STEVE FERRATO



STEVE MCQUEEN



PAUL NEWMAN



J.P. BELTON



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THE HOWARDS



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## A SNEAK PEEK AT

# Twigg's Out

By Bruce Brown

The first time I saw Twigg was in New York City. She had only just arrived a few days before. Let me tell you, New York will never be the same, for Twigg left her mark. New Yorkers, the press, the photographers, all of us, absolutely lost our cool over Twigg when she hit them straight with her carefree-boyfriend, Justin de Villeneuve and her body-guard. Good. Are you ready, boys? Her body-guard. Truly the Mark. Does that grab you or does that really grab you?

One thing is for sure, Twigg is an absolute catch. No one would ever have the

nerve to call this woman a Duff or a Flak. This kid is really with it. You simply cannot appreciate her charms by her pictures alone, she must hear her speak, see her walk and see smile that little girl smile of hers to get the full appreciation of Twigg.

From the moment you meet this wild, the-wasp-girl, you are an old and loyal fan of hers. She is the most refreshing thing since the Bobby Twigg and the television scandal—was, whatever! Twigg is taller than you would imagine, about 5 feet 8 inches and weighs all of 92 pounds. A good word would take her out to sea if she isn't careful. You keep looking at though you would like to treat her to a big milk shake or something equally as fattening, yet she eats everything and has a voracious appetite. According to our Twigg, famous as a family trait, a treat which really cashed in for Twigg.

The most interesting and revealing thing about Twigg is that she doesn't fully realize how very charming and bewitching she is. Twigg is the most natural, down-to-earth celebrity I have ever seen. At no time does she ever try to hide you out. You just know she would be a winner at any party or gathering. This girl is so unaccomplished and cool. For instance, when asked what was her philosophy of life, she just looked around the room, then looked at Justin, raised her eyebrows once a few times and coolly replied, "I haven't got one!"

She doesn't profess to be an intellectual, in fact, she doesn't read books. "I don't have the time to read! I work all day you know. I come home and I am in bed by 10:00 P.M. I need no rest."

Her hotel suite was typical Twigg. She had remnants of New York there all about her. Her little desk was her most prized possession. A young girl who interviewed her had given Twigg this darling little desk. Twigg in turn, mothered it, fed it, and treated like a baby. Unfortunately for Twigg, the desk died and she was so visibly shook up over the desk's death that tears broke down and cried with her. It was an utterly staggering experience for her. Justin had to console her and calm her down.



How can anyone help her have this adorable creature? Justin can't!

# YAR LOVE

All through the interview Twiggy couldn't sit still. She possesses the irresistible combination and complete disregard of mind and body. This fact is so very vital, as full of surprises and wit. You feel like asking her, "Hey, Twiggy girl, eh, what vitamins do you dig, I mean do you dig vitamins and minerals for this country?"

She sniffs her feet under her legs or twiggles her long, lanky, luscious legs or should I say twags, or wags a pointer that you see well she'll never get those unexplained and you get the feeling that you don't want to be around when the models come in with a crew-job to pry them apart. Justin just looks at her and smiles. He seems to enjoy each and every one of her characteristics.

Sometimes they both speak to first and with such a cocky accent that you get lost. I mean lost, like you have to "kick your way through part of the conversation and shake your head and smile in agreement but you look like a idiot or fish. Your pen stops making notes, because you're thinking to yourself, "Geez, what on earth are they saying?"

From her hotel room she could overlook New York town. Twiggy felt New York was a far cry from many old England. New York had truly become her second home. She really dug the big city, and was fascinated by the tall buildings and the friendliness of the people. "I want to see the Empire State Building and go to the very top," she murmured enthusiastically.

Twiggy has her hair in, bright hair styled—with photographs every week



Twiggy during her stay got to see much more than just the Empire State Building, the city of New York welcomed her with open arms as did Hollywood. Some of the glamorous girls got back and learned a few lessons in entertainment from our Twiggy. All during the marvelous interview Twiggy was like the girl next door, only more enchanting and down to earth.

Justin de Villeneuve is equally as entertaining and spontaneous as Twiggy. He adores the very ground she walks on and she adores him. They really dig one another. The two of them have a great rapport, they are sweethearts who can read one another's eyes, or smile, or laugh. They seem to live for each other, this love thing is a game of sorts with them. As long as they have each other, they are completely content. You just know if Justin told Twiggy that would be it, she would walk and come all unbound.

While making some of her wily-out dresses and hats Twiggy would gaze into the mirror and let out with a loud roar, throwing over to Justin, saying her arms about his neck, then they would both laugh and she would kiss him greedily on the forehead. In crowds, Twiggy would hold onto Justin's hand so that they would not get separated. Justin calls her Twiggy most of the time. As Twiggy said with a devilish grin, "Justin only calls me

Justin and Twiggy  
everything  
"tiger" on their  
New trip to America.



She is absolutely the coolest. When a reporter asked her what her philosophy of life was, she just looked around the room, then looked at Justin, rolled her eyes, and replied, "I haven't got one!"

Leads when he is mad at me."

We don't think this is very often from the way these two hot it off. She has a way of saying things that is thoughtfully mocking and refreshing. She is very funny very often and deliberately in her cute coyness manner you can't help but smile or laugh at her when this happens. Sometimes, you want to protect her, look out for her welfare and give her the best possible treatment because she trusts you so though you really mean something to her and that she will not forget you long after the interview is over.

Twigg still lives at home with her parents. One interviewer asked her if they called her Twigg, she replied, "Mom and Dad call me Leslie. That's the name you know."

She is very careful about herself, especially about herself. When asked about her figure she smiled, rolled those big eyes and laughed, "It's not really what you ask a figure is it?"

Justin is excited about himself and Twigg too. You can tell he worships her by the way those eyes meet when he is answering your questions about her. He says of his Twigg, and this is most likely the greatest tribute a guy can pay a chick, "He doesn't know how not to be honest. She is not a myth. She lives up to what they say about her."

Twigg treats Justin on everything, his judgment has always been very good and

though he laughs and gives a great deal and puts on a load of being boyish Justin is a very smart and clever business man when Twigg's matter is concerned.

All during the interview, the place was always and people were coming and going. Twigg would look up and say a few words, smile that wonderful smile of hers, or Justin would get up from the couch and take care of the matter. The two work together as a well organized team.

If someone were to ask me what was the most outstanding thing about Twigg it would be hard to pin down. There are so many marvelous things about her. First of all, she has the most flawless, immediate skin I have ever seen. Her eyes are very large and she knows how to use them to the best advantage. When she speaks to you she looks directly into your eyes, never once does she evade your glance.

I could go on and on, it all boils down to this—Twigg is absolutely everything, Twigg is a winner, Twigg doesn't lose her cool.

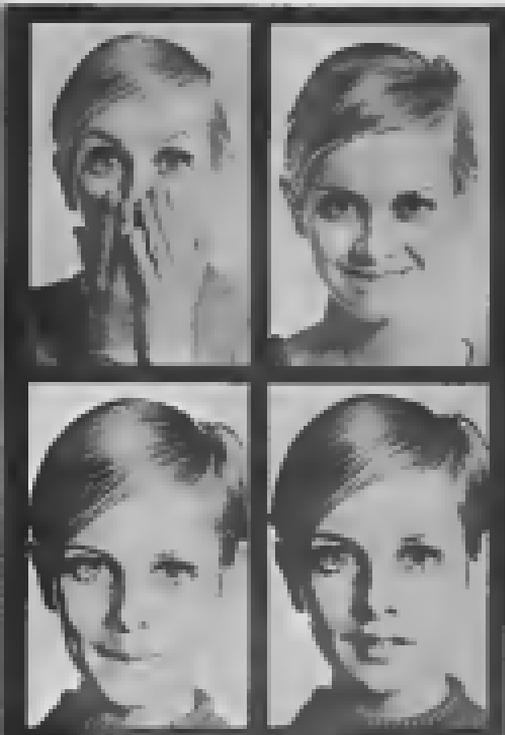
When you ask her about herself as Twigg she replies, "That's not me." Then she will pause a moment and add, "That's not me, I say."

Yet Leslie Hornby and Twigg are one. There is no separating the two, he is the winning element that made Twigg famous

were the characteristics of one Lucille Hootley.

The writer Voltaire many years ago predicted, "What a heavy burden is a name that has become too famous."

In a little over a year the wistful young 17 year old ingenue has become so famous that it is almost unbelievable. They are now calling her "The First That Launched A Thousand Songs." Twigg with all her possibilities seems to be able to cope with fame. Jessie is her constant companion and advice, through his aid is able to reject whatever comes. The two of them are never looked in any mean place.



She's beautiful. She's the living expression of everything Feb. And she's only 17. She's Twigg.

As I left the hotel, a feeling of sadness came over me. I would not forget Twigg, not for a very long time. She has that gift of unconcern, of friendliness that stays with you. Twigg is a mixture of so many wonderful things, she is funny, childish at times, and on occasion strongly she values a little dark mark more than a mark cost. It is no wonder America loves her so much. It was an afternoon with Twigg. An hour goes so refreshing as a hot ice cream. That's our Twigg—end



Twigg is very natural and candid, especially about herself. When asked about her figure, she laughed, "It's not really what you call a figure, is it?"

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