

EXOTICS

INTERNATIONAL

Featuring a night at
The Queen Mary

Starring

FABULOUS FEMALE
IMPERSONATORS
and
EXCITING EXOTIC
MALE DANCERS



EXOTICS

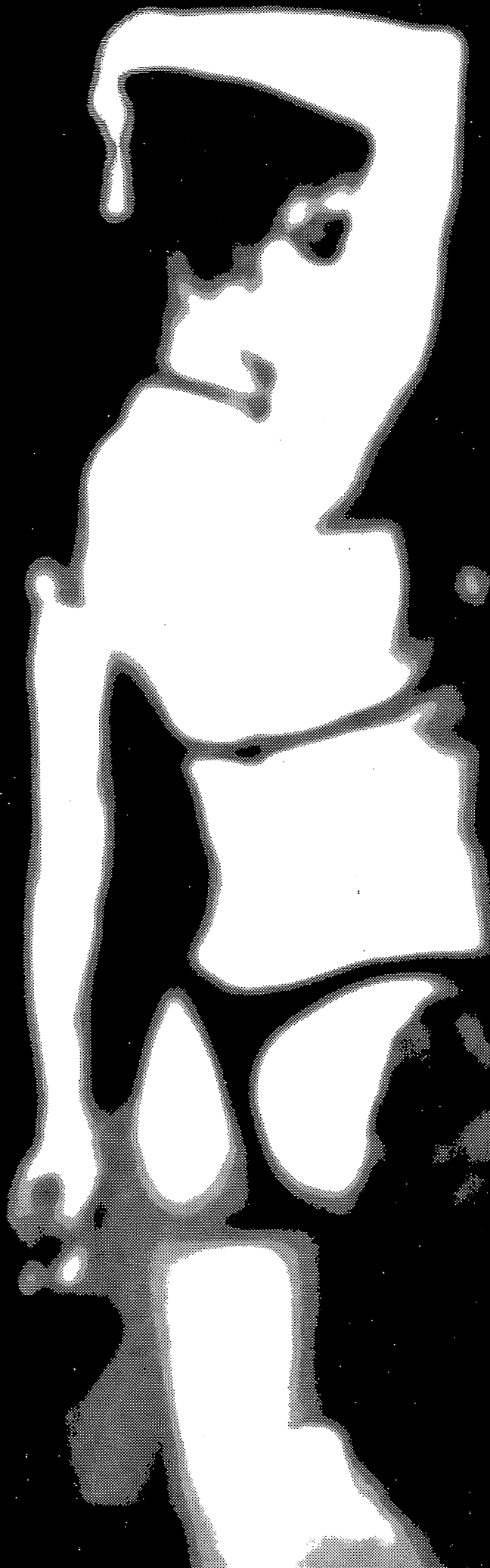
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Featuring a night at
The Queen Mary

12449 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA 91604, Tel. No. 506-5619

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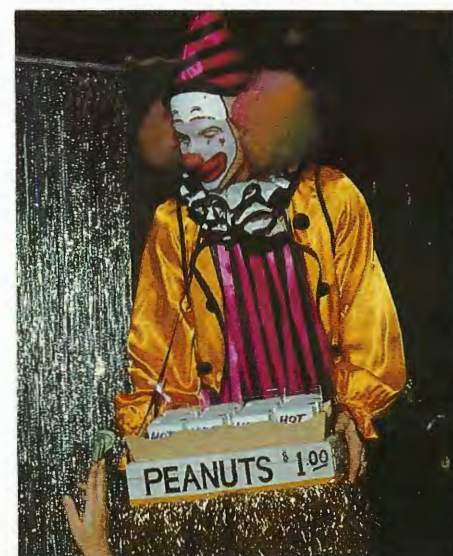
The Queen Mary has been L.A.'s premier showcase of female impersonators for nearly two decades. Many artists who got their start on its glittering stage have gone on to become highly paid Las Vegas entertainers. Other high achievers have graduated to successful film and television careers.

The Queen Mary's reputation for professionalism is unimpeachable. When the entertainment industry needs advice on the subject of female impersonation, its most reliable resource is the glamorous Studio City nightclub.

The fast-pacing of the floor show, the deft mixture of comedy, fantasy and schmalz and the riotous bouquet of costume and color all combine to create an atmosphere of theatrical excitement which has yet to be duplicated by any other club of its kind.

The relatively new addition of male exotic dancers two nights a week has helped to round out the club's entertainment package into one which includes something to please every taste.

The Queen Mary is the perfect alternative for the jaded nightclubber. It is a resplendent peacock with a sense of humor, a glittering venue for which the phrase "high camp" might have been coined. Just another drag show? No Way! The Queen Mary is "The" drag show. It's also a rip roaring cabaret.



THE CLUB

THE QUEEN MARY

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When The Queen Mary opened its doors seventeen years ago, six hundred people lined up on Ventura Boulevard waiting to get in. Four years before, club owners Mickey Lee (mother of present club manager and half owner Robert Juleff) and Nonie Hoehn had run a cozy supper club. To stimulate business they had booked a package show of three female impersonators into their club. The response was tremendous.

After the addition of the impersonators, Monday night was as good as Saturday. Soon after this, Mickey and her partner produced their own show, which ran for a year. Mickey then sold that show and retired for three years before opening the present club in partnership with her son, Robert Juleff.

During the early years especially, The Queen Mary trained a large percentage of its performers from scratch, becoming what amounted to a school for female impersonators. Sometimes the process proved frustrating. Bob Juleff would often find himself developing new talent into star quality, then losing it to Hollywood or the Vegas floor shows. And stars of this ilk are not formed over night. It takes years of blood, sweat and tears.

Although the club opened to a one hundred per cent gay audience, word of mouth promotion, longevity and enormous media attention have all combined to capture the imagination of the straight world as well as the Bohemian fringe.

For many years, The Queen Mary's audiences have been totally mixed, which is exactly what Bob Juleff has aimed for. As he sums it up himself, "Heterosexual people have exposure to homosexual people and vice versa . . . We've been doing it for years. Everybody in the world is afraid of it. I don't know why it works here, but it does."





THE GIRLS



disbelief. After which comes surrender, to the siren's song and that voluptuous vision of the fatal woman that began with Salome and has continued to survive in a technological age. They decorate the stage like exotic blossoms, languorous and perfumed, swaying on their graceful stems to create an irresistible aura of sensuality.

Yet even the haughtiest impersonators (and they are haughty — that's part of their charm) are not serious all the time. They know when and how often to break the sexual tension stirred up by their performances, by letting the audience get into the act. Some may boldly and at random, select a male out of the

JACQUELINE



JULIUS

Consummate impersonators like Julius, Jacqueline and Shalei are pros at captivating every sort of audience: male, female, gay and straight alike, as only a stone could fail to respond on some level (and usually it's one of awestruck admiration) to the tantalizingly elusive "girls." They appeal to the popular imagination, with all its cherished concepts and misconceptions about what a sizzling piece should be. Though a few feminists might disapprove, it is an approach that works.

That they are well received goes without saying. Everyone loves a smoldering chanteuse in a tight dress singing a torch song. But these daring performers go beyond merely striking a responsive chord. With physical details, studied movements, gestures and intonations, they compel their audiences to believe in their womanhood, or, to be more precise, their almost mythic femininity.

This is what the club is about, total and willing suspension of



SHALEI

audience and coax him up onto the runway to dance with them. Most people are surprisingly cooperative about getting up on stage. Some really enjoy it. The rest of the audience goes wild.

Nor is this the only way in which the audience gets to interact with the performers. Many of the sultry impersonators go out among the tables to flirt with (in a highly choreographed way) and good naturedly tease their most avid admirers, effortlessly garnering gratuities as they do so.

The custom of tipping was introduced to encourage audience involvement in the shows. It works. It is, however, a low-keyed tipping scene, with nothing vulgar or salacious about it. It is, in fact, conducted with a great deal of courtesy and respect. The impersonators endeavor to charm, rather than provoke the audience into tipping them. You won't see any frantic crotch-stuffing on the femme nights at the club. The Meat Packers are a different story. (See p. 32)





BOBBIE

Bobbie customarily wows her audience as Liza. Her flawless interpretation of the universally recognizable song bird is a perfect example of star quality in action.

Fast-talking, abrasive and refreshingly off-color, Emcee Butch plays her drag for laughs. She knows how to work the room.

Many will recall her performance in "The Rose," which beautifully captured her stage persona on film.

Behind the scenes at The Queen Mary, the bawdy Butch, along with two other design wizards, is responsible for the magnificent costumes which add so much color, style and fantasy to every show.

Winsome Darling Dimples delights her audiences nightly with her broad lampooning of such institutions as Shirley Temple and Peggy Lee.



BUTCH



CARROLL



MONICA



DARLING DIMPLES

On week nights the show runs continuously for four and a half hours. New numbers are introduced frequently. This breakneck round of performances creates a constant challenge for the combined talents of the club's four excellent choreographers, led by Guy Harris.

Although the lavish production numbers are lip-synched rather than sung, the exuberant mixed chorus line consistently succeeds in reproducing the spontaneous excitement of a Broadway show.









The high level of excitement within the room is in part generated by the constant fluctuation of mood from number to number. Rousing production numbers provide the perfect counterbalance to the sultry solos with which they alternate.





Troopers like Julius have hit on the perfect formula for success in the impersonation mode: seductiveness plus a sense of humor. They intrigue without intimidating. Exotic and rare they may be, but these femmes never lose sight of the fact that entertainment, in the glitzy, gutzy tradition of the night club floor show and Broadway stage is the first order of business.



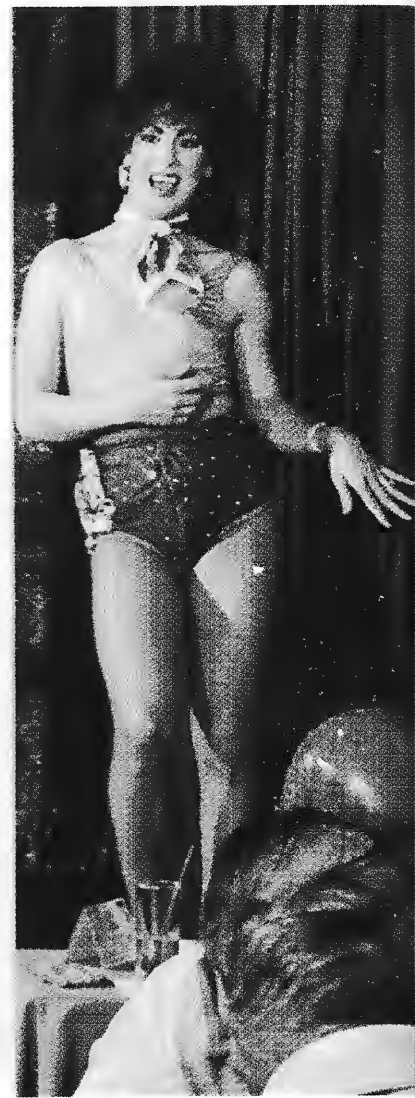




Alternately provocative, irreverent and self-mocking, Butch maintains a racy comic patter that is characterized by the Mae West line, "It's not what I say, it's the way that I say it."

After seven years at The Queen Mary and about thirty in the business, she has developed a stage personality which combines the regal distain of a Gloria Swanson with the insinuating humor of a Phyllis Diller gone raunchy.

Off stage, Butch is known to be a sweet, unassuming man through whose lips a dirty word never passes. On stage, she is the ultimate bitch queen, cracking wise, ogling hunks and delivering to women some uncomfortable home truths about men, sex and the aging process. The audience eats it up.



Monica (left) and Darling Dimples (right) represent perfectly the two poles of female impersonation. Sleekly glamorous Monica personifies the classic ball of fire, the man-eating bitch goddess unchained. On the other end of the spectrum is Miss Dimples, a bouncing and bountiful princess of outrageous comic drag.











More like Liza than Liza herself, Bobbie consistently brings the house down with her exquisitely detailed evocation of the endearingly vulnerable superstar.

Alone in the spot light, belting out gut-rippers like "New York, New York," Bobbie hushes the audience with admiration and moves it with pathos. There is no better example than Bobbie of art imitating vibrant life.



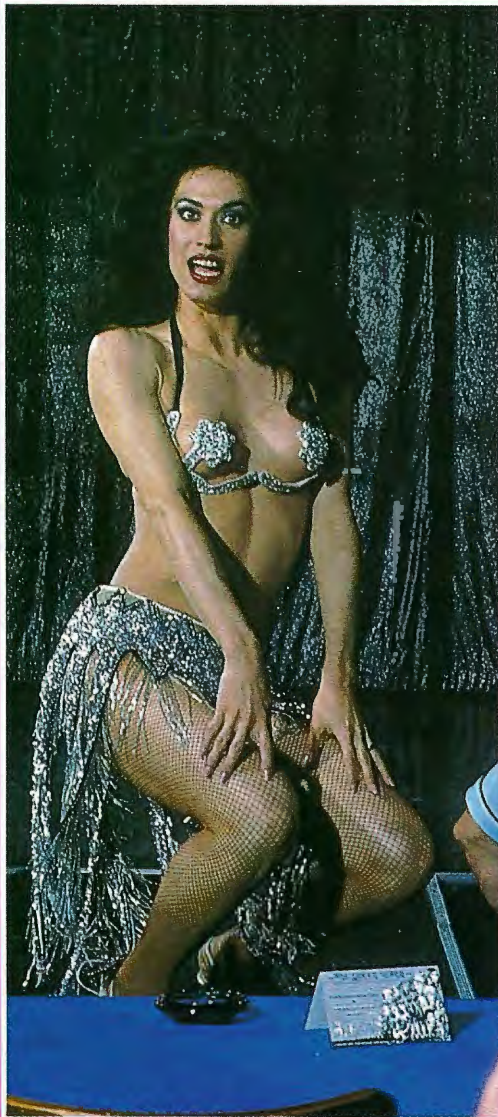




It doesn't get hotter than this. Yet the popularity of impersonators like Jacqueline with both men and women testifies to the fact that females can accept men in drag without feeling threatened by them. The reaction is much more one of awe than of fear or resentment.











Undulating across the stage to the lush, tropical strains of "Poinciana," Shalei is the living embodiment of the feminine mystique.

Her hair cascading, her voluptuous hips swaying, her breast heaving with each beat of a passionate heart, every fluid movement and half-lidded glance bespeaks a highly romanticized femininity. She is a goddess of sensuality, seducing all who view her into her own private fantasy.





