The golden voice of Judy Garland has been silenced forever. Her exhausted body and her tortured mind are finally relaxed...

Who killed Judy? Was she the popular woman who demanded so much of her as a performer yet scorned her for every incident in her life which ruined her good name and cost her the right to a private life?

Was it her lovers who always demanded from her and gave little in return?

Was it her mother who turned against her and spilled on her for the world to see?

Or was it the movie studio doctors who gave her increasingly stronger drugs so she could work on and on, never caring that they were dealing with a human life and not a salable commodity?

Judy died as she lived every day of her life—tired, depressed, and unhappy. Throughout her entire life... What had she ever done to deserve such treatment?

From the age of 16, when Judy played "The Wizard of Oz," she had to take pills to live. Pills to eat. Pills to be happy. Pills to calm down. These pills she took to stay alive and do not seem to have affected her deeply, undeniably death, as she drifted off deeper and deeper into that Valley of the Dolls...

Screaming Mob
Her concerts were a phenomenon. She usually had a childlike fear of her own success. She made a practice of entering from the rear of the auditorium, greeting only a few people as she walked down the aisle.

Her eyes were always dull from the long hours of screaming behind the stage to face the screaming mob, but her step was lively and she wore a genuine smile as she knew she was appreciated.

From the moment she appeared and continued for twenty minutes to a half-hour around the rear of the crowd—dreadening if she could rewrite Judy, they would shout, and just call out her name over and over, "Judy, Judy, Judy."

She would reach the stage and tears would well up in her eyes as she saw people back to those throwing them. Soon the orchestra would begin and Judy would belt out "I Feel A Song Coming On."

But, in the end, she was in complete control, but her preparation for her concert was always a nightmarish one...

She Was Afraid

Backstage before a performance, Judy would become very nervous and every few minutes would take one pill or another. She was afraid of concerts and the mobs of people who loved her—her fans. As the concert time drew near, she would laugh hysterically then break down into tears. She would wet from perspiration and she would withdraw completely into herself to try to work herself up. She was a member all the words, the cues, the one-liners between songs. The pills made her feel certain and straitl. By the time the curtain went up, Judy was usually so drugged she appeared...

Judy near the end of her tragic life.

Sleep. That worked fine for a while. Bennies during the day and sec- onds at night. The trouble is the Morning. It seems as though it has increased in order for it to work." "Inside of one year my doses were increased to six. It never hurts me that is the two drugs apart work very well. But the combination is what they call today "good balls."

"What I am saying is that this combination can make you temporarily..."

This can be witnessed by Judy's insane disregard for her life. Sover- eigned her attempts to die. She once slit her wrists in Boston after a concert, and another time she slashed her throat with a broken drinking glass.

But she always triumphed al- ways bounced back determined to live.

Judy also triumphed over a kid- ney and liver ailment which caused her to gain 100 pounds. During that time her racing gambling and drinking business, refusing to see anyone or to be seen in public. Some felt she was drunk and eating and drinking and drinking, but because she was dead star, she was pushed...

Down To 103 Lbs.!
Returning to a slight 103 pounds, Judy made a spectacular comeback in 1959. She successfully played an emotion-pecked concert at Lon- don's Palladium, and followed with a very successful concert at Carnegie Hall. In 1959 she announced plans for a weekly television series, which, after a short time, was a failure.

More downs than ups, more lows than highs, but Judy was a very success- guidt Judge through the last five years of her life.

An occasional triumphant con-cert or night club appearance would encourage Judy to fight on, but the failures overshadow- ed the successes. Just a few months ago Judy was performing at the Talk of the Town in London. When she was unable to finish, "Over the Rainbow" the audience threw dinner rolls at her and finally had to be removed. The final gesture of this great performer's career, after dodging dinner rolls and insults, was to walk off the stage. She dropped the hand mike and walked off the stage. Had she been a lesser woman, she would have contrived to meet the selfish de- mands of selfish audiences, selfish critics, commercial producers. We wish promoters all over the world, she would probably be alive today. Male voice...

Or, Judy had been able to figure out that the great frightening ogre was herself. She had broken through the human monsters who controll- ed her real life—who took her happiness and her breath...

Who killed Judy Garland? Man's ancient enemy killed Judy. Greedy, selfish, greedy, greedy, greedy...