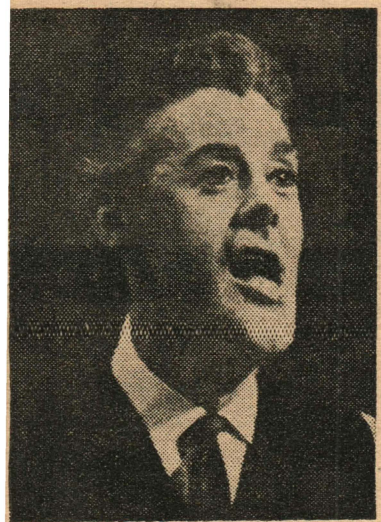


# Danny La Rue Gets Rise Out Of Royalty



DANNY LA RUE—As himself.

# TEASING TONGUE SLIDES, HAND GLIDES

By DONALD ZEC

That eagerly-awaited marathon of female impersonation at its most brazen — brilliant, if slightly dubious — finally came to London last night in the much falsified shape of Danny La Rue.

Flagrantly counterfeited from his nylon eyelashes, down past the outrageous foam rubber bust to his stiletto heels, he gave the first-night audience at the Whitehall theater a whole gaudy parade of assorted popies.

This show—a musical parody of the secret agent cult — "Come Spy With Me," is a bawdy but funny romp in which the naughty puns, double entendres and "Dear Sir — or Madam" jokes nudge you like land-slides.

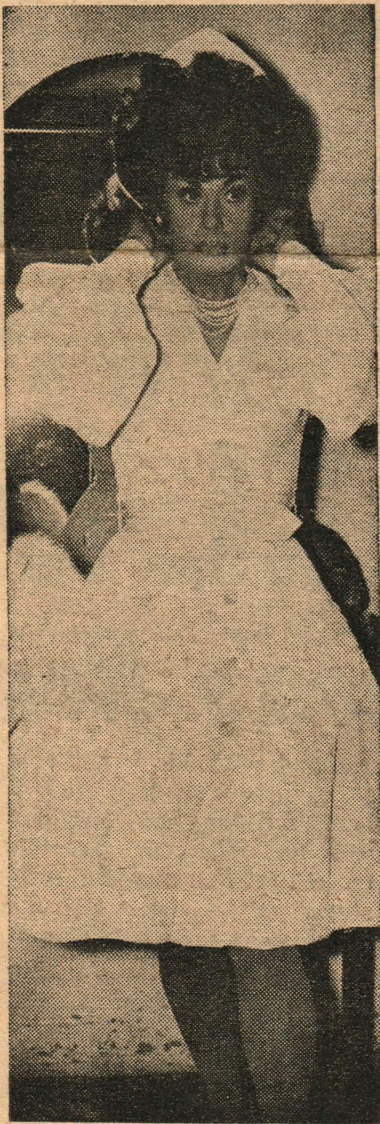
And though the tune-some lyrics include ideas like "Love is a Many Gendered Thing" the racy theme is roughly on that level.

But the whole saucy affair is a springboard for the startling Mr. La Rue.

He takes on with a staggering display of man-turned-womanhood.

Kinky dame, formidable madame, sultry floosie, pop-art wench, busty nurse, a clawing Tiger-Lil — this energetic gent races through 57 varieties of female as if to the gender born.

Lording it, I mean ladying it, before the footlights like an elegant Gypsy Rose Lee with clothes on, La Rue gets as close to being a madame as coy artistry and subtle observation permit.



OH, DOCTOR— As Ruby, the Irish nurse.

I would not be surprised to hear that an "unknown admirer" had sent a bunch of carnations round to the stage door.

For in this slightly hazardous art of making like a woman, Danny La Rue, fishnet, falsies and all, is seeded Number One.

His nightly show at this club in Hanover Square, is the biggest . . . er . . . one-man draw in town.

The chortling customers

who have visibly fallen-about until the dawn, include royalty, aristocracy, the landed gentry and the visiting celebrities.

Princess Margaret saw the show and spent one and a half hours talking to Danny about it afterwards.

His "Lady Cynthia Grope" is her favorite impersonation.

King Hussein of Jordan, Noel Coward, Judy Garland, the Marquess of Blandford, The Beatles—all have sat in the blue-black darkness roaring their celebrated approval.

The success has enabled this 37-year-old entertainer to move into a penthouse above Regent's Park, buy a country house near Shoreham, Sussex, a Bentley, and flip the pages of the yachting magazines looking for a fair-sized cabin cruiser.

Now I have to admit that female impersonations—show business calls them "Drag"—leave me cold if not downright frigid.

I take the old-fashioned view that bras should be on girls, trousers on fellers.

Any fishnet tights in my book, are designed strictly for the birds.

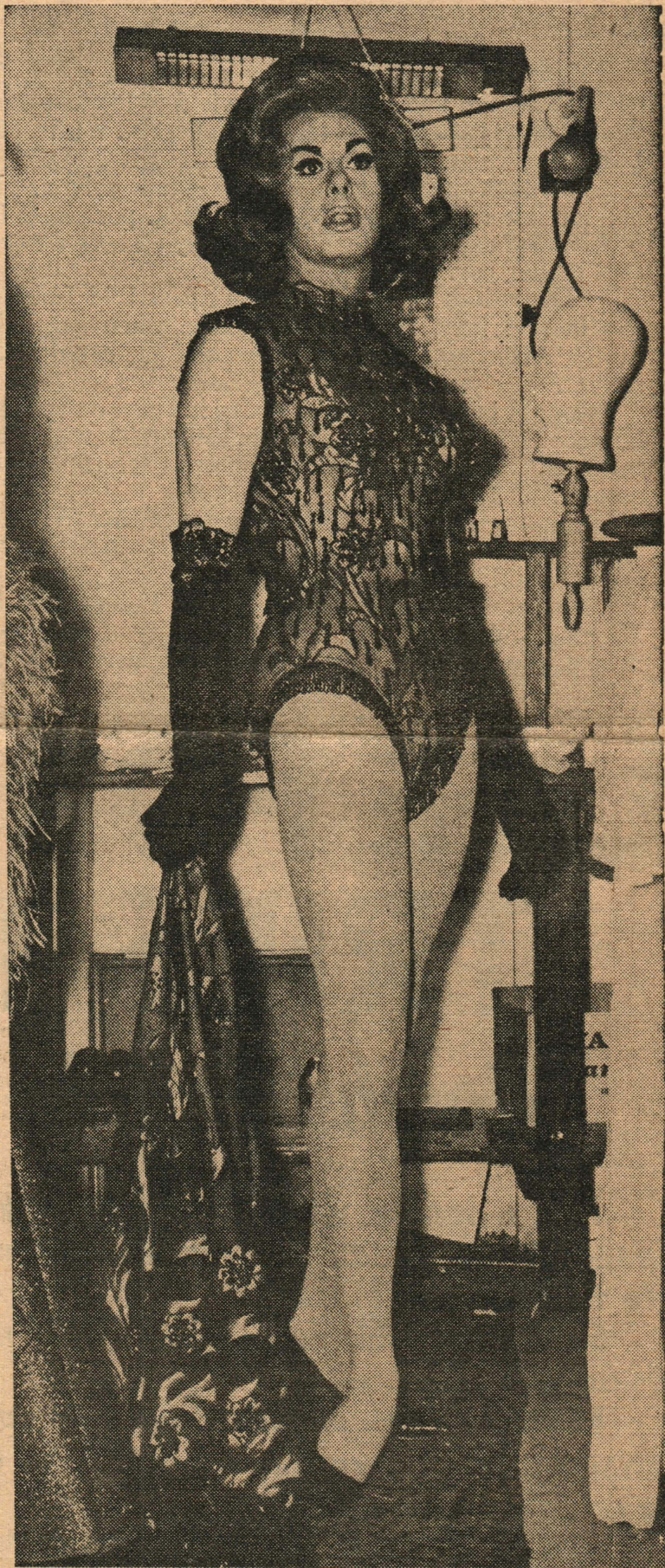
In fact I became even more ferociously opposed to the idea when the army once dressed me up as at ATS girl for a demonstration of unarmed combat in which I had to throw a much-tattooed heavyweight over my shoulder.

I remember I slipped a disc—and laddered my stockings.

The French and the Germans love this sort of caper.

In Paris and in Monte Carlo they laugh into their cognacs with delighted shrieks of "Formidable!"

Crimson-faced gents in Hamburg whack their thighs and "Ho Ho Ho!" the night



SAY, CAN YOU SEE — As Tamara, the tantalizing floosiel

away.

Danny La Rue, has now made Britain the leading contender.

No visiting film star or state-room class tourist dare miss Danny La Rue's cabaret in Hanover Square, if he or she wishes to claim having been "in" on the London scene.

So I went too . . . for a ring-

side view of "Drag" as applauded by Princes Margaret, King Hussein and all.

My face muscles prepared themselves for a study in assorted grimaces, but I have to confess that Danny Boy is as disarming as he is hilarious.

Gorgeously wigged, superbly gowned, modestly bosomed, (Continued on Page 19)



# DANNY LA RUE

(Continued from Page 3)

this genial artist parodies rather than impersonates the female of the species.

The tongue slides slyly along the upper lip, the flutter of the bat-wing eyelashes is hugely exaggerated, and the hand that slides down the sequined thigh is more send-up than seductive.

And from where I sat no such Adam's apple could ever belong to Eve.

Danny La Rue is as staggered as the rest of the show business by the phenomenal success of his act.

"Ten years ago it wouldn't have stood a chance," he said.

"But the change of taste in entertainment on all levels has been an absolute eye-opener.

"After all, I've been doing this female impersonating in revue for years.

He admits that there are many people who find the whole idea slightly off-putting.

"But the proof that my act is acceptable in every way is the fact that whole families come to see it.

"Many people come backstage afterwards and say:

"We didn't want to come at first—but we have to admit it is nothing like we expected."

The secret, according to Mr. La Rue, is all in the approach.

"I don't lay it on with a trowel.

"I just create the illusion.

"We've all seen the kind of female I impersonate.

"The false eyelashes, the falsies and the fishnet stockings are merely a decoration."

Costly, too.

The wigs—he has dozens—cost more than \$200 each.

His dresses in the cabaret, which will continue along with the musical, cost \$1,000 apiece.

Together with the dazzling creations he wears in "Come Spy With Me," Danny La Rue—born Daniel Patrick Carroll, in Cork, Ireland—must be the best-dressed female in the whole world.

Intelligent, friendly and un-nervingly convincing down to the final mischievous wink, Danny La Rue's performance is based on one firm rule.

"Somewhere along the line," he says, "I never let them forget I'm a man."

Well, Danny Boy—or Girl—you could sure fool me.

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