

'Queen' Fine Film About Girl-Boys

(The Queen" is playing at Panorama I; presented by Grove Press; directed by Frank Simon; a MDH Production; in color.)

This is a film about the 1967 Drag Nationals.

This is not a film about stock cars, baby.

America is the land of contests. Soap, baby, photo, rhyme, jingle, and, of course, beauty contests.

This is a film about beauty contests. One in particular.

There are no women in this beauty contest, baby.

From the Penguin English Dictionary: DRAG (slang), women's clothing when worn by men.

Somebody made a movie out of a drag contest (national?). Yes, a very good movie. "The Queen" is a documentary with some very willing subjects from the gay world. Each year they hold a pageant, a camp Miss America fete. Like bronc busters, homing pigeons, the Democrats and the American Legion, they have a convention.

As Casey Stengel once said, "it's amazin'."

It is hard to imagine how sensitive and entertaining this film is. It is not a dirty movie nor a degrading one. This is not a look by a leering camera at the other half (10 per cent?).

The Queen of the drag world. Some title. But fought for like cats and . . . well, cats and cats. Bitter, reflective moments, when two queens are at each other's throats over the disputed title must be instant replay from the straight world of the backstage.

Someone once said that tragedy plus time equals comedy. In that sense, "The Queen" is human comedy.

—By Peter Meyer.

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